



TESTIMONY OF
ADMIRAL SIR WM. KING HALL, K.C.B.

WHEN I was in command of Her Majesty's ship "Russell" at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and in consequence much crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call where ships touch for

orders; and on one occasion I counted as many as 400 sail at anchor at one time. The place abounded in public-houses and beershops, and the inducements to temptation caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command, the day after New Year's Day, I turned the hands up, and, with the defaulters' book in my hand, read the punishments of the past year, including many committals to Bodmin Goal, cells, &c., &c. More than two-thirds arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said: "I know nothing about temperance, but you see all this disgrace, and punishment, and misery to some of your families, is due to drink. If we give up the drink, this cannot happen. If you consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beershops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me, I will agree to give up my wine, and head the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it, but, when you've made up your minds, stick to it." In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The publicans were surprised when the men landed to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and much to my delight I was a witness of it. At the end of three months I again turned the hands up on the quarter-deck, and said, "I have kept my pledge; now how many of you have broken yours? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it." To my great satisfaction they said one and all that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, "I'll join your party, too." To my certain knowledge some have kept it up to this day, though it is now about twelve or thirteen years ago. I heard from one some years ago, whilst a severe epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Jamaica, stating that he was firm in his principles of total abstinence, and had been the means of making many others join.

I shortly afterwards removed to Sheerness Dockyard as superintendent, and there, as is frequently the case, many of the best workmen were inclined to drink. And on my leaving, great was my gratification to hear, according to their statement as contained in an address, accompanied

by a present of "Kitto's Bible," that my influence and example had been the means, by God's blessing, of assisting many to give up drink, and produce happiness in their families. Soon after I became Admiral Superintendent at Devonport Dockyard, assisting by example and precept many who required help to break their drinking habits; and as every one exercises an influence either for good or evil, I feel it a great privilege to have been directed to take up this cause for the benefit of many poor fellows whose greatest enemy is drink. If only the poor drunkards took the pledge, they would become marked men; but by those who can withstand temptation standing in the same ranks with them, confidence and comfort are given them. I enter into no arguments about the miracle our Saviour performed at Cana of Galilee, or Paul's advice to Timothy, or any of the old hackneyed doctrines about the use and the abuse of the "good things of God." I see and feel, alas! that there is a vast amount of crime, ruin, and punishment, misery in families, wife-beating, and desertion of children arising *from drink*, and on the other hand I see a great amount of happiness, health, and contentment for those who abstain; and if I in my humble endeavours can assist in reducing the former and adding to the latter, I feel it to be a privilege, an honour, and a duty to do it, and believe that God will approve and bless all those who for His sake work in this cause. Before leaving Devonport we established a good Band of Hope amongst the sons of the clever artificers of the establishment, which numbers now over 300; and in quitting my command, I had the pleasure of knowing that my feeble efforts in the good cause of temperance had, by God's blessing, not been in vain.

Many officers have like myself, *for the sake of the men under their command*, adopted the principles of total abstinence, and among them I would mention my shipmate and friend, the late gallant officer and Christian man, Commodore Goodenough.—*Extract from Speech at Wood Green, 1877.*

SIR WILLIAM KING HALL, when addressing the working men who formed part of a large assembly at Wood Green, on the

opening of the Mrs. Smithies' Memorial Drinking Fountain by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, on November 25th, 1879, said:—"I am so glad to see around me so many of the working classes. Let me tell them that after over fifty years' service in Her Majesty's Navy, and having during that time been in many foreign lands, as I stand on this stone, and in God's sight, I verily believe that the greatness, the liberty, and the happiness of this country is granted to us because the Sabbath days are hallowed and our Bible is free and open to all. It is a day of rest; and my friends—you working men especially—set your faces like a flint against any attempt to deprive you of its rest and *sacredness*. I will tell you a little story which made a lasting impression on my mind, showing the blessing which *we* enjoy in that rest. It was brought to my notice by a Chinese pilot—a most intellectual man—when twenty-two years ago I commanded the 'Calcutta' at Hong-Kong. The usual Divine service had been performed one Sabbath day, and the crew, several hundreds in number, were of course undisturbed on that blessed weekly rest-day. On shore, close to us, houses were being built—sawyers, and masons, and others in quarries were hard at work—when the Chinaman, touching me, said very seriously, '*Your Joss is better and kinder than our Joss, for He gives you a holiday and rest one day in seven, and we've only one rest-day in all the year, on New Year's Day.*' The word 'Joss,' commonly used by the Chinese, means God. And this is the case all throughout China. Just picture, my dear fellows, if *you* had to work hard from morning till night for 364 days, and only one day of rest! and *then you will prize the Sabbath*. And now let me say, my men, that God's command is as clear that you *should* work *six* days in the week, as that you should rest on the *seventh*. '*SIX days shalt thou LABOUR, and you break that commandment when you neglect to do so.*'"

"I SPEAK AS UNTO WISE MEN; JUDGE YE WHAT I SAY."

1 Cor. x. 15.

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TESTIMONY OF MRS. CASH.

It has been our privilege to meet with many venerable octogenarians who have enjoyed remarkable health and vigour. Amongst these, Mrs. Cash, of Dorking, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, stands very high. We have often desired to obtain her temperance experience for publication, believing that it would have a mission of usefulness to many.

Mrs. Cash now consents to our printing the following letter which she has addressed to her children on this subject:—

“My dear family having expressed a desire to have some written record of my experience of the beneficial effects of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks, I will endeavour to tell them what I can regarding it, now that I am favoured to have attained to the lengthened term of eighty-two-and-a-half years, in excellent health and strength.

“From my earliest childhood I had scarcely an interruption to uniform good health, which enabled me to enjoy the season of youth with my brothers and sisters, of whom I was the youngest of eight. In those days there was no such thing as teetotalism. Home-brewed beer was considered a necessary of life.

“It was my blessed privilege, in 1818, to be united in marriage to your most excellent father—one who was indeed a blessing to the age in which he lived, ever ready to help any in distress, and to promote the welfare of his fellow-men; so that it is no wonder he became an early supporter of the temperance movement, both in a pecuniary way, and by giving his own influence and example.

“It was in the years 1836-7 that our attention was first turned to the subject of total abstinence, and my dear husband soon saw the importance of it; so that on the 24th of October, 1836, he and one of our daughters signed the pledge at a lecture given in the Peckham Lancastrian School, by James Teare, at which my husband presided.

“The immediate cause which led him to take a step, never afterwards regretted, was the answer of a working man whom he was urging to take the pledge.

“‘Well, Mr. Cash, you ask me to give up my *beer*, but would you give up your *wine*?’

“This was sufficient for one who throughout his life acted on the Christ-like principle, ‘Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;’ and the resolve speedily taken to use no more of that which might make a brother to offend was shortly followed by the *banishment of all stimulants* from the household; in which he had

my full concurrence, having myself copied his good example of signing the pledge, with those of our other sons and daughters who were old enough to understand the nature of it. In time *all* our family joined us in the same path.

"I also can testify to the wonderfully beneficial effect the system has had on my own health. Though at one time, when in the meridian of life, I suffered severely from illness, and was induced by the solicitations of relations and friends, and by the orders of the physician, to resort to the use of bitter beer for a time in a purely medicinal way, yet it did me *no good at all*; and it was on the entire abandonment of stimulants, and the strictest attention to diet for two years, aided by homeopathic treatment, now tried for the first time, that I entirely recovered, under the Divine blessing, the standard of health formerly enjoyed.

"In 1868 I had a sad accident; a slip on a dark staircase causing serious injury to my right hand and wrist, so that I was under surgical care for many months.

"My kind doctors, grieved at my sad sufferings, and anxious to maintain my strength under them, were urgent that I should for a time resort to stimulants; but being so fully convinced of the superior advantages of abstinence by previous experience, I could not be prevailed on to try, but explained to the doctors the good and sufficient reasons (as they appeared to me) for my refusal; namely, that I could not expect the poor inebriate to give up *his* glass, if he should see that on occasion of suffering or sickness *I* had recourse to the stimulating draught.

"I have great reason to be thankful to the Author of all our mercies that I was enabled to withstand; for I do most assuredly believe that by this entire abstinence, the system was kept cooler, and feverishness warded off, so that recovery was sooner and more fully established than would otherwise have been the case.

"And now with deep thankfulness I can say that all my dear children, seven of whom are living, and twenty-six grandchildren, are, generally, in the sweet enjoyment of the health and vigour usually known to those who give a fair trial to abstinence from *all* intoxicating beverages.

"And I would further add that my desire for every one who

has arrived at years of understanding is, that they may see the propriety and advantage of keeping free from the use of *all* kinds of alcoholic drinks, and be favoured with such health and ability through the course of their lives as are now my privilege and enjoyment.

“My sight and hearing are as good as they were thirty years ago, and I have not required medical attendance for years. I desire to say all this with deep humility and thankfulness, for we none of us know what a day may bring forth. May all praise be to Him who willeth the present and eternal happiness of His children, for of ourselves we can indeed do no good thing, but are invited to come unto Him who is the Fountain of all good, who is ‘God over all blessed for ever. Amen.’

“Rose Hill Cottage, Dorking, 9th month, 10th, 1878.

“ELIZABETH P. CASH.”

RAISING TENS OF 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 parishioners at heart, and is zealous in the cause of his profession, ought to give them his support.

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A NAVVY'S SHORT SPEECH.

"GENTLEMEN," said a navvy, just as a public meeting for improving the homes of the poor was closing, "allow me to say a word. The best day's work Parliament ever did for us working men was to begin the Post-office Savings' Banks. It *was once* hard work to keep a shilling in my pocket; but *now*, when I am working in any part of the country, I pay my money to the

Post-office, and when I come home I can draw it out just as I please. See here, gentlemen; here are some yellow boys I have drawn out for a Sunday suit for myself, a gown for my wife, and boots for my bairns. I never knew this pleasure until the Post-office Savings' Banks were begun. And now, as some Parliament gentlemen are here, let me say that the *next* best thing that you can do for us working men is to help us to *build our own cottages*. Let a fellow only have a few bricks, or a few square yards of land *of his own*, and it's *wonderful* what a different fellow he is! He has a stake in the nation. Prince Albert was a good man for trying to get landlords to build model cottages for us working men, but it will be a better thing still if we *build or buy OUR OWN houses*."

EFFECT OF PREACHING TO A DRUNKEN MAN.

THE Rev. Samuel Thornton, of Birmingham, tells us that when he was going once up into his pulpit to preach, a drunken man found his way into the church. The verger went to him, and requested him to leave. But he refused, saying, "I want to hear what that chap has to say." Mr. Thornton told the verger to let him alone, and then ascending the pulpit, instead of preaching the sermon he had intended to preach, he delivered a very short one on the love of Christ. What was the result? To use Mr. Thornton's own words, "The sermon went perpendicularly into the man's heart; he was changed there and then." Mr. Thornton told the verger to bring him after the sermon into the school-room. He came, and the sermon seemed to have perfectly sobered him. He afterwards gave evidence of true conversion; and when years had rolled away he called upon the preacher, and told him that he and his wife and family had been leading a religious life ever since that remarkable change. Mr. Thornton said that after that conversion he never had a drunken man turned out of his church; and that he had by God's blessing seen many conversions among drunkards.

WISELY SPEND WHAT YOU GET.

A WEAVER was working at a *narrow* web of cloth one day, at which he could only earn half the wages he earned when he

worked upon *broad* cloth. "I suppose," said a gentleman who happened to call upon them, "you find it hard times." "Yes," said the wife, "it might be worse, but we are *teetotalers noo*, and the wee wages gang about as fur as the big ones used to do."

MEDICAL MEN AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

SOME years ago a medical man in Hertfordshire was applied to by a Friendly Society, banded together upon temperance principles, to undertake the medical department of the society. The doctor did not at first understand that they were temperance men, and asked rather high terms. The secretary said, "Are you aware, sir, that we are all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks?" "No," said the doctor, "I was not aware of that. If that is the case, I will take you all for one shilling per head a quarter, for *I know you will not trouble me much.*"

H. W.

JOHN GODFREY'S DOG.

ABOUT one-and-thirty years ago, at the wharf of a well-known coal merchant on the Surrey side of the water, there worked a man named John Godfrey. The man owned a dog, which was in the habit of accompanying his master on his visits to the public-house, which were frequent. This dog was taught by his master (who *ought* to have known better), to drink malt liquor: and the animal became so used to it, that he would not leave the public-house without it. On one occasion when John Godfrey and one of his companions visited a beershop in Gibson Street, Waterloo Road, his companion said, "Let us make the dog drunk!" This was agreed upon: more than the usual quantity of liquor was given to the animal, which had the desired effect. On reaching the house where his master lodged, the poor animal could not ascend the stairs leading to his master's room; but kept rolling down as fast as he got up. This afforded much amusement to Jack Godfrey and his companion. But the poor dog, who lived five years after this occurrence, as if to mark his detestation of the worse than useless draught, *would never afterwards taste it*, but used to show his teeth and snarl every time a publican's pot was presented to



him. John Godfrey died in Lambeth Workhouse, the inside of which he would probably have never seen, had he followed the example of his poor dog. His companion continued for some time the degrading habit of getting intoxicated, and was often reproved by his wife with "You have not half the sense of Jack Godfrey's dog: that poor beast would not touch the filthy stuff after once feeling its ill effects."

At length this companion signed the pledge, and remained firm to it: he became a respectable member of society, and afterwards joined a Christian church, of which he has now been a member for more than eighteen years. He related this circumstance to me himself, and not long since I heard him repeat it at one of the monthly meetings of the Band of Hope connected with the church of which he is a member.

129, *Albany Road, Camberwell.*

JAMES CLARK.

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THE POWER OF PENCE.

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 the wedding anniversary the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed,

"Mary, we'r had no holiday sin' we were wed: and only that I haven't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village 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 gotten the pint o' ale."

"Gotten what?" said he.

"The pint o' ale!"

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 wouldn't touch it.

"Hasn'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.—*The late Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A.*

A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.—*Prov. xxvii. 12.*

A SAVING OF "FIVEPENCE A DAY."

At a meeting in Birmingham of a total abstinence society the following statement was made by a working painter, who was called in his turn to speak on the subject of temperance. He said he had made a few calculations which he wished to communicate, with the view of showing the pecuniary benefit he had derived during the four years he had been a pledged member. Previous to that time he had been in the practice of spending, on an average, in intoxicating drink, fivepence per day, or £7 12s. 1d. per annum, which in four years would amount to £30 8s. 4d. He would now show how this sum had been expended during the four years he had abstained from all intoxicating drinks.

FIRST, it had enabled him to allow an aged father £3 5s. per annum towards rent, or in the four years £13.

SECONDLY, he had entered a benefit society, and paid 1s. 7d. per week, or £4 2s. 4d. per annum, or £16 9s. 4d. for the four years. For this payment he secured the following advantages; in case of his being disabled from doing his accustomed work by illness or accident, the society will pay him eighteen shillings per week, until restored to health; in case of death, his widow or rightful heir is entitled to a bonus of £9, besides half the amount paid into the society by the deceased up to the time of his death, with the interest due thereon.

THIRDLY, it left him four shillings and ninepence per annum, or nineteen shillings for the four years, to be expended in temperance and other periodicals. It might further be added, that when the sum of £54 had been paid into the society's fund, no further payment would be required, and the contributor would be entitled to all the benefits before enumerated; medicine and medical attendance being included in the arrangement. Reader, how much may be done with fivepence a day!

A DOUBTER CONVINCED.

It would be difficult to name a place of any size in England in which the late George Howlett did not lecture, but a visit paid by him to Norwich deserves to be mentioned from one curious circumstance connected with it. He lectured on the appointed

evening to a crowded audience, and on the following morning strolled out to visit the places of interest in the town. On his way through one of the thoroughfares he was accosted by a man who was standing by a cart loaded with sacks of grain, which had to be deposited in a storey of a warehouse communicating with the street by a ladder. The man said, "I heard you at the meeting last night, and much of what you said is true, but I don't believe any one can haul up sacks like these without beer." "Come along," said Mr. Howlett, taking off his coat, "you go first and show me the way."

The man shouldered a sack, and Mr. Howlett did the same.

"Look sharp," cried Mr. Howlett, almost treading on the man's heels, "or I shall run over you!"

By the time that two or three sacks were deposited in the loft, a crowd of about 200 persons had assembled to watch the strange scene. Before this crowd the man acknowledged that Mr. Howlett could do the work better as a teetotaler than he could as a drinker. The man was induced to sign the pledge, and keeps it to this day.

H.

REMEMBERED IN THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

ONE night I addressed a meeting in Fox's Lane, in East London. When the public proceedings had closed, a man came up to me and said, "Do you remember my signing the pledge when you were here before?" "No," I said, "I do not." "Well, sir," he continued, "when I signed the pledge then I was a very wicked man; I had led a very wicked life; I cared nothing for my wife or for my family; but the week that I signed the pledge the old love for them seemed to come back, and I have laboured hard from that time to the present to make up for the past. Every penny I could earn I have spent upon my children, and every Sunday they are sent to the Sunday-school, and all of us are found regularly attending church. Every Saturday night as my children go to bed, they kneel down and ask God to bless you, sir, for making their father sober."

G. C. Campbell.

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SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS!

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said, "I met a man, only the other day, who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened.—When I first knew him he was very well-to-do in the world. He had a comfortable

home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink, to procure which he sold the cows, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an almshouse !”

SWALLOWING A HORSE AND CART.

I KNOW a carter who on several occasions may be truly said to have swallowed his horse and cart ! In his drunken fit he has sold his horse and cart for drink ! A patient but almost heart-broken wife has then had to beg amongst her relatives for means to replace them !

S.

“DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME ?”

“FOURTEEN years ago, when you lectured in this place, I was a poor degraded drunkard. Your visit was the turning-point in my life. I signed the pledge at the close of your address ; don't you remember me ?” These words were addressed to Mr. Simeon Smithard, by a man who, at the time they were spoken, was the most active man in the work of one of the Christian churches of that place. Mr. Smithard has been the favoured instrument in God's hands of inducing many an intemperate man, not only to abandon intoxicating drink, but to become a Christian ; and in not a few cases the children may be truly said to “rise up and call him blessed.”

THE LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

WHEN the Church Congress was held in York, Dr. Hook, late Dean of Chichester, said that he most thoroughly sympathized with the temperance movement, and that, though there might be a higher course for a man to follow than taking the pledge, it was absurd to reject that particular means ; for we were all of us liable not to follow the best course, and to fall back upon a lower rather than the highest motive of action.

After a few more words to the same effect, he caused some

laughter by his manner of announcing, "I have never taken the pledge." When the noise had subsided, he significantly added, "Because I *am* a teetotaler, and have been for years."

This was followed by loud cheers, to be followed by still louder laughter, when the Dean narrated how it was that he became a teetotaler. One of his parishioners, a working man in Leeds, was earning eighteen shillings a week, and eleven shillings of this he regularly spent in drink. Dr. Hook went to him and asked him to abstain.

"I will if *you* will," was the reply.

The doctor replied that he would if his parishioner would.

"What! leave off your wine?"

"Yes."

"And spirits?"

"Yes."

"And beer?"

"Yes;" and the bargain was struck for six months.

"But," said the man, "how shall I know that you have kept your word?"

"You ask my missus, and I will ask yours," replied the Vicar of Leeds.

At the end of the half-year the man's wife came to the Vicar, and said that her husband had told her that the time was up to-morrow, and that then he would have a good bout. Dr. Hook went to him again, and, after much persuasion, induced him to renew the engagement for another six months. It did not require renewing after that; both have since remained total abstainers.

AN IRISHMAN'S REFORMATION.

A GENTLEMAN met a respectable couple in Ireland, and the following conversation occurred. "Yes, yer honour, I'm clane now; but I'll tell you what I was, yer honour." "Tuts, Pat," said the wife, "don't tell the gentleman what ye *was*, tell him what ye *are*." "But I will tell him what I was—glory to God! for it's He that's done it—I was a dirty, drunken brute." "I tell you, Pat," again struck in the woman, "don't be troublin' the gentleman wid what ye *was*, tell him what ye

are." "Indeed, but it's true, yer honour; and many a time when I'd come home drunk, I'd beat the ould woman there, and the childer." "Wurra, wurra, Pat, sure ye don't do it now; it was the sorra drink that did it all, intirely,"—again cried the wife—"don't trouble the gentleman wid what ye *was*, tell him what ye *are*." "Now it's but little we have," continued the man, "but we have it wid a blessing; and the wife and I thank God for it, on our knees—glory be to Him! And as for the dhrop o' drink, it *never crosses my throat, and, please God, never shall.*"

BEER versus BOOTS ?

OR, THE PROCEEDS OF A "TIS BUTS" BOX.

"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, in the beautiful village of Highgate.



After some further conversation, it was agreed that a penny a day should be allowed in lieu of beer. A "Tis buts" 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.

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THE FAMILY PLEDGE-CARD.

WHILST Mr. Joseph Bormond was labouring as a Temperance Missionary in the city of York, he met with an affecting case of intemperance, and at the same time a most remarkable illustration of the value of the Family Pledge-Card.

A foundryman's family was visited, when the sad effects, not only of the man's intemperance, but also of his wife's, were

painfully visible. Their three interesting children were often left for hours, and even for the whole night, whilst their unhappy parents were wallowing in their degraded sin. Mr. Bormond pleaded earnestly with both father and mother, for the sake of their poor *children*, if not for their own sakes, to abandon the drink. After much perseverance and kindness, he prevailed upon the wife to sign the pledge, but the husband firmly refused.

Mr. Bormond resolved to try a *new* plan. He procured a Family Pledge-Card, and ruled in pencil a line for each of the five members of the family. He desired the wife to sign on the *second* line, and explaining the matter clearly to the children, the poor little sufferers were rejoiced to have their names placed under that of their mother's. The appearance of the body of the card was as under:—

1. _____
2. *Jane Shepherd.*
3. *Mary Ann Shepherd.*
4. *Ann Shepherd.*
5. *William Shepherd.*

By means of a pin the card was fastened up over the mantel-piece, and as this was being done, Mr. Bormond kindly addressed the foundryman in these words, "My friend, I urge you to fill up that *blank line* on that card. You will never regret doing so."

The man gave a surly reply. There was not much hope of success, but the missionary mentally prayed that the man might be led to take this step in the right direction.

To the surprise of the wife, the man came home at night *sober*, but he was very sullen. The next night he was still sober, and the following night also! Friday morning arrived—the pay day. On *this* day, the wife felt *sure* that he would be drunk as usual. When he came in to his breakfast, he said in a rough tone to his eldest daughter, "Give me that card down!" The poor girl appeared as though she did not hear this request, for she felt sure that he was going to destroy the card. "Do you hear what I say? give me *that card* down!" He compelled the girl, with unwilling feet, to go to the mantel-

piece, take down the card, and hand it to her father, expecting to see it the next moment torn up and cast into the fire. The wife and all the children now stood trembling, afraid to move or to speak. To their astonishment, the man went to the table, took up a pen and ink, wrote his name on the blank line, pinned up the card again, and marched out of doors to the foundry without speaking a word!

No wonder that tears trickled down cheeks in that cottage, more than once on that eventful day, and that the heartfelt wish was expressed, "I do hope father will keep it!"

Evening came, and it witnessed an unusual sight in that home. The man marched up to his wife, and, with a smile, said, "Hold out your hand!" when, to the great delight of wife and children, he placed shilling after shilling, counting them as he put them down one after the other, until a *pile* of twenty-seven shillings filled the hand of the wife, who wept for joy.

Six weeks afterwards Mr. Bormond called upon me, and said, "Please, come with me into Walmgate, and see the value of the Family Pledge-Card." It was Saturday evening. The foundryman and his family were at tea, but they gave us a hearty welcome. In conversation the man said, "That *blank line* did it, sir. Every time I came in I saw it, and it was like a silent monitor to me." The wife, with a smiling face, said, "He has brought me home seven-and-twenty shillings a week now for seven weeks, sir, and we are fast getting our furniture back." As she said these words she pointed to a neat mahogany chest of drawers, which they had just rescued from the pawn-broker.

As I looked at the card, and read—

1. *James Shepherd,*
2. *Jane Shepherd,*
3. *Mary Ann Shepherd,*
4. *Ann Shepherd,*
5. *William Shepherd,*

I thanked God for this, amongst the many such trophies which He has been pleased to grant to the labourers in the temperance cause.

After bending our knees in prayer that our Heavenly Father would be pleased to strengthen the family in their altered course, and bless them with the still higher joys of His salvation, I returned home, earnestly desiring that any of my Christian friends, who had hitherto treated the temperance question with coldness, could have been present.

What a reward to the persevering missionary when he shortly saw that man and his wife enter God's house, and when he was greeted by the smiles of the children as they sat amongst the neatly-dressed Sunday-school children! T. B. S.

REV. ALBERT BARNES' APPEAL.

I APPEAL to my fellow professing Christians, the ministers of religion, the officers and members of the pure Church of God. Bear it in mind, that intemperance in our land, and the world over, stands in the way of the Gospel; in every village and hamlet; in every city; and at every corner of the street. Every drunkard opposes the millenium. Every drinker stands in the way of it; every seller stands in the way of it. The money wasted in this business in one year—now a curse to all nations—would place a Bible in every family on the earth, and establish a school in every village; and the talent which intemperance consigns each year to infamy and eternal perdition, would be sufficient to bear the Gospel over sea and land—to polar snows, and to the sands of a burning sun. The pulpit must speak out. And the press must speak. And you, fellow-Christians, are summoned by the God of purity to take your stand, and cause your influence to be felt.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

I HOLD it to be desirable and salutary and laudable to abstain; and I hope that all my countrymen will not only abstain, but abstain totally; and that they not only abstain totally, but become pledged teetotalers! The pledge is the bond of combination, the cement of union.—*Joseph John Gurney.*

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THE LOSINGS' BANK.

As Mr. Reed, the builder, came into his yard one Monday morning, he met George Joyce, a very skilful and intelligent workman.

"Good morning, sir," said Joyce.

"Good morning," replied Mr. Reed; "I wanted to see you this morning particularly, Joyce, to speak to you about a mistake you made on Saturday."

"I am sorry to hear it, sir—I was not aware—I hope no harm's done, sir."

"I wish I could say 'none,' Joyce; but I fear there is serious harm—to me—and, what I care more for, to your wife, your children, and yourself, and, I might add, to your country."

"I don't take your meaning, sir," said Joyce, looking puzzled.

"Well, then, I'll speak my meaning plainly. You know, Joyce, that I desire to be the friend of my men, as well as their master. As a friend, listen to me. As I was returning home on Saturday evening, on passing the Post-office, a large number of working-men and their wives were going into the Savings' Bank, there to deposit a part of their week's earnings; and it made my heart glad to see amongst them many of my own men. But I passed on, and as I came by Cattle's Corner, I saw you, and several others, turn into the Losings' Bank, there to deposit your wages. It's always a pleasure to me to pay my men the money they have so well earned; but I own, Joyce, I grudged you yours."

"Losings' Bank, sir? I suppose it's 'The Red Lion' you're talking of. I did turn in for an hour with a mate."

"Joyce, you are a thinking man. I know that by the way you do my work. Have you ever *thought* about this matter?"

"Well, not very particularly, that I know of. To my mind there isn't much to think, save that, after a long week's work, it's hard if a man mustn't take a bit of rest without being spoken to for it a'most as bad as if he had been stealing or murdering."

"Well, there are thefts and murders take place in the public-houses more than ever came before a Judge and Jury; but they are not the less noted by Him who has said, 'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer;' and whose eye sees the wife and children whose money is wrongfully taken from them. But to return to what I was saying, Have you ever reckoned up what *you* deposit each time you turn in?"

"Well—a shilling it may be, or two," said Joyce.

Mr. Reed, taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket-book, handed them to Joyce, and said, "Let us look at it fully, and make a fair calculation, You deposit—"

1. Your money—and lose it.
2. Your time—and lose it.
3. Your character—and lose it.
4. Your health of body—and lose it.
5. Your strength of mind—and lose it.
6. Your manly independence—and lose it.
7. Your self-respect—and lose it.
8. Your sense of right and wrong—and lose it.
9. Your self-control—and lose it.
10. Your home-comfort—and lose it.
11. Your wife's happiness—and lose it.
12. Your children's rights—and lose them.
13. Your country's honour—and lose it.
14. Your own soul—and lose it."

"It looks rather a black list," said Joyce. "I did not think there was so much in it; and that *last* deposit is the worst of all."—*Abridged from "Church of England Temperance Tracts."*

DR. TRENCH ON CHOLERA AND DRINK.

DOCTOR TRENCH, when medical officer of health in Liverpool, said before a Board of Health, "I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my opinion that cholera is not contagious to the extent which need have the effect of frightening people. Of course, if a man is imprudent enough to bend over the body and inhale the breath of a person suffering from cholera, he will run great risk of being attacked by the disease: but all apprehensions of the disease being so easily caught as to make people panic-stricken, I have, both from reading and experience of previous epidemics, no cause for believing. The two things most conducive to the production of cholera are fear and *drink*. Let the people guard against drink, for in cholera, as in other epidemics, it is the drunkards who fall the first victims."

DR. JOHNSON'S NOTION.

A LADY once said to Dr. Johnson, "Cannot you carry a glass of wine off?" "No, madam," he replied, "a glass of wine would carry me off."

THE DRINK CURSE AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

SOME few years since the Chaplain of the Salford New Bailey Prison stated that of 1050 convict boys admitted into his prison school during a little more than seven years, 977 had attended Sunday-schools. Nearly all who entered the Lancashire prisons were, in their early life, under religious instruction. But they did not pass directly from the Sunday-school to the prison. The way they went was through the public-house. At Burnley, for instance, a midnight visit to a singing saloon, in a place for the sale of intoxicating drinks, brought to light the fact that 200 persons were assembled at one time. 30 beardless youths were in the best seats; there would be between 30 and 40 lads, ranging from as low as 9 or 10 to 15 or 16 years of age; and one-half the remainder were young men. So the young unlearned the good taught them in the Sunday-school; and began the descent which frequently ended in penal servitude. It was estimated that 10,000 members were lost to the Christian Church through drunkenness every year. Among these there had been ripe scholars, eloquent preachers, shrewd deacons, zealous Sunday-school teachers, of very many of whom better things had been predicted. A late Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that from the years 1850 to 1870-71 the population had increased from 27,523,000 to 31,437,000, or say 16 per cent., while during the same period the consumption of beer had increased from 15,303,000 to 25,889,000 barrels, or 66 per cent. Could they look on this many-sided evil and not resolve to do all they could to prevent and destroy the sin of drunkenness?

REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT.

SOME time ago there was a dray going along the street, and a cask fell down and the beer was spilt. Somebody passing by at the time said, "Oh, what a pity that the beer should be wasted!" "No pity at all," said a little boy who was standing near; "better that it should be on God's earth than in God's image."

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THE LITTLE SHOES.

It is wonderful what trifling things produce an influence on the heart and mind. A seed borne on the wings of the wind, drops at last into suitable soil, and by-and-by grows up into a stately tree. A little spring leaps out of the side of a hill, and the child who stoops to drink of it can span its breadth; but it flows on down to the valley, and winds along the plain, and gathers strength and volume in its course, until it rolls a

stately river, bearing the commerce of cities in the ships that navigate its waters. And so it is with human life. A look, a word, has changed the whole career of many an immortal being. The writer once lived opposite a beershop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings, and, alas! heard the sayings of the customers. One winter evening, a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of "The Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellous shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse-girl to bring "Addlehead" (as she pronounced Adelaide) to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her—the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on—look, dad, do!" said the mother, calling to her husband. Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching thus for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is! riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her low shoes: with a start he rouses himself and rushes out.

"What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls the landlady. Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside: there's his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared—what, I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes up close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly. He took the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short, quick cry of fright—and as he lifted it I saw that its little feet were bare: it drew them swiftly up under

its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wish his hat had been off that I might have seen his face as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground: his wife, slipshod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of "The Fox and Geese." He, and his wife and child, for weal or woe, had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety: now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable-looking man, listened earnestly until one who sat near him called out, "Say a word, William Turner; you've known as much about the mischief as any one here or anywheres; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right about face from the path of destruction to the field of hope: come, man, out with it, it'll, maybe, do good."

The man, thus urged, quietly rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused:—

"*The little shoes*, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up and looked at the audience: the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends!" he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth, *the little shoes* did it. I was a brute, and a fool. Strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman

gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to *the little shoes*. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes; it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those *little shoes*. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others, and let *my own go bare?*' said I, and there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the *shoes* smote me, what did the *feet* do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes! the little feet walked right into my heart, and, by God's mercy, mastered my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath-day, and I went to work like mad on Monday. From that day to this I have spent no more money at the public-house; and, thank God, I have, through faith in the merits of my crucified Saviour, been led to greater blessings than those of temperance. That's all I've got to say: it was *the little shoes did it.*"

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

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 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."

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FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE A WEEK SAVED.

THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, the Rector of St. Olave, Southwark, has taken a most lively interest in promoting the welfare of the working classes, particularly by open-air services. He has his reward.

A mechanic once called upon Mr. Maguire to return his hearty thanks for the happy change effected in his family.

“Sir,” said the man, “I found that I could not hear your preaching and go on drinking. I gave up the drinking, and I find that I am four shillings and sixpence *in pocket* every week, and both myself and my family all the happier for it. Instead of going to the public-house at night, I now go *home*.”

A CHILD'S INQUIRY.

A REFORMED drunkard brought home one Saturday night a *large piece of beef*. This was so unusual a sight, that one of his children innocently inquired, “Father, are you going to keep a butcher's shop?” When working men abandon drink they cause a large increase of business to not only butchers, but to bakers, clothiers, shoemakers, and many others.

TIMOTHY'S COMPLAINT.

“AND ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?” asked somebody of an Irishman. “Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it either.” “And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?” “So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach.”

SAVINGS FROM DRINK.

MR. JABEZ WEST, a working tanner of Bermondsey, has long been a zealous and judicious advocate of the temperance cause. He signed the pledge thirty-two years ago, and his wife took a similar step at the same time. Mr. West estimates that he has saved 249*l.* 17*s.* by this step. It is true he does not claim to have this money in the bank, but he does assert that he has had its worth in home comforts, including the constant good health of his wife, his children, and himself. He also lays claim to having demonstrated to his brother tanners (at a time when the fact was not ascertained), that it is possible to endure the labour and the effluvia of the tanyard without having recourse to any alcoholic mixture.

H.

THE OAK HARMONIUM;

OR, HOW TO IMPROVE THE MUSICAL-INSTRUMENT TRADE.

WE had the pleasure a few years ago of paying a visit to Park-field Colliery, near Bristol, where we saw and heard many gratifying things respecting the "Colliers." Our esteemed host, Mr. Handel Cossham, of Shortwood Lodge, took us into the cottage of one of the colliers, where, to our surprise and pleasure, we found the "house" not only most respectably furnished, but just under the pretty plants in the window was a capital oak *Harmonium*, for which we were told the worthy owner had paid his ten guineas! On the opposite side of the room was a neat mahogany and glass bookcase, with a creditable selection of good books. Around the walls were hung a few paintings, and everything betokened peace and plenty. The good wife, who was clean and tidy like the cottage, showed us the music-books from which her husband played various tunes on the Harmonium, adding, with a smile of laudable pride, "Nobody *taught* him music, sir: he *taught himself*."

As we left the cottage, Mr. Cossham said, "Now, sir, you have only seen a portion of the fruits of savings from *beer* and *tobacco* during the last seven years."

Mr. Cossham added, "A few evenings ago that miner asked me if I would procure for him a good FAMILY BIBLE, with a Commentary; and when I inquired how much I might expend over it, he told me that he should not mind spending as far as two guineas or even fifty shillings. Besides which he has 4*l.* put by in my hands towards buying himself that cottage. He says that he wishes to live *rent free*."

If all working men in the United Kingdom would act as wisely as this sensible collier, what an unheard-of impetus would be given to *trade*! Musical-instrument makers, cabinet-makers, printers, bookbinders, carvers and gilders, and many other trades, would soon have more orders than they could possibly execute, and "unemployed workmen" would indeed be "few and far between."

We sincerely hope that many working men will take a leaf out of the Gloucestershire collier's book. It will not only be



good for *trade*, but good for *wife* and *children*; good for *body*; good for *soul*; good for *time*; and good for *eternity*.

[Since the visit here recorded, we have heard that not only has the cottage referred to been purchased, but the *adjoining* one also, together with a neighbouring paddock! The collier, therefore, now has his *tenant*, and before long will, we expect, have a fine cow in his paddock to give pure milk for his family!]

FACT FOR LINENDRAPERS.

"How many gowns," said a reformed drunkard, "do you think my wife had in the twenty-one years of my drinking life? One! and that she got from a pedlar at 1s. per week. But since I became a teetotaler she has three new gowns a year!"

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A FACT FOR COSTERMONGERS.

A LECTURE was last winter given by a gentleman to a large number of costermongers, in the neighbourhood of the Borough, on the value of prudence, and the necessity of putting by "something for a rainy day." He dwelt strongly on his subject, and his eloquence had a visible effect on his auditory.

"You seem to think, sir," said one, "that costermongers are a very imprudent set, but we are not. Now down here we subscribe to a benefit society, and we pay up our money regularly. There has not been a man among us behindhand during the whole winter."

"But how much do you pay a week?" asked the lecturer.

"Sixpence a week, sir."

"Where does your club hold its meetings?"

At 'The King's Head,' sir," was the reply.

"But why do you hold it at a public-house?"

"To save money, sir. The landlord is a very kind-hearted man, and he lets us have the room for nothing."

"That seems all very well; but what do you spend in his house in the week?" inquired the lecturer.

"Well, one with another, sir, about a shilling a week."

This answer the lecturer knew perfectly well was dictated by the man's modesty. Half-a-crown a week would most probably have been far under the mark.

"What a pity it is," he observed, "that a large number of you working men do not combine together, and get up a good club, with a room or building of *your own* for your meetings; you would be much more comfortable than you are at present."

"Now, sir," said the costermonger, "how can you talk in that manner? With you gentlemen it is all very well; but how are a number of poor men such as we are to get the money together, or any thing of the kind? Why, our rent alone would be more than two hundred pounds a year!"

"You say," said the lecturer, "that you spend one shilling a week with the landlord, and save sixpence. Let a thousand of you join together and give me the eighteenpence a week, and instead of two hundred a year for your rent, I will pay *five hundred*; I will pay *one hundred* more for fuel and gas, *three hundred* more for clerk and servants, to keep up the place. I will allow you *one hundred* newspapers a day, I will allow you *five hundred* a year to purchase books for your library, and pay lecturers to instruct you; and I will then hand over to your benefit fund *two thousand* a year more."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Calculate it yourself; you costermongers are generally very quick at figures."

The man did so, and found, to his great astonishment, that the lecturer's calculation was correct.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

GEORGE DODDS' TESTIMONY.

MR. GEORGE DODDS, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at a meeting held some time ago, said, fourteen years of his life had been spent in drunkenness and dissipation. He knew well what it was to be far from friends, and far from home; out of money and of work—a wretched outcast, and hesitating whether he should not at once end his life and his troubles. And all this through strong drink. He knew what it was to be told by Christian professors that there was little chance for his salvation. He well remembered what he felt once in a temperance meeting; he heard a speaker, who, after saying a little wine or ale was well enough if they only abstained from spirits, remarked that their chief object must be to prevent the young people becoming drinkers; as for the poor drunkard, they had no hope for him. At last Mr. Livesey, of Preston, came to Newcastle, to lecture on teetotalism; an account of the thing was brought into their shop, and a fellow-workman, a Christian, at once exclaimed, "That's the thing!" made a pledge in the shop, and signed it at once "I was struck," said Mr. Dodds, "with the act, and asked, 'Why have you done this?'" He answered, "I have talked to you for a long time without effect, and I have seen no hope of you becoming a sober man till now, and I have signed this pledge to try to induce you to do so too." How different did those words sound to me to those in the temperance meeting, which told me there was no hope! I said, "Samuel, is that true?" "It is," he said; and I replied, "It's a pity but what you had your desire, and you shall; so far as I am concerned;" and I at once took a sheet of paper nearly as large as a door, got a pledge written on it, and made my mark, for I could not then write. My master came into the shop, and said, "George, what is this?" I replied, "It is the Magna Charta of my liberty, sir, and I am never going to drink a pint of ale again as long as

I live." I remember the first time I went home after that on Saturday night with all my wages, and presented them to my wife. How she did stare! it seemed so strange; she looked at the pieces as if they were counterfeits, and at length said, "All that for me, George?" I said, "Yes, keep up thy heart, we shall soon get over our difficulties now." She went and signed the pledge herself next day. I got fresh companions, went to the house of God, and soon after that got His love shed abroad in my heart.

"THE LORD SENT HIM."

ONE Sabbath a poor drunken man walked into one of our wealthy and fashionable congregations, and seated himself near the pulpit. He came in just at the close of the first hymn, and his shabby appearance and uncertain gait attracted general observation.

The minister had scarcely commenced preaching, when the stranger sank into a deep sleep; his loud snoring almost drowned the voice of the preacher, and one of the officers of the church approached to lead him out of the building. "Let him remain," said the minister; "he does not disturb me. If he does you, try and bear with him. I hope that he may hear some word before he leaves which will persuade him to seek a new life. The man is not in his senses; there is some influence which we do not perceive which has led him here. I believe the Lord sent him."

SUNDAY DRINKING.

THE man Gregson, who was convicted at the late Liverpool Assizes of the murder of his wife at Wigan, was executed on Monday morning, within the walls of Kirkdale Gaol. He wrote a letter asking all the preachers in Wigan to warn the colliers against drunkenness, and declaring that the practice of Sunday drinking had led him to his untimely end.—*Christian World*, Jan., 1870.

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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HALE'S RESOLVE.

THE biographer of the celebrated Lord Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Hale, states:—"An occurrence of certainly an awfully impressive character, on another occasion, worked out a noble resolve in the mind of Mr. Hale. In company with some of his fellow-students, he was one day indulging in that fictitious merriment, called Bacchanalian, but which would be more appropriately designated *self-debasing*, when, from excessive in-

toxication, one of the party fell down apparently dead. All appeared terrified; but Mr. Hale was so struck by this signal rebuke of Providence, that he retired to another room, besought forgiveness for his participation in a scene of intemperance, resolved on a scrupulous *abstinence* from intoxicating draughts, and implored God to restore his friend. Mr. Hale religiously kept his vow, though at the hazard of his life; for at that time it was customary to proclaim loyalty to a potentate by 'drinking to his health.' Mr. Hale seemed a special favourite of heaven. His friend was restored to life, and his religious observance of the vow subjected him to no suspicion which his general character was not too good to subdue."

Is not Sir Matthew Hale's refusal to join in "drinking healths" worthy of general imitation, not only by members of the "Bar," but by all classes of society?

"YOUR HEALTH, SIR."

WHERE is the common-sense in the oft-repeated expression, "Let me *drink* to your health, sir!" In how many cases has the custom of *drinking* "to HEALTH" led to *drinking* to DEATH?

Is not the custom at large public dinners of having a "toast-master," who from behind the president's chair is ever and anon calling out, "Gentlemen, fill your glasses, and drink to the honour of —," a most absurd and dangerous one? Many a fine young man has been utterly ruined through repeated responses to the toastmaster's call. Where is the public man who will

"Dare to be a Daniel,"

and boldly seek to abolish this ridiculous custom? His name will be worthy of honour as a great benefactor to his country.

"AT MY FATHER'S TABLE."

A POOR drunkard was once asked, "How did you *begin* such a wretched course of life?" "Ah, sir," was the reply, "my first love for drink was given me at my father's table when I was a *boy*. We often had visitors, and my father was accustomed to drink to the health of his guests. They drank to his health in

return. When I joined them, with my little glass in my hand, I was applauded as 'drinking quite like a man.' I was thus early trained in habits of drinking, and before I left home to enter upon my professional life I had learnt to love the drink which has been my ruin."

A HINT FOR CITY COMPANIES.

At the meeting of the Merchant 'Tailors' Company in December, 1879, the Master on presenting his accounts read out an item of "For a Filter—Ten Guineas." The Court were surprised, and wished for an explanation. The Master in reply stated that at their last banquet so many of the guests—amongst them Lord Chelmsford, Lord Thesiger, and the Bishop of Bedford—drank WATER, that he felt justified in ordering the filter in question. Truly this is a sign of the times, and it is hoped that other City Companies will follow suit. If their lordships would go a step further and discountenance the evil custom of "Toasting" and "Health-drinking," they would do untold service to their country.

"WHAT, DRINK MY HEALTH?"

LORD PALMERSTON at a civic dinner, in one of his facetious moods, said, "What, *drink* my HEALTH? Why, gentlemen, my health is very good. Whatever do you mean by wishing to *drink* my health! To *drink* health!—How strange! Whatever do my friends mean?"

A MODEL TOWN.

BESSBROOK is an Irish manufacturing town near Newry. Its principal founder, and now sole proprietor, is Mr. J. G. Richardson, a leading member of the Society of Friends. This gentleman, with one or two other "Friends," founded the Bessbrook Spinning Company, and erected there the Bessbrook Mills. The factory has grown so large that it gives employment to 3000 hands, most of whom reside in the neighbourhood of the works. In Bessbrook there is no licensed public-house, nor is there one in any of its surrounding lands. There are no police in the place. The Irish constabulary, armed, occupy every town in

Ireland, and have barracks for half a dozen men each along every road-side, but there are no police in Bessbrook. Mr. Richardson alleges, that so long as he keeps out the public-house they can do without police; but that so soon as the tap-room is introduced they will require the constabulary. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order. Of course, it is not meant to be said that they have not their faults and their failings like mankind everywhere; but the town is wholly free from the sad scenes which are to be met with publicly every night in much smaller populations. And the population of Bessbrook is composed entirely of operatives, while that of many other towns is mixed, comprising the wealthy and the poor. The operatives themselves have not two opinions on the question of the absence or presence of the public-house. They are agreed that if licensed houses were opened in Bessbrook, the reading-room, the library, the schools, the co-operative societies would be deserted by only too many for the allurements of the dram-shop; and that another establishment, hitherto unknown in Bessbrook, the pawn-office, would soon be required. And not only so, but the police-barracks, and handcuffs, and the dark cell, would come into fashion, too, and homes now happy would soon be rendered miserable. All this Mr. Richardson had seen in too many other towns, and he decided to keep the licensed public-houses out of Bessbrook. The results have decidedly confirmed him in his resolution, and would convince the most sceptical of the wisdom of the course he thus adopted, if the town were only once or twice visited by them. Coupled with the last negative point of management is also the exclusion of the police and pawn offices, as already referred to: these follow in the wake of the dram-shop, and the exclusion of the public-house renders all the rest unnecessary.—*Newcastle Weekly Express*.

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A MOTHER'S SORROW.

A COMPANY of ladies assembled in a parlour, were one day talking about their different troubles. Each one had something to say about her own trials. But there was one in the

company, pale and sad-looking, who for awhile said nothing. Suddenly rousing herself at last, she said,—

“My friends, you don’t any of you know what trouble is.”

“Will you please, Mrs. Grey,” said the kind voice of one who knew her story, “tell the ladies what you call trouble?”

“I will, if you desire it; for it may truly be said of me, ‘I am the one who hath seen affliction.’”

“My parents were very well off, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every wish of my heart was gratified, and I was cheerful and happy.

“At the age of nineteen I married one whom I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired; but the sun never shone upon a lovelier spot, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five lovely children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on which are so common to our climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The country around us was overflowed. The little stream near our dwelling became a foaming torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, where the thick foliage of a few wide-spreading trees afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more; but THAT was not trouble.

“Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother’s heart; and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off that I could not speak to them; but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

“The swollen river raged fearfully around the huge trees. Dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upwards. I knew it was their farewell signal; and you mothers can

imagine my anguish. I saw them perish—ALL perish! Yet THAT was not trouble.

“I hugged my baby close to my heart; and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till the hand of God stayed the waters that they should rise no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted. Yet THAT was not trouble.

“My baby was all I had left on earth. I laboured day and night to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother’s counsels; he would sneer at her kind entreaties and agonizing prayers. HE BECAME FOND OF DRINKING. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in his evil ways. And at last, one night, when heated by wine, he took the life of a fellow-creature. He ended his days upon the gallows! God had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. THAT was trouble, my friends, such as I hope the Lord in mercy may spare you from ever knowing!”

TRIFLING WITH DANGER.

I WAS sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in Sligo a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to assign my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance; and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark: “I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.” I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds.

“Well,” said he at length, “I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine-trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, and useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance.”

REV. W. TAYLOR.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

At a meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, held at the capitol, Washington, recently, the Hon. Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, stated that every officer of his State, from Governor down, and every judge and official connected with the courts of State, had signed the total abstinence pledge, and were honourably maintaining the same. He expressed strong hopes that total prohibition would very soon obtain in that State, and already there was for this cause a strong preference shown by emigrants from the East in favour of making their homes in Iowa, in preference to States where the traffic in liquors is practically unrestricted. He further stated that in his district, comprising a population of over one hundred thousand souls, there was not a single place where liquors were selling at retail; in his own town there has not been a drop of liquor sold publicly in twelve years. There are no tenants in gaols, and all the paupers in his district would not fill a street-car.

This example of the young, thriving, and prosperous State of Iowa is worthy of general emulation. Let her example be held up as a beacon on the hill-tops of our advancing civilization, for the guidance of her older but less enlightened sister States.
—*Boston Nation.*

A WISE RESOLUTION.

A SOLICITOR who was in the habit of taking a glass of spirits and water every evening, and of afterwards sitting up to read or write, became ill, when his medical attendant ordered him to discontinue the stimulant. The solicitor readily promised compliance, but was astonished at the difficulty he found in refraining from his old habit. This opened his eyes, and he argued that if this custom had grown so strongly upon him as almost to master his resolution, then it was high time for him to dispense with alcoholic drink for the future. After the doctor had withdrawn his prohibition he continued to be an abstainer, for the reason indicated.

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DR. DOD'S SERMON ON MALT.

DR. DOD was a good clergyman who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge. 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 among themselves to ridicule 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 chose. 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.”

This quaint sermon was by God's blessing productive of a great change in the lives not only of the hearers but of many others.

CHRISTMAS GOOSE CLUBS.

THE following is one of the many traps which some publicans set during the Michaelmas quarter, in order to catch *geese* :—

“Mr. Fox, licensed victualler, commences his annual goose club for Christmas, on Saturday, August 3rd, for twenty weeks, at 6*d.* per week, with choice of the following :—1. Goose, and a bottle of gin. 2. Leg of pork, and a bottle of rum. 3. Ten pounds of beef, and a bottle of gin. 4. A bachelor's treat—a box of cigars. 5. A Christmas present: one pound of tea, one pound of plums, one pound of currants and peel, two pounds of lump sugar, one pound of moist ditto, and a bottle of gin. Also the guinea hamper at one shilling per week for twenty-one weeks, containing :—one bottle of old crusted port, one bottle of Gordon's pale sherry, one bottle of best brandy, one bottle of Irish whisky, one bottle of best Jamaica rum, one bottle of Old Tom gin. All bottles will be charged extra, and allowed for when returned. Mr. Fox thanks his old customers for their kind support, and solicits the favour of their recommendation.”

Thus the cunning Fox requires at least *twenty-one* visits to his trap. How much time and labour lost? How much temptation incurred? How many, after receiving their weekly wages, will fall, and, instead of depositing a weekly sixpence or shilling, will leave six or sixteen shillings. Let working men remember that they can lay out their money, whether ten-and-six or one guinea, far better and far more pleasantly by marketing for themselves on the 24th December. Let them take their wives and children to see the Christmas markets and shops dressed with evergreens, and pick for themselves the finest and fattest goose, or a prime joint. Instead of the vile drinks let them get a few articles of dress, or presents for the children, or some good books and papers, leaving a sixpence for the poor outcast drunkard's child that shivers in the streets, and that never had a Christmas. Let working men and tradesmen remember that the "fox" looks far ahead and bides his time. His bottle of gin or brandy would set twenty or fifty on "fire of hell," and they would "seek it yet again," to his profit and their eternal loss. The Post-office Savings' Bank and our Temperance or Benefit Societies will aid every man to take care of his money, and to get good interest for it whilst keeping out of temptation.

JOHN SUGDEN.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

A GENTLEMAN, taking an evening walk along the road near Grantown, saw two men supporting a third, who appeared unable to walk. "What is the matter?" he inquired. "Why," was the reply, "that poor man has been sadly bitten by the brewer's dog." "Indeed," said he, feeling rather concerned at the disaster. "Yes, sir, and he is not the first by a good many that he has done a mischief to." "Why is the dog not made away with?" "Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with long ago, but it wants resolution to do it. It is the *strong drink*, sir,—*that's* the BREWER'S DOG."—*Inverness Courier*.

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"CARPENTER, HERE'S YOUR ALLOWANCE."

A SERVANT-MAID came to me one cold day, when I was engaged, in company with some fellow-workmen, doing repairs at a gentleman's house, and said,—

"Here, carpenter, here's your allowance," and she tried to thrust a jug into my hand.

"Thank you, none for me."

"What, carpenter, are you a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I am, I am thankful to say," replied the carpenter.

"Oh, well, you'll excuse me?"

"Certainly," and she passed on. Seven or eight minutes elapsed, when the damsel reappeared, this time with a jug of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter.

"Here, carpenter," said she, "missus says she's very glad there's a temperance man at work here; she always likes to encourage such men; and so I am to get *you* some hot coffee and bread and butter for *your* allowance every day, as long as you stop."

My mates cast a longing eye on the dish prepared for me, of piping hot fragrant mocha, backed up by a nice little pile of well-buttered slices of the staff of life! One of the men spoke up:—"I'll tell you what, mates, Glazier is the *best* off."

My only regret was that the good lady had not seen her way to provide hot coffee for *all*. Our well-to-do friends may depend upon this, that by providing good refreshments, instead of giving either money or beer, they will give a *powerful impetus to the spread of sober habits amongst our working population*. It is one of those quiet, silent, but powerful ways of doing good that could be carried out without much trouble by thousands.

W. GLAZIER.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

IN one of the workhouses in the West Riding of Yorkshire there were recently five old men. All of them were formerly "wadmen," or foremen in dye-works, and for years were in the receipt of from three to five pounds each week. Being able-bodied and clever workmen, they were able to secure constant employment and first-class wages. But, instead of saving their money, and appropriating it to useful purposes, they spent the best part of it in drinking and dissipation: and at the end of their foolish career all of them found themselves inmates of one poorhouse, there to be kept, as long as life lasts, at the expense of the nation.

Contrast this fact with the following:—

There is at the present time in the same town a working man who was formerly a jobbing dyer—dyer's labourer. He rarely earned more than from *fifteen shillings to one pound* per week

in his life. Out of that small weekly sum he managed not only to keep himself, but also his aged mother until her death. At her death he married; and although now but about fifty years of age, he has, by his careful savings, built and paid for *twelve cottage-houses*, and he is now living in a state of independence.

How has this marvellous thing been done?

It has been done by not putting his spare shillings into the Losings' Bank, but into the Savings' Bank! *He was never in a public-house in his life.*

● It has been done by *persevering industry*. When his first master died, a neighbouring dyer, knowing him to be a worthy man, asked him if he wanted work. His answer was,—

“Sir, I can do without work or with it; but I am not above working. If you are really in want of a man, I will serve you.” The dyer replied that he did want one, and the man served him until trade began to be slack. Then he informed his employer that, as work was slack, and he would not require *all* his “hands,” to prevent any one being discharged who might stand in need of work, *he* would leave, inasmuch as he did not need it; and he left accordingly.

It has been done by *strict economy*. As far as his circumstances would enable him, he tried to save up five shillings every week out of his earnings. These weekly savings he invested in a building society. They accumulated there until he was able to take out the capital and purchase with it a piece of land. A friend who noted and approved of his industrious habits, learning that he had purchased the land, offered to aid him by lending him a sum of money to build houses upon it. The offer was gladly accepted. The houses were built; and out of the rents he was able gradually to pay off both interest and principal.

This striking contrast speaks loudly to the working men of this country. Here were five working men whose high wages were sufficient, with ordinary care and prudence, to place them in a position of comparative affluence; but high wages, with drink and dissipation, brought them to the workhouse.

Here, on the other hand, is a poor labouring man who, through temperance, industry, and economy, with God's blessing, before old age arrives, though with but scanty wages, attains an

independency, and has the prospect of ending his days in *his own house*. Is not this contrast sufficient to show every working man the worth of a steady and frugal character, and prove to demonstration that without it *high wages* will be a curse to him rather than a blessing? In the expressive words of the author of that most interesting story "Buy your own cherries," may we not truly say, "Working men! it is not how much you earn, but what you do with it when you get it!"—*H. W.*

A HAPPY SABBATH SCENE.

"Do you see that happy-looking family?" inquired 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. 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 that he is a God-fearing man."

A PUDDLER'S HINT;

OR, THE VALUE OF OATMEAL AND WATER.

A PUDDLER writes us from Pensall as follows:—"I put about three table-spoonfuls of oatmeal into three quarts of water, and keep it in a stone bottle near me at my work. I shake it up when about to drink. It serves me and my boy during the day or night, as we may be at work. Sometimes, in the hot weather, our masters kindly give the men some oatmeal, and we procure a large tub and mix it to our liking. Some of our iron-works are badly supplied with water. It would be the means of keeping many men from the public-house, if masters would provide a good supply of pure water in the works."

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"THE SIXPENCE, OF COURSE."

I REMEMBER standing at the door of a medical man's house in a town which I had better not name, when a man with a handcart came up with a piano, which he had brought to that gentleman's house for his sister. The medical man was an excellent person, a man with a very clear head and good common-

sense, and a thorough Christian. He came to the door, and said, "Which would you prefer—a glass of brandy or rum?" The man said at once, "Oh, a glass of brandy, if you please, sir."

I was on good terms with the gentleman, and could take a liberty with him, and I therefore said, "My friend, will you allow me to ask you a question before you give him a glass: what do you suppose that glass will cost you?"

He replied, "Perhaps about sixpence."

I then said to the man, "Are you a married man?" "Yes, sir." "What family?" "Four children." I then asked, "Which would you prefer, sixpence, or a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*The sixpence of course, sir,*" he replied, with a smile.

Turning to the medical man, I said, "My friend, remember that it makes no difference to *you*, whether you give it in kind or in money, but it will make *all the difference to that man*. Suppose that man has to carry three or four articles to-day to *other houses*, and the people are all as generous and as kind as *you* are, *what* is the result to that man? He is made a drunkard in spite of himself; he is made a blight to his family, a curse to society; and by whom? Why, even by religious but thoughtless and inconsiderate people."—*Rev. J. Bardsley, M.A.*

THE TEMPTATION ;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF "ONE GLASS."

ON passing through one of the wards of a large 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 to read, 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 had 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 society. I went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from home, 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 home for Leeds. My old appetite for drink had been rekindled. I became reckless, and joined a set of counterfeit coiners. We were discovered, tried, convicted, and now I am about to be transported. Oh, that I had never touched that ONE GLASS!"

T. B. S.

"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."

THE IRISHMAN'S DOG.

A MAN told Father Mathew that his reformation was brought about in the following manner. A friend had a dog to which he sometimes gave intoxicating liquor. The dog was frequently made drunk; but the best proof that it was against its own inclination was, that whenever he caught a glimpse of a pint pot, he made himself scarce. His wife told him "that he was worse than Jack's dog; for he only drank upon compulsion, and never made a beast of himself!" "That settled me!"



MY BANK-BOOK.

WISHING to present a few shillings to a working man who had done some little service for me, I asked him to go and put the sum into the Post-office Savings' Bank, as I wished him to have a "Banking Account" with Her Majesty the Queen! The man was pleased with the idea, and was glad to show me his "Bank-book." To the surprise of the man, he found that he could, by *trying*, add to his "nest egg" a few shillings now and then, which he received for extra jobs. In the course of a few months he brought me his book, when, to my great delight, I found the sum of three pounds seven shillings to his credit; a sum sufficient to buy him a *Sunday suit of clothes!* But for the convenience of the Post-office Savings' Bank, the whole of this sum would probably have gone to the "*Losings' Bank!*" The Government has, in this matter, conferred a *great blessing* on the working classes.

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HOW TO PAY RENT.

A BLACKSMITH was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent.

The merchant inquired how much "grog" he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to *considerably more* money in the year than his house-rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day neither to buy nor drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year he not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out

of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in this wise course through life, and, with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

"DO AS I DO."

IN a Midland country congregation was a worthy minister who was not a total abstainer. He was led, however, to adopt the total abstinence principle in a somewhat singular way. In his congregation was a lady, who had a fine boy, an only child. The boy's father and mother were both excellent people, but they observed with sorrow that as Ben grew up he became too fond of intoxicating drink. In their sorrows the minister shared, and he tried to do what he could to save the lad from ruin. When he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, the minister observed him one day, under the influence of liquor, walking by the side of his father's cart, in dangerous proximity to the cart wheel. Fearing he might fall under it, the good man thus accosted him: "Oh! Ben, you are drunk. Whatever can you be thinking about? Are you determined to break your father and mother's heart? Do you mean, Ben, to ruin your body and soul, and be lost for ever?" "Well, minister," said Ben, in reply, "and pray how much do you take?" Thus challenged, his reprover was rather taken aback. Recovering himself, he said, "Ben, that's nothing to do with it; you know I don't get drunk." "That's true, sir, but tell me how much you do take?" "Well, I have half a pint of porter for dinner, and the same quantity, sometimes, for supper." "But do you not sometimes take a glass of wine?" "Sometimes, certainly." "Then," said Ben, with an air of triumph, and extending his hand, "let us shake hands; you take as much as you like, and I take as much as I like." So impressed was the minister with Ben's way of putting the thing, that soon after he went to a temperance meeting, and signed the pledge. It was not long before he again met the young man, evidently the worse for drink. Then said he, accosting him, "Now, Ben, do as I do." "What do you mean, minister; don't we both do just what we like?" "Yes; but I have signed the pledge." "Have you? and what have you done that for?" "To save

such as you." "Then," said he, "I'll sign, too." The young man kept his word; he signed the pledge and kept it; and thus instead of bringing his father and mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, he became their comfort in their old age, a useful teacher in the Sunday-school, and an earnest Christian man. How powerful is that ministry which, when challenged, can, in the adoption of that which is right, say, "Do as I do!"

H. W.

WHAT WAS DONE BY LADIES.

IN Nantucket every dram-shop had been broken up but one, and the ladies determined that that one should not exist any longer. About 150 of them joined together, and formed themselves into committees of twelve. They went to the liquor-seller's house, and one talked ten minutes, and another twenty, and another half-an-hour, and so on, and all twelve gave him a thorough-going temperance speech. When they were gone the poor fellow looked very serious; said he, "That's about the toughest morning's work I've had for some time: I don't understand it; but, however, I find they can't move me, you know." The next day, a second committee came; they talked to him all round, and when they were gone the poor fellow said, "That's worse than it was yesterday; they're coming thicker and faster; but I'm standing on my reserved rights—they can't move me." The next day, a third committee came; he saw they were all different ladies, and he said, "Hold on a minute! how many are there of you?" "Why, there are twelve of us; we are the third committee: there are twelve committees, and when we have gone all round we'll begin again." "Hold on! if a man is to die, let him die in peace. You're coming again, are you? Well, if you'll give it up, I will." And he broke up his establishment.

"MEAT AND DRINK."

"YES, sir, my drop o' gin is meat and drink to me, that it is!" "It would be as well if you could add 'clothing' and 'washing' also," said I, as I glanced at his ragged coat, and his dirty, unshaven face.

"DIP YOUR ROLL IN YOUR OWN POT."

A WORKING man, who had spent half his week's wages at a certain inn, was once in the landlady's kitchen, and seeing her boiling a savoury mess over the fire, he took up a piece of bread and dipped it into the pot; but the good woman turned sharply round, and said—"Dip your roll in your own pot at home!" He sighed, and turned away; but, as he went off, her injunction rang in his ears, and he determined to do as she said. He signed the pledge.

Passing her inn two years after, she said to him,—“Why, George, you never come near me now.”

“No!” said he, “I now dip my roll in my own pot at home!”

THE STORY OF A HATTER.

NOT a hundred miles from Hyde Park there is a hatter who, beside being in possession of a capital shop, owns considerable property in the neighbourhood. He owes all this to the temperance pledge, and to his own energy, for ten years ago he was a poor, unhappy drunkard, and his wife and family often lacked the necessaries of life. Oh, how many families might be “well off in life” if the drink were only abandoned!

A GOOD SON AND A GOOD BROTHER.

A SHORT time ago a young man who works in a factory in the neighbourhood of St. Giles was enabled to gratify a dearly-cherished wish entertained by his mother. His brother had enlisted as a soldier, and the poor woman was deeply anxious that his discharge should be obtained. The young man responded to her appeal by advancing twenty guineas for this purpose. This sum represented a part of his savings during the time he had been a teetotaler. It is very doubtful if the combined resources of all his drinking shopmates would have amounted to this sum.

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A PATRIOT'S RESOLVE.

At the commencement of the temperance movement a venerable minister, of more than three score years and ten, who was afflicted with a bodily infirmity, for the relief of which he had been advised by physicians to use intoxicating

drinks, was one day presented by a friend with the total abstinence pledge. After reading it, he said,—

"This is the thing that will, by God's blessing, save my country from the desolating scourge of intemperance. I will sign this declaration!"

"No," said one of his friends, "you must not sign it; the drink 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 another, "you will die."

"Well," said the noble-minded old man, "for *my country I can die.*"

The declaration was signed, the medicine given up, and, strange to say, the disease for which it had been prescribed gradually fled away. It was the remedy that had kept up the the disease. When he renounced the one, he was relieved of the other. So it probably would be in nine cases out of ten, where intoxicants are used even as medicine.

GOOD MARY CAPPER.

IN the course of conversation, she informed me that she had adopted the principles of total abstinence as regards intoxicating liquors; that, though on the first mention of the subject, she had doubted its propriety, yet, on reflecting upon it, and considering the numbers led away into inebriety, and that all these began their course of drunkenness by taking intoxicating liquors in what had been thought to be moderation, she came to the resolution that no one should be able to plead her example for taking them at all. At the time she left them off, she was upwards of eighty years of age, and in the practice of taking a single glass of wine daily with her dinner; and having been for many years unable to take animal food, this glass of wine had been thought almost essential to her existence, especially as she had been accustomed to it from an early period of her life.

She told me she expected to have something to suffer in making this change, and that she might probably have to endure a greater sense of feebleness during the remainder of her days; but the welfare of those by whom she was surrounded, and on whom her example might have some influence, she considered to be of much greater importance. On making the trial she was, however, agreeably disappointed; for, though she felt some languor for a few days, she soon became sensible of an increase of strength, and was more vigorous without the wine than she had been with it, so that she had cause to commemorate the goodness by which she had been enabled to make

this little sacrifice. And I believe that her example in this respect, as well as her Christian practice, exhibited in a variety of other points, had a beneficial influence on many.—1841. Copied from Mary Capper's published life. She died at Birmingham, at the advanced age of ninety, in the year 1845.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF A FORTUNE, AND HOW TO REDEEM THE PAST.

THERE is a man connected with one of the Metropolitan Temperance Societies whose history is somewhat remarkable. He was originally possessed of 11,000*l.*, every penny of which he squandered in drink and its associations. His wife and family were reduced to fearful extremities through his intemperance, and he himself sank so low that he was often glad to accept employment from publicans, to obtain signatures for licenses. He signed the pledge at the commencement of 1870, and in four months he paid off debts to the amount of 30*l.*, to the great astonishment of his creditors, who never expected to receive a farthing; his wife and family were restored to comparative comfort and happiness—they all attend a Christian church; and he himself has become the secretary of the very society whose efforts he at one time strenuously opposed. In the face of such facts as these, one need never regard the inebriate as lost. C.

AN EXAMPLE TO CABMEN.

SOME years ago a London cabman, then in the employment of a cabmaster, resolved to join the Temperance Society. This step, as may be imagined, was a wise one, for it not only enabled "cabby" to economize the expenditure of his money, but also of his time. The result is, that he is at the present hour *proprietor of six cabs, horses, harness, and all*. He is now the servant of no man, but an *employer of labour*. For six days in the week he is at the service of the public to drive them wherever they may list, but on the seventh day he is his own master. That day he devotes to family intercourse and to the service of God. Another London temperance cabman emigrated some years ago to Australia. On one occasion he remitted 100*l.* to

the London City Mission as a "thank-offering" for benefit received through the City Missionaries. A Cab-drivers' Temperance Association has been formed in St. Giles's, which is managed entirely by members of "the profession."

ABSTINENCE SAVINGS.

A POOR man brought twenty guineas to the treasurer of a religious society, and wished him to receive it as his contribution. Doubting whether it was right for him to contribute so much, the treasurer hesitated. The poor man said: "Before I knew the grace of our Lord, I was a poor drunkard—I could never 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.

THE WORST OF PLAGUES.

WE are convinced that if a statesman, who heartily wished to do the utmost good to his country, were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the sure reply—the reply which would be exacted by full deliberation—would be, that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues (intemperance) can be stayed.—*The late C. Buxton, M.P., in the North British Review.*

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

ONE of the London city missionaries says:—"So long as I remained a moderate drinker, I could do nothing with the lower classes; but immediately that I added my own practical testimony to the virtues of total abstinence, my work was much simplified. I find it far better to say, 'Abstain as I do!'"

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"THAT'S TRUE, SIR!"

OR, LITTLE CHILDREN 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 'navvy,' 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 even the little girl sitting on the working man's knee in front of me 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, sir!*'" 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 beershop, from which I seldom returned sober. I had,' said he (with a 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 beershop, 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 beershop; 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 me by the coat-tail, and when we got very near the beershop 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 beerhouse 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 as I did in the meeting; but I hope, sir, you will forgive me.*"

A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.

"PUT down on one side of a sheet of paper all the *good* that ale has done, and on the other all the *evil* it has done you," said a friend to a thirty years' drunkard. "That is impossible," was the reply, "for there is not a sheet of paper that ever was made that would contain half of the evil ale has done to me."

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 housekeeping with a bountiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. *Then my eyes were opened.*"

DRINK AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A LITTLE while ago a Boston paper reported the following:—

"The sailing-barque 'Thomas Pope,' of New York, bound for Monrovia, Africa, cleared at our Custom-house, this forenoon. She had seven *missionaries* engaged as passengers and 29,000 gallons of New England rum as part of her cargo."

We pray for a revival of religion; for the spread of the Gospel, that the dark places of the earth may become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. With such assorted cargoes leaving our ports, need we wonder that the work of converting the heathen to Christianity is a slow and toilsome process! Nay, our wonder is that they are willing to embrace our religion at all, when it produces in their estimation the bitter fruits resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks. True, they who send forth missionaries are a different class from those who send forth rum: but in the minds of the heathen it is all the same."

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 showed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and my wife have smoked, sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less than a pen'orth 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!"

A YORK SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

WORDS OF A PHYSICIAN.

A BOY who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental, energy.—*I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison.*—
A PHYSICIAN.

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THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.

It is a melancholy fact, that whilst upwards of ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLIONS of pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain, in intoxicating drinks, but little more than a MILLION is raised by all our Missionary and Bible Societies put together, for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the heathen world!

Who can reflect upon the expenditure of this immense sum of money, the tendency of which is to propagate misery, crime, disease, and death; filling our prisons with criminals, our asylums with lunatics, and our workhouses with paupers, without feelings of sorrow and shame?

Reader, have you ever seriously considered what would be the influence upon the various TRADES of our country, and also upon the domestic comfort of the people, if this large amount of capital, now worse than wasted, was yearly employed in the production of *useful* manufactures? If not, do so now.

These ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLIONS would pay for—

		<i>s. d.</i>		£
8 Millions of Coats	at	40 0	each	. 16,000,000
8 Millions of Trousers	„	20 0	„	. 8,000,000
8 Millions of Waistcoats	„	10 0	„	. 4,000,000
8 Millions of Hats	„	6 0	„	. 2,400,000
8 Millions of Boots	„	10 0	per pair	. 4,000,000
8 Millions of Stockings	„	1 6	„	. 600,000
8 Millions of Shirts	„	5 0	each	. 2,000,000
8 Millions of Blankets	„	12 6	per pair	. 5,000,000
8 Millions of Gowns	„	12 6	each	. 5,000,000
8 Millions of Bonnets	„	10 0	„	. 4,000,000
16 Millions of Caps	„	2 6	„	. 2,000,000
20 Millions of Chairs	„	4 0	„	. 4,000,000
4 Millions of Tables	„	20 0	„	. 4,000,000
2 Millions of Bookcases	„	40 0	„	. 4,000,000
40 Millions of Books	„	1 0	„	. 2,000,000
8 Millions of Clocks	„	22 6	„	. 9,000,000
20 Millions of Bibles	„	2 0	„	. 2,000,000
100,000 Cottages for men to live in rent free (200 <i>l.</i> each).				. 20,000,000
In addition to which there would be <i>left</i> for				
The poor-rates for the whole kingdom				. 12,000,000
Pensions to 100,000 Publicans, and Beer and Gin-Shop Keepers, say, 200 <i>l.</i> a year each				. 20,000,000
And for Savings' Banks				. 30,000,000
Total				<u>£160,000,000</u>

"I CAN DO WITHOUT IT."

IN providing for one's own house, perhaps the best plan is mutual assurance. In many provident societies the premiums have been calculated too low; but in some, better established, a scale of payments has been adopted which effectually secures against all risk. I shall suppose that the reader is a healthy man, twenty-five years of age. Would he like to retire from work at the end of forty years? By paying 7s. 6d. quarterly, or less than a penny daily, he may buy against that period a pension of 20*l.* a year. Or would he prefer leaving to his survivors, at whatever time it may please God to call him away, a sum of solid money? For such a purpose he may secure 100*l.* by paying 10s. 5d. a quarter, or 2*l.* 2s. 3d. a year.

But how is a working man to manage this? How is he to save the daily penny from his scanty earnings? I fear some cannot; but I know that many can. Do you smoke, or snuff, or chew tobacco? Then please to count how much this costs you in a week, and how much in the fifty-two weeks which make a year. And how much do you allow for stimulating liquor? A friend reminds me that a moderate pint of beer comes to 2*l.* per annum, or 30*l.* in ten years. And how do you dispose of your loose halfpence? And how much do you spend on Sunday excursions, and fairs, and treats, and merry-makings? Not very much on any one occasion, but enough in time to make at last a fortune. For it is not by surprising windfalls, but by systematic savings—by the resolute repetition of Jane Taylor's golden maxim, "I can do without it"—that men have made the most solid fortunes, the fullest of satisfaction to the founder, and the most enduring. And were you only commencing now to save up the coppers and sixpences which you would have melted in beer or burned in tobacco, they will soon swell up to a pound; and by perseverance and the blessing of God that pound may grow to a competency.—From "*The Happy Home*," by the late Rev. Dr. Hamilton.

HELPING HIM UP.

IN a speech delivered in London on Good Friday, 1870, the Rev. Charles Garrett said, "We have lately been doing a blessed work

amongst the cabmen of Manchester, many of whom have signed the pledge. I heard the other night that one of them had broken his pledge, and I went to the cab-rooms to look after him. I saw him there, but he tried to avoid me. He was ashamed to face me. I followed him up, and at last he presented himself before me, wearing a most dejected look. I said to him, 'When you are driving your cab, and your horse falls down, what do you do?' 'I jumps off the box and tries to help him up again.' 'That is it, my friend,' I replied; 'I heard you had fallen, and so I have got off the box to help you up. Will you get up? There is my hand.' He caught hold of it with a grip like a vice, and said, 'I *will*, sir! Before God, and under His own blue heavens, I promise you that I will not touch a drop of strong drink again; and you will never have to regret the trouble you have taken with me.' Oh, Christian friends, there are many poor drunkards who have fallen down! Will you not get off the box and help them up?"

THE LOST AND REPLACED WATCH.

NEARLY three years ago Mr. George Howlett addressed a large meeting in Watford upon the subject of temperance. One of his hearers was a man who that very night had been robbed of his four-guinea watch, and his money, whilst partially intoxicated. He became an abstainer, and commenced working hard to get another watch. He succeeded not only in saving the money to purchase one, but also to furnish his house in a way that would do credit to a man occupying a much higher position. Two years and a half have now elapsed, and that man, whilst paying all his just debts, has saved *seventy pounds*. At the back of his house he has two of the finest pigs to be found in the country round.

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THE STORY OF A FLOWER.

SOME years ago, before the Charing Cross railway terminus was built, there used to be in Scotland Yard a tavern that was a house of call for coalheavers. Near this place a widow rented a front room, and by making gimp trimmings maintained herself and a sick child, who was well enough to help her mother to knot the fringes that gained their bread. But often she

watched the coalheavers as they went in and out of the public-house. It was not a pleasant sight to little Jane. She had once been a Sabbath scholar, and had learned two important things—that God is angry with the wicked every day, and yet that He sent His only-begotten Son, Christ Jesus, into the world, that the wicked might not perish, but through trusting in Him might have pardon here, and hereafter everlasting life. At that time Mrs. Davis had been advised to take Jane as an out-patient to Westminster Hospital, and she borrowed a child's hand-carriage to draw her there.

One sultry summer afternoon, just as she turned out of Parliament-street to go home, a wheel came off the little old waggon, and the mother was at her wits' end to know how she should manage to get her home. Just then there came by a man in whose coalheaver's hat was a bit of geranium and a sprig of southern-wood. "Why, missus," he said, "cheer up, this spill might a-been worse. I'll carry the little maid. Don't be afeard, my dear, I've got a baby of my own at home. I won't hurt ye," and so he lifted the sick child tenderly in his strong arms, and walked by the side of the poor mother as she managed to drag the useless vehicle home. He laid little Jane on her couch by the window, saying, "Be you the little maid as I've seen a-looking out of the winder?—why, to be sure, I thought I know'd you." The mother and child joined to thank him, and away he went; but in going, as he saw the child look at the flowers in his hat, he took out the two sprigs, and gave them to her.

The sprigs of geranium and the southern-wood were put into water, and in due time planted. Little Jane had great pleasure in watching their growth, for they both took root under her care. For some time Jane got better, but when the winter came she declined, and the kind doctor at the hospital could do no more for her.

The winter passed, and the spring brought new life to the earth. Once more little Jane's couch was taken to the window, and her plants were put outside. She looked out on the first fine warm day for Dick the coalheaver.

"Mother, I should like to show him what care I have taken of his gift, and how the slips have grown into fine plants."

That day as she looked she saw Dick with some companions, and they had been drinking, and Mrs. Davis shut down her

window, so that Jane might not hear their words. The child was sad, but she mentioned Dick's name in her simple prayer that night.

Two days after that, as Jane looked out of the window, Dick passed very close and quite alone.

Jane could not raise herself to lean out, but her mother went out to him and said,—

“Will you please step up and see my little girl?”

Accepting the invitation, Dick entered the house. Mrs. Davis said, “Jane is no better, and she wants to speak to you.” Dick at once walked across the room to the side of the child's couch. With a bright smile little Jane said,—

“Look at the flowers you gave me, Mr. Dick.”

“The flowers *I* give you?” said Dick, in great surprise.

“Yes, I planted the two little bits that you gave me that day when you were so kind as to carry me home, Mr. Dick. I would like to give them to you to take home.”

“Them fine flowers!” exclaimed Dick, looking at the bright scarlet blooms coming gaily out on the geranium. “I've three young'uns at home, but I can't say as I ever took 'em a plant. Mine, I'm a-thinking, wouldn't care for them only to tear 'em to bits, and I can't exactly afford money for flowers.”

“Can't you? why, they're not so dear to buy as”—the child stopped; she was about to add, “*as beer*,” but felt afraid of offending.

“Don't be afeared to speak out; ‘not so dear as the drink,’ *you means*. Ah, well I knows that,” said Dick.

“Nothing is so dear as strong drink,” said Mrs. Davis. “It costs money, and time, and comfort, and health, and salva—;” she paused on the word, but the child finished it—“salvation.”

“Come, that's going it a bit too far,” murmured Dick.

“It's the Bible says, ‘Nor drunkards . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God,’” whispered little Jane, her voice failing and a great pallor spreading over her face.

“You are tired, my dear?” said the mother.

“Yes. But I'm glad I have seen you and thanked you for the flowers,” she added to Dick, who took her hand in his big grasp, and, unable to speak, went on his way.

Dick did not go into the public-house, and as he was returning

to his home he passed a barrow with flowers for sale, and with the price of a few pots of beer he bought two plants in bloom, and took them home.

From the very first those flowers were blessings, for Dick in his rough way told his wife and his children about little Jane, adding to his story, "And the kind little maid lies a-dying."

It was too true—little Jane's hours were numbered. The child, two nights after she had thanked Dick for the flowers, suddenly sat up and said quite cheerfully, "Mother, dear, I am better; I think I shall perhaps be able to go to grandfather's. Her breath was catching as she spoke, and as her mother gently laid her down and kissed her, Jane closed her eyes as if in sleep—it was the solemn stillness of death.

Poor widowed mother! weeping over her only child! how could she have borne her grief but for the sweet assurance that her darling had been gathered by a loving, pitying Saviour into the heavenly garner.

Little Jane's wish to give the plants was faithfully remembered, and fulfilled by her mother. She took a little slip off the cherished geranium to rear as a memorial of her child, and then took both to the children of her humble friend Dick. He was at first very unwilling to deprive her of them, but, remembering the child's words, he took them gratefully, and from that time, by God's blessing, he was a changed man.

The year after Dick took the flowers to his home, a relation at the gold diggings sent home word that if Dick could get a minister of the Gospel to sign a certificate that he was a strictly sober man, there was money ready to be advanced to take him and his family out to Australia; and Dick could get plenty of testimonials now that he had, as he said, "given the drink the go-by." Ever since he and his learned to love flowers, they have learned to love Him who made the flowers, and loving Him they learned to hate evil.

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

THE "STARLIGHT" TEMPERANCE SERIES, No. 20.

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SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND.

Jack. "Dick, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway navvy one day to Jack, his mate.

Dick. "Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth 60*l.* 10*s.* an acre."

Jack. "What's that you say about a yard of land, Dick?"

Dick. "Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a *square yard of 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 twenty shillings to a pound), and there you have 60*l.* 10*s.*, which is the cost of an acre of good land "at threepence a square yard!"

A FACT FOR NAVVIES; OR, GOOD BREAD AND MILK *versus* BEEF AND BEER.

AN English contractor for the building of the Conon Bridge informed me of his surprise at the exertion of the natives whom he employed, and that, having contracted for excavating a canal in England, he engaged about twenty Highlanders to accompany him southwards. Several disputes occurred between those thus introduced and the native workmen, and many jeers passed relative to the fare (bread and milk) on which they were contented to exist, saving the greater part of their wages to bring back to their friends and families. To settle these bickerings, a match was made that twelve Highlanders could not excavate a certain number of solid yards in the same time as an equal number of the better-fed Englishmen. And everything being fixed, a table was laid out with meat and ale for one party, whilst the other had no preparation for refreshment (beyond their bread and milk) except what a can of fresh water afforded. But the point in dispute was, after a fatiguing day's labour, decided in favour of the Highlanders; and whilst the Englishmen were totally exhausted by their exertions, the former, full of spirits at their success, danced their national strathspey in token of victory. I give such instances to prove that the strength necessary for exertion does not depend upon a *luxurious* diet; but at the same time abundance of simple, *nutritious* food is absolutely indispensable for our support; and to secure this much depends upon yourselves.—*Hints for Highland Tenants, by Sir Francis M'Kenzie, Bart., of Gairloch.*

A THOUGHT FOR WORKING MEN'S SONS.

My lads, if you do not smoke, don't begin; and if you do smoke, then leave off. I will show you why. Few use a pipe for less than *1d.* a day, and that means *7d.* a week, *2s. 6d.* a month, and *1l. 10s.* a year. With the first year's savings you could buy a dictionary, *2s. 6d.*; history of England, *5s.*; geography, *3s. 6d.*; natural history, *5s.*; and a family Bible, *14s.*, which would make a capital library for a youth to start in life with. But if you spend it on tobacco, you turn your *30s.* into smoke! What a sad waste! and, at the same time, you entail on yourself a slavish habit, which, when once acquired, few are able to shake off.

A DOCTOR'S HINT TO WORKING MEN.

WHEN you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter of a pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and your work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and then an ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before you drink it, shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer drink this cold; in winter hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it, you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil it if you can. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a pound, or even three-quarters, and the water to three quarts if you are likely to be very thirsty. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat flour will do, but not quite so well. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar. One ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled, is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect; but neither are so supporting as oatmeal. Thin cocoa is also very refreshing, and supporting likewise, but is more expensive than oatmeal.—*Dr. Parkes.*



BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE!

"THERE'S some pleasure," said a friend, "in seeing such industrious chaps as William Haslen of Box Hill, near Bath, get on in the world. Some years ago he was a quarryman, and a hard drinker. He was induced by a friend to join a Temperance Society: this led to his joining a Christian Church; and he speedily began to 'Buy his own Cherries!' He put his 'Tis buts' into the Savings' Bank; and he has gone on so steadily, that he is now foreman at one of our large stone works. Not only is his house his own, but he has saved money enough to buy a few *acres of land*, including two capital *orchards*, so that he now can *grow* his own cherries!"

[This testimony and a sketch of Haslen's cottage were sent to us by the late Mr. Cottrell, of Bath, the land-surveyor.]

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"THAT'S MY 'YARD OF LAND.'"

MR. JACKSON, one of the London City Missionaries, on calling at a shoemaker's shop, in the East of London, was repelled with oaths and abuse by the son of St. Crispin. The visitor thought it prudent to retire, but whilst doing so politely dropped a copy of the Illustrated Handbill, entitled "Swallowing a Yard of

Land." Some months after, when passing opposite the man's door, the missionary was surprised with a friendly "Come in." On going inside the shop, the shoemaker said, "See here, sir; that's *my* 'Yard of Land;'" at the same time pointing to a silver watch which he took from off a nail in the wall. "I've bought *that* by giving up drink: I've to thank *you* for that, sir. That paper did it!"

A STAFFORDSHIRE FREEHOLDER.

"I WAS standing one day in July of last year, talking to an upholsterer, in Worcester Street, Birmingham, when a covered waggon that was being driven down the street suddenly stopped, and the driver came up to me, and politely said, 'My best respects to you, sir; is not your name the Rev. James Downes? Were you not some years ago doing duty in Walsall?'

"'Yes, but it was some twenty-eight years ago.'

"'I thought I was not wrong, sir, although you do not recognize me. I was in your class in the Sunday-school. You frequently used to give books to the boys, most of which are now read by my children. Do you recollect, sir, giving to some of those you considered the best boys in the class some money prizes of 5s. or 10s. each, one Christmas?'

"'It is very likely, for I always liked to encourage young folks in such duties.'

"'But do you remember, sir, telling us that, as the prizes were our own, earned, as you said, by our own good conduct, what a nice thing it would be to put them in the Savings' Bank, of which you were then one of the managers, as the commencement of future provident habits?'

"'Perhaps I might; for I have always been an advocate for young people putting by something against a rainy day.'

"'Well, sir, I always wished to follow out your advice for our good; and I went to the Savings' Bank to deposit my mite, and felt not a little pleased as I walked out of the room with my bank-book. Many a time have I been astonished what that first small sum did for me. It increased and increased, year after year, with my fresh deposits, until it amounted to

the incredible sum of £200! Then the directors told me one day that they could take no more. I then consulted a friend what I had better do with it; and found there was a plot of land to be sold, with a neat, well-built cottage upon it. So, after due precaution and inquiries, I purchased it, sir, and am now one of the *Freeholders* of the County of Stafford.'

"I told him I was much delighted to hear of his prudent forethought; and said how different was his present position to many a nightly sot, who spent every penny at those detestable beer-houses, leaving wives and children half-clad and half-starved. When he said,—

" 'Please, sir, I have not done yet.'

" 'Go on, my old school-boy; I am delighted to hear of the blessings that have attended your thrift.'

" 'I have let the cottage, sir, to a respectable tenant, who pays his rent regularly every week; and this sum I now deposit in the same Savings' Bank. You always impressed upon us the importance of being steady and industrious, and when we went to service, to endeavour, by diligence, and respect to our employers, to *keep* our situations; and this advice, sir, I think you will own I have pretty well carried out, for I have had but two situations since you left, eight-and-twenty years ago. So you see, sir, if it should please God that anything should happen to cause me to be laid by, I have a little of something in store; and, should I be permitted to live to an old age, I have a *home of my own* to go to when no longer able to work; and something to leave my family should they survive me. I have always instilled into the minds of my children, sir, that I owe my present position to attending strictly to the advice and counsel of my beloved minister when I was a *boy at the Sunday-school*.'

"With a hearty shake of the hand, and a 'God speed,' I parted with my friend.

"This narrative of our conversation needs no comment; it commends itself to the prudent mechanic, and to every reader of the 'British Workman,' whether boy or girl, man or woman. To each and all I would say, 'Go and do likewise.'"

J. DOWNES,

Stonall Parsonage, near Walsall.

ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.

Why should you not abstain? You would save your money by it. If you save 2*d.* a day for twenty years you would have 70*l.*, and that is like taking it out of the gutter. It is pulling it away from the publican, and you would find 70*l.* to be a very good thing when you are thirty-four years old. Saving money helps to getting more. I heard a gentleman say, who employs many working men in Manchester, "If I can get a man to put 10*l.* into the savings'-bank, that man's fortune is made." So if you can get 70*l.* without doing anything that would injure you, but make you better, do so. If I thought you would be pale and weak, and not able to do your work by abstaining, I would not advise it, for health is a working man's fortune. But I believe you would be stronger, and would have more colour in your cheeks. I know a young relation of mine who has made this one of his chosen rules, "Cold water warms, and hot water cools." That is true of alcohol, for it always makes a man colder afterwards. So if a healthy man drinks cold water, he will be the warmer for it. So if you take hot things like alcohol, you will be more likely to catch colds, fevers, and cholera, and everything else. So you will get health by abstaining. Keep out of great temptation. I once told you, working men in this town have great temptations to drink which others escape from. You are not half men if you drink because others do. Let those laugh who win. Get brighter and better hopes, and then you will not mind being laughed at. If you win everything that is good by abstinence, you will not mind being jeered at.—*Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.*

A REMARKABLE FACT.

In the early days of the temperance reformation, John Dunlop, of Scotland, after great labour and expense, obtained a return of no fewer than 70,000 persons who had joined Christian churches after signing the pledge—a religious revival perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world. H.

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"NOT LOST FOR EVER."

A CHRISTIAN lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a gin-palace just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very pale, and his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was far gone on the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the young man who had ill-used him. He was so

excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady who stood very near him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said "I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it; but her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother who loved you?" said the lady.

With sudden revulsion of feeling the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, yes, I had a mother who loved me. But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost, lost for ever."

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, waking a host of tender emotions which had been hidden very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More words were spoken, and when the lady passed on her way the young man followed, marked the house she entered, and wrote the name on the door-plate in his memorandum-book. Then he walked away with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper and still more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years passed by, and the lady had forgotten the circumstance, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlour, and found a noble-looking and well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her.

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion, but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," he said, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have forgotten me; but although I only saw you once I am sure I should have recognized you anywhere, and your voice, too—it is so much like my mother's!"

These words brought to the lady's remembrance the young man to whom she had spoken before the gin-palace, and the two wept.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down, and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression—*No, not lost for ever*, followed me wherever I went, and it always seemed the voice of my mother speaking to me from her tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to do so."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party, at the house of a friend, some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face, with a pleading smile.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me;" and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps. She was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed pleasantly; the time for departure drew near; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise. Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of songs, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

"Give me the baby, Millie, I can't trust you with him," he

said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them; and when they reached the bank, the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it to her heart, no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned round just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, then sink for ever, and that by his own intemperance! The anguish of the mother, and the remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

LOOKING YELLOW.

At a meeting of the Huddersfield Temperance Society, Mr. Garner, a reformed drunkard, from Blackburn, mentioned the following conversation, which took place between a landlord and himself:—

Landlord.—"Why, Garner, you are beginning to look *yellow* since you gave up drinking!"

Garner—(putting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out five or six sovereigns)—replied, "Ay, and my *pocket* is beginning to look yellow too!"

AN IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

MR. WARD, of Pedang, Sumatra, says,—“I have had the opportunity of observing, for twenty years, the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of *spirituous liquors* in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India, settled here, the latter; and I find that, while the former expose themselves with impunity to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, *the latter can endure neither wet nor cold, for even a short period, without danger to their health.*”—*Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. xiii. p. 208.

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"CLOTHE YOUR OWN BOYS!"

IN Leeds there resides a little boy about nine or ten years of age, a Sunday-scholar, and a member of the "Band of Hope." Like many more children, however, he unfortunately had a drunken father. This man, formerly a member of a Christian church, had given way to drinking, disgraced his profession,

and by constant attendance at the public-house brought his family almost to beggary. He had been drinking hard for about six months, when, one Lord's Day, the mother sent the boy to the public-house where the father was drinking to ask him to come home to his dinner. There was something in the boy's appearance that attracted the landlord's notice. He observed, too, that he was ragged, bare-footed, and bare-legged, his trousers torn, and his shirt lap hanging out. He took pity on him, and asked,—

“ Whose lad is this ? ”

The boy's father, who was seated in the room, heard the question, and said, “ He is mine ! ”

“ Well,” said the landlord, “ it's a pity to see a boy like this in such a ragged state,” and he called out to his wife,—

“ I say, wife, come here ! ”

“ What is the matter ? ” she replied.

“ Why, look at this boy here : see how ragged the poor lad is : can't we do something for him ? Haven't we got a pair of cast-off trousers somewhere upstairs, that belonged to one of our boys ? Just go and see.”

The wife went upstairs and found the trousers ; they were brought down and put on, and found to be a good fit.

The landlord then bethought himself that there was a pair of shoes also that belonged to his son, and he ordered them also to be fetched for the same purpose. The cast-off boots were accordingly hunted up, and tried on, like the trousers, and with similar success.

The father was delighted to see his son thus clothed at the landlord's expense. He was so pleased that, in return for such an unexpected fit of generosity, he called for another pint. The pint was tossed off with an extra relish, and then he went home to his dinner.

Arrived at home, he thus addressed his wife : “ Now, lass, I've heard thee say that we never get anything from the landlords for what we spend. Now, thou seest our lad. Just look at him ! the landlord's given him them clothes, and he's almost rigged anew ; never say the landlord's gived us nout, again ! ”

He then turned to the boy, and asked him how he liked the landlord's clothes.

With tears in his eyes, the boy answered, "I like them very well, father; *but I should have liked them better, father, if you had bought them with your own money and they had been new ones.*"

The boy's answer startled the father. Every word went home to his heart. He was touched to the quick, and stood as one confounded. He declared afterwards that he had attended many lectures, but had never heard anything that took hold of him before like his boy's answer. He vowed that he would, by God's help, from that hour never touch the drink again; and though some months have since passed away, he still adheres to his good resolution, and it is to be hoped that he will do so to the end of his life.

How many thousands of poor ragged lads are there who would soon have *new suits of clothes*, if *their fathers* would "go and do likewise!" What a stir it would make in the woollen mills, in the cloth warehouses, and in the tailors' shops, if *all working men* would *clothe their own boys!*

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

At a meeting in Poplar Mr Howlett spoke as follows:—
 "Four years ago I delivered an address in the town of Bicester. I visited the same place recently, and at the close of the meeting a man addressed me in the following words:—'Four years ago this very night, you lectured in Bicester, and I was one of your audience. I had been sent by a publican to disturb you and the meeting, but, half intoxicated as I was, your arguments were too much for me, and instead of disturbing you, I listened with the deepest attention. I had been four times imprisoned in Oxford gaol; three times flogged; and when I heard you I was separated from my wife and family, and, to sum up my position in a word, I was without hope for time or for eternity. Through the mercy of God, working by the instrumentality of the total abstinence pledge, I have been restored to my family, received into the Church, and am leading an entirely new life. Myself and family, every night of our lives, pray that God may spare you for many years to advocate the claims

of the temperance cause.' The statement made by this man was subsequently more than confirmed by a gentleman, a resident in the town, who knows him, and who said that there was not a man more zealous in good works than this poor reclaimed drunkard. With only thirteen shillings a week, he contrived to maintain himself and those belonging to him in comfort and respectability, besides assisting the distressed with material aid and sound advice. He preaches the Gospel, and advocates the temperance cause, both in Bicester and the surrounding villages."

NEW SHOES; OR, "GOOD FOR TRADE."

It is interesting to observe how "good for trade" it is when a man gives up his drinking



habits. There was a noted drunkard in York, who for twenty-five years had never entered a place of worship, and had during that time been accustomed to wear the "cast-off things" of others. After joining the Temperance Society at the Merchants' Hall, he soon began to clothe himself in decent garments, bought with his own honest and hard-earned wages. The tailor, the hosier, the draper, and various other tradesmen, reaped the benefit of the man's reformation. It was quite an event in his life when he entered a shoemaker's shop to be "measured" for a pair of new shoes, as he had never done such a thing for twenty years before! What a mighty change would be effected in our country if the one hundred and sixty millions now spent yearly in strong drink were devoted to industry!

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THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"It *puzzles* me," said a gentleman to his friend, who was a member of the same congregation, "how you manage to give away so much as you do. 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.*"

"WHAT CAN I DO?"

A YOUNG lady who had often laid to heart the inquiry, "What can I do?" heard a temperance lecturer say that young ladies could do much good to reform the poor degraded inebriate; and, in the fulness of Christian love and zeal, she hastened to the dwelling of a miserable drunkard who lived near. He was alone. His wife being on a visit to her parents, the wretched man had embraced the opportunity to get thoroughly intoxicated. For three days he had given himself up to the influence of strong drink. Now he was suffering the effects of his folly. He sat upon the bed, pale and haggard, longing for help, but he knew not whence to seek it. He then felt that "the way of transgressors is hard." As she entered, he looked up in surprise, but she said, kindly: "You are very ill to-day, Mr. D—; will you not come over and drink a cup of coffee?" These were the first kind words he had heard for many a day. How soothingly they fell upon his dejected and conscience-smitten spirit! He at first murmured some objection, and glanced at his soiled and tattered garments: but he promised to come. And when he at length made his appearance, she was surprised to see what efforts he had made to render his person respectable. His matted hair was combed, his beard cut, and he had even attempted to mend his clothes.

Gathering courage from her success thus far, the young lady sat by him at the table to help him to the refreshments, of which he eagerly partook, and to watch a favourable moment to make a serious impression upon his mind. At length it came. With tears in his bloodshot eyes, he thanked her for her kindness; but, said he—"How came you to think of such a miserable wretch as I? When you came to me, I was so very wretched, I had even thought of killing myself." "But you will not think of it again," said she; and then with kindness and fidelity, she spoke of the cause of his misery, and its remedy,

earnestly entreating him to attend the lecture in the evening, and sign the pledge. This he promised. And then she warned him of his danger as a sinner, and begged him to flee from "the wrath to come." "I thank you," said the poor miserable inebriate, while the fast-flowing tears attested his sincerity, "for your friendly warning. I have often wondered why Christians did not talk to me; and I verily thought it was because they considered me a lost man, that no one in this place ever spoke to me of my soul's salvation. But I shall remember what you have said to me." And he did remember it. That night he joined the temperance society. In a few weeks he became a Christian; and from that time till his death he lived a consistent Christian life.

A DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.

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 schoolboy, 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 almost 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!

(The above is, alas! the testimony of numerous unhappy men and women. Some of the most hopeless cases of drunkards we have ever met with have been the children of pious parents. Their sad testimony has usually been, "*I learned to love the drink at my father's table.*")

HOW TRADE MAY BE INCREASED.

FIVE years ago a large number of persons who were earning considerable wages at the Nottingham Potteries signed the pledge, and the residents in the neighbourhood discovered, to their astonishment, that their business had increased in a remarkable manner, and the solution was found in the fact, that about 10,000*l.* had been, in a short space of time, taken out of the public-house, and about 20,000*l.* had been put into the pockets of other tradesmen. If a man spent a shilling in the public-house, he lost, on an average, a shilling in the wasted time he took to spend it in. In the time of Father Mathew, a number of miners, who used to spend at a shop connected with the Knockmahon mine about 400*l.* every month, joined the temperance movement, the demand for alcoholic liquors entirely ceased, and the men who had only been enabled to spend 400*l.*, were found to earn twice as much wages, and they were enabled to spend 800*l.* per month in the shop, because they had abandoned intoxicating drinks.—*Western Temperance Herald.*

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“ HOW MANY COURTS'-MARTIAL INSIDE HERE ?”

SOME time ago, when in conversation with an intelligent soldier, who had passed many years in India, and who had seen not a few fearful applications of the cat-o'-nine-tails, I inquired, “How many of these cases of flogging had to do with *drink* !”

The soldier, with a smile, replied, "Oh, with *every* case, sir. I think I never knew a soldier flogged except through drink in some way or other, or for stealing so as to get drink! Many a time have I had to roll barrels of grog up the hill to one of the canteens in India, and it was a common joke to say, 'I say, Bill, I wonder *how many* COURTS'-MARTIAL *there are inside here?*'"

A DYING SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

THE following is extracted from a confession made by Private Rhea, who was hung for the murder of Dr. Saddler:—"Wicked and vile companions have been my ruin. Had I followed in the army, as I did at home, the teachings of my mother and my Bible; had I maintained Christian principle, and chosen for my more intimate companions those of good habits and morals, I would to-day have been an honourable young man, instead of a murderer under sentence of death. The chief instrumentality through which wicked men and women accomplished my ruin was intoxicating liquors. Under its influence I was ready to follow wherever they chose to lead. One vice led to another, till, under its influence, the crime of the murder of an innocent and good man—and who, but for the influence of liquor upon me, had yet been living—has ended alike the cause of my sins and my earthly existence. To one and all I would say, abstain from all that can intoxicate. I never intended to drink to excess, but did not know, till too late, the power of the habit over me. And to think where it has led me! But I am only one of the thousands of the young men it has 'led to the slaughter.' When you think of Dr. Saddler, of his many virtues, and mourn his loss, remember that liquor did it; when you see me standing on the gallows, remember that whisky brought me to it; when you see my lifeless body hanging in the air, remember that liquor did it; when you blush with shame that one of your number, at so early an age, came to such a death, remember that liquor did it; and whenever the awful and solemn scenes of the murder and the execution shall recur to the minds of any who witnessed them, let them be remembered as the fruits of intoxication. And as you value your own happiness, shun the intoxicating bowl!"

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

AN officer, in an interesting work, entitled, "Ten Years in India; or, the Life of a Young Officer," says: "I have often heard the natives make remarks in regard to our religion. 'You call yourselves Christians,' they say; 'you profess temperance, soberness, and chastity; you preach against idolatry; do you show by your lives that you act up to these professions? Where is your temperance? You are always drinking. Where is your soberness? You are always getting drunk. Whom do you worship? Not God, surely.' And this is the general opinion of the Indian community; and this the reason why our missionaries find it so difficult to make converts to the true faith."

THE OLD ADJUTANT.

THERE was an old adjutant in a regiment I knew who by steadiness and good conduct had risen from the ranks. When temperance principles were first introduced into the army he laughed at the idea of a soldier being able to perform his duties without the aid of alcoholic stimulants. He was, however, an observing man, and carefully noted the effects of abstinence upon the men who adopted that course. First of all he heard the doctor say, "As fast as this temperance list increases, the hospital list diminishes." Then he heard another official say, "Well, adjutant, there are not near so many men to be confined as there were before temperance began. This temperance list is bringing down the punishment list, and no mistake." The adjutant saw there was really something in teetotalism. Previously he had entertained a very decided opinion that he could not commence to work at his books unless he had had a morning dram to steady his hand. Now, however, he resolved to do without it, but said nothing to any one about his resolution. A few days afterwards, to the astonishment of every one, the adjutant signed the pledge.—*General Alexander.*

PLEDGING ABOLISHED.

"You complain of my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man in Kent to an acquaintance. "Strong drink occasioned me to

have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a consumer of strong drink I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when a temperance friend met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and by so doing soon got my other things *out of pledge*, and by God's blessing and help quickly had more than my former property about me."

GUNPOWDER v. ALCOHOL.

T. W. BROWN, Esq., says,—“If we can enforce ‘restrictions’ on the freedom of trade in gunpowder, *which has only killed ONE man in Montreal in THIRTY YEARS*, may we not impose restrictions on the trade in alcohol, *which is killing its DOZENS every week?*”

JOHN MILTON'S TESTIMONY.

JOHN MILTON said,—“What more foul common sin among us than drunkenness? And who can be ignorant, that if the *importation of wine* and the use of all strong drinks were *forbid*, it would both *clean rid the possibility* of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live *happily and healthfully without the use of intoxicating liquors?*”

MAJOR-GENERAL EARDLEY WILMOT ON TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

I AM sure that strong drink is the cause of at least seven-tenths of the crime and suffering of the army. I am happy to say, however, that there are upwards of *five thousand* soldiers in the British Army who are abstainers from all intoxicating liquors.

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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-by,
 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.

“NAY,” JOHN !

THE following lines have been found useful to old age as well as youth, to both young and old abstainers :—

“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 though 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 swallow’d 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,
 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 sign'd 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.

Johnson Barker.

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WHAT SIXPENCE A DAY WILL DO.

THERE was, a few years ago, an old man in an almshouse in Bristol, who boasted that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was *never intoxicated*.

A gentleman who heard this statement, was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years.

Taking out his pencil, he began to calculate: putting down

the first year's savings (365 sixpences), £9 2s. 6d., he added the interest, 9s. 1½d., and thus went on year by year, until he found that, in the sixtieth year, the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of £3,225 16s. 8d. Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing £700, and fifty acres of land, worth £50 per acre, and have left the same as a legacy amongst his children and grandchildren!

TEMPERANCE OF LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON was a very abstemious and hard-working man. His vacation work at Brockett, just before his fatal illness, rarely occupied him less than from eight to nine hours a day. Yet he never complained; he was broken in to hard work, and liked it. He always wrote at a standing desk; was gay and cheerful all day, except when some member of his family circle was ill or unhappy; and seldom or never allowed a day to pass in the country without taking active exercise either on foot or horseback. It was a disastrous carriage ride that killed him at last by allowing the cold to seize upon an organ which had been for years weak and susceptible. His appetite was good, and thanks to his excellent constitution and active habits, his digestion was vigorous. But he always kept the *water-bottle* within reach. Dr. Lees was told by the noble lord's medical attendant at Romsey, that the premier never drank wine at home, and was very nearly a teetotaler. When Her Majesty's ministers, and the representatives of the various states attending the International Congress, were entertained at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, Lord Palmerston assured the half incredulous turtle-eating Aldermen and "cits" around him that a life far more deleterious might be led by individuals, than that of working by day and sitting up until three or four o'clock in the morning in the House of Commons, "and that," said the premier, "would be, if every day of the week, every week of the month, and every month of the year we were to

indulge in the same splendid and luxurious repasts as that of which we have just partaken." He added with great truth: "It is the abstinence which we are compelled to practise which enables us to get through our work."—*The Scotsman*.

LORD BROUGHAM AND HARD WORK.

DURING one period of his life Lord Brougham was engaged in contesting the county of Yorkshire; and it so happened that at this time he had an unusual number of briefs, and some of them very heavy cases, which it was not possible for him either to give up or to turn over to his juniors. But he got through all this hard work, and he tells us how he did it. He says, "I was obliged after a night of hard reading and preparation to be in court every morning by half past nine o'clock; then I had to address the jury, to examine and cross-examine witnesses—in short, to work for my various clients just as if there had been no such thing pending as an election. Then as soon as the court rose, indeed sometimes before, I jumped into a carriage, and was driven as fast as four horses would go to the various towns—many of them twenty or thirty miles from York: at each town or considerable place I had to make a speech, never getting back to York till nearly midnight, and then I had my briefs to read for next day in court. This kind of life lasted nearly three weeks. It was by much the hardest work I ever went through; but good health and temperance carried me through. I not only survived, but during the whole of this laborious time I never in my life felt better, or more capable of even further exertion had such been called for."—*Lord Brougham's Autobiography*.

DOCTOR MARTIN ON PRESCRIBING WINE FOR DISEASE.

DOCTOR MARTIN, at a temperance meeting in Leeds, contrasted the result in the practice of Dr. Todd and Professor Bennett in the treatment of pneumonia. Dr. Todd, who prescribed liquors, had a mortality of one in nine cases; while Professor Bennett, who did not prescribe them, for sixteen years had not

a single death. He also referred to the result of Dr. Todd's treatment in typhus fever with that of Dr. Gardner, who only lost one in five. He next spoke of the analysis of Dr. Hassall, which appeared in the *Lancet*, respecting the nitrogenous properties of wine in their treatment and effect on disease. That gentleman found that in a bottle of sherry there were only two grains, and in a bottle of claret only one grain of nitrogenous matter, while he told them that a single pint of beef tea contained more than forty grains, and a pint of milk nearly forty-five grains of such nutritious matter. Thus in one pint of milk a man might obtain as much nutriment as there was in twenty bottles of sherry or forty bottles of claret. When medical men came to understand this matter more thoroughly than they did at present, they would cease to send their patients to the public-house for medicine. He therefore counselled all present to reject the attentions of medical men when they prescribed intoxicating liquors as the cure for any ailment; and to tell them if they could not cure them without that sort of physic they would go to some one who could.

DR. CARPENTER'S OPINION.

DR. CARPENTER, in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, says,—“At present nothing in the annals of quackery can be more truly empirical than the mode in which fermented liquors are directed or permitted to be taken by a large proportion of medical practitioners.”

THE LEARNED CHEMIST'S OPINION.

KIRBY O'SULLIVAN, of the laboratory of Professor Liebig, in the *Medical Times*, observes:—“It is a mistaken notion that beer, wine, or spirits, communicate strength, and it is disgraceful to see medical men endeavouring to propagate the error.”

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THE LATE MR. T. A. SMITH.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM'S TEST.

ABOUT forty-two years ago, the late James Silk Buckingham, Esq., M.P., held his first temperance meeting in the Mariners' Church in Welleclose Square, at which he urged the entire disuse of all alcoholic stimulants. Discussion was invited, and a working man arose, and said that he desired as much as any one the removal of drunkenness; but he did not think that the

labouring man or the mechanic *could* execute his full amount of work without beer: it might do for gentlemen like the chairman, or a "Parliament man;" but for a hard-working man like himself (a journeyman wheelwright) to do without it was *perfectly ridiculous*.

In this sentiment a group of working men loudly joined.

With great tact, Mr. Buckingham inquired, "Have you ever *tried* it?—if not, how are you able to judge?" and after a few happy sentences he proposed to adjourn the meeting for a *month*, and in the meantime that the wheelwright and his comrades should *make the experiment* and then give their honest verdict. To Mr. Buckingham's delight, the group of men accepted the challenge.

On leaving the meeting, Mr. William Morris gave to the spokesman a copy of Harris's tract, "The Only Cure for Drunkenness," and, with a shake of the hand, encouraged him to make a "*fair trial*."

The second meeting-night arrived. The church was crowded for two hours before the time for taking the chair. Immense crowds assembled, and Mr. Buckingham had the utmost difficulty in approaching the door of the church. Mr. Buckingham says,—

"On reaching the interior of the church, and taking my place on the platform, I was glad to find the group of working men already in their place, waiting patiently for the opening of the meeting; and as soon as the rush and murmur occasioned by every one desiring to be near enough to see and hear them was subsided, I called on the workmen to ascend the platform, and give to the meeting, through their spokesman, the result of the experiment which they had undertaken to make, of abstaining entirely for a month from the use of beer and every kind of stimulating drink."

A profound silence ensued, during which all eyes and ears were open, and directed towards the men. They ranged themselves along the front of the platform, and the foreman, addressing himself to the audience, stated in substance as follows:—

"We have faithfully kept the promise we made since the last meeting held here, a month ago, and from that time to this, not

one of us has tasted any intoxicating drink. For the first few days of the experiment, we found the use of water as our ordinary beverage, instead of beer, to be extremely flat and insipid, and were glad of the relief of coffee at breakfast and tea in the afternoon. But we confess that on the first Saturday night we felt ourselves less wearied and exhausted by our ordinary week's labour than on any previous Saturday that we could remember; and on the Sabbath morning, instead of being drowsy, and lying in bed an hour or two longer than on working days, which is a common custom, extending with some workmen even towards noon, we were as fresh as on any previous day of the week. During the second week, the flatness and insipidity of the water as drink was considerably abated; and we found ourselves so much less thirsty than usual, that we took very little liquid except at our meals. We found the next Saturday and Sunday an improvement even on the former ones, and remarked that our appetites were stronger, our digestion better, our tempers less liable to irritation, and our vigour and cheerfulness greatly increased. We were therefore so satisfied with the experiment, that we rejoiced at having made it, and continued to the end, improving sensibly as we proceeded; and, as we had not been a single day, or even an hour, absent from work during the usual periods, there were *no deductions from our wages for 'LOST TIME;'* so that, besides being stronger, healthier, and happier than before we commenced this substitution of water-drinking for beer, we had each of us, at the end of the fourth week, from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than we were formerly accustomed to have for the same period. We rejoice, therefore, that we attended the first meeting, though we came to *oppose* it; and we mean to persevere as we have begun, and *recommend all working men to follow our example.*"

The effect of such a statement as this on such an excited crowd may be easily imagined.

The chief of this group of working men, who acted as their spokesman, was the late well-known Mr. T. A. Smith, who subsequently employed his leisure in the study of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, and who was for many years one of the most able and successful chemical lecturers in the metropolis. What a fact for working men!

A FACT FOR WATER-DRINKERS.

CAPTAIN COOK, the great navigator, says, in his voyages he came on an island inhabited by savages, whose state of health was of such a description as to excite the attention of himself and his crew. They had no appearance of being subject to any skin diseases, nor of any complaint whatever. Their old people were not decrepid; even when bald and toothless, they had the fullest use of every faculty, and were in perfect health. On inquiry, he found that none of them had ever tasted intoxicating liquors.—*Captain Cook's Voyages Round the World.*

DR. JAMES EDMUNDS' TESTIMONY.

SOME years ago, a number of publicans, feeling annoyed at the ban which was placed upon them by the various life assurance offices, proposed to establish an association among themselves, by which they thought to show that the prejudice against them in this respect was unfounded. The society was established, and called the Monarch Life Assurance Association. Now, what was the fact? The society was only in existence five or six years, and then it became insolvent. Other societies which imposed an extra rate of payment upon drunkards, and gave exceptional advantages to abstainers, showed large profits, and were in a most flourishing condition. From the official blue-books from the year '51 to '60 inclusive, it would be found, that if they took carpenters, bricklayers, and ordinary mechanics and labouring men, 17 out of every 1000 died during the year; and if they took publicans, the members were 30 in every 1000 per year.—*Dr. James Edmunds.*

INSANITY AMONGST SAILORS.

THE great proportion of maniacs among seamen is chiefly owing to the injuries of the head received in a state of intoxication, as might be naturally expected when the brain is already in a state of disturbance.—*Sir Gilbert Blane.*

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JOHN KING'S TEMPERANCE COTTAGE.

THE cottage was just outside the village, on a little bit of land reclaimed from the waste, built of rough stone, with a porch covered with woodbine and roses in full bloom. Bees were humming in the sunshine, and a little girl was humming in the shadow inside, and both sounds spoke of happiness. I was tired and heated, for I had walked some miles, and the day was sultry, so I was not sorry to stop awhile under the shadow of an ancient yew-tree to look at the cottage, wishing, as I saw its pleasant face, that every working man and woman in the land had as sweet, and healthy, and comfortable a home. Among the woodbines and roses of the porch, adorned but not hidden by them, was a small inscription cut in the stone, "Temperance Cottage."

In another half-minute I was at the porch. How cheery was the voice of the little maiden within! She had not heard my

approach—she was far too busy with her singing; but when I knocked at the door the song ended at once, and tripping to me from the kitchen came a rosy-cheeked girl, about twelve years of age, with a smile upon her face, to ask me what I wanted.

“May I ask if you will oblige me with a drink of water?”

“Yes, sir.” And quickly she fetched a mug from the table, took it to the well, drew a pitcher full of the shining, cooling liquid, and, filling the mug, gave it to me with a curtsy.

“Thank you, my dear; and what is your name?” I asked.

“Lily, sir.”

“Lily?” I said; “that is a nice name! But how came you to be called Lily?” And I looked at the red-cheeked maiden’s black-hair and sun-burnt skin with a smile.

“It was my mother’s name, sir,” she replied.

While she was speaking a man in a white woollen jacket entered the garden. As he came up the path I saw that he limped, but otherwise he was strong and healthy. Lily left my side directly, saying, “Now I must go and see to father’s dinner.” But the new-comer stayed to talk with me. I found the man in the white jacket to be the owner of the pretty cottage, and not only the owner, but the builder also. He had been more than a year building and finishing it. “And a toughish job it was, sir,” he went on to say; “for though I’m a mason by trade, I never built a house in this way before—every stick and stone of it. But I was minded to have a house of *my own*, and I worked hard, holidays and overtime too, and here it is!”

I praised it, as it deserved, and praised its builder too, for his industry and perseverance, and then I said, “You call it ‘Temperance Cottage,’ I see”—looking up at the inscription.

“Yes, sir. By God’s blessing, temperance enabled me to build it. A man like me can’t build a cottage of his own, and go to the public-house too.”

“That is true,” was my reply. “You’ve tried both drinking and temperance, and found the last the best, I suppose?”

“Well,” answered John King, for that was his name, “I’ll leave you to judge, sir, which I found the best. Drinking gave me this lame leg,” and he held the leg out that was shorter than the other by two inches; “and temperance gave me, by God’s blessing, that cottage. I know which I think the better of the

two. Drinking took away my character, and temperance got it for me again. Drinking helped to kill my poor wife and two children: they died from want and cold, sir, while I was at the public-house"—he said this in a lower tone—"and temperance gave me yon industrious pretty lass to call me father, though she's none of mine—I've adopted her, as she has neither father nor mother of her own, poor lass! Drinking always kept me ill and out of temper. Temperance keeps me well in health, and by God's grace I am as happy as I can ever hope to be *now*. So I call this bit of a place of mine 'Temperance Cottage,' and I think it's about the right name, that I do."

His honest, cheerful face told me that what he said was true.

Before I left him, he had told me something of the tale of his life. He had been a great, and apparently incorrigible, drunkard, a careless husband, and a bad father. No wonder, therefore, that his wife and children were sickly and unhappy, and no wonder that, when fever came about his dwelling, they were among the first to take it and die. Better food and better clothing might have saved them; but beer and brandy were dearer to him than wife and child, and they perished. He had not lost all natural affection, and, to forget his grief, he drank still more. One day, when driving a cart, while in a state of intoxication, he fell under the wheel, and was run over, and his thigh broken. In the long illness that ensued he was visited by a lady who had witnessed the accident, and by her he was induced to sign the pledge and become an abstainer. Bravely and conscientiously he kept the pledge, and in a while, by steadiness and good conduct, he retrieved his character, and became as much noted for sobriety as he had been for drunkenness. How differently the world went with him now! He soon gathered together furniture for a comfortable home, for he was a clever workman, and could get good wages and plenty to do. But he was a lonely man. Those whom he might have had round him to comfort and bless him were gone; and it gave him many a heart-pang to remember that his neglect and unkindness had shortened their days. Three graves in the churchyard, his lame leg, and the memory of his misspent years, remained to him to remind him of the evils of drink, if nothing else did.

One morning as he was going to work he came across Lily.

She was not at all a rosy-cheeked girl in those days, but a little pale-faced, ragged child, fatherless and motherless, and almost friendless. Something in her looks interested him: he inquired her name, and found, to his surprise, that she was the daughter of an old pot-companion of his, a young man whom he had led into habits of dissipation that had ended in his premature death. John King's heart was touched: he remembered with remorse the evil part he had played to Lily's father. He could not now make compensation to *him*, but he could benefit his child, and he determined to do so. Full of this thought, he soon won her affection by his kindness; and when he proposed that she should come and live with him, and be to him as a daughter, she was only too glad to do so. The people with whom she lived were very poor, and well pleased to be relieved of the burden of her maintenance, and thus he gained his adopted child without any difficulty. Lily's adoption was a success. She turned out an affectionate little maiden, proud of her "father" and her new home.

Then came the building of "Temperance Cottage," an affair of great moment to John and Lily. When it was finished, and the garden laid out in front, do you think Buckingham Palace would have looked to *them* as pretty? To me it looked very pretty, that warm July morning, and many visits I paid to it during the long summer days. In these visits we often read the Bible and prayed together, and I had the sweet assurance of John King having a "home in heaven." But all earthly things must have an end, and those happy visits of mine had an end. And when, a year or two afterwards, I inquired after John King and Lily, and the cottage, I found that the cottage remained, but the birds it had contained had flown to Australia.

John King had had a first-rate situation offered to him in that far-distant country, and he had accepted it, sold his cottage, and sailed away with his black-haired Lily to the other side of the globe. Perhaps he has raised another "Temperance Cottage," a larger one than that he called his own in England, but I scarcely think it *can* be one in which he will be happier.

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A COALHEAVER'S TESTIMONY.

THE writer has had much intercourse with the working classes, and has often been deeply impressed with the severe struggles which many of them have to pass through when seeking to be released from the power of long-standing drinking habits, and the influence of their boon companions. Amongst the many cases in which, by God's blessing, men have been rescued from

the power of these evil habits and associations, he recalls the following case, which occurred some years ago, with special pleasure :—

At a meeting held one evening in the neighbourhood of Haggerston gas-works, several working men delivered very characteristic speeches, the following forming part of the striking testimony of James Skinner, one of the coalheavers. Its insertion here will, we trust, by God's blessing, be helpful to other working men who have unhappily become entrammelled by the power of drinking habits.

“After giving up the drink, by God's help I kept firm, my health and strength began to mend, and my appetite for good food increased, just as my relish for drink lessened ; but it was no slight struggle, I assure you. One thing that tried me very hard was my relations coming to see me and wanting me to send for drink for *them*. But I said, ‘No, what's so bad for *me*, I'll not give to *you*.’ But some of them would have it, and, to vex me, actually fetched drink from the public-house, and began to drink in my room. I said to myself, ‘This won't do!’ but how to manage rightly I didn't know, particularly with my brother-in-law, Jack Hunton, for he could talk a deal faster and better than me. After thinking a good deal about it, I went to a painter, and got him to do me a card, with ‘*No intoxicating drinks allowed here,*’ painted on it. I fastened the card over my chimney-piece, and the next time that Jack came he wanted some drink as usual, but I pointed him to my card. He jeered and laughed at me, but it was all to no use. I stuck to my resolution, and I've lived to see the day when Jack Hunton thanks me for doing so. If I were to tell you what my family has endured through drink, and what temperance and industry have done for us, it would make tears come into your eyes. For my part, I thank God for His mercy to me in the past, and desire to trust Him for the future.” S.

DR. JACKSON'S TESTIMONY.

I HAVE wandered a good deal about all parts of the world, my health has been tried in all ways, and by the aid of temperance and hard work I have worn out two armies in two wars, and, probably, could wear out another before my period of old age

arrives. I eat no animal food, drink no wine nor malt liquor, nor spirits of any kind. I wear no flannel, and neither regard wind nor rain, heat nor cold, where business is in the way.—*Dr. Jackson, in "The Journal of Health."*

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

DR. C. R. AGNEW, of Boston, a prominent member of the Sanitary Commission, once delivered a lecture on "Health and how to keep it." He related an incident in the experience of an English sea captain who made voyages to South America, and always compelled his crew to wear flannel next the skin, never allowed them to sleep in damp places, changed the diet according to the latitude, from flesh to vegetable food, and *vice versa*, and prohibited the use of alcohol on board; and while in the port of Valparaiso, during the hottest summer, there was not as much as one man on the sick list, while in five other ships lying beside him the deaths were from thirty to fifty per day.

GOOD JOHN ASHWORTH OF ROCHDALE.

JOHN ASHWORTH, the author of "Strange Tales," in reply to a letter, has written as follows:—"Broadfield, Rochdale, September 26, 1867. My dear friend—You ask me if I am a total abstainer. I answer yes, of long standing, and for many reasons. One, that I may have good health, and more vigour of body for doing my Master's work. Another, that I may avoid that pit of destruction, of body and soul, into which thousands are falling. Another, because I have seen the fearful consequences to many who were once members of Christian churches, but through drink have fallen away. Another, and not the least, is that my example may increase my power of doing good; for if I were to write against drink and its consequences night and day, and speak or preach against drunkenness till tears of blood ran down my face, if I took it myself, the people might and would say, 'He speaks and writes against strong drink, yet he takes it himself.' This would weaken if not destroy my usefulness among them, and this I would not have destroyed or weakened for all the wine, whisky, gin, rum, brandy, porter, or bitter beer in the world

If drink make my brother to offend—and we know it does—I would say with Paul: For his sake, for my brother's sake, God helping me, I will never touch it again while the world stands."



**LINES BY A WORKING MAN,
PLACED OVER HIS MANTELPIECE.**

ALE and tobacco, liquors and wine, Are not to be had at this house of mine.

Business transactions go on without these: To work, then, at once, or go, if you please.

But don't be mistaken, the cellar's not empty; There's bread, beef, and bacon, and butter, in plenty.

There's coffee and milk, and sugar and tea, And all that is needful for mortals like me.

To grudge my friends these is not my intention; But liquors and ale I beg they'll not mention.

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REFUSING TO DRINK WITH WASHINGTON.

"Towards the close of the revolutionary war," says Dr. Cox, "an officer in the army had occasion to transact some business with General Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the general, which was accepted, and upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a large number of guests. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of

a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took a seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was concluded, General Washington stood up and called him by name, and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

“‘Will you have the goodness to excuse me, General?’ replied the officer. ‘I have made it a rule never to take wine.’”

“All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and indignation ran round the table. That a person should be so unsocial and so *mean* as never to drink wine was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable!

“Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them:—

“‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘our friend is *right*. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me. *I honour my friend for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reason.*’”

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FIRST DROP.

MANY awful consequences have resulted from partaking of the first drop, pressed upon the lips of a child by an affectionate mother. I can state, on this subject, an appalling fact which came within my own knowledge. I was intimately acquainted with a young man of open, ingenuous, honest, upright character. A deep and sincere affection subsisted between us. He corresponded with me under the name of Jonathan, and I with him under the name of David; from this you may judge that our attachment was of the strongest kind. He went out into life; but, unhappily, he thought that a little drop might be taken after dinner with safety, and that he might take a little drop more at night. Thus he began by taking little drops; and his wife encouraged him to do so, under the impression that it would do him good. But a fatal habit was formed.

The love of drink increased. His business, which was one of high respectability and profit, began to be neglected; his clerks and domestics, for want of proper superintendence, became negligent. His affairs went to ruin; he became a bankrupt. Some time ago I saw him in the vestry of Spafiel's Chapel. I had been preaching from those words:—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." One of the servants came and told me that a person was waiting to see me who had sent in his name. I was surprised, as I had not heard of him for years; but oh! what a change did I discover in him! His face was bloated and diseased; he was in rags; he had every appearance of poverty and misery. I asked him what had become of his wife. "Oh," said he, "she is ruined!" Of his children: "Oh, they are all ruined—ruined by my drunkenness!" I did not see him again for three months, and then I found him in Coldbath-fields prison. The tale which he told the governor was enough to melt a heart of stone. His wife had died, eaten up by a disease brought on by his habits of intoxication. His children were, most of them, vagabonds upon the face of the earth, in consequence of the father's habits of intoxication. His tale contains some particulars too affecting for recital; and I make the statement, not to rouse your passions, but to deter you from taking the first step as to the use of intoxicating liquors, and to convince you that the safest plan is, "Touch not; taste not; handle not."—*Rev. James Sherman.*

"FATHER'S COME!"

I KNOW a father who for years reeled home at night. As he approached his cottage his children fled from his presence, and hid themselves under the bed or in closets. A Good Samaritan visited that father, and, by God's blessing, induced the drunkard to join the parochial temperance society. He now attends church, and his heart is graciously changed, by means of the Gospel message. Now his children run to welcome him, and the joyful cry, "*Father's come!*" is electrical in the household. Working men! try the experiment, give up the drink, and go to God's house. You will find that you have better health, happier wives, and happier children.

S.

A SOURCE OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

As is well known, Mr. Alderman Lusk, M.P. for Finsbury, keeps a very watchful eye over the public expenditure. At a recent meeting in Myddleton Hall, Islington, he said, "In my public capacity, I devote myself to saving the people's pockets more than to anything else, but I confess I am both annoyed and discouraged at the fact, that whilst I am doing all I can to lessen the public expenditure, *the people themselves* are spending more than 100,000,000*l.* on strong drink! That is a prodigious sum, especially when the quality of the liquor obtained for it is taken into account. I regard it as foolishly spent, and am sorry to see it."

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.

DESMOULIN, a celebrated French physician, when on his death-bed, having called around him the most distinguished physicians in Paris, said, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." On their urging him to mention them, expecting probably to hear their own names, he briefly added—"Water, Exercise, Diet."

DR. GOLDSMITH'S OPINION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH says:—"How far it may be enjoined in the Scriptures, I will not take upon me to say; but this may be asserted, that if the utmost benefit to the individual, and the most extensive benefit to society, serve to mark any institution as of HEAVEN, this of *abstinence* may be reckoned among the foremost."—*Animated Nature*, vol. ix. p. 131.

A SIMPLE RULE.

"I HAVE heard and read," said a reclaimed drunkard, "many lectures against drunkenness, but one word is worth them all, and that is, 'ABSTAIN.'"

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THE POSTMAN'S "COOLER."

It was a hot day—a very hot day; people said the hottest we had ever had. The sun blazed in a speckless sky, and not a cloud shaded the earth from its burning rays.

It was oppressively hot in the country, and the reader may imagine what it was in Fleet Street! One side of the street was so baking hot that, although my office branched out of it, I made a rush for the other side for the sake of a few hundred yards of shade. I met pedestrians with veils and pieces of linen hanging behind their hats, as a preservative against sun-stroke, and I saw omnibus drivers similarly protected.

My office is tolerably cool in the most scorching weather, being up a shady court, into which the rays of the sun do not

penetrate. Judge, then, what the oven-like atmosphere must have been outside, when even this shady nook began to feel more and more like the Desert of Sahara, and to grow almost unbearable! In the outer office was my lad, who began life by becoming a member of the Band of Hope; and his bright red hair and his blooming face seemed to make the place hotter. I read all that the *Times* had to say about cooling drinks, and was glad to see that those who wrote letters were unanimous in their condemnation of alcoholic beverages. Instead of assuaging, these increased one's thirst. How much lemonade and how much iced water I took this morning, I am afraid to estimate; I only know things were approaching a desperate pass, when a quick footstep resounded in the court.

Yes, there was a man who actually had the hardihood to walk quickly this weather! and presently he passed my window with a smile upon his countenance. A man smiling! with the thermometer I do not know how much in the shade! He was a postman, and he seemed no more to feel the heat than if he were a Salamander. He trotted up the steps as if it were a spring morning. I languidly gazed at the man who could do this on the hottest day we had had, partly in admiration, and partly in astonishment. Having delivered his letters, he said to my lad, "I'll take a cooler, if you please." "Certainly," replied Rosy, turning to an earthenware jug, and pouring out a glassful of water. Being curious to know what a "cooler" was, it was with some interest I watched the postman take out of *his pocket a packet*, out of which he poured something in the glass which immediately turned the water into a muddy brown.

"What have you got there?" I cried; "it is surely not wholesome to drink that thick compound this weather."

"This, sir, is my 'cooler,'" said the postman, holding up the glass.

"But what is it?" I inquired.

"Oh, you need not be alarmed, sir," was the reply; "it's very simple; it is only a little oatmeal and water."

"Oatmeal! I have heard of it in gruel, and very good it is; but I never heard of persons drinking it before."

"See me do it, sir," said the postman, tossing off the glass. "There, sir! now I shall be cool while other people are frying."

"You astonish me," I said.

"Very likely, sir; but I find this drink good both for winter and summer: in winter it feeds one's stomach, and in summer it does that and cools at the same time. I have tried it for a long time, and can speak from experience."

"Are you a total abstainer, my friend?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir, I am happy to say," was the cheerful rejoinder. "I don't know how I should get through this hot weather if I were not. I often pity those poor fellows who take their ale and other intoxicating drinks on a burning day like this. There are many people besides myself, though, that take oatmeal and water by way of a 'cooler,'" added the postman smiling.

"Indeed! who are they?"

"Well, you must go down into the black country, amongst the blacksmiths and puddlers, amongst whom there are many abstainers, if you would see what a comfort a little oatmeal and water is to the poor fellows. But I must not stop any longer," said the postman; "I am nice and cool, now, sir; and if you want to be so during this hot weather, take my mixture."

The postman's advice was sound. At first the muddy look of the oatmeal and water set one rather against it; but once having got over that, the postman's "cooler," as I have christened it, was found to be an excellent drink; and I hereby recommend it to all those who are exhausted by hot weather.

A FLEET STREET JOURNALIST.

A LEAF FROM A RAGGED SCHOOL.

On one occasion the late Lord Palmerston presided at the anniversary of a Ragged School where many hundreds of children were being educated at the expense of the benevolent. A gentleman in the meeting rose and said, "May I ask the secretary, for the benefit of his lordship, two questions?" Permission was granted. "In the first place, will you inform his lordship how many years this Ragged School has been in full work?"

"Nine; and many hundred children have passed through it."

“Will you further inform his lordship how many children of teetotalers have been educated in it?”

“I have the happiness, my lord, of saying, NOT ONE!”

A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

A DRUNKARD who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered, and found his lovely wife and child, four years of age, sitting cold and cheerless, without a fire in the room. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word, for he could not speak, nor look upon them. At length the mother said, “Come, my child, it is time to go to bed.” That little one knelt, as was her custom, by her mother's lap, and said her evening prayer. When she had finished, the child said, “Dear mother, may I offer one more prayer?” “Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray!” and she lifted up her little hands and closed her eyes, and prayed—“O God, spare, oh, spare my dear papa!” That prayer was heard on earth—'twas heard in heaven. The responsive “amen” burst from the father's lips, and his heart was opened. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, “*My child! you have saved your poor father from the drunkard's grave; I'll sign the pledge.*”

A CLEAR HEAD.

“A LABOURER said to me one day,” writes Mrs. Wightman, “I never get the headache now, and I sleep like a baby o' nights. *I feel my head clear for God, and for my earthly master; and that's more than I could ever say before.*” “Well, well,” says some one, “that was one of the drunken navvies; no wonder.” “Nay,” continues Mrs. Wightman, “*This man was NOT a drunkard.*”

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"STRIKE AT THE ROOT, DOCTOR!"

A WEALTHY invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detaining him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, rummaged up in these words,—

"Now, doctor, you have deceived me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to *strike at the root*, doctor, of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it!"

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment

he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now then," continued the honest physician, "I *have* struck at the real cause of your ailments; banish the 'bottle,' and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

Working men! here's a lesson for you and for me. For many years past, statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade, have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and it is also true, that the inmates of these huge buildings are chiefly supplied from *our* ranks, and that through our drinking habits.

Acts of Parliament are very good things in their place; but, like doctor's pills and draughts, they will not do much to raise our morals if we do not strike a blow at the "bottle."

"Who would be free,
Himself must strike the blow."

Fellow working men! let us strike the blow *ourselves*; instead of spending above fifty millions a year as *we* now do in public-houses, gin-palaces, and beershops, let us act wisely, and take this immense rich mine of wealth to furnish our *own* homes.

A WORKING MAN.

"A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN."

THERE died in December, 1869, in the East End of London, a man named Joshua Andrews, of whom it might truly be said, "A prince and a great man has fallen in the spiritual Israel of God." For many years he laboured as a temperance reformer with a patience and a self-denial beyond all praise. Many persons now occupying respectable positions in society are ready this day to rise up and call him blessed, for the good he did in rescuing them from the mire of intemperance, and placing their feet on the solid ground of abstinence. On one occasion a man who had been drinking for four days, and had deserted his wife for three weeks, came to Andrews and asked him the very

pointed question, if he could save him from utter ruin. The case was one surrounded with difficulties, for Andrews was shrewd enough to perceive that unless something was done for the man beyond merely advising him to sign the pledge, the result might be disastrous. He therefore took the poor fellow to his home, entertained him at his own expense, and, having prayed with him, finally induced him to sign the pledge. No father striving to redeem a wayward son to the paths of virtue and of peace could have tended him more devotedly than did Andrews the comparative stranger whom he had thus found, like the Samaritan in the parable, wounded and bleeding from the stripes of drink. He restored the husband to his wife, and was a witness of the forgiveness the latter extended to her repentant partner in life.

The man was a sailor, and soon after this reconciliation he got employment on board a ship. He received a little pecuniary help from Andrews, who was only a working man, and with this was enabled to start on his voyage. In the meantime the poor wife was assisted by Andrews until her husband should return. This he did after ten months' absence. He still adhered firmly to his abstinence principles.

Both he and his wife called upon Andrews, and honourably discharged the pecuniary debt they had incurred, at the same time avowing that their debt of gratitude could never be paid. When Andrews died, fifteen hundred persons followed his remains to the tomb. He left behind him thirty-four relatives of different degrees, *all of whom were abstainers.*

"WHO IS MOST GUILTY?"

THE *malster* produced the metal; the *brewer* made the instrument; the *Government* said, "Let it be used;" and the *landlord* struck the blow. Who is most guilty?

THE COLLIER WHO BECAME A DOCTOR.

In a colliery village, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there lived not many years ago a man who worked in a neighbouring pit, but who by his thrift, economy, and total abstinence, saved 10',

which he spent in purchasing works on anatomy. Amongst others, he bought Quain's "Anatomical Plates." These works he mastered so effectually, that in a few years he was able to enter into practice with a medical gentleman at Newcastle.

"LESS BEER, MORE BEEF."

THERE is a village in Lancashire which, previous to the advent of the temperance cause, had six public-houses. These places so absorbed the wages of the villagers that the profit on the money spent in the purchase of animal food was barely a living for one old man, who used to bring the meat once a week into the village on a wheelbarrow. Thanks to the efforts of temperance advocates, four of these public-houses were closed. What is the result? There are now *three butchers' shops* in this village, and the old man with his weekly barrowful of meat still carries on his trade. What could more strikingly illustrate our motto than the case of this village?

OUR DRINK BILL AND ITS RESULT.

A HUGE total of 987,000,000*l.* has been spent during the last seven years in drink, or 200,000,000*l.* more than our national debt; and that is not all, for at the very least it costs 100,000,000*l.* more every year in order to pay for the mischief the first cost causes. That gives a cost of 241 millions per annum for our drink bill. If we deduct 41,000,000*l.* for revenue, it still leaves 200,000,000*l.* as a cost to the nation every year, or 8,000,000*l.* more than the total of our foreign trade. It is a question, therefore, that vitally affects us. As a result mainly of this intemperance, we have over 3,000,000 persons applying yearly for parish relief in this wealthy country. We have 85,000 lunatics in our asylums, over 600,000 persons convicted of crime, at least 250,000 vagrants roaming about the country, and about 100,000 to 120,000 brought annually to a premature grave.

W. HOYLE.

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**FIVE SHILLINGS A-WEEK, AND WHAT CAME
OF IT.**

THOMAS BROWN lived next door to Robert Smith, and both worked at the same factory. But, though they stood side by side all day, they had very different ways of spending their evenings. Smith's pleasure was to sit and chat in the parlour of "The Red Lion," while Brown thought his own snug chimney-corner pleasanter and cheaper.

Brown was a stanch "teetotaler," as he called himself. He was hale and strong, and he found that he did not need beer or spirits. He saw many of his fellow-workmen and their lads

slipping down into the habit of spending a great part of their earnings in drink, and every now and then breaking out in drunken revels. So Thomas resolved to keep clear of the temptation to take *too much* strong drink by taking *none at all*.

He was surprised himself to find how much money this resolve saved him. He found that he had about five shillings a-week to spare, after paying all household expenses. He consulted with his good wife what to do with this five shillings, and they settled to put it in a building society which had lately been formed. So Thomas Brown took five fifty-pound shares, and paid his five shillings a-week to the society; while his neighbour and shopmate, Robert Smith, spent his surplus five shillings in the parlour of "The Red Lion."

Eleven years passed over: the building society, of which Thomas Brown was a member, was wound up, and Thomas received a cheque on the bank for 250*l.*, with which he bought a house which brought him in eight shillings a-week for rent. As he still had his five shillings surplus from his wages, and these eight shillings besides, he thought he could not do better than join another building society; and so he took thirteen fifty-pound shares, and paid in his thirteen shillings a-week.

Another eleven years passed, and the building society paid Thomas 650*l.*, with which he bought more houses, which brought him in twenty-seven shillings a-week, over 70*l.* a year.

About this time work began to be slack at the factory, and the master sent for Thomas and Robert, and told them that he was sorry that he could no longer find employment for them.

Both returned home. Thomas was a little sad to think that he should not go to the old place, where he had worked for so many years; but Robert had a heavy heart, and when he told his wife she pictured a dismal future, and burst into tears.

After their cheerless supper Robert went out, but instead of going to "The Red Lion," he looked in to see his neighbour Thomas, to ask him what he was going to do now; for Thomas, like a wise man, had not boasted about his savings, and few of his shopmates knew anything of them. Thomas was at his supper when Robert came in, and he asked him to sit down and join him; but Robert was too excited to do that.

"What is to be done, Thomas?" said Robert; "this is a desperate bad job."

"Well," said Thomas, "for my part, I don't intend to work in the factory any more. I can't take to a new place now, after I have been so long used to the old shop."

"How do you mean to live, then?" asked Robert. "Has any one left you a fortune?"

"No," answered Thomas, "but I have income enough to keep me without working in the factory."

"I wish," said Robert, "that you would give me a leaf out of your book."

"Nay," said Thomas, "I fear it is too late now. You know I have been a teetotaler for twenty-two years, and many a joke you and the rest have had at me for it."

"Well, you have the pull of us now at any rate," said Robert; "but you don't suppose I have been a drunkard, do you? I have always made my wife comfortable, and given her what she wanted for the house."

"I know you have," answered Thomas; "but my wife and I agreed to put the five shillings a-week we could spare into the building society, and now we have twenty-seven shillings a-week coming in without working for it."

Robert was surprised, and he said sadly, as he got up to go,—
 "I see my mistake now: though I have not been a drunkard, I have squandered away without thought what might now make my wife and me comfortable for the rest of our lives, instead of having to set out and look for work in a new place and amongst strangers."—*Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.*

THE YOUNG SOLDIER ARRESTED.

A WILD young soldier, intent on spending the night in drinking and debauchery, was passing through a wood in the West Indies. Suddenly, the sound of "psalm-singing" was heard, when, as if by stroke of lightning, the wild young man was arrested in his evil course. That *psalm*—that *tune*—he had heard years ago at home—the *home* in which he had left a well-nigh broken-hearted mother! *Conscience-stricken*, the sol-

dier leaned against a tree, and sobbed aloud. No jeers nor entreaties of his companions could move him, and they left him in the wood. He now crept towards the spot from whence the singing proceeded. Hiding himself behind a bush, he heard a missionary preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to a congregation of negroes. That night it might be said of the prodigal, "Behold, *he* prayeth!" A mother's prayers which had long followed her ungodly son, were that night answered. Oh, ye distressed mothers, who are mourning over long-lost children, PRAY ON!



BOOKS BETTER THAN BEER AND PIPES.

AN intelligent young mason stood up in a temperance meeting in York, and said—"Friends, I have a rich treat every night, after I have done work, amongst *my books*. *Beer-money* has been saved by me, and I have spent it in books. My bookcase and books, which have cost me nearly twenty pounds, furnish enjoyment for my winter evenings, and have enabled me, by God's blessing, to gain much useful knowledge, such as pots and pipes could never have given me."

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A WORD TO SMOKERS.

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

WHAT might your smoking cost you, John ?

A penny, p'raps, a-day :

Come, make a calculation on

This matter now, I pray.

Each month you're spending one half-crown,

So, in a year, you know,

You'll have put thirty shillings down,

For *nothing* you can *show* !

What might be bought need not be told
 With this amount in hand,—
 Warm clothing to keep out the cold ;
 In time, a bit of land.

I was, like you, a smoker once,
 But thus resolved one day—
 " I'll never buy another ounce,"
 And dash'd the pipe away.

The money annually spent in smoke in Great Britain exceeds
 the entire poor-rates for the nation !

WHAT THE EXAMPLE OF AN IRISH LAD CAN DO.

MR. S. C. HALL gives an interesting account of his conversion to teetotalism, through the instrumentality of an Irish lad. Being in Ireland, and on an excursion in the county of Wicklow, he visited the far-famed Glendalough, or Seven Churches. On his entrance into the glen, he was met by a lad some sixteen or seventeen years of age, who offered to act as his guide. The offer was accepted, and the boy proved to be an exceedingly intelligent companion. While rambling about, Mr. Hall produced a flask of whisky, and offered his guide a "*dram*;" but the boy refused it, and said he was a teetotaler. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and in order to test his sincerity he offered him money to tempt him to violate his pledge; five shillings were offered, but without effect; the bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign—the boy's frame the while trembling, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in an attitude of manly firmness, and with much dignity of manner he exclaimed, "Sir, you know not what mischief you are attempting to do; young as I am, I have been a drunkard; many is the good half-crowns I have earned as a guide in this place, and then spent it on whisky. The gentlemen used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered one to me now, and then I was but too willing to accept it. After tasting of it, I would go to the public-house, and there spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But, sir, this is not the worst of

it. I am the only support of my mother, and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery, and of my selfishness! But the times are changed with us; I have been for some time a teetotaler. I took the pledge from Father Mathew, and with the help of God I'll keep it while I live. When you engaged me to-day as your guide, I wanted you to allow me time to put on my Sunday clothes; for although I am not ill dressed now, I have much better clothes for Sundays and holidays, none of which I was in possession of while I was in the habit of going to the public-house; and besides this, my mother has now every comfort she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavouring to destroy. You tempt me to break my pledge; to become false to my vow, made before God and man. Oh, sir, you do not know what you are doing! I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world!" The boy's earnestness and eloquence made a deep impression on Mr. Hall, who saw that he was in the presence of a hero. After a moment's reflection, his determination was fixed; he decided on becoming a teetotaler; and, in order to prove his sincerity to his guide, he flung his flask of whisky high over his head into the lake, in whose deep bosom it now lies buried. The joy and excitement of the boy were intense; he danced about in a wild exuberance of delight. It was a scene not to be forgotten by either of the actors in it. We hope boys and young men will take a lesson from the noble conduct of the young guide of the valley of Glendalough.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

THE derivation of the word tobacco has always been a puzzle. Some are of opinion that it comes from the island of Tobago. Henriot, the mathematician, who was sent out to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, to aid in colonizing the country, gives an amusing account of the pretended virtues of the plant, which, he says, was called Uppowoc by the aboriginal Virginians. The passage is quoted from Hakluyt, by Mr. Frazer Tytler, in his life of Raleigh. The etymology, however, is of no consequence—poison is poison, by whatever name we can call it; and tobacco, whether derived from Tobago or Uppowoc, is neither

more nor less than a weed, given to the world by Providence for some good purpose as yet undiscovered, and in the meantime perverted to evil purposes by the love of intoxication, so prevalent among men. Tobacco, alcohol, opium—the man that loves the one only wants opportunity to love the others. They are all the same detestable family—put by men into their mouths to steal away their brains, with this addition of evil in the case of tobacco, that it not only steals the brains through the mouth, like opium and brandy, but through the nose. But the whole thing is habit. I verily believe, if it were the custom of society that men should put a pungent powder in the eye for the sake of producing an excitement, that men, and boys also, would blind themselves with the same cheerfulness and good feeling with which they now smoke or stuff their nostrils. Let the non-smokers rejoice. They at all events can keep the roses on their cheeks and bloom on to seventy. But the smoker withers away. The non-smoker is fresh as the apple on the tree; the smoker is the apple dried up to a Normandy pippin. In fact, the use of tobacco is drying up the very bowels of the French and Americans, and fast destroying the fecundity of the European and the Anglo-Saxon race. The Americans are old men before they are fifty; and the loveliness of their women, the daughters of such men, withers away ere thirty. The same thing has happened in Germany and in Spain, and will, we doubt not, happen in England in the next, if not in the present, generation.—*London Review*.

WHERE ARE THE SPIRIT VAULTS?

AN engine-driver and a stoker on the Midland Railway called at the shop of a well-known temperance man, in Wirksworth, Derbyshire, and asked him to show them where Messrs. ——'s spirit-vaults were situated. "Yes," replied our friend, "come this way;" and taking them through his shop and house, the back of which faces the parish churchyard, he said, pointing to the graves: "There are the vaults, but the spirits are gone."

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A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

"HALLOO, Tom."

"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you for a long time."

Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their path lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What, the time-piece won't go?"

"Well, not exactly that."

Then followed a few minutes' silence.

"Tom," said Joe, earnestly.

"Well, speak on, man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was just going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Balls' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh, "it will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantelpiece; and then she says to me, 'Tom, says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do? the wages is low and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, why they won't, that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. "I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house too, though I don't know for that but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like."

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"It's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of 'The White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song too; we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a find to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—even in my own pocket. But to explain: I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to be medical like, so thinks I, I don't care for you; but just as I was shutting of it up I saw these words—'Like cures Like.' That's odd, thinks I: like do cure like: whatever do it mean? Well, then there words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our district lady—'Oh, Bridge,' says she, 'are you in? I'm so glad to find you at home;' and then she talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was—'That

belonged to my mother's mother,' said I, 'and I thought never to part with it.'

" 'And I hope you never will,' says she.

" Says I, 'It's what I mind I shall have to afore night.'

" 'Oh; I'm so sorry,' says she; 'are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?'

" 'Not as I know,' says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, 'I think I know what would. Some doctors say, "Like cures Like," and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a Pledge for a Pledge as a remedy? The Total Abstinence Pledge for the Pawnbroker's Pledge?'

" 'Well, with that it came down upon me like thunder that here was the meaning of "Like cures Like." 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will; and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, "Thank God."'

" 'When?' says the lady. 'Maybe next week,' says I. 'I thought you were going to pledge your picture to-night?' says she. 'And so I am,' says I.

" 'Then my remedy will be too late next week,' says she.

" 'Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though.'

" 'I don't wish to hurry you,' says she, 'only it seems to me the choice will be *to-night* between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture: on the one pledge you will be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay interest.'

" 'It's true, as I'm alive,' says I, 'and I'd sign this very minute if I could.'

" 'You can,' says she, laying down the paper before me with these words—'I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors.'

" And with that I took and signed it.

" 'And now,' says she, 'let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put His seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it.'

" And," added Joe in a reverent voice, "I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray; but since I came to my

sober senses the Lord has seemed to teach me like and turn my heart to hate not only the drink, but all manner of sin, by letting me see His blessed Son our Lord Jesus Christ, wounded to death upon the cross for all the evil that ever I had done. And now, as I go about my work and think of Him up there in the glory, at the right hand of the Heavenly Majesty, and all the while not forgetting a poor sinner like me, but sending His Holy Spirit down into my heart to comfort and help me, and make me strong against the tempter—it do make me so light-some that I go singing for joy of heart.”

“Joe,” said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, “I’ll go back. I’ll not pledge this clock—it’s the wrong thing. It’s myself I’ll pledge, and save my clock, that I will.”

“Bravo, friend,” said Joe, grasping his hand.

“Come along home with me,” said Tom; “come and write out for me what you signed, that I may sign it too, and hear *my* wife say, ‘Thank God.’”

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked home-like again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—

“LIKE CURES LIKE,”

A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

E. A.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

THE difference between parishes abounding with alehouses and those which have none is great to an incalculable extent, in point of industry, or moral conduct, sobriety, attendance on divine services: above all, in point of family comfort, and eventually of population—and, as a consequence of the whole, in point of habitual contentment, submission, and attachment to the Government under which they live.—*Arthur Young, F.R.S., 1798.*

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"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

"WHAT will you take to drink?" asked the waiter of a youth, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said, "I'll take ale," as he had always said before, his son would take it also, and *then?* The father shuddered, as

the history of several young men, who, once as promising as his own bright lad, had been ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should *his* hopes also be blasted, and that open-faced, noble lad become a burden and a curse, as *they* had become? But for strong drink, they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe?

Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls, he shall not have me to blame;" and then, in tones tremulous with emotion, to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take *water*;" and from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home. That young lad, in this brief utterance, was really the representative of the generation to which he belongs.

God has so decreed it, that a father is the highest authority in the world to his child. Who does not know that "My father said so," is the end of all controversy with the little ones around us? Who does not see the parent's tones, and gait, and manners reproduced continually in the children, whose nature is now "soft as wax to receive an impression, and rigid as marble to retain it;" and who watch, with a quick and imitating eye, those who to them are God's vicegerents?

Would that we could impress upon the fathers and mothers of this country the solemn fact that the future character of their children is being formed by them; that if they are trained up in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it; but that, if they become vain, sensual, and degraded, the seeds will have been deposited, and the bias given in the early morning of their lives. If we teach them that strong drink a good creature of God, they will believe us; and when, depending on our judgment and truth, they shall have taken it, and it shall have shown itself to be the devil's masterpiece, and have bitten, and crushed, and dragged them down to ruin, we may weep and pray as we please; the blame will be our own, and we must not accuse God, or cast a reflection upon the Gospel.

We shall have sown to the flesh, and of the flesh have reaped corruption. God will have visited the sins of the fathers upon

the children. They only "took what their fathers took." If, on the other hand, we banish the fiend from our homes and, in the hours when the young and trusting hearts of our children are most open to our teaching, we tell them that "wine is a mocker," that "strong drink is raging," and warn them that no serpent is so dangerous, no adder so much to be dreaded, we shall be co-workers with that all-merciful and wise God who, to preserve them from taking it, has sent them into the world with a loathing of its very taste.

Our children will believe us. They will grow up with their natural instinct fortified by our instruction and example. They will be preserved from the poisonous influence of the destroyer. There will be a bridgeless gulf between them and the companions who are most likely to lead them into ways of sin. They will be preserved from habits of extravagance and waste. They will have no companions but those who walk in the ways of God; no employment for their spare time but that which is elevating and purifying; and when we pass to our reward, they will rise up and call us blessed, for they "took what their fathers took."

Let every father who may read these pages look at the matter thoughtfully, prayerfully, and without prejudice. Let him gather his children around him, and ask, Is it right to implant within them, before they are able to judge for themselves, an appetite which may by-and-by defy all their power to overcome?

Many of us cannot give our children wealth and position, but let us at least give them fair play in the battle of life. Thousands of young men never have a chance of success. Long before Reason ascends her throne, they are tied hand and foot by this accursed habit; and most certainly the responsibility rests upon those who enslaved them. The glass had been put to their lips by kind and loving parents. It was associated in their minds with nuts, and oranges, and smiles, and hymns, and blessings. The terrible scene of Eden was again enacted in the paradise of home. The children were told by lips in which they trusted that the drink "was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes," and to be desired to make them wise; and who can wonder that they drank, and believed they were right in doing so? The blame is not with them.

Oh, fathers! listen to the cry which every day ascends from the little ones around us—a cry given them by Him who knew their danger. Ay, and even as I write, as if to help me in my pleadings, I hear the voice of one of my own little ones at his morning prayer, saying, “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;” and shall we refuse their request? Surely not! Remember, then, that every time you place a glass of ale or wine in your child’s hand, you are acting in direct opposition to that prayer. You know, as well as we, that there is no “temptation” so great, so dangerous, so destructive as strong drink.

For your children’s sake, then, we beseech you, realize your power and your responsibility. You have already cheerfully made many a sacrifice for them. Make yet another. Banish their greatest enemy from your lips and homes; and enable the children, as they pass out into life, to take up “the glass from the crystal spring,” and say, “I’ll take what father takes.”

CHARLES GARRETT.

THE LATE LORD STANHOPE’S TESTIMONY.

My father was a weakly child; he was taken early to Geneva, where 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 exercise, 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 was vigorous and active in body and mind; and even at the age of seventy-two, devoted several hours a-day to abstruse mathematical studies. My grandmother, whose health, for years, was weak and feeble, drank only water, but she enjoyed to an extreme old age the use of her ordinary faculties: nor did she feel uncomfortably exhausted when near her dissolution, which took place when she was ninety-three years of age.

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TEMPTING EYES.

JANE DICKSON was just pouring the water into the teapot as her husband came in. He did not often come to tea, but this evening he had just finished a job of work. The little room looked clean and bright, and the fire seemed bent on adding to the cheerfulness as it blazed and danced in merry beams, now on the ceiling, then on the wall, lighting up the pictures that hung there, and adding to the furnished home-look of the room. They sat down on either side of the table, and Jane poured

out a cup of tea for each. Neither spoke awhile, until presently Robert said, "You are silent, Jane; what are you looking so steadfastly at on the wall?"

This question Jane answered only with a sigh.

"Well, Jane, what is come to you? You like those pictures better than me, it seems, you keep looking at them so, and have not a word for me this evening."

"The pictures were making me think of you, Robert."

"Then I wish they would make you talk as well as think."

"Do you remember, Robert, when you bought those pictures and brought them home?"

"That was in those six months I turned teetotaler, was it not?"

"Yes, and I was thinking how happy we were then," said Jane sadly, and Robert fancied he saw in the dim firelight something like a tear fall.

"Don't take on, Jane, now," said he, gently; "I'm no drunkard now; only once on a time a man may get overcome."

"Yes, Robert, but does not the Lord call that being a drunkard? You called Jim Stokes a thief the other day, yet he never stole before he took your spade, and it does seem to me that taking too much once on a time is being a drunkard."

"Well, I am sure I don't mean to go contrary to what the Lord says; you know, Jane, I say my prayers most days."

"I was reading in a book last Sunday that some one said—a tinker, I think he was—that, 'If praying did not drive a man from sinning, sinning would drive him from praying;' and, Robert, I do not see how we *can* serve God, if we wilfully, and knowing of it, do the things He commands us not."

"But we are always breaking His commandments; and you know, Jane, you have often told me how Christ died to save sinners, so I trust that He will forgive and save me at last."

"Oh! Robert, Robert, don't you know that when the blessed Saviour was born, the angel said His name should be called 'Jesus: for He shall save His people *from their sins*,' and that when He gave Himself up to die on the cross for our sins it was that He might 'purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' How can the blood of Jesus have cleansed us from all sin, if we *go on* in sin? When I have washed a thing clean it *is* clean, and *looks* so."

"But we cannot help sinning, and God does not require of us more than we can do, and I don't doubt but He will forgive me at last for Christ's sake."

"Robert, you bring to my mind another sentence in that book. It was this, 'That if the thought that Jesus had died for sinners makes us comfortable to go on in sin, it would be better for us at the last, when we stand before Jesus the Judge, if we had never heard of a Saviour at all.'"

"But I've heard you say that Jesus died on purpose for us sinners to get to heaven."

"Yes; but then He comes into our hearts first by His blessed Spirit, and makes us holy and fit for heaven. Oh, Robert, I do think sometimes if heaven were to open, and let the sound of the angels come down to us singing, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' day and night, we should almost tremble to think however we sinners could go up amongst them and see the Holy One on the throne and join in that song. I am sure we never can unless we begin to learn it here. When I was at Sunday-school I learned a hymn, which said,

'No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there:'"

And I don't see how our lips can learn it, at least not to sing it as they do up there, if our hearts don't love it."

"Well, Jane, perhaps you are right. I remember our minister's text last Sunday was about 'Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord;' but I didn't give it a thought before. I felt sleepy during the sermon.

"Ah, Robert, it's the drop of beer, Saturday nights, makes you sleepy Sunday mornings. I have been thinking a great deal of what the lady who brings the tracts said to me the other day. She has turned teetotaler."

"Only to think of that now!"

"Yes, and she says our vicar is too, and they say that the curate takes nothing but water either."

"It's almost time for me to join such good company," said Robert, laughing.

"Well, but, as I said, I've been thinking, Robert, since Miss Evans was talking to me, whether it is not my fault more than yours that you took to these drinking ways again."

"Yours, Jane! I should like to know how you make *that* out."

"Yes, Robert; you see when you were teetotal, I still had my half-pint at night, and never gave it a thought; but it was putting a very wrong temptation in your way: it was acting just like Eve over again. She ate the forbidden fruit herself first, and that tempted Adam to do so too; and it has been heavy on my conscience ever since, that I've done a great wrong in this, and so now I've made up my mind for certain to-day, that I'll not be a tempting Eve to you any more, and have been and signed the pledge, and there's my card," said she, pointing up above the chimney-piece. "And I've hung it there, not in the middle, but just on one side, Robert, you see. You know what that means!"

Robert laughed, but did not answer.

Again they sat in silence. Presently Jane said, "Robert, we shall have been married twelve years come Saturday, and do you know what Miss Evans reckoned when she was here?"

"What was it?"

"Why, that if I had saved the money for my half-pint instead of drinking it, now at the end of twelve years I should have had, with the interest on it, thirty-six pounds. There's a pretty little sum for a sober woman like me to have drunk away in twelve years!"

"Never now! I should like to know what I have drunk, then; almost a little fortune I suppose."

Next Saturday came, and again the cheerful tea-table was set, and Jane sat at it dressed in her best, for was it not the return of her wedding-day? Again the firebeams danced their merry dance on wall and ceiling. Merrier and brighter, too, they seemed, as if answering to the joyousness that welled up from the depths of Jane's heart, and caused to fall once again an unbidden tear. But this tear did not make Robert's heart smart as the former one had done. It only made it swell for a moment, with a throb of joy too; for now two teetotal pledge cards hung over the chimney-piece. And, since that Saturday evening, Robert has never broken his pledge, for his own helpful Jane has ceased to be his tempting Eve.

E. A.

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THE WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

A GENTLEMAN was once accosted in the Kensington Road, London, by an elderly female. She had a *bottle of gin* in her hand, and not knowing the way to the workhouse, where she had business to do, she said :—

“ Please, sir, I beg your pardon, but is *this* the way to the poor-house ? ”

The gentleman looked at her very earnestly, and pointing to the bottle, gravely, but very kindly, said :—

“ No, my good woman, but *that* is.”

THE QUAKER AND THE DRUNKARD.

A QUAKER was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.

"Can you tell me *how* to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

Quaker. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

Drunkard. "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honour to do as you tell me."

Quaker. "Well, friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." Surely this was a simple remedy. The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

SOME years since, a fine young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," on becoming of age, and receiving his patrimony, entered into company, and indulged in the dissipation of genteel society. Her watchful eye saw his danger, pointed out its tendency to ruin of body and soul, and used every argument, persuasion, and entreaty in vain. One day she learned he was to dine with a large and jovial party, and she spent the forenoon in persuading him to relinquish it, but all in vain. "Mother, I will go." "Then, John, I will retire to my closet, and pray for you, till I see your face again." He went to the party, but could find no enjoyment; the thought of his mother being on her knees, wrestling with God in prayer for him, formed such a contrast to the scene before him, that he slipped away—found his mother in the act of prayer—knelt down by her—fell on her neck—and from that day became the delight of his mother's heart: a brand rescued from the burning. A religious parent's prayers are never offered in vain.

AS WELL EAT AS DRINK ONE'S HEALTH.

A MAN of temperate habits 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 produced, 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 loud 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 I am not thirsty."

A STRIKING TESTIMONY.

At the second annual soirée of the Woodhouse Temperance Society Mr. Joseph Hall gave the following interesting testimony:—"I am a working man, a reformed drunkard, and a member of the Mechanics' Institute. I was sent to work at the factory when eight years of age, was thirty before I could read or write, and spent my leisure at the alehouse, the gaming-table, at skittles, the dog-fight, racing, &c., or in any other way to pass my time. When the Woodhouse Institute opened, I was induced to go there. There I learned to read and write, and to cast accounts. The alehouse, the dog-fight, and the card-table now lost their charms, and I became a new man. I am now commencing the study of geometry and English grammar; have procured a work on elementary science, and hope to make considerable progress in the year on which we have now entered. I should be happy to see the young men of this neighbourhood abandon vicious practices, and join with us in self-culture."

WATER IN THE WORKSHOP.

If employers would provide a constant supply of *good* water in their work-rooms, they would find habits of temperance promoted amongst their men, even amongst those who have the credit of being "hard-drinkers." We rejoice to learn, that in some factories the principals have provided a goodly number of,



excellent filters, and that these are kept constantly supplied with water by one of the hands specially appointed for this purpose. We believe that such employers will be repaid "a hundredfold" for their outlay, and secure the hearty thanks of their hands. In addition to Drinking Fountains in the streets, the working-classes greatly need a plentiful supply of good water *always at hand*. In one of the large Tanneries in Nottinghamshire, the time-keeper takes pleasure in keeping a good supply of water ready for use in the lodge. The wife of one of the men called one day to thank him, adding, "You've sent my husband *home* with many an extra shilling for bread through your keeping up a good supply of water: he has been *prevented* going to the public-house times without number."

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THE BROKEN PIPE.

MR. KAINES, one of the London City Missionaries, states,—

“I once gave a working man in Islington a copy of the ‘Illustrated Hand-bill,’ entitled ‘Penny Puffs,’ which interested him exceedingly. After some deliberation, he took his pipe, and calling his wife’s attention to what he was about to do, he

snapped the pipe-clay over the edge of the table, exclaiming, 'There goes penny puffs.'

"He then procured a wooden box, railed 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-halfpence a day shall be dropped through the hole of this box.'

"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 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 THREE POUNDS AND ELEVENPENCE!

"I have since attended another opening of this box, when the contents were no less than SIX POUNDS, NINE SHILLINGS, AND FOURPENCE!"

CONDENSED SMOKE.

A WORKING MAN informs us, that after smoking tobacco for about thirty years, he gave it up about five years ago. At that time there was established in the town where he resides a "*Five Years' Friendly Society*," of which he became a member. Into this Society he paid *the amount which he had formerly spent in tobacco*, and when the Society was broker up last month he had the gratification to carry home the five years' smoke, in the condensed form of FOURTEEN POUNDS & SEVENPENCE HALF-PENNY!—From "*The Adviser*."

THE LITTLE BOY'S ENTREATY.

WHILE the Rev. Mr. Chambers was once addressing a temperance meeting, a man, who had been occupying a seat in a distant part of the room, arose with a little boy in his arms, scarcely six years old, and came forward to the speaker's stand. All gave way for him. He placed his child on the stand, and,

while the tears were fast running down his cheeks, with trembling accents addressed the speaker:—

“My little boy said to me, ‘Father, do not drink any more!’ Gentlemen, I have taken my last drink.”

The effect produced upon the audience beggars all description. The speaker and the whole audience were bathed in tears; and such were the good effects of this example, that seventeen others came forward and signed the pledge. Mr. Chambers, with tears streaming down his face, caught the boy in his arms, exclaiming, “Well, we may say that the grave of alcohol has been dug by this little boy.”

THE GRAVEDIGGER.

“WHAT tools do you generally use for digging graves?” asked I of a gravedigger, as he turned up the damp earth of some one’s destined resting-place. “Tools? Oh! various sorts. But some folks’ graves need no tools at all. Strangely enough, many people like to *dig* their own graves, especially them that drink rum, gin, brandy, etc.”

A CABMAN’S TESTIMONY.

IN conversations with cabmen I have often learned some valuable lessons—life lessons. One of my last conversations illustrated the weakness of poor human nature unassisted by Divine grace, and the strength of even the feeblest Christian when upheld by Divine influence. This cabman told me that he was at one time very boastful of his total abstinence principles—that wagers had even been laid by men who had tried to make him drink: in his own strength he had resisted them for some years, but at length he was vanquished. Happily he was induced again to abstain, but, feeling his own weakness, he first prayed to the Lord for *His* help. That promised help was graciously given. “And now,” said the cabman, “I have something with which to *back* my Temperance Pledge. Perhaps I was permitted to fall in order that I might be taught *my own* weakness, and my need of trusting in the Lord for *His* help and strength.”

T. B. S.



**“NEVER, NO, NEVER!” OR, A CABMAN AND
HIS CRUEL TEMPTER.**

“THERE is a cabman on this stand,” said a gentleman, at the West-end of London, “whom you can’t get to touch a drop of drink!” “I won’t believe that,” said one of the company: “I’ll lay a wager that I’ll make him drink a glass of grog!” The cabman was called, apparently to take a fare. The glass of gin was offered him, but respectfully declined. Dropping a sovereign into it, the tempter said, “Drink it off, and the sovereign is yours.” The cabman was unmoved. A second, a third, and even a fourth sovereign was dropped in by the wretched tempter, but the honest driver was as firm as ever: “No,” said he, “if you fill it with gold, I’ll not drink. I’m a happier, healthier, and a wealthier man since I gave up the drink. By God’s help I’ll never, no, never, touch it again.”—From “*Temperance Anecdotes, Vol. I.*”

W. S.

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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 keep out of your net, and try to get a lump on both sides.*"

"I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF."

SOME persons when remonstrated with against taking intoxicating drink are in the habit of replying,—"*Oh, I can take care of myself!*" So said a young man, who in a few moments found out that he had made a fatal mistake. The writer well remembers some years ago delivering an address one evening to young men in Shadwell, London. At the close of it an old gentleman stepped forward and asked leave to say a few words. With a tremulous voice, and a frame that shook with emotion, he informed the audience that he was a person in respectable circumstances; but unfortunately one member of his family had been addicted to drink. That member was his own son. He went on board one of the steamboats in the river under the influence of partial intoxication. Having seated himself on a dangerous part of the vessel, he was remonstrated with, and told to remove. His reply was, "*Have not I got a right to sit where I like? Do you think I cannot take care of myself?*" He had scarcely uttered these words before he fell overboard, and in spite of all the efforts made to save him, he perished. The poor old father said, "*Five minutes before I heard the news I was a happy man, but when the sad tidings came it nearly broke my heart.*" That young man boasted that he could take care of himself, and see what his boast came to!

How many have made the same boast and perished! Self-trust at any time is a dangerous thing, but specially when indulging in bad habits. Let us beware of it. He takes most care of himself who shuns unnecessary danger. How pregnant with instruction the Scriptural warning—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." H. W.

MOTHERS, BEWARE.

A YOUNG woman lay in the agonies of death; she was a poor blotched drunkard; one was trying to lead her to the Saviour. Among other sentiments which fell from his lips was this:—"Strong drink has ruined you!" "Yes," replied her mother, "strong drink has been her ruin." The dying woman, on hearing this last remark, mustered all the strength she could possibly command, and lifting up her hand, said, "Mother, *it was you who taught me to drink!*" and died shortly after.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOG.

A GENTLEMAN some time since witnessed the following instance of canine sagacity from the top of an omnibus which drew up at the Elephant and Castle, London. His attention being aroused by the barking of a dog, he looked around and saw a man deeply intoxicated lying upon the pavement, and surrounded by a crowd. First he saw the dog lick his master's face, and then leaving him for two or three minutes he would run outside the crowd, and selecting any passenger who came first, he would bark, and follow him perhaps for a hundred yards. Disappointed again, he would return to his drunken master, lick his face, and proceed, as before, outside the crowd to select another person. He soon detected the passengers that did not belong to the crowd around, for he had evidently besought the crowd before in vain. Yet neither passengers nor crowd, as far as the observer could perceive, seemed to take pity on the dog's master, or appreciate the poor distressed animal's sagacity. What a sight! God's noblest work grovelling in drunkenness, perfectly helpless, and for a time absolutely dependent on the brute he owned—in this case the brute rising superior in sagacity to the man! It often falls to our lot to hear quoted in relation to drunkards the proverbial phrases, "As drunk as a beast" and

“The drunken brute!” But are not such phrases grossly misapplied? When do we hear of the brute creature lowering itself by getting drunk? The poor brute that will readily take any other drink save that which is harmless as water, is a rarity; and even then its natural instincts have been overcome by vicious training. In this case, for example, we may ask which was the brute, the man or the dog? H. W.

WHAT HINDERS THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL?

WHAT hinders the progress of the Gospel? Let the following extract answer, taken from an annual report of the Liverpool Town Mission:—

“It is proper to state that the impression on the minds of the agents is that drunkenness is on the increase in most or all of their districts, and that not only are men the victims of this enslaving lust, but the women to an alarming extent are also implicated. Intemperance is held up as really the greatest barrier to the progress which might otherwise be expected. Not that the Gospel is powerless in the matter, but the slaves of lust put themselves beyond the reach or influence of the Gospel, and the facilities in obtaining drink are so multiplied that feeble resolutions of amendment are exposed to a trial too severe.”

Such is the testimony of the Liverpool Town Mission. Will not Christians desirous of advancing the cause of Christianity, ponder well this faithful note of warning? H. W.

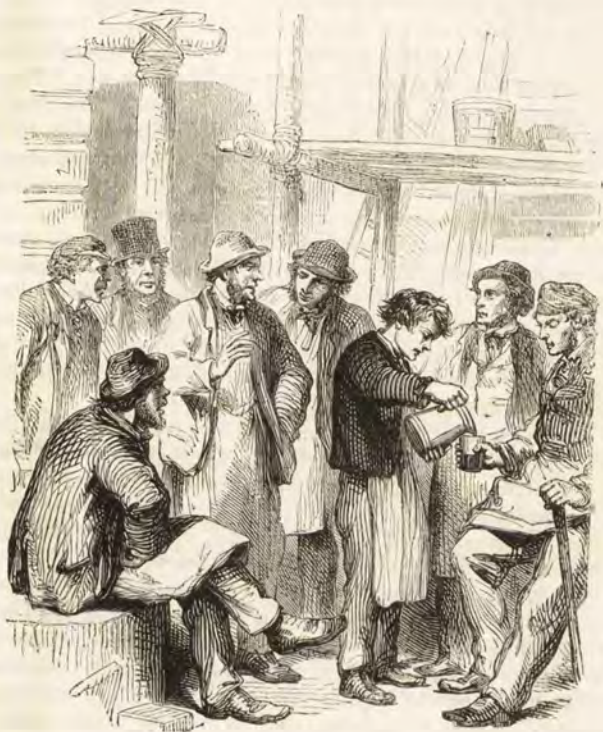
EFFECTS OF STOPPING DISTILLATION.

DR. HENRY, in allusion to the stoppage of distillation in 1758-9, remarks:—“The salutary effects of which were seen, restoring new vigour to our languishing manufactures, and a visible reformation in the morals of the people.”

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HOW I BECAME A VOTER.

“LADS,” said a working man, “you wonder how it is that I left my old cabin, and can now afford to live in a house at 20*l.* a year rent; I’ll tell you the secret. I knocked off just 400 quarts in the twelve months, and *that* did it.” Are there not tens of thousands of working men who *could* if they *would* “go and do likewise”?

A SUCCESSFUL EMIGRANT.

MANY working men are now emigrating; some are going to the United States, some to Canada, Australia, etc. Whatever country or locality be the adopted home of the thousands who are leaving these shores, we would affectionately say, "FEAR GOD—BE INDUSTRIOUS—KEEP FROM DRINK." If these three things be practised, there is, we believe, a prosperous future before such as can bear *hard work*; and none but those who *can* stand rough labour should emigrate. We have had both sad and cheerful testimonies relative to *some* who have emigrated. As a rule, those who keep from drink, prosper; but many, alas! find an early grave through the intoxicating cup. We have recently received an interesting letter from an Australian emigrant, thanking us for the counsel we have given in these papers from time to time on the drink question, and attributing his success, under God's blessing, to what he has read in *The British Workman*.

For the encouragement of many of the poor lads who have been sent out by the kindness of friends, under the care of Miss Rye, Miss Macpherson, and others, we give the following fact:—A few weeks ago a gentlemanly person walked into the well-known "George Yard" Ragged School, in Whitechapel, and asked Mr. Holland's permission to say a few words.

"Boys," said he, "sixteen years ago I was a poor, ragged, shoeless lad in this school. For a long time I was a bad lad, but Mr. Holland kindly bore with me, and encouraged me to attend the evening classes, and try to improve myself in writing and summing, and to *keep from the drink*. I joined the 'Band of Hope.' Then I went to sea, and after a time I emigrated to Australia. By God's blessing on my industry and sobriety, I have now become the possessor of 170 sheep, 150 head of cattle, and 15 horses, and I am the owner of 150 acres of land, all paid for by my own hard-earned savings. I have been able to pay a visit to my native land, and am now about to return to Australia; but I *could not* leave England without paying a visit to this place and saying to you, 'I owe everything in life, under God's blessing, to George Yard Ragged School, and keeping from the drink!'"—From *The British Workman*.

A CHILD'S PRAYER, AND ITS RESULT.

A MAN who had been a tippler for twenty years came home on one occasion at mid-day. He was not absolutely drunk, but nearly so. He went upstairs and threw himself upon his bed without undressing. He had a little girl, who loved him very dearly. Thinking he was fast asleep (but he was not), she followed him upstairs. She looked at him, and he seemed to be sleeping soundly. She gazed upon him for a little while, and at last the dissipated man felt a tear fall upon his upturned right cheek, and that first tear soon had other tears to keep it company. Drop after drop of scalding hot tears fell upon his face, but still he betrayed no sign that he was awake. The little girl then knelt by the bedside, and putting her hands together, she offered this prayer:—"O Lord, bless my poor father. Give him strength to be a man, and keep him from a drunkard's grave, for Christ's sake. Amen." She then rose and went downstairs. She had not been down long, before the father, having felt the warm tears upon his cheek, and heard the earnestly-offered petition on his behalf, said to himself, "On the spot where my little girl has been kneeling, I will get up and I will kneel too." He rose, he knelt there, and his prayer (I have this on the best authority) ran thus: "O Lord, pity a poor drunkard. Give me strength to be a man, and keep me from a drunkard's grave. And, O God, if Thou wilt not hear the prayer of such a wretch as I am, do hear the prayer of my little girl, and give me strength to be a man, for Christ's sake. Amen." The little girl, hearing the voice and the prayer, came back again at once, opened the door, threw her arms round the father's neck, and said, "Father, I will pray with you." And the prayer of the child and the prayer of the father went up for strength to keep the resolution the father had come to, never to drink a drop of intoxicating liquor again. The prayer of father and child was answered, and Thomas Hawkins became a sober, and, better still, a profoundly Christian man, and after that date for nearly twenty years he was engaged in delivering temperance lectures and preaching sermons, and was a means of blessing to many who were brought within his influence.



A LITTLE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

THERE once lived in one of our seaport towns a sailor who was a notorious drunkard. He led his wife a sad life, and everything seemed to indicate that the utter ruin of the family could not long be postponed. The sailor, however, had a little girl, a member of the Band of Hope, who, under God's blessing, was the means of leading her father not merely into the path of sobriety, but to the house of God. One day the little girl said, "Father, do come to our Band of Hope meeting to-night, please." The father threatened to flog her severely if she put such a question to him again. However, she persisted, and at last had the happiness of getting him to accompany her to one of the meetings, and he there and then signed the pledge. Not content with this, the little girl then got him to go with her to God's house connected with her Sunday-school, and finally he became a member of the church. Often does he thank God for the efforts of his little girl.

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“ WE SHALL EAT THE FRUIT OURSELVES.”

A BLACKSMITH whom I knew 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 happily induced by a friend 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 gave up the drink—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, with God’s blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy both it and the produce of the garden. *We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit ourselves.*”—DR. HEWITT.

“OUT OF OUR OWN GARDEN!”

It was a joyful day in the cottage of John Thomson when the *first* bunch of currant-berries was gathered out of *their own* garden! The children clapped their hands with pleasure. Their worthy mother could not help mingling with her smiles tears of gratitude to God for His mercy. This bunch of berries had a pleasing history attached to it. John Thomson was once a poor, unhappy drunkard. His home was a very wretched one. His wife was heart-broken, and his children ragged. A kind-hearted lady prevailed upon John Thomson to join the Temperance Society. He prayed for Divine strength to keep his pledge. God helped and blessed him. In a few months John had paid all his debts, and he then removed to a neat little cottage, with a garden attached to it. John went to the market one Saturday night, and he bought some flowers and a currant-tree. This tree was watched with great care, and when the first ripe bunch was gathered, John assembled his family around him, and, with streaming eyes, he asked them to join him in thanksgiving to God for His goodness and mercy. It was a happy night to John Thomson and his family. Oh, how many thousands of poor children there are in our country who would rejoice if *their* fathers would do as John Thomson did, and let *them* have a bunch of berries out of “*their own* garden!”

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

A SAILOR said he had once been a regular brute to his wife; he used to think nothing of coming home and knocking her down without the slightest provocation. “But,” he said, “my wife never used to cry; I thought she never did. I have often knocked her down, and she has got up and smiled at it. I thought Sally never cried; I really thought she had not got a tear to shed; but I drank and drank, and abused her shamefully. One night, after using her pretty badly, I lay down on the bed and fell asleep; and I had a dream. I dreamt I was shipwrecked, and that a lot of us got upon the spars; and there we all were, clinging for dear life, and all were washed off but me; and there I was, tossing and tumbling in the water; and, at a

distance, I thought I saw one of those little, nasty, sharp, short waves—not one of the long rolling swells, but it seemed to be a little spiteful thing, that kept bobbing up and down with considerable force; and it glistened, as if there was a light gleaming upon it; and it came nearer and nearer: and I watched it, and it grew smaller and smaller, until it seemed almost like a star, and the whole force of the waves seemed to dash into my face; and the water felt warm, and it woke me; and there was Sally leaning over me, and the tears raining down on my face, and, for the first time, I felt she did cry—and such hot tears they were, they almost scalded me. I sprang up, and on my knees promised my Sally that I would not ill-use her any more. And, by God's grace and help, I never have done so."

A MINISTER'S TESTIMONY.

THE Rev. W. Brock, jun., has encouraged the working men of Hampstead, as well as (according to his own statement) added to his usefulness as a minister, by taking a leading part in the local abstinence society. When addressing a public meeting recently, after saying that he was driven into the movement by every-day facts, he observed:—

"I have already seen quite enough during the few months I have been an abstainer to convince me that in becoming one I have done that which was *right*. I will give only two cases. There is a street near where I live where two families dwell next door to each other. In the one house, the father of the family, a great big fellow, was formerly always more or less the worse for drink, and the home was naturally one of misery and wretchedness, although he earned very good wages. In the next home lived a couple, who, according to the neighbours, led a sad life. The screaming and fighting were such that two of my church members who lived in the vicinity were obliged to remove because they could not endure the uproar. Both the fathers of these families joined the local temperance society, which is almost wholly carried on by working men. I met the first of these men coming out of a butcher's shop with a good-sized parcel wrapped in paper under his arm. I looked inquiringly at it. He looked at the parcel as he said, 'Beef now, not beer.'

This beef is going home to missus. Among you, you have, by God's mercy, made a gentleman of me.' That man is a churchman. His temperance led to the church. The other couple will sit down to the communion at my church next Sunday morning."

THE DRUNKARD AND THE GOAT.

A WELSHMAN, who was addicted to intemperance, had a favourite goat, which, one day, 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, 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 nor 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 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.

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A REFORMED CREW.

A CREW of seamen had just reached port, and all except one went to the drinking-houses, which, alas! are always found near the docks. Here they spent their money and fired their brains with the sailor's curse—strong drink.

On returning to the ship they found a pious shipmate, perfectly sober. They jeered him for not drinking, and then threatened to tie him up and whip him if he did not drink. Next day they found him ashore, and after abusing and threatening him, which he bore with patience and Christian fortitude, they asked him *the reason* why he would not drink.

He then spoke as follows :—

“ Shipmates, my first recollections of my father are, that he

was a drunkard. He often abused my poor mother, and nearly broke her heart, when he was under the influence of liquor.

"One cold winter's day, when the snow was deep on the ground, as I was running home, I kicked against something in the snow. I stopped, and found it was a man. On uncovering the face, I saw, to my horror, it was *my own father!* I ran home with all speed, crying bitterly, and told my poor mother; the neighbours were soon aroused, and the corpse was brought home. When the excitement was over a little, my poor widowed mother and I stood by the side of my father, and she said, 'Now, John, my dear boy, you see what drink has done; your poor father has died a drunkard. Now I want you to promise me that you will *never drink strong drink as long as you live.*' I promised her that I never would; and, by God's help, I have kept that promise up to this day. Now, shipmates, *that is the reason why I never have drunk strong drink, and, by the help of God, I never will.*"

Deeply touched, even to tears, by this sad history, one of the seamen exclaimed, "John, draw up a temperance pledge, and I'll sign it;" another said, "So will I;" and all six of them signed to totally abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors.

On reaching the ship, the captain asked what was the matter—all had come aboard so soon. They showed him the temperance pledge, and told him the story, when he said, "I'll sign it too." He called up the mate, and he signed also.

BRAVE SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

WHEN Mr. Danby Seymour visited Balaklava, he was asked to go and visit a crew of shipwrecked English sailors, who had been saved, with difficulty, on the rocks at the entrance of the harbour, and were then in the lazaretto. The ship had struck; and the poor fellows were thrown on a ledge of the cliffs, where they remained for nearly a day and a night before they could be rescued. Yet when they were brought in at last, exhausted and nearly done up, nothing could induce them to touch the hot brandy that was brought to them, lest they should break their teetotal pledge.

GOOD ADVICE TO A YOUNG SAILOR.

Now, grog-drinking is a matter with which you have nothing whatever to do; and if you will only take my advice, you will never have anything to do with it. Touch it not; avoid it as you would a shark. If anything in the world will keep you a menial slave, grog will. If you wish to be ordered about, kicked about, and despised by everybody, drink grog; if you want to remain near where you came in at, viz. the hawse holes, all your life, drink grog; if you want to be unhealthy, dirty, and ragged, drink grog; but if you wish to be a smart, clever, healthy-looking sailor boy, and one that every girl loves to look at, and to know and respect, leave grog alone. If you wish to be trusted by your captain and your officers, leave grog alone; and if you wish to rise in your profession, you must leave grog alone. If your superior officers wish you to do a dishonest act; if they wish you to wink at the scuttling of a ship, in order to defraud the underwriters, they will hand you lots of the accursed grog. If it were not for this accursed grog, what a powerful and wealthy class of men would our merchant sailors be, compared with what they now are! If you once take to it, it will gradually grow on you; it will become your master, and you will become its slave; it will worse than murder you. So, once more I say, touch it not!—*“All about Ships.”* By Captain Chapman.

LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.

DURING the late war, almost every accident I ever witnessed on board ship was owing to drunkenness. A number of boats upset and lives lost, and men falling from the mast-head, may all be attributed to drunkenness. I hold spirituous liquors more dangerous than gunpowder. The loss of the “St. George,” with 550 men; of the “Ajax,” with 350 people; of the “Rothesay Castle,” and 100 lives, has been attributed solely to the use of intoxicating liquor.—*Parliamentary Report on Drunkenness.*

FIRE ON SHIPBOARD AT SEA.

THE burning of the “Kent,” East Indiaman, in the Bay of Biscay, was occasioned by the holding of a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits. The snuff fell into the cask and set it on

fire. The "Edgar," of seventy guns, was burnt at Spithead, owing to the presence of spirituous liquors on board. The "Ajax," of seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir Henry Blackwood, was burnt at the mouth of the Dardanelles, in 1806, by the drunkenness of the purser's steward. The "Halswell," East Indiaman, was lost in 1786, off St. Alban's Head, through drunkenness.—*Bacchus.*

SIR JOHN ROSS'S TESTIMONY.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, writing from Stranraer, in July, 1852, says:—"I went to Greenock, and was bound apprentice for four years, during which time I made three voyages to the West Indies, and three to the Baltic. I had, therefore, a good opportunity of observing the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors in both climates. My first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and several of the crew died. Excepting that I never drank any spirits, I took no care of myself. I exposed myself to the burning sun, slept on deck in the dew, and ate fruit, without feeling any bad effects. I soon lost my hat and shoes, and ran about bareheaded and barefooted; but I never tasted spirits, and to this alone do I attribute the extraordinary good health I enjoyed. My next voyage was to St. Petersburg, where I spent the winter in like manner. I was running about bareheaded and barefooted on the ice, but I never tasted spirits. My next voyages were to the bay of Honduras, and alternately to the Baltic. On the last voyage to Honduras, all the common sailors—twelve in number—died, and I was the only person that went out in the ship who came home alive, which I attribute entirely to my abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors. I shall now say a few words on my voyage to the Arctic regions, which occupied the space of four years, from April, 1829, to October, 1833. I was twenty years older than any of the officers or crew, and thirty years older than all excepting three, yet I could stand the cold, and endure the fatigue, better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits."

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A WOMAN'S TESTIMONY.

My old mistress tells me I must write my experience of Teetotalism. I am only a poor scholar; my life was spent in service till I married a few years ago; so you must not expect much from me; but if I may tell how much good the temperance cause has done me and my people, I shall be very thankful. Well, how long have I been a teetotaler? So long that I must

think before I can tell you. Surely it is thirty-one years since I came home one night and showed my young mistress my pledge-card. "What does it mean?" she said; and she smiled as I said, "No more beer will be wanted for me." Two years after she signed the pledge too, for the sake of a friend who promised to mend his ways and become an abstainer if she would; and though (I beg her pardon for saying it) her hair is now grey as well as mine, we have both kept true to the resolutions we made, and mean to continue so.

By-and-by I went with my young mistress, when she married, to her new home, and we both tried our best to promote abstinence from all stimulants. We servants had no beer, and that was a good thing. The habit of taking nothing stronger than water grew both in parlour, kitchen, and nursery, though no great work was seen; but when, nine or ten years after, the master became a pledged abstainer, we made a wonderful start. True-hearted workers sprang up amongst us, and many a battle was fought, and many a victory won in the servants' hall, as well as the dining-room.

It is wonderful what a few faithful people can do, if they do but believe in the truth of their cause, even if they are both ignorant and humble. We found this out often, though we have always had a great deal to fight against. People do love this drink so, and that really is the root of all the evil.

I did not sign the pledge for my own sake—not a bit of it; but I soon saw, after I began to think about it, what was the ruin of so many; and it struck me I would set my face against it. People laughed when I went up to sign, but says I, "Let them laugh that lose—them that win is sure to;" and I have found it so. Now I have a teetotal husband, a teetotal family, and a happy home. People wonder at the comforts we have; but I can tell them how it is. We spend no money in beer; my husband does not go to the public-house; we buy little things as we can; and we do not know that there is a pawnshop. A poor woman came to me the other day to ask me where to find one; I could not tell her. We prize our furniture, bought with hard-earned wages, and take good care of it; and I think most teetotalers do.

Wives have much to answer for, both in the case of their

husbands, their children, and their homes. If women would but deny themselves, many a husband would be a teetotaler, and many a son. Working men want great comforts; and if they do not find them at home, they go to the public-house. In country places men work harder and require more support in hay-time and harvest than at any other time; and a good wife should have a warm breakfast ready, however early it is wanted. As a rule, the women about here do not do this. The men go off to the public-house first thing in the morning; and what does the publican do when harvest is over? He gives, every evening, for a certain time, a pint of beer to each customer. This tempts the men to stay on, and you may be sure who gets the lion's share of the extra harvest earnings. It makes my head ache, as I lay on my comfortable bed, to hear the poor fellows going home, shouting and singing their wanton songs; and I thank God for His mercy in having led me and my family to hate the drink.

During the thirty-one years I have been a teetotaler, I have seen many sad things, and had various experiences myself. A fever, when I was a girl, left me very weakly, and I have had a great deal of bodily suffering. I know well what hospitals and infirmaries are; they have been a great comfort and blessing to me. I have had beer ordered over and over again, but I find if patients resist doctors are reasonable. "Well, you're a wise woman," one doctor said to me; "you would never have lived till now if you'd been a beer-drinker."

In the London Hospital, about twenty-three years ago, porter was ordered for me every day. I would not drink it; the patients said I should be turned out, and they would drink it for me. But no; if it was bad for me, it was not good for them; and when the doctor heard about it, he ordered me a pint of beef-tea instead, and it was the best I ever tasted. Surely it did me more good than beer.

Nine times out of ten, people drink because they love the drink, and it is this we should persuade them to conquer. If they try heartily and faithfully, it is surprising how soon they may learn to care nothing about it. Somehow or other a way is made for them through all difficulties. I often think women are not willing enough to give up their little to help their

husbands, whose temptations are so much greater. One day I went with my mistress to visit the wife of a man who was waiter at a large hotel. Drink was his besetting sin; he had signed the pledge, but nothing we could say would induce her to sign, or even to give him a kind word of encouragement. Now, how low that man has fallen; he has lost his place, and is ruined for time—God grant it may not be for eternity too.

But you will think I am always against the women, but I am not; many a devoted wife spares no pains to help her degraded partner, though he makes life and home wretched. A neighbour of mine toiled on so for years—always patient, always cheerful, hiding her sufferings, even when the miserable man turned her out of doors, and not telling of her poverty when she had neither a crust nor a penny in the house. At last both signed the pledge, and they have kept it; and this man, who was always a good workman, is just made foreman to some large building works begun in the town near his home. These people have now a nice, well-furnished house, good teetotal children, and they are always in their places at church and meetings. I could tell a dozen of such stories, but you will think I am spinning too long a tale; so I will only say I heartily wish both rich and poor would try our teetotal pledge.—*E. Ashley.*

A FRANK AND NOBLE BOY.

As I was taking a ride in our pleasant village, in which we have a few plague-spots left, I took up a lad of some seven years. As I had occasion to stop close to a rum-shop, I noticed the boy looked surprised, and I said, "Shall we go in and take a little whisky, as we may be cold before we get back?" I shall not soon forget the frankness with which he looked me in the face, and said, "My mother don't allow me to drink, sir." Then I said, "Won't you go in there, and warm yourself?" And he honestly said, "I don't think my mother would allow me to go into such a place, sir."

F.

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**“WHAT DID YOUR SEAT IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE
COST YOU?”**

A MAN once came to join my church who had signed the temperance pledge about twelve months before, and whose home, when I visited it, was destitute of every kind of furniture—there was not even a chair to sit down upon. “I have now,” said the

man, "been an abstainer twelve months: I have paid for a sitting in the public-house long enough, and dearly enough, and I now wish to exchange it for a seat in your church—in the house of God." "What did your seat in the public-house cost you a week?" I inquired. (He was an engraver by trade, and was employed in one of the first establishments in the city, and was in the habit of receiving 2*l.* 5*s.* per week.) He hung down his head as he said, "Well, say nineteen shillings." His house had not, as I have said, at the time he signed the pledge, a stick of furniture. I visited it twelve months afterwards, and saw several chairs, a chest of drawers, and many other articles, which gave it the appearance of a well-furnished house. He is now an office-bearer in the church, and one of my most useful men.—*A. W. D.D.*

"GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND."

NOT many years since, a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle" sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour the husband was tempted to look "upon the wine when it is red," and to taste of it "when it giveth his colour in the cup." The charmer fastened around its victim all the serpent-spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation, from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the pander of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed, in tones of startling anguish,—*"Give me back my husband!"*

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate drunkard.

"That my husband! *What* have you done to him? That my husband! *What* have you done to that noble form, that

once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that marly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye with which he was wont to 'look erect in heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of his heart into black, bitter, and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me at the altar."

The ears of the rumseller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted at every stage of the traffic with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fathers and fatherless, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, noon, and evening—"Give me back my husband! Give me back my father! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!"

But has the rumseller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No, not he! He could show his credentials at a moment's notice with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. He had bought a letter of indulgence—I mean a *licence!*—a precious instrument, signed and sealed by authority. *He* confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support.—*American Paper.*

THE BAR.

THE greatest *bar* to happiness is the *bar* of the grog-shop. He who frequents it will very likely soon find himself before the *bar* of justice. Let us all, then, place a *bar* against all evils arising from intemperance—the *bar* on which many young men have been shipwrecked.

COULD NOT ASK GOD'S BLESSING UPON IT.

IN a town in the West of England a brewery was established by some members of a well-known Christian congregation. The temperance cause having taken deep root in that place, it was found impossible for the brewers to make headway against the spread of truth and soberness. After a year or two spent in struggling to obtain a footing, the brewery was given up with considerable loss. One of the parties, who was a local preacher, said to a friend: "Well, I am out of it now, but when I was in it I never could ask the Almighty's blessing in the morning upon my day's work, for I knew the more the business, the more the drunkenness."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I LEAVE to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

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!"

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THE TWO WITNESSES.

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 to 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. 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 foot-marks to the beer-shop. Keep the high-

way 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 betray you, your *conscience* will.—*Old Humphrey.*

HOW IT AFFECTS TRADE.

EVEN though it could be proved that the manufacture of intoxicating liquor is profitable to the country, the amount of employment which it affords is of the most trifling character. It may be safely asserted that this branch of manufacture, in proportion to its extent, contributes less to the employment of the population than any other in existence.

Mr. Brotherton made the following statement in the House of Commons:—"Of twenty shillings expended in spirits the amount paid for labour was only eightpence; but if twenty shillings were laid out in articles of manufacture, from six shillings to ten shillings went into the pocket of the artisan." The following contrast will serve as an illustration of this subject:—In a town in the West of Scotland there is now at work a distillery and an engineering workshop. The distillery consumes 200 bolls of corn daily, being 62,600 bolls yearly, the produce of at least 10,000 acres. The quantity of liquor produced is about 780,000 gallons per annum, which, sold to the first purchaser at 6s. per gallon, yields 234,000*l.* The number of men employed at this distillery is under fifty, and the entire wages paid weekly under 75*l.* Four thousand pounds must therefore be expended by the drinking public in the employment of one man at whisky-making, and out of every pound thus spent the working man receives in wages only fourpence.—The engineering establishment uses many hundred tons of iron, the extracting of which from the earth affords a vast amount of employment. In this engineering workshop alone there are employed one thousand men, who receive wages weekly to the amount of 1500*l.*; the whole work produced being supplied to the first purchaser at the cost of 312,000*l.*; 300*l.*, then, expended by the public gives

employment to one man in engine-making; and out of every pound thus spent the working man receives in wages five shillings. There are many branches of our national industry in which the artisan receives even a much larger proportion of the value produced than in the example given above.

AN IRISH BOY'S TESTIMONY.

A POOR ragged lad came to a ragged school in Connemara—a miserable little Arab of the streets, with scarcely a trace of the child in his face. One day, however, he appeared radiant in a new suit of clothes. "How is this, Mike?" said the teacher. "Oh, sir," he said, "sure daddy's a teetotaler; and I never stopped till I brought him to the meetings, and he signed the pledge; and *look at me now, sir!*"

A GOOSE WITHOUT FEATHERS.

A GOOSE that sees another goose drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose,—*Bishop Horne.*

ONLY HALF RIGHT.

WHEN Lord Morpeth was in America, several years since, he was one day at a dinner-table where Mr. Frelinghuysen, the champion of temperance in New Jersey, was also present. His lordship filled his glass, and said, "Mr. Frelinghuysen, allow me the pleasure of taking wine with you." Mr. Frelinghuysen politely declined the honour, remarking, "I have, I am thankful to say, abandoned its use."

"You are more than half right," replied Lord Morpeth. His lordship afterwards commenced pouring *water* into his glass of wine, drinking it about half-and-half.

"I see, my lord," said Mr. Frelinghuysen, "that you are just *half right.*"

TEMPERANCE VILLAGE IN WALES.

SAMUEL POPE, Esq., of Manchester, says:—"A little village in Wales, the inhabitants of which are almost exclusively employed in a slate quarry in the neighbourhood, is a perfect paradise as regards the dwellings of the operative classes. Every man is possessed of a small freehold purchased by his own exertions, many of them of one or two cows, and some of them have saved as much as 300*l.*, 400*l.*, 500*l.*, and 600*l.* out of their wages. So striking is the happiness and prosperity of this little district, that it has attracted the notice of many statesmen, amongst the rest Mr. Shaw Lefevre, late Speaker of the House of Commons (now Viscount Eversley), who visited it, desiring to know the secret of this prosperity and happiness. The secret was soon explained, that there never has been let in that locality a plot of land on which a public-house can be built. The result is that there is not a public-house within seven miles of that little village, every one of the inhabitants of which are members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and voters in the county, prepared to have their names enrolled. Across a neighbouring mountain there is another slate quarry, and another little village, which, unlike the former case, is infested with beer-shops and public-houses. The result is that a more disorderly and disreputable population does not exist in the whole of the North of Wales. Thus, divided only by a mountain, you see the two principles in active operation, and the different results which flow therefrom."

"I WILL ABSTAIN, TOO."

"ABSTAIN," said an assembly of ministers of the Gospel to a brother whom intoxicating drink was destroying. "Oh," said he, "how could I endure to be singular, to be ridiculed and scorned in whatever company I might appear?" "Abstain," said a worthy brother; "*I will abstain, too, and keep you in countenance.*" This was a Temperance Society before the name was known.

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A WATER-DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

I've work'd in the heat, and I've work'd in the cold,
I've work'd with the young, and I've work'd with the old,
I've work'd very late, and I've work'd very soon,
I've work'd by the sun, and I've work'd by the moon,
But I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've work'd far from home, and I've work'd rather nigh,
I've work'd in the wet, and I've work'd in the dry,
I've work'd amongst corn, and I've work'd amongst hay,
I've work'd by the piece, and I've work'd by the day,

And I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've work'd amongst lime, and I've work'd amongst chalk,
I've work'd amongst still folks, and those that could talk,
I've work'd amongst iron, and I've worked amongst wood,
I've work'd amongst bad, and I've work'd amongst good,
But wherever I go, there's nothing I fear
So much as the foolish, made foolish by beer.

I've wrote and I've read, I've summ'd and I've talk'd,
I've been out on pleasure, with friends I have walk'd,
But never, no never, no use could I see,
Of taking strong drink, so hurtful to me;
Thus I am sure I can tell you without any fear,
These things can be managed without any beer.

T. MARTIN, Chalk Digger,
Boxmoor, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

BRICKMAKERS.

DR. CARPENTER gives the following statement, furnished by a gentleman of Uxbridge, being the comparative return of the *regular labour* of a whole year, performed by two sets of men, the one working on the "abstinent," the other on the "moderate" system, but not pitted against each other in a contest for victory. It relates to brickmaking, which is commonly accounted one of the most laborious of all out-door employments:—"Out of upwards of twenty-three millions of bricks made in 1841, by the largest maker in the neighbourhood, the average per man made by the beer-drinkers in the season was 759,260; whilst the average for the teetotalers was 794,400—which is 35,140 in favour of the latter. The highest number made by a beer-drinker was 880,000; the highest number made by a teetotaler was 890,000, leaving 10,000 in favour of the teetotaler. The lowest number made by a beer-drinker was 659,500; the lowest number made by a teetotaler was 746,000—leaving 87,000 in favour of the teetotaler. Satisfactory as the account appears, I believe it would have been much more so, if the teetotalers could have obtained the whole 'gang' of abstainers, as they were frequently hindered by the drinking of some of the

gang; and when the order is thus broken, the work cannot go on." This testimony should be pondered over by all brickmakers.

"ASK MY WIFE."

A NOTORIOUS character was converted. His former associates taunted him with being a hypocrite. He replied: "If you want to know whether I have got religion, go and ask my wife. I was a brutal vagabond, squandering what little I earned in drink. My poor wife at midnight could be seen hovering around drinking-places, trying to get me home, and then I would curse and swear at her, and sometimes beat her almost to death. My children fled from me as they would from a tiger, and hid when I came into the house. Now I have got as happy a home as there is in the city, and my children watch for my coming. I have good wages, and I don't spend my earnings at the corner gin-palace. You go and ask my wife, if you want to know what religion has done for me."

THE CHURCH AND THE DISTILLERY.

THE Secretary of the Bible Society in Fayetteville, Ohio, says in his report:—"Thirty-five years ago we had *thirty* distilleries in our country, and *no* church; we have now *thirty* churches, and *no* distillery." The church and the distillery are in direct opposition. The tendency of one is destructive of the other.

THE IRISHMAN'S FINE FAT PIGS.

Two splendid fat pigs were seen some time ago near one of the cottages attached to Raheny Park, near Dublin. The worthy proprietor of that beautiful estate, Thomas M. Gresham, Esq., told us the following interesting fact about these fine pigs:—

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Gresham, "I had in my service a man who was given to intemperance. He became so bad, that I was obliged to dismiss him. Father Mathew came into the neighbourhood soon after, but at that time I had little or no faith in the labours of the Irish Apostle of Temperance.

"I lost sight of the man for a long time, but one day I saw his poor wife, when I inquired,—

"What has become of your drunken husband?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "he is *not* a drunkard *now*: he took the pledge, and don't taste a drop."

"Have you faith in the pledge?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, with earnestness; "and I, that *never* had a glass of spirits within me, have taken the pledge too, as an example to my children."

"With deep emotion she added, 'I never knew what happiness was since I was married, until he gave up the drink, sir!'

"I immediately sent for the man, and again took him into my service.

"The above interview took place nearly twenty years ago," said Mr. Gresham, "and from that day until now he has proved himself a trustworthy and clever man. He has faithfully kept to his temperance, and as one good result, he is now



saving money. Once he was clothed in rags, but now he is a credit to the parish. His two fine fat pigs were sold some time ago for SEVEN POUNDS, but he re-invested part of the money, and he has now *two large pigs, and eleven young ones.*"

How many fine SIDES OF BACON the working classes *might* have at Christmas if they would only keep *from the DRINK!*

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THE SOLDIER'S PATCHWORK QUILT.

SEVERAL years ago we received a parcel and letter from the Rev. Richard Hardy, when he was one of the chaplains at the Aldershot camp, the contents of which afforded us much pleasure. The parcel contained a beautiful quilt, consisting of 14,000 pieces of cloth of various colours, the whole design being most artistic

and beautiful. It was the work of Private Roberts, of the *dépôt* of the 1st battalion, 17th Regiment. Some time before, when at the Carragh camp, Roberts resolved to give up drink and abandon the canteen. His duties left him more than a usual amount of leisure. He at once said to himself, "I must be *employed*, or I shall get into mischief." He happily remembered good Dr. Watts's true couplet,

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

He had not been much accustomed to the use of the needle, but the chaplain induced him to TRY. First he made pin-cushions and small pieces of patchwork. Then he resolved to make a quilt. Not finding all the colours he required in the pieces of cloth that he had purchased, he solved the difficulty by going to a druggist and buying the needful drugs for *dyeing* the pieces of cloth the colours that he wanted. In this manner he not only had the white, blue, red, and other colours, but violet, mauve, and magenta! His second quilt was made at Aldershot. Shortly after its completion, a Regimental Temperance Meeting was held in the barracks of the 17th Regiment. Roberts's quilt, containing 28,000 pieces of cloth, most artistic in design, was exhibited during the meeting. The late Sir Hope Grant, who was present, admired it so much that he at once gave the soldier 10*l.* for it, and handed it to Lady Grant, who was delighted with the present.

Roberts, thus encouraged, again went to work, and a *third* quilt was completed, which was purchased by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for 10*l.* In a few weeks Private Roberts completed his twenty-one years of service, and obtained his discharge. By a singular providence the quilts led to Roberts obtaining an excellent appointment!

Many soldiers devote their leisure time to needlework and other useful employments. Cannot "EXHIBITIONS" of soldiers' industry be occasionally held in each regiment, or in our large camps and garrison-towns, with great advantage to both officers and men?

We hope that some of the commanding officers will give this suggestion their favourable consideration.

**PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN OF
MADAGASCAR.**

I, RANOVALOMANJAKA, by the grace of God and will of my people, Queen of Madagascar, and Defender of the Laws of my Kingdom.

And this is what I say to you, my subjects. God has given me this land and kingdom, and concerning the rum—oh! my subjects, you and I have agreed that it shall not be sold in Antananarivo, or in the district in which it was agreed it should not be sold.

Therefore I remind you of this again, because the rum does harm to your persons, spends your possessions in vain, harms your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish, and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God.

All this shows the rum to be a bad thing to have at Antananarivo, for at night, under its influence, people go about with clubs to fight, and they fight each other without cause, and stone each other; therefore why do you love it, oh my people?

But I tell you that trade in good things, by which you can earn money, makes me very glad indeed, oh my people! If you trade in rum, or employ people to trade in it here in Antananarivo, or in the district spoken of above, then, according to the laws which were made formerly, I consider you to be guilty; because I am not ashamed to make laws in my kingdom which shall do you good.

Therefore I tell you that if there are people who break my laws, then I must punish them. Is not this so, oh my people?

Says RANOVALOMANJAKA,
QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

August 8th, 1876.

A REMARKABLE SOLDIER.

At a temperance meeting recently held in Alabama, Colonel Lahmanousky, who had been twenty-three years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He

rose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health in his face, and said: "You see before you a man seventy-nine years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have torn open the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I could survive all these horrors? I answer that, next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigour, to this fact, *that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life.*" And he continued, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

WE rejoice to find the following notice in the papers:—"The Greenock School Board has adopted the report of a committee which recommended that the teachers should be directed to make frequent allusion to the sin of drunkenness, and to advise the children to avoid its temptations, the counsel being enforced by illustrations drawn from the daily press, and impressed on the minds of the scholars by songs in praise of temperance."

We hope that the day is not far distant when *all* school managers will adopt a similar wise course.

SPELL *murder* backwards, and you have its *cause*. Spell *red rum* in the same manner, and you see its *effects*.

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LITTLE MARY AND HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

FACTS are stranger than fiction. A temperance lecturer appointed a meeting in a country school-house at a late hour in the afternoon, but early enough to accommodate the children of the school who might wish to be hearers. Therefore the teacher and children of the school comprised the principal part of his audience, for but few of the inhabitants of the school district attended. Of course much of the address was adapted to

children. Near the close of his address, the lecturer took from his pocket a paper, on which was written or printed the pledge, and inquired who of the children would take the pledge, and see how many subscribers to it could be obtained among the children and people of that neighbourhood. A little girl, whose name was Mary, about seven years old, daughter of a notorious drunkard, rose, said she would take the pledge and get all the subscribers she could, and thus the meeting closed. In the evening the father came home intoxicated, and nothing was said to him till morning, when Mary presented herself before him with her temperance pledge, stating how she came by it, and asked her father to sign it. He looked at her maliciously and indignantly, saying, "Don't come to me with your temperance nonsense," at the same time aiming a full blow on the side of her head with his flat hand, which laid her prostrate on the floor. On seeing her fall, and rise crying, a heavier blow smote his conscience for his drunkenness and cruelty, which resulted in a secret resolution in his own mind that he would never taste of liquor that had made him so cruel to his darling daughter. The resolution he kept in his bosom. Little Mary, soothed and comforted by her mother, went to school with her pledge, and obtained upon that day the signature of her teacher, and the whole of the children that attended the school. On her return home at evening she showed her paper to her mother privately; but, fearing to say anything to her father, she went round among their neighbours getting many signatures, but for the space of two weeks said nothing more to her father, he keeping silent also.

At length the time came when he could keep silence no longer. One morning before school-time he called Mary to him, and said: "Mary, how many names have you got subscribed to your temperance pledge?" "I will show you the paper," said she, running to her place of deposit, and handing to him the paper which had cost her a blow on the head, and a heavier blow on her father's heart which was now coming to light. The father took the paper, sitting in his chair, and Mary with anxiety standing before him looking him full in the face, while he counted the number of the names. When done, looking pleasantly at her, he said, "Mary, you have got one

hundred and fifty names signed!" On hearing this, she sprang on to his lap, threw her arms around his neck, impressed a kiss upon his cheek, and earnestly said, "Now, father, you sign it, and that will make a hundred and fifty-one." The appeal, coming from his daughter with all her soul in her eyes, was irresistible. "Mary," said the father, "I will do it." And immediately he added his name, and explained to his family the convictions of his mind from the circumstance of his cruel blow, which had been providentially overruled for his conversion to the cause of temperance. He began to live a new life of temperance, industry, frugality, and he became a devout Christian and was very useful to his fellow-men. After a lapse of years, the same temperance lecturer who gave to little Mary the temperance pledge, visited the family in their new abode, and became acquainted with the wonderful history of the little scrap of paper. Here, to his joy, he found that the once drunken father had not only become temperate, but a professed Christian, a member of a Christian Church, and the superintendent of a flourishing Sabbath-school; and his wife a member also; that Mary, then in her teens, was a member of the Church and a teacher in the Sabbath-school; all constituting a Christian family of prayer and devotion to the service and glory of God, and all useful, promoting the cause of temperance.

TESTIMONY TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THERE were four total abstainers from the lodge of Good Templars, in Portsmouth, in the Arctic ships" ("Alert" and "Discovery"). "Three of these were true to their principles throughout, and the other up to April last; neither of these suffered from scurvy, frost-bite, or any other sickness, although one of them (Adam Ayles) was away on a sledge party for 110 days and another for 98 days.—*J. W. Glover.*

THE OLDEST TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

THE oldest pledge of temperance is found in the Bible (Jeremiah xxxv. 6), and the words were spoken by the Rechabites: "We will drink no wine," on being asked, "Drink ye wine."

THE DISTILLER AND HIS SON.

A TEMPERANCE man in Pennsylvania says: "I went to see a distiller, and offered him the pledge to sign. 'No, sir,' said he. 'I manufacture the article, and do you suppose I would sign? I'll tell you what I'll do,' said he. 'I have a son, and I should be right glad if you could get *him* to sign; and you may tell him if he will, there are five hundred dollars in the hands of Mr. Taylor, and the home farm, and he shall have them both if he signs it.' Like many a father, he was willing to give anything but the influence of example. So off I went in search of the son. I told him what his father said. 'Well, now,' said he, 'how can you expect me to trot, when daddy and mammy both pace?' I turned round, and went right off after the old man. 'Now,' said I, 'what do you say to that?' 'Well, sir,' said he, 'I pledge you my word I never saw it in that light before; and I will never drink nor manufacture another drop as long as I live.' And he put his name down upon the spot. I took the pledge to the young man with his father's name to it, and he signed it directly.

REV. DR. WAKELEY.

THE ADMIRAL AND HIS SON.

WHEN Admiral Farragut's son was about ten years old, the father said in his hearing that, when the boy was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. His son rose up, and asked what the compact was. The Admiral said: "The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke or chew tobacco, nor drink any intoxicating drinks, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will give you one thousand dollars." "I am old enough, father, to make that bargain *now*," said the youth; "I will accept your offer, father." The bargain was at once closed, and when young Farragut was twenty-one the cash was handed over.

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**THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED THREE BRICK-
FIELDS AND EIGHT HOUSES.**

"SPRATS, HO! Sprats alive, ho! Only a penny a measure." These words were bawled loudly by a poor, miserable-looking man, in a town in Kent, last January. He was pushing a barrow, which was drawn by another man not quite so deplor-

able as the speaker, whose external appearance would have excited sympathy had it not been that his degradation was evidently all owing to his intemperate habits. His face was long and wrinkled, his hair hung down his neck, and his hat was nearly crownless. The soles of his boots were parting with the uppers, and he wore a dirty, ragged, canvas smock.

"I say, Jack," cried a labourer, in a contemptuous tone, "them sprats ain't alive; them's dead."

Jack did not deign a reply, but kept calling loudly, "Must be sold—must be sold," and on they went; but no one bought of him, so the sprats seemed destined to pass that night in the vendor's hotel, which was a dirty lodging and beer-house.

Whether it was the man's dirty appearance, or the fact which was well known to the neighbours, viz., that whatever profit he might get he would spend at the Losings' Bank (as every public-house might be called), I must not be positive; but I think the latter, because when he had been most successful with his fish he would be most annoying to his neighbours by his continual howling in the streets when under the exciting influence of strong drink.

Not two minutes' walk from where dirty Jack was with his barrow, a near relative of his resided, on whom I intended to call. I was kindly received, and invited into a small front parlour. While the good woman was getting a chair I had time to glance round the room, which was clean; but there was but little furniture. My attention was attracted by a large picture over the mantelshelf. It was a family group—a grandmother, a young wife, and two girls and a boy elegantly dressed; but the husband was not there. Seating myself in the chair, Mrs. G—took a seat by a small sewing-machine which was on the table, and as she saw that I was gazing at the picture, she said,—

"Ah, sir, that's how we were once: this"—pointing to the room and children—"is how we are now."

I asked why her husband was not in the picture, and where he was.

"Where, indeed, sir!" she said. "It is some years since he was living with us. Mine is a sorrowful history, sir," and she wept.

Recovering a little from her grief, she said, "If you like to hear it, I will tell you."

"If it will not pain you too much," I replied, "I should;" and she commenced,—

"Ten years ago my husband and I resided with our children in a neighbouring town. He was foreman to a rich man who had a brickfield. This gentleman was so pleased with him that he promised to lend him money to buy a brickfield of his own. He advanced him sufficient to purchase a small one, and being an industrious and clever man in his business, money soon became plentiful. We removed from our little house to a much larger one, which was beautifully furnished. The only barrier to my happiness was that now and then my husband would come home intoxicated. They had, sir, a foolish custom in the brickfield, and that was to allow each man a pint of beer when 500 bricks were ready to put in the sun, and a quart when 1000 were ready. Time rolled on, and great prosperity attended my husband's labours.

He was soon able, with the help of the same gentleman, to buy another small field. But his love for drink increased. We had plenty of it in the house, and plenty of friends to drink it—though I have few now. Another year made him master of a third brickfield; but he then ceased to work, saying he had enough to do to see to his men. Oh, sir," she continued, "it would have been good for us if he had been looking after them instead of being in a gin-palace.

"He began to be gay, and we were often invited to evening parties, and always went in a carriage. At the parties there was always plenty of drink, and when we returned in the morning he was nearly always intoxicated. What a good thing it would be, sir, if the rich only thought of the temptation they put in the way of young and old at their parties! Once when he was under the influence of strong drink, he was seen by the friend who had helped us, who spoke earnestly to him about it, and threatened never to help him again. For a short time this advice had a good effect upon him: he became more sober, and in a few months built eight houses near London. While he was looking after these houses one day, a messenger came to say our friend was dead. From that hour my husband's intem-

perate habits increased. He neglected his business; the men took advantage of his absence, giving as an excuse that the 'governor liked his beer, and so did they.'

"The more he liked the drink, the less he loved his home. I cannot tell you what my poor heart felt. Oh, how I loathe the drink when I think how it has blasted all my happiness!

"But, sir," she said, weeping, "these trials have led me to look up to my Father in heaven. At last the crisis came. I found my husband had swallowed his brickfields and eight houses in drink. His debts were enormous. He was declared a bankrupt. All was sold, and we were left almost without a home. The only thing I have left from our beautiful home is the picture over the mantelshelf.

"These trials led me to the house of God, where I saw my guilt as well as my husband's; and thank God, He led me to the 'Rock that is higher than I.' My only comfort now is the means of grace. God gives me plenty of work, so that I am able to support my children. I am now a teetotaler as well as a Christian, and oh! I do pray that God may open the eyes of our legislators to see the misery, the blasted prospects of thousands of poor women and children, and pass such laws as that husbands may *not* be tempted at the corner of every street they come to with the gin-palace, where fallen women congregate, and rob the virtuous wife of her husband and her happiness."

"It is indeed a sad story," I said; "but I am thankful that you have been supported through it all, and that you have found that 'God is a refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' And where is your husband now?" I asked.

"He is in the town," she said; "and gets his living by selling fish or anything else that commands a sale."

After hearing a further description of him from her, I found that it was none other than DIRTY JACK who had swallowed the three profitable brickfields and eight good dwelling-houses.

J. T. C.

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A STRIKE.

"A STRIKE, a strike, Jim; are you going in for it? I am," shouted John Ollis to James Mason, on his way home from work.

"A strike! where? never amongst Mr. Horner's men!"

"Aye, that's it. Mr. Horner's men one and all in a body; not a man of them that hasn't gone in for it."

"Well, only to think now, and he such a good master, and they getting the wages they are! But you are not one of his men, how are you in for it, John?"

"There are a lot of us besides his, and as many more may join us as will; and his son is at the head of it."

"What, against his own father? that's something!"

"Against his father! I didn't say so; no, they have not

struck against Mr. Horner—they like him too well for that. It's against their other master they've gone in for it."

"Their other master! who's he? They don't work for any other; how can they?"

"They do though, and a lot more of us have got a second master. It's a strike against him, Jim,—a glorious strike. Are you going in for it?"

"I'd like to know who he is first," said Jim in a half-puzzled, sullen voice, as if a suspicion had crossed his mind.

"Who is he? Well, I should think you knew, Jim, and to slave for him as you do," said John, with a sly laugh.

"I don't though."

"Oh! well then, I'll tell you. It's the firm of Liquor Brothers, who have their houses all over the kingdom. Terrible ones they are to take the flesh and spirit of a man and leave him almost worse than if he were already dead and rotting in his grave."

"It's pleasant work in their service for all that," said Jim.

"Aye, maybe some of us think so at the time. But it's the wages they give! think of them. It's ruin, that it is; ruin to one's self, body and soul; and ruin to one's family—the poor wife and the little ones, which is almost the worst part of it. And to think of the number that die in their work every year in the kingdom! Why, it would knock up any other trade. They'd be having Parliament committees, and meetings, and speeches, and I know not what, calling it a barbarous shame—till it was put a stop to. Why, here are ten score men killed in a colliery, and all England almost is stirred up about it; but thousands are killed every year in the pit of drink. So now we are not going to work in this pit any more, and we've struck."

"I'd like to know how long you'll hold out!"

"Till the masters come to our terms, and that will be—never, for they *can't*."

"What are the terms then?"

"That they'll be bound never to make a man drunk again, or pay the penalty of being put out of existence if they break."

"Aye," said Jim, laughing, "you have them there. I guess you'll have to yield to their terms, for they can't to yours."

"Then we'll have done with their service for ever, so that will be the end of the strike."

"I'd rather keep out of it, then," said Jim.

"Your wife wouldn't rather you kept out of it though. Those strikes are terrible things: they starve the wives and children, and bring us more harm in the end than we get good of them. I never would go in for one before this; but *this* will make us rich, not poor. The longer we hold out the more we shall save; and that not for this world only I'm thinking, but maybe for the world to come. I don't wonder that the Bible says, '*Awake, ye drunkards, and weep,*' for they are so sound asleep, so fast bound, that they don't feel the chains that are binding them."

"I suppose when a man has had half-a-pint, and can't stop, the chain is on him then."

"Yes, he's not his own master; he is the slave of drink."

"Maybe, then, I'm a slave all the time I'm singing, '*Britons never shall be slaves,*'" said Jim, thoughtfully.

"That's just it. Oh! Jim," added John, kindly, "I wish you'd ask our Heavenly Father just now to deliver you. You know I was once as bad a slave of drink as any. But one Sunday, after I'd been keeping sober awhile, my Mary took down the Bible and said she'd read to me. In the part she read—it was the 102nd Psalm (I never forgot it)—the Lord said how He looked down from heaven to hear the groaning of the prisoner. I didn't think much about it then; but after tea Mary said, '*I am going to church, John; do come too.*' Well, with that something seemed to come over me that I must, and I went. I didn't notice much that was said till the minister gave out his text, and it made me think of the psalm again. It was this—'*the opening of the prison to them that are bound;*' and then after a while he began to put it so plain, how Satan led us captives to do his will in all manner of sin, and he spoke of the drink in particular; and how he had us like in a prison house, and we had no power at all to get out, because we loved the sin and liked the prison, and didn't know what we were losing by abiding in it. And then he said how God pitied them, and sent down His own Son to be the Captain of salvation, to make war against Satan and deliver the poor prisoners out of his power."

"And how ever did He do that?" asked Jim.

"He did it no other way than by Himself going down into the pit and telling them they were free, and bringing them out with His own right hand and holy arm. Our glorious Saviour rose up out of the grave, and then went up through the clouds into the sky, back again to His Father in heaven, to tell Him He had got the victory and we were free."

"And yet we are not free, but bound still; how is that?"

"Just because we don't believe that He has burst the prison doors and set them wide open before us, and we don't ask Him to bring us out. We love our sins, we like our prison."

"How am I to be free?" asked Jim.

"Only believe there is freedom for you. 'Turn you to the strong hold.' (Zechariah ix. 12.) Ask the Lord Jesus to cleanse you in His precious blood from the guilt of your sins, and to send His Holy Spirit to be your Master instead of Satan; and where He rules there is liberty. 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.'"

"I'll think on what you say, John. I am afraid I've let these things slip almost out of mind."

"And nothing keeps them out of a man's mind like the drink. But I must go. Mary will wonder what is keeping me. Just you come up to Mr. Horner's yard to-night. We're going to have a grand gathering. I don't think you'll go away without signing the pledge and going in for the strike. And it will be a good day for England when there's a strike in every town and village, and I hope they'll hold it till those bad slavish masters, 'Liquor Brothers,' turn to and have a lock-out, and shut up their houses from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Land's-End."

E. ASHLEY.

COLD VICTUALS.

"BOY, why do you not call for the cold victuals as usual?"

"Father has joined the Temperance Society, and we have *warm* victuals now," was the reply.

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EAT YOUR FIG.

It is Friday evening. John Bryant has raised the latch of Richard Ellis's door and calls out, "I say, Dick, lend me a few coppers, I'm as thirsty as a rat out of water."

"Come in, John, and have some supper."

"No, thank you, it's a *drink* I want."

By this time, however, John had come inside, and begun to smell something savoury. "Why, what have you got, Dick?"

"It's a bit of spare-rib my wife has roasted for me. We killed a pig this week. Come, sit down." And Ellis helped Bryant to a plateful of meat and steaming vegetables, which were quickly devoured.

"I say, Dick, your wages and mine are much about the same. How can you afford such suppers as this?"

"Well, I don't always have hot roast meat for supper," said Dick, laughing, "but my wife thought she would give me a hot supper to-night for a treat, as she had got the bit of pork all handy from our pig."

"Well, but when I kill a pig I am obliged to sell it to help pay the rent. I cannot afford to eat it."

"Neither could I *once*. There is a sad story hangs on that; but I will tell it you.

"When first my wife said she thought we might keep a pig, it would help pay the rent, I thought it was a very good idea of hers. So I bought a pig, as nice a little black pig as you ever saw. I bought it of Farmer Jules. So after a while my wife said the pig was fit to kill, and the rent must be paid next week; I had better take it into town and sell it. And so I did, and sold it well. It fetched an uncommon good price. Well, the man who bought it of me had no change, so we went to 'The Crown,' for him to get it, and when he paid me, of course he expected me to give him a 'toss back' in drink, so I stood treat. We sat on drinking, and then, John—it is a very sad tale, I hardly can bear to think of those days, though I do humbly hope my God and Saviour has forgiven me, and given me His grace to forsake bad ways for ever. I don't know whether I was brought home that night or not. I don't rightly remember anything. But when I came to myself I had drunk my pig, every farthing, and I felt so wretched it seemed like a great load of lead on me that I could not get off. My Mary there sat crying as if her heart would break, as well she might, and the children kept in the corner as if they were afraid of the very sight of me."

At this allusion to the past, Mary dropped a few quiet tears on the stocking she was darning. But little curly-headed

Willie, who sat smiling on his father's knee, rubbing his little fingers on his father's large ones, certainly did not look afraid *then*.

"I went right upstairs and knelt down, and asked God to forgive me, and turn my heart, that I might never do so again, and then I went away and signed the teetotal pledge at once, and I have never tasted a drop since that day, now almost six years ago. And ever since I have been getting up in the world. God blesses the sober and diligent man who walks in His fear. Well, then we got another pig, but I did not drink *it*. I sold it and paid some of my back rent; and now that is all cleared off this long time, and we have got all straight, and so now instead of drinking my pig I *eat* it."

"Well, that is a better way, and no mistake," said Bryant.

While they had been finishing their conversation Mary had removed the supper, and now she laid on the table a large print Bible, and taking the baby in her arms sat down, while the children who had been at play outside the door came in and gathered quietly round. John got up to go.

"Stay if you like," said Ellis. "We always end the day by reading a few verses of the Bible." He read a chapter, and then they all knelt down while he thanked their Father in heaven for the blessings He had sent them, and prayed for pardon for himself and his wife and their children for the sins of the day, through the blood of the Lord Jesus; and for protection through the night.

When they rose from their knees the children all kissed their father, and bid him good-night, and then Mary took them upstairs to put them to bed.

"Dick," said John, "I feel strange to-night. I wish *my* evenings were like yours, and my days too. I am glad you did not give me the coppers. I thought you churlish at first, I did *so* thirst for the drink; but you have been very kind to me."

Dick took his hand. "John, don't you think *you* could make up your mind to sign too and give up drink? That is at the bottom of all the misery. I know it; and it *must* be given up."

"I will, Dick, I will," and John grasped Ellis by the hand and then hastened away.

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It is Friday night again, but a year has passed away since we began our story. Walking with slow and tired step up the street is a miserable sickly man in tattered clothes and almost barefoot. Just at this moment the door of the house where John Bryant used to live opens and a man comes out dressed in a good suit of fustian. On catching sight of each other the two men stopped, looked a moment, and then exclaimed, "John Bryant!" "Mark Lewis!" "Why, John, I did not know you, you look so smart and well to do. I see you have had good times."

"I have *made* good times by the blessing of God upon my labour," said John; "but while you have tried change of *places*, I have tried change of *habits*. I am a teetotaler, thanks to Dick Ellis."

"Ah, here he comes. I say Dick, come and tell Mark Lewis your *PIG STORY*, it may do him as much good as it did me. He has tried a new place, but he is no richer for the change, and he can't eat his pig yet!"

"Ah," said Dick, "if we want to *eat* our pigs, we must *not drink* them," and again he told his story.

Reader, are you a Mark Lewis? Then take your fellow workmen, Richard Ellis and John Bryant's advice. They speak what they have proved.

EAT YOUR PIG, DON'T DRINK IT!

E. ASHLEY.

A NEW HEART AND A NEW STOMACH.

AN inveterate and apparently a hopeless drunkard, who had been given over by most of his friends, was once brought to the Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson. "My friend," said Dr. Wilson, "you want two things,—first, *a new heart*, then a *new stomach*." The idea struck the drunkard, and he listened attentively to the exhortation which followed. From that hour, by God's help, he abstained, and became, in after years, an active and useful member of a Christian church.

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HONEST DR. GREGORY AND HIS PATIENT.

A WEALTHY manufacturer from the west of Scotland, while at Edinburgh on business, once called upon the late celebrated Dr. Gregory for his advice. He was a man of middle stature, rather corpulent, whose complexion and exterior altogether bespoke that he was a free liver. After seating himself, the following dialogue ensued:—

Gentleman.—"Well, Dr. Gregory, I hae come up to Edinboro' in the way o' business, and I just thought I would tak' your advice about my health."

Doctor.—"Your health, sir? What's the matter with you?"

Gent.—"I'm no just sae weel i' stomach as I'd like to be."

Dr.—"The stomach! I suppose you are a drunkard or a glutton then, sir?"

Gent.—"Na, na, Dr. Gregory, ye canna say that; ye maun ken that I'm a sober man, and a temperate man, and a deacon, as my worthy father was afore me."

Dr.—"Well, let us see; what do you eat and drink? What have you for breakfast?"

Gent.—"I tak' coffee or tea wi' toast and a fresh egg or a bit o' salmon; though I have na much appetite for breakfast."

Dr.—"And then you take something by way of lunch, between breakfast and dinner?"

Gent.—"I canna say ower muckle about the lunch; but can tak' a bit o' bread an' cheese, and a glass o' ale if it be there; but canna say I care ower muckle about it."

Dr.—"Well, what do you eat for dinner?"

Gent.—"Oh! I'm no very particular, though I maun say I like my dinner."

Dr.—"I suppose you take soup first?"

Gent.—"Yes, I can say I like my soup."

Dr.—"And a glass of porter or brandy-and-water with it?"

Gent.—"Yes, I like a glass of something wi' the soup."

Dr.—"And then you have fish, or beef and mutton, with vegetables?"

Gent.—"Yes."

Dr.—"And a glass of ale or porter?"

Gent.—"Yes, I tak' a glass o' ale now an' then wi' my meat."

Dr.—"And then you have fowl and bacon, or something of that sort, I suppose?"

Gent.—"I maun say I like a bit o' fowl an' bacon now an' then."

Dr.—"And a glass of something with them?"

Gent.—"Yes."

Dr.—"And after the fowl you have pudding?"

Gent.—"I'm no fond o' the pudding, but I can tak' a bit, if it be there."

Dr.—"And you must drink wine with the pudding?"

Gent.—"A canna tak' ower muckle o' the wine, but if I hae a friend wi' me, I tak' a glass or sae."

Dr.—"And then you have cheese or nuts?"

Gent.—"Yes, the wife is fond o' them; but I canna say I care muckle about them."

Dr.—"But you take a glass of wine or two with your nuts?"

Gent.—"Yes, a glass or two."

Dr.—"Well, you do not finish your dinner without whisky-punch?"

Gent.—"I find my dinner sits better on my stomach with a little punch; I tak' a glass or sae."

Dr.—"And you have tea, I suppose?"

Gent.—"Yes, I maun tak' my tea wi' the gudewife."

Dr.—"And a bit o' something with it?"

Gent.—"Yes, I can tak' a bit o' something if it be there."

Dr.—"But you do not go to bed without supper?"

Gent.—"Na, na, Doctor, I canna say I gang to bed without my wee bit o' supper."

Dr.—"And what do you eat for supper?"

Gent.—"Oh, a bit o' onny thing. I'm no very nice: a bit o' salmon, or boiled tongue, or cold fowl."

Dr.—"And a glass of something?"

Gent.—"Yes."

Dr.—"And can you go to bed without a 'night-cap' of hot punch?"

Gent.—"I maun say I sleep the better for a glass of hot punch, though I canna say I'm ower fond o' the habit."

Dr.—"Well, sir, you are a fine fellow! you *are* indeed a fine fellow! You come to me with a lie in your mouth, and tell me you are a sober man, and a temperate man, and a deacon, as your worthy father was before you; and you make yourself out, by your own statement, to be a *glutton*, and a WINE-BIBBER, and a whisky-tippler, and a beer-swiller, and also a drinker of that most abominable of all compositions, called PUNCH. Go home, sir, and reform yourself, and become temperate in your eating and drinking, and you will have no need of my advice."

THE LITERARY MAN'S REQUEST.

ONE of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance, "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of it to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirit when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop of it to a child."—*Rev. Dr. Edwards.*

THE DRUNKARD REFORMED.

IN a town in Wisconsin, in 1840, you might have seen opposite a grog-shop a drivelling, idiotic drunkard, seated on a box, with a slouched hat right over his eyes, with a fiddle in his hand, trying to scrape out such music as should please the inebriates around him, they, in turn, attempting to shuffle, and to dance, and paying the miserable music-maker his wages in *raw rum*. See how he chuckles as the glass is presented to him; see his palsied hands bringing it tremblingly to his blistered lips; see him wipe his frothy mouth with the back of his hand, and then with his palm. Remember, this was the man, and this his occupation in 1840. That man signed the pledge. In three years he was in Congress, and, by his eloquence and pathos, electrified that Congress, of which he was head. In 1848 that same man was carried triumphantly into the gubernatorial chair of his State. The man of 1840 possessed the same mind, the same genius as the man of 1848. But drink had enslaved and degraded him. It remained for *total abstinence* instrumentally to raise him to honour, intelligence, and happiness. Such, by God's blessing, are the results of our toil."—*J. B. Gough.*

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THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"WHAT a beautiful pair of cut-glass decanters, and a dozen wine-glasses to match! How very kind of Cousin Mary to give us such a pretty and useful present, William!" said Harriet Trimly to her husband, as they took possession of their neat little house in Camden Town, a fortnight after their marriage.

"Yes, indeed," she added, putting the sparkling crystal on the table, "they are very good and pretty."

"Not very useful, though, to us," said Mr. Trimly.

"Why, I don't see that," replied the young wife. "We certainly are not in circumstances to drink wine generally; but when we have our friends to see us we must, of course, do as others do, and put something on the table for them to drink health and prosperity to us in; and these decanters and glasses will look *so* neat. So I call them useful."

"It's a foolish custom, Harriet."

"Ah, well, may be so, but it *is* a custom, and we can't be different to others. Every one, with any pretence to gentility, brings out a little wine, and *we* must do so too, my dear."

William was not convinced, but he yielded; for a young husband would scarcely dispute the wishes of his bride about household management, at the very beginning of married life. They both knew that very great economy would be needed in order to live respectably and honestly. Mr. Trimly was a clerk in a commercial house in the City, with but a small salary. His wife was an orphan who had inherited a small legacy by the death of a widowed mother—that little sum had furnished their pretty house, and given them a clear start in the world.

William was one of a large family, the father and sons of which were all engaged in public offices or commercial pursuits; and though none had a large income, yet while they lived altogether, a very good house and table, and a large circle of acquaintances had been kept up. Neither William nor Harriet were quite aware that they must begin in rather a different way of life to that in which they had moved, and that a more rigorous economy would be required of them.

The skilled workmen of England, realizing, many of them, their two, three, or four pounds a week, are, if they did but know it, far better off than many young professional men, and those engaged in commercial houses. The working man has not the appearance to keep up, nor the expenses to provide for; and with a moderate economy he may live in comfort, bring up a family respectably, and lay by something for sickness or old age.

The hardest task of household ingenuity is to make a small income provide both the comforts and the gentilities of life. Mr. and Mrs. Trimly were no sooner settled in their new home than they resolved to invite their friends, and a large and pleasant

tea-party they might have had at moderate expense, but the bride remembered what young Mrs. So-and-so had at her party, and so, of course, the wine-decanter and glasses must come forth. That first party was the key-note to the tune the young people had to play. The wine was praised and drunk, and then some of the elders complained that wine did not "altogether agree with them." Spirits and hot water were fetched, and there was brewing of punch, and mixing of toddy, and making of hot negus, until eyes that had looked bright began to be misty, and voices sounded thick and loud, and Harriet's smart party separated, some foolish, some cross, all very well disposed next day to say, with a sneer, "Young Trimly and his wife came out pretty strong,—hope they may be able to keep it up."

Then, of course, there were invitations in return, and a round of visits, which had not half been paid, when William's scruples about drinking all vanished, and he was as ready as his wife to say, "We must do as others do."

Let us look at this young couple two years after their first party. It is long past midnight; there is the sound of wheels in the quiet street; a cab stops at the door, and the bell is pulled violently. As soon as the street-door opens, the cab-driver helps out a young man, who cannot stand, and with the aid of the young woman at the door, he is pulled through the passage into the parlour, and laid on the sofa. "My fare is five shillings, ma'am!" says the cabman. The pockets of the helpless drunkard are turned out; there is eighteen-pence found. The young woman searches her own pocket, counts up some six-pences and coppers, routs out her workbox and writing-desk; she is still a shilling short; and the cabman, by no means sober, begins to abuse her; in a fright, to stop his clamour, she gives him a little silver pencil-case, instead of a shilling, and hastens to shut out one torment. She has no sooner done this than a voice from the staircase calls to her, "Mrs. Trimly, I give you notice; I cannot live in these lodgings of yours with all this disturbance."

"Very well," says the poor baited woman, retreating to the parlour, where her husband is shouting her name; and her child, just woke from its sleep, is shrieking with fright. To catch up her poor infant in her arms, to sit down by the side of

her husband, and strive to quiet him, to check her own strong impulse of distress, and try to speak calmly while her heart is breaking, is a part, and only a part, of the miserable work of that and many similar nights.

Yes, that coarse man, sprawling and cursing on the sofa—that pale woman, trembling and coaxing in a half-stifed voice—are William and Harriet. The little parlour, once so neat, has become worn and shabby. They have had to take lodgers to eke out their means, and so they are crowded into the two little rooms, opening into each other, once so smart as a sitting-room. It is winter, and only a few cinders moulder in the grate. Harriet's gown is torn, her feet in thin, old satin slippers; she looks with despair at the mud that covers her husband's clothes. It is his only suit. How is it to be got ready for him to wear with any decency at his employment?

Reader, this is no uncommon history. You see men reeling in the streets; have you ever thought of the *homes* they make, of the wives who, with aching hearts, await their return? Have you ever thought of the strife, the words, the blows that dreary night brings to some poor drudge, who, but for her babes, would be thankful to lie down and die?

The wine, and the spirits, and the ale, and the company, have each and all had their part in ruining the young couple. Darker grows their path. One morning, after such a night as that described, a note comes to tell him he is dismissed from his employment. Then poverty in all its rigour sets in. Where are the troops of friends who drank the health of the young couple at their house-warming? They are gone. They have proved as hollow and as brittle as the bright cut-glass decanters.

STEADY.

“WHISKY steady,” is a quotation we read in the market reports. It may be steady while it remains in barrels, but it is very unsteady when it gets into men's stomachs.

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TESTIMONY OF FURNACE-MEN.

DR. CARPENTER states that, when visiting Messrs. Boulton and Watt's celebrated factory at the Soho, Birmingham, some years since, he was much struck by the herculean aspect of a particular workman, who was engaged in forging the steel dies (used in coining) into the massive blocks of iron in which they are embedded. This, he was informed, was the most laborious occupation in the whole factory, requiring a most powerful arm to wield the heavy hammer, whose blows were necessary to ensure the union of the two metals; and involving also constant exposure to a very high temperature. The day was sultry and

oppressive; and the additional heat of the forge was, to his own feelings, almost unbearable. But he stood awhile watching this gigantic labourer, the girth of whose chest seemed twice that of any ordinary man, whilst, naked to the waist, and with the perspiration streaming down his head and body, he dealt the rapid and skilful blows of his ponderous hammer upon the heated mass. At the first pause he asked him (from mere curiosity, for teetotalism was then scarcely talked of) what liquor he drank; and he replied by pointing to a whole row of *ginger-beer* bottles behind him, the contents of one of which he imbibed every ten or fifteen minutes. He stated, upon further questioning, that he found it quite impossible to drink alcoholic liquors whilst at his work, their effect being to diminish his strength to such a degree as to render him unfit for it.

Some years ago Dr. Beddoes, an eminent physician, went into the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth, where the men employed in forging ship anchors were exposed to great alternations of heat and cold, subject to the greatest muscular exertion, and in a constant state of perspiration and excitement, and who, under the prevalent delusion that strong drink was absolutely necessary, were allowed a free use of it. He selected a dozen of these anchor-smiths, and proposed that six of them should drink only *water* for one week, and the others take the usual allowance of beer. After some time the men were induced to try the experiment. On the first day the two sets of men were very much alike; the second day the water-drinkers complained less of fatigue than the others; the third day the advantage was obviously in favour of the teetotalers; the fourth and fifth days it became still more so; and on the Saturday night the water-drinkers declared that they never felt so fresh in their lives as they had felt during that week.

Mr. Jesse says,—“The hardest work which falls to the lot of man is that done at the iron-foundries; and yet, so well do the labourers in this department know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, that their sole beverage during all the hours of this hot and heavy labour is water.”

John Perry says,—“I have followed the laborious trade of a blacksmith for thirty-six years, during which time I have

laboured in Portugal, Spain, Turkey, Holland, Greece, and Italy, and in some of the large cities and towns in my own land. During twenty-four years of this time I drank of nearly all sorts of intoxicating drinks for the purpose, as I believed, of assisting me in my labours. But twelve years ago I abstained entirely from it; and I have found, to my satisfaction, comfort, happiness, and profit, that I can work at the fire, vice, or lathe, better without these drinks than I could with them. There are several more in the same shop, some of them nearly always at the fire, that can add their testimony to the same fact."—*National Temperance Chronicle*, 13th June, 1853.

TESTIMONY OF GLASS-BLOWERS.

DR. CHEYNE, of Dublin, says,—“I had once the opportunity of inquiring into the habits of the workmen of a large glass factory; they generally wrought for twenty-four or thirty-six hours at a time, according as the furnace continued in a proper state, and I found, during this time, which was technically called a ‘journey,’ that to supply the waste caused by perspiration, they drank a large quantity of water, in the quality of which they were very curious: it was the purest and softest water in the district, and was brought from a distance of three miles. There were three men out of more than one hundred, who drank nothing but water; the rest drank porter or ardent spirits. The three water-drinkers appeared to be about their proper age, while the rest, with scarcely an exception, seemed ten or twelve years older than they proved to be.”

At a public-meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, January, 1850, and addressed by working men, Mr. M'Lachlin, glass-blower, stated that he had now been a pledged teetotaler six years. The business he belonged to was a very hot one, and of course the throwing off of perspiration engendered thirst; but he worked harder, and for more hours now than ever he had done. He did not wish to make a boast of the matter, but he would state the fact, that since he had been a teetotaler he had worked sixty hours at a stretch, without once laying his side upon a bed.

At a public-meeting held at Newcastle, in 1847, and addressed by working men, Mark Littlefair, a bottle-maker, came forward amid much cheering. With respect to bottle-making, which was a very hot trade, he had seen many men who were in the habit of drinking at their work run away and leave it, when those who had not tasted remained until their work was finished. Many a time had he seen drinkers leave their work, when those who took water remained at their posts. All his family were remarkably healthy, in consequence of being teetotalers, and, during ten years, he had not paid above 2*l.* for doctors' bills. He was formerly in the habit of using a large quantity of tobacco, during which time he was sorely attacked with a bilious complaint, but about two years ago he left off using it, and had never been afflicted since.

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 inquired, "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."

FATHER TAYLOR'S WITTY REBUKE.

WHILE Edward T. Taylor, the Seamen's Friend, was delivering one of his temperance lectures, a well-known drunkard present, disliking some of his remarks, commenced hissing. Father Taylor turned the attention of the audience to him, and then said in his own peculiar way, as he pointed to him, "There's a red nose got into cold water. Don't you hear it hiss?"

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THE FIVE STEPS.

A MAN who had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung. Before his execution, upon the walls of his prison he drew a gallows, with *five steps* leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote, *Disobedience to Parents*. Solomon says, "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); that is, he shall perish by a violent death, he shall come to a miserable, wretched end.

On the second step he wrote, *Sabbath-breaking*. God, in His command, said, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Visit your prisons and jails, and you will find that nine-tenths of its inmates have begun their downward course by breaking this command.

On the third step he wrote, *Gambling and Drunkenness*. The late Dr. Nott, having been a close observer of human events, truly says, "The finished gambler has no heart. He would play at his brother's funeral, he would gamble upon his mother's coffin."

Several years ago, a youth was hung for killing his little brother. When on the gallows, the sheriff said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him gathering strawberries in the garden. I became angry with him without a cause, and I killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it till the next morning when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with his blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young men: Never, never, never, *touch anything that can intoxicate!* And never begin to smoke."

On the fourth step he wrote, *Murder*. God's command is, "Thou shalt not kill."

On the fifth step he wrote, *Fatal Platform*. It is impossible for us to form a correct idea of the thoughts that must rush through the mind of a man under such circumstances—the disgrace and ignominy attached to his name; the pains and agony of such a death; the want of sympathy in the community around him; the fearful forebodings of his guilty soul at the bar of God.

I was called, in the early part of my ministry, to write the confession of a murderer, and attend him on the gallows. His name was Moses Lyons. He, when drunk, murdered his wife. Being maddened by liquor, he seized her by the hair, and jammed her head on the hearth until she was dead. Two men who were passing by, hearing her shrieks, rushed in and caught him in this murderous, brutal act. I visited him in jail from time to time, with a view of leading him to Christ. In his confession, he said, "She is dead. I must have done it, but I know nothing about it." His mind was so stupefied by rum, that under the evil spirit he committed this brutal, this horrid deed. Alluding to his parents, he said, "The advice of my dear parents to serve God I did not listen to. Oh, had I done so, I should not have come to this shameful end! They have gone to their graves—peace be to them. Could I visit the spot where they lie buried, I would bathe their graves with my tears." After a long pause, he said, "I hope the world will not visit on my children the iniquity of their father. Parents, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; set them a good example; do not to them as I have done to mine. Children, obey your parents in the Lord; listen to their counsel and advice; look at me, and see my sad end through not walking as my parents directed me."

T. S.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

A NUMBER of young men were one day sitting round the fire in the waiting-room at the Normanton Station of the Midland Railway, talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. Macdonald, a minister of the Gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said—

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied—"Why, all I've got to say is, that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle (prison) in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."

AN ANCIENT TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

ON the blank leaf of an old English Bible, which has been transmitted from sire to son through many successive generations, and appears as the property of Robert Bolton, B.D., and preacher of God's Word at Broughton, Northamptonshire, is inscribed the following pledge :—

“ From this daye forwarde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge any healtie nor drink a whole carouse in a glass cup, bowle, or other drinking instrument, wheresoever it be, from whomsoever it come, except the necessity doe require it ; not to my own most gracious Kinge, nor any the greatest monarch or tyrant upon earth ; nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulde in the world, shall ever enforse me. Not angel from heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade, not Satan, with all his oulde subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one) I doe plainly find that I have more offended and dishonoured my glorious Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinne that I am subject untoe ; and for this very sinne it is my God hath often been strange untoe me, and for that cause and noe other respect have I thus vowed, and I heartily beg my Good Father in Heaven of His great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same, and be so favourable unto me for what is past. Amen.

“(Signed) R. BOLTON.

“Broughton, 10th April, 1637.”

“THE BLIND BEGGAR.”

AT a temperance meeting in Spicer Street, Smithfield, a person stood up and said, “ You know there is a public-house called ‘The Blind Beggar.’ Do you know the meaning of that sign ? I will tell you. They go in blind, and come out beggars.”

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“I HAVE DONE WITH TOBACCO.”

WHAT! after so long a servitude? Done with it, quite done, and you will never use it again? My friend, you have my warmest congratulations.

First, I congratulate your own person. You have done a capital thing for your personal cleanliness. No human being can be neat and tidy, and yet use tobacco. You can no more

bring the two things together than you can the Northern and the Southern Poles. You have, I rejoice to hear, desired your wife and youngsters to put your snuff and tobacco boxes in the fire, and sent your pipes and cigars after them. I give you joy in your deliverance.

And you are a more fragrant member of the human family. You must take it kindly, my friend, but it has been the fact that your nearness to your friends has not been the most agreeable, from this cause. The sweet and balmy atmosphere has been troubled by your presence, and many, in conversation with you, have snuffed something more than a "welcome fragrance."

But I must hasten to congratulate your wife. My good woman, your husband has made a noble triumph. Do but think of it; he says he has done with tobacco! Will not all this take at least one of those wrinkles from your brow? You had better have a jubilee on this deliverance. You must give your good man one of your sweetest smiles for his victory, and *keep up* the sweetness of such smiles.

There will be more fragrance and wholesomeness in your pew in the church than there has been. The house of prayer will have one section of it more purified than heretofore. That is a comfort.

Your purse, my dear friend, comes in for a share in this congratulation. You have stopped one very serious leak in it. It will now be more apt to become heavier, and be a greater pleasure to its owner. And perhaps the widow and the fatherless may get a crumb or two more of comfort for the stoppage of that waste-gate of your substance.

I congratulate the small fry of your family. If the father makes a funeral pile of the whole tobacco concern, the sons are less likely to give up themselves to the dominion of that undesirable narcotic. If you are a hearty reformer in this matter, you certainly will damp the aspirations of the lads for this form of human greatness. The little fellows, some of them at least, think that it is one of the most glorious testimonies and prerogatives and privileges of manhood, and that they are themselves pretty considerably advanced toward that exalted condition of humanity if they can but snuff, smoke, or chew "as my father does." So, my dear sir, you have made it less likely than it was

before your wise resolution, that the tobacco mania should have abettors from your fireside.

But I cannot add any more links now to the chain of my congratulations, but will hasten to my conclusion, which is a most hearty welcome to the ranks of that portion of the human family who have either never defiled themselves with tobacco, or, having done so, have had the good sense and conscience to make a clear escape from that kind of delinquency. I make you welcome also to all the quietness of mind, calmness of nerves, cleanliness of person, household purity, and feminine smiles which a thorough purgation from tobacco carries in its train. And I make you heartily welcome, with us, to as smashing a warfare as moral suasion will suffer us to carry on, against pipes, snuff, cigars, tobacco-boxes, and all the paraphernalia usually generated by indulgence in the Indian weed.

AN OLD FRIEND.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

As a striking and public avowal of Mr. Lincoln's abstinence principles and practice, it is related that while the presidential party were on one occasion dining at Erie, Pennsylvania, a certain "gentleman" offered the President some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln replied, "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I don't think it worth while to change my habits now."

A FOUNTAIN.

A GENTLEMAN, travelling in Vermont, one of the United States of America, found the following lines inscribed upon a board near a watering-place, where he stopped to water his horse:—

“Temperance fountain good as can be,
 Better far than rum or brandy;
 If this truth excites your fury,
 Let your *horse* be judge and jury.”

"BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE!"

We have received several interesting accounts of working men



who are striving, by their industry and frugality, to live "rent free," that is, they are building or buying their own homes.

A gentleman in Chesterfield has kindly favoured us with a sketch of the above pretty littlerow of houses erected by a hard-handed Derbyshire

miner. The "'tis buts" and money which "the Successful Collier" formerly spent in drink and tobacco, having been safely deposited in the savings-bank, have, in the course of years, accumulated to "a good round sum," sufficient to purchase the above houses and shop, which the owner has not inappropriately named "Providence Row." Working men! put your "'tis buts" into the savings-bank, and in the course of years you may buy your own homes!



THE OWNER OF "PROVIDENCE ROW."

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"I'LL DO IT"; OR, THE BROKEN JAR.

In the early days of the temperance movement, Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, issued some striking broadsheets, which he desired should be posted on the walls of thoroughfares, and,

when practicable, placed in the windows of shopkeepers, so that passers-by might read the letterpress.

A worthy tailor in Glasgow, whose shop was near to one of the crowded closes, said to himself, "I cannot help this good cause by public speaking, I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my window day by day, I will put one of Mr. Livesey's bills in one of the panes of my window. That pane shall be given up for bills, tracts, or other papers, with the hope that, by God's blessing, some passers-by may be induced to read, and to turn over a new leaf in life."

In the above-mentioned close lived a man who was noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jar in his hand on his way to the whisky-shop, where it was daily refilled. He had to pass the tailor's shop. His eye rested on the bill. He stopped and read it through, and then passed on to the whisky-shop. This occurred several mornings, and the tailor from his inner room was able to scan the man's face without being himself observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the paper increased, and by the twitching of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised by seeing the man with the brown jar again reading the bill, and then heard him say, "I'll do it; I will, I will;" at the same time raising the brown jar high over his head, he dashed it down on the flags into a thousand pieces, which drew the tailor to his shop-door.

It was the turning-point in the man's life. With the abandonment of the whisky, the man's mind was turned to better things. The tailor, who was a Christian man, took him kindly by the hand, prayed with him, and cheered him in his new course, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted character.

This striking incident will, it is hoped, lead many to say, "I will devote a pane in *my* window to some good cause." If such good resolution follows the perusal of these lines, we trust that, by God's blessing, not a few will, like the Scotchman, be arrested in their evil course.

Those who desire to do good in this simple but very effective way, will do well to order through any bookseller one of the *shilling* packets of THE ILLUSTRATED WALL-PAPERS, published by

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. Each packet contains twelve assorted wall-papers, suitable for shop windows. Nos. 1 to 96 of these effective broadsheets have already been issued in eight assorted packets.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

"A CITY missionary once came to me to be examined," said the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A. "I asked him how he came to be converted. He said, 'I was once a very wicked man; I drank away my wife's money, I drank away her clothes, I drank away my character, and I drank away my heart, until I was as hard as a stone, and when my wife was weeping I cared nothing for it.' I said, 'My friend, how did you get out of that evil way?' He said, 'I went out one Sunday morning, and I had not a coat to my back, I had not a clean shirt, and I had only a shilling in my pocket. I drank it right away, and came home rather tipsy, and as I came in at the door my little bit of a daughter—a mere baby—said, 'Father, you will never go to heaven—you never will!' " "What makes you say that?" "God's Word says a drunkard can never enter the kingdom of heaven." The man said, 'That is true.' He would not mind what his wife said, but he could not bear what that bit of a child told him. He said, 'I am without a coat, I cannot go to a place of worship; I cannot stay here, I must go and have something.' So in his dirty shirt he walked a long way across the Thames into the Borough, until he could hear anything like singing. At last he passed by a place of worship. As it did not seem very light, he went in and sat in the corner, and he said, 'That first sermon broke my heart, and brought me to Jesus; and now I have got such nice children, and such a nice wife, and they are so clean and good, and everything has gone on well since I gave up my great curse, drink, and found the Saviour. God has blessed me in every way.'"

THE TIPLER'S PRAYER.

MR. ELLIS, in his "History of Madagascar," tells us that the natives, in crossing the rivers, being often killed by crocodiles,

had converted that reptile into a river-god, and that, before plunging in, they pray to it in these words:—"Oh, Mr. Crocodile, I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly, and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me swim over this time, and don't bite me." Now he had often thought that brandy was the crocodile god of the moderation men, and that they ought to pray to it in the Madagascar style,—“Oh, Mr. Brandy, I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly, and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me drink you this time, and don't sting me.”

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

S. WARREN, Esq., Q.C., the well-known author of “The Diary of a Late Physician,” and other works, once addressing the grand jury of the Hull Easter Sessions, said, in his capacity as Recorder, “A dram-shop has always appeared to me, ever since I began to take an interest in criminal matters, and that is now many years ago, *as simply the half-way house to Norfolk Island or the hulks.* Two-thirds of the crime committed is committed by persons who intentionally, or unintentionally, have placed themselves beyond control by the liquor they have drunk.”

A CURE FOR GOUT.

AN alderman once called upon Dr. Francis, and said, “Doctor, I have unfortunately a very strong tendency to gout; what shall I do to arrest it?”

“Take a bucket of water and a ton of anthracite three times a week, my friend.”

“How?”

“*Drink* the former, and *carry* the latter up three pairs of stairs.” A good remedy for other complaints besides gout!

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INDIAN CHIEF AND ENGLISHMAN.

I HAVE heard many powerful speeches at missionary meetings;
I have read many touching appeals from talented writers;

but none of them have impressed me more in favour of Christian missions than the remonstrance I once heard from the lips of Maun-gwd-daus, one of the finest specimens of the Red Indian chiefs that I ever met with. Lifting his hand, he said solemnly, "Before your countrymen did come amongst our tribes, bringing FIRE WATERS, many of our Indians did live *one hundred years*, but now very few do live *sixty years*."

Does not England owe a heavy debt to the Indian tribes?

S.

THE MOTHER AND HER SON ON THE POWER OF GOOD ADVICE.

WENDELL Phillips relates the following:—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 seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's house, that you will never drink." And he said (for he told me the story), "I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North and the South Pole—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 up before me, and to-day at sixty my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that the sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half, "For," said he, "there came one yesterday into my counting-room, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, '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 there till I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never knew a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and have come to invite you to come and see me.'" How far the little candle threw its beams—that mother's words on the green hill-side of Vermont!

A SOLEMN LESSON.

CHARLES LAMB—who has not heard of “gentle Charles” ?—was much addicted to the wine-cup. Hear his solemn warning: heed it, ye who can:—

“The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of his mantling temptation.

“Oh! if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the neat, clear spring could slake my heat which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how gladly would I turn back to the element, the drink of my childhood and of childlike, holy heroism!”

AN AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN.

It is not thirty years ago since a young man was engaged in a printing-office in the neighbourhood of the Strand, in London, who, like Dr. Franklin, spent his leisure hours in improving his mind. Like Franklin, also, he was often laughed at for being a *water-drinker*, and not joining his comrades at the public-house. At length he emigrated to Australia. There, by his industry, temperance, and piety, he has risen, step by step, and now occupies, as an able and eloquent statesman, one of the

highest positions in the Colonial Senate-House! Some of our English readers will readily recognize, in the engraving below, the portrait of one who now has the word "Honourable" attached to his name. It is none other than the once industrious



AN AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN.

young printer! Working men and boys! spend your spare moments well. Redeem the time! Although you cannot all become senators, you may improve your minds, and thereby become better *citizens* in the world. "*Redeeming the time.*"

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**THE SHAVING PROCESS; OR, DR. GUTHRIE'S CURE
FOR WIFE-BEATERS.**

THERE are few men in the world whose opinions on matters affecting "reformation of manners," are entitled to such attention as those which fell from the lips or came from the pen of the late Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, the celebrated author of the successful "Plea for Ragged Schools."

Not long before his death the worthy Doctor wrote us a letter

in which he recommended the adoption of the "shaving process," as an efficient mode of punishment for those miscreants—the wife-beaters.

Dr. Guthrie urged his recommendation by the fact that the plan *had been tried* in the army and found successful. He said, "The colonel of a regiment was annoyed and distressed greatly at the prevalence of drunkenness among the men. Severe punishments were tried, but all in vain—all the *common* remedies were tried, but *all in vain*. It occurred to him to try the effect of *shame* and *ridicule*. He announced his intention, and ordered his plan. Next day an offender was caught. He was neither lashed nor ironed; simply committed to the hands of the regimental barber, who operated upon him forthwith; and when he appeared with his head as bald as a peeled turnip, he became such a laughing-stock to the officers, men, and band boys, that no man ventured thereafter to get drunk! It wrought like a charm. Thousands will stand corporal punishment, who can't stand ridicule."

We hope that when the next Act of Parliament for the protection of women is framed, the "shaving process" will not be overlooked. It will certainly be much more economical to the ratepayers than the present plan of "six months with hard labour."

A TELLING ARGUMENT.

At the second annual meeting of the York Temperance Society a labouring man came forward, and, after standing for some time, looking very blank, as though he was not accustomed to look so large an assembly in the face, and seeming as though he would not be able to speak a word, began his statement by saying, "Ah've been one o' t' greatest drunkards and wickedest sinners as ivver God let live." He then detailed the means which were rendered efficacious in his reformation, and went on to observe: "Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but let them come to mah house, and they'll see whether or not. Ah now ev as nice a cheer as ony man need wish to sit down on. (Laughter.) Ah've plenty o' meat in the house and plenty o' brass in the pocket, and ah've a good pig a' the sty (loud

laughter); an' what's best of all, they're all paid for, and not a man in Safford can come an' ax me for a farthing. (Applause.) Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but they sud come and ax mah wife, and she would tell them whether or not. (Loud laughter.) Ah used to be ah hated ommost to see her, and would ha' killed her if ah durst; she could get naught to put on; ah niver had ony comfort o' her. Noo there isn't a man in all Safford looes his wife better nor ah do (much laughter), nor has more comfort o' her. Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but they sud come and see mah children." (Loud laughter.) After describing the improvement in their condition, the poor man concluded with a recommendation to others to do as he had done.

REV. LEBBEUS ARMSTRONG AND HIS FATHER.

MR. ARMSTRONG, after reading the above pointed speech, says, "Considering the testimony calculated to make an impression, I immediately went into the room where my father was alone, and read it *to him*, and then observed, 'Father, this is a speech to the point indeed.' 'Indeed, it is,' was his reply, with tears rolling from his eyes. 'Well,' said I, 'this address of the laborious man will class well with an account, published some years ago, of a man who had long indulged in habits of intemperance, till his appetite forced him uniformly to awake and rise in the slumbering hours of the night to take a draught from his bottle, and then he would sleep comfortably till morning. After rising one night, as usual, and taking his bottle in his hand, instead of drinking, he set it down, and thus addressed it: "Must I for ever be a slave to you? And must you be my destroyer for ever? No! I'll put an end to this for ever." Thus saying, he instantly dashed his bottle to pieces, and ever after was a temperate man.'

"To this account the old gentleman listened with deep and solemn attention. I proceeded: 'Now, dear father, public notice was given yesterday that I would deliver a temperance address at the school-house, on East Line, on the 26th. How much strength and energy and effect would it add to that

address if I could be able to announce that my father has thus disposed of his jug of whisky?' 'Bring it here,' said the old man promptly, 'and I will do it.'

"My mother and wife were requested to take their seat in the room where the old gentleman sat. The half-gallon stone jug, nearly half full of the poisonous beverage, was next presented in presence of the family. 'Move those andirons apart,' said the old man, 'and set the jug between them.' It was done as he directed. Sitting in his chair, he took his large, heavy, self-made, hardwood cane by the smallest end with both hands, and, after looking earnestly and silently at the object before him during a few moments, as though he was deliberating on the consequences of the crisis, he thus addressed the jug: 'I'll be a slave to you no longer.' Thus saying, with his might he smote the jug with the head of his cane, which dashed it in pieces into the fire. As the contents flamed up the chimney, in lucid demonstration that the poisonous composition was made to burn and not to drink, he exclaimed: 'That is well done; I'll never drink another drop of spirituous liquor during my life!'

"That same hour he subscribed his name to the Family Temperance Pledge with his own trembling hand, dated February 16, 1833."

Mr. Armstrong said: "Will you give me leave, father, to make such use of this transaction as I deem proper for the promotion of the cause of temperance?" He replied with much earnestness and affection: "Lebbeus, I have only done my *duty*; make such use of it as you please."

A DOCTOR'S HONEST ANSWER.

"DOCTOR," said a temperance man, "if I had been sick, and was recovering, would you recommend me to take wine or spirits to nourish me, and assist me to get well?"

"No, not I; we only recommend it to those who *like* it, and who *think* it will do them good," was the reply.

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“WHAT IS IT, SIR, PLEASE?”

An interesting incident occurred a few years ago in front of one of the London gin-palaces. A cabman set down his fare in front of the house. The gentleman went inside for a glass of stimulants, and shortly reappeared with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he offered to the cabman. The cabman said,

"What is it, sir, please?" "A drop of whisky, cold," was the reply. The cabman looked at the glass, then at the gentleman, and, with a smile, said, "Throw it in the gutter, sir; it will do less harm there than down my throat. I thank you all the same, sir." The gentleman, standing in amazement, said, "Well, I never heard *that* from a cabman before." This cabman answers to the name of Mr. Burroughs, and may often be found on the stand near to the noted Foundling Hospital, in Guilford Street. It will be a bright day for the cabmen of London when *all* of them have the moral courage to imitate the good example of the above-named "brother of the whip."

Gentlemen who offer drinks to cabmen little know the results which often follow their mistaken acts of kindness. A very worthy and industrious Islington cabman was engaged some time ago to drive a generous-hearted gentleman of that parish to the Great Northern station for a very early morning train. The gentleman gave him a glass of gin. This taken on an empty stomach speedily produced mischief. The man managed to drive his fare in safety to King's Cross, but on returning to the stables he fell over the side of the box with a heavy blow to the ground, and when taken up the poor fellow was *dead*. The man had previously borne a good character for sobriety. Is it not true that the friends of temperance have not only to fight against the *drink*, but also against the *drinking customs* of society?

A CABMAN'S STORY.

JUST before the closing of the Lambeth Baths meetings, a well-dressed, jolly-looking man requested to be allowed to address the audience, as he said, to encourage the gentlemen of the Committee. The permission being given, his story was told in pretty nearly the following words:—"Mr. Chairman, four years ago last November I came into the Baths meeting, hungry, ragged, and miserable, without a copper. I remember very well just where I sat over there, and I listened to what was said from the platform, and after the speaking, almost in desperation, I went to the table and signed the pledge. I hadn't the penny to pay for my card; but some kind brother paid for it for me, and I am glad and thankful to say that if

hundreds present should sign this morning, and not have a penny for their card, I will thankfully pay for them every one. Through mercy I have been able to keep my pledge ever since. Very soon after signing I went to church for the first time in my life, and heard Mr. Murphy; and oh, he did give me a twisting! he seemed to know all about me. However, I have now found the Saviour, and that is better still than teetotalism; but if I had never been a teetotaler I don't think I should ever have gone to listen to the glorious Gospel. I get my living by cab-driving, and some time after I had become an abstainer, the proprietor for whom I was driving told me he should want me to drive on Sundays, but I told him I had quite enough to do with driving on *six* days, and I couldn't think of driving on the seventh. Well, he said if I didn't do what he wanted I might go, and so I left him; and as I had saved money as a teetotaler, I went and bought a cab of my own, and now I have a cab and two horses, and if I like I can stop in on Monday or Saturday, or both, or any day I like as well as Sunday. God is prospering me, and I am glad to say that once or twice every week I have an open-air meeting, at which I tell the working people of my neighbourhood of what temperance and God's blessing has done for me."—*From J. Groom, Hampstead.*

A MAINE LAW FACT.

DR. LEES, the temperance advocate, hearing that liquor could not be had in Maine, went to America almost solely to witness for himself the effects of Prohibitory Legislation.

He put up at an hotel in Portland, and asked, not the "bar-keeper," but the "clerk," for a glass of brandy, stating that he was an Englishman, and at the same time putting down a gold dollar, and saying, "Never mind the change; I understand it." The clerk assured him that he could not have any; and that evening Dr. Lees walked four miles in vain to procure a glass of liquor. At last he met a working man in the street, and addressed him thus: "My friend, I am a stranger in town. I have been walking about four hours to see if I cannot find anything to drink; can't you tell me where I can find something?" He replied, "No, I cannot; *and if I could I wouldn't.*"

HOW TO EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

THE late Rev. Thomas Collins was a model tract distributor, being instant in season and out of season. He often travelled in third-class railway-carriages in order to have a wider field for doing good. In his interesting memoir, recently published, we find that he thus describes some incidents of one of his journeys:—

“In the train I presented a New Testament to a soldier; he received it gladly, and I was pleased to see that he caught my meaning at once when I called it ‘*a sword*.’”

“A cooper got in at an early station, and, without apologizing, lighted a pipe.

“After a little introductory talk, I submitted for his consideration, whether the cost of that cloudy gratification would not send a child to school; and whether *that* would not be a *better* outlay, as it would confer a benefit that would *last for ever*? He said, ‘I never thought of that, but it is true; so out goes the pipe, and here’s for the child.’

“‘Do you mean that? Will you give up the practice?’”

“‘To be sure I will, and send the *young un* to school.’”

“‘I am glad so pleasantly to have put your pipe out. Will you oblige me by the gift of the cast-off thing?’”

“‘Certainly, sir; here it is.’ So with joy I brought the trophy home.”

DR. NOTT AND HIS FRIEND.

DR. NOTT, President of Union College, said, “I had a friend who had once been a wine-dealer, and having read the startling statements made public in relation to the brewing of wines, and the adulteration of other liquors generally, I inquired of that friend as to the verity of that statement. His reply was, ‘God forgive what has passed in my own cellar; but the statements made are true, and all true, I assure you.’”

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**OLD HUNTER'S HOME. AND HOW HE WAS
RECLAIMED.**

DID you ever see the inside of a drunkard's home? If you have, you know how old Hunter's looked; not that he was very old, but he was so drunken and dirty that the boys used to call him

“old.” When he was in liquor, he abused his poor wife and children shamefully.

He had one little girl, however, the youngest, that seemed to fare better at his hands than the others. To this child he was always kind. In his worst moments he appeared to know and spare Luly.

One day she crept into his lap, and, looking up into his face, said, “Father, I love you.” “Father, I love you,” she repeated, “I love you.”

“Do you, Luly?” said her father, in a subdued tone. Conscience was already at work.

“I want you to be a good man, because I love you. You *will* be a good man, won’t you, father? God wants you to be a good man,” continued the child.

Tears rushed to the poor father’s eyes, and he hugged his little girl to his bosom; then set her down, and hurried out of the house. He had a job that day, and went back to his work. Yet he saw and heard nothing for the rest of the day but Luly and her pleading words. *He* loved: he who had forfeited all right to be loved! *He* be a good man! He wished he could. He did not know that, when other means had failed to bring him back, God had mercifully sent his little girl to lead him.

Old Hunter was now pricked in his conscience, for there was a little conscience left yet, and it kept pricking, until at length he went to the Secretary of the Temperance Society.

“Sir,” said he, “I want to sign the pledge, and turn over a new leaf.”

“God be praised,” said the temperance man: “it’s the best news I have heard about you for a long while: but remember that taking the pledge is *not enough*. It is, thank God, with you a step in the right direction. Give your heart to the Lord Jesus, and *that* will make all things even, and you will be on sure ground.”

To make a long story short, old Mr. Hunter is not only a reformed man, sober and industrious, but, what is far better, he is an earnest and humble Christian man. He is *Mr.* Hunter now, and he may be seen in God’s house with his children every Lord’s-day.

A RUINED SON.

A RUM-SELLER in Grafton, in the United States, had a son, a bright, promising boy, whom he regarded with pride and affection. For a long time the father kept his son away from the bar. But at length, in the pressure of business, paternal love and prudence gave way to avarice, and the son was installed as bar-tender. The method of installation was remarkable, and speaks volumes. The father took the son behind the bar, and, pointing to the long row of bottles, said, "Do you see those bottles?"—"Yes," said the son. "Well," said the father, "there's *poison* in every one! *There's poison in every one!* *Don't you ever drink a drop—not a drop!*"

But the influence of the bar proved too strong for the father's counsel. The son drank, and went down, through descending steps of sin and shame, till he died a miserable drunkard.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL!

THE late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his sideboard was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins, "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you?"

"No, bishop, I can't do that. Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips."

AN EAGLE STORY.

SOME time ago an eagle was seen on the shores of one of our western rivers, wheeling round in graceful circles, then suddenly darting down to the ground, and as suddenly ascending; but now bearing in its talons the long body of a large snake.

Resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, the serpent endeavoured to impede the flying of the bird; and, by struggling, succeeded in getting its body over the back of the eagle.

The feathered pirate now became aware of his danger. His wings were his only means of safety. If these became bound he must perish with his enemy. All his efforts, however, could not dislodge the snake. The wily serpent, anaconda-like, drew itself more and more tightly round him. It now had the advantage of the contest. The wings of the eagle were pinioned. The snake, coiled like a rope around the body of his adversary, was enabled completely to fetter its wing and stop its flight. The struggle ceased. The eagle was conquered! They began to fall, bound together. They came down as rapidly as they had ascended, and fell into the river, both dead.

What a striking illustration of the struggle between the victim of intemperance and the appetite! Intoxicating drink, serpent-like, displays a variety of beautiful colours. It appears extremely fascinating; but when indulged in its effects are fatal. It ensnares, it fetters, it destroys. Not only does it prevent a man from soaring towards heaven, but it binds and weakens him, and brings him to the grave.—*Banner*.

A WORD FOR PRINTERS.

THE question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers is thus answered: Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomachs, and where twenty men have stomachs, only one has brains.

THE PROPHET'S WOE.

THE prophet Habakkuk says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken." Would a licence from the government have made the act holy in the ages of the prophet?

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WASHERWOMAN AND LADY.

A LADY, some time ago, in her daily pursuit of objects on whom to bestow comforts and blessings derived from the resources of a large fortune and benevolent heart, found on a miserable pallet, in a miserable dwelling, a wretched female in great bodily

agony, and, as it turned out, a few hours only from dissolution. She learned with grief that this poor woman was a victim of intemperance, and that a course of drunken habits was dragging her into a premature grave. After a few solemn words to the dying creature, the lady was surprised that she turned round and feebly said, "Madam, do you not know me?" So altered, however, were the sunken and emaciated features that it was some time before she recognized the changed countenance of one who had formerly been her laundry servant. Much moved at the sight, the lady exclaimed, "Ah! is it you, in such a place, in such distress, and, oh! in such perilous circumstances as regards your immortal soul?" "It is," replied the dying woman with firmness and composure; "here I am, and it is you who have brought me to this." If a beam out of the wall had spoken the sentence, Mrs. — could not have been more confounded. "Oh, madam!" continued the departing sinner, "dinna you mind how often I refused, how unwilling I was to taste—I mean the whisky at the washing—oh! and how you pressed me till't, and gart me do't. Oh! dinna ye min' that? And how sair I pled wi' you, that you wud na gar me do't?"

PROFESSOR GOODRICH ON THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE.

I do firmly believe that nothing but this measure, practically adopted by the friends of temperance, can save our country from a widespread deluge of calamity and crime. I therefore hold it to be the duty of every man openly to avow this principle, as well as to act upon it, not, on the one hand, because I consider it to be sinful in itself to take a drop of alcohol into the system; nor, on the other, because I regard it as a mere matter of expediency, in the low sense of that term, as often used to denote convenience. It is, in my view, matter of the highest moral obligation for every man to live, not for himself alone, but for the benefit of those around him; and when there is a great, an enormous evil, which threatens ruin to the community, which can be put down by entire abstinence from a

popular indulgence—which can never be put down without such abstinence—I feel it to be a question of conscience, to be the imperative dictate of duty, to abstain as a beverage even from pure wine and cider in such circumstances, much more from those filthy and noisome mixtures sold in this country under the names of wine and beer.

You see I rest my principles upon the existing state of things, not on any abstract questions which have sometimes been discussed. The case was totally different, as I believe, in the time of Christ, before the art of distillation had concentrated the evils resulting from the abuse of the fruit of the vine into that dreadful instrument of ruin which now exists. You see, too, that my principle sets aside the question of the use of wine at the sacrament, for the evil (if there is any at all) from so rare and slight a use of the substance in question is so unimportant as not to require any such guards as those we are bound to set up when it is made a common beverage.

I should rejoice to see all the friends of total abstinence unite on this ground—the high ground of imperative duty, resulting from the present circumstances of the human race. Leaving every other question as of secondary importance, let them press this duty on the hearts and on the consciences of men in the spirit of Christian fidelity and love. If the cause is unpopular, I am willing to bear the reproach whenever and wherever it may fall upon me.

FATHER MATHEW AND THE RUM-TRADERS.

FATHER MATHEW frequently used the following illustration: A very fat old duck went out early one morning in pursuit of worms, and, after being out all day, she succeeded in filling her crop full of worms; she had the misfortune to be met by a fox, who at once proposed to take her life to satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed, argued, implored, remonstrated. She said to the fox, "You cannot be so wicked and hard-hearted as to take the life of a harmless duck, merely to satisfy the cravings of hunger?" She exhorted him against the commission of so great a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul

with innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer he said, "Out upon you, madam, with all your fine feathers; you are a pretty thing to lecture me for taking life to satisfy my hunger. Is not your own crop full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day than I do in a month." This was Father Mathew's reply to the makers and vendors of liquor when they charged him with spoiling their trade, and taking the bread from the lips of their children.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

On a certain Sabbath evening, many years ago, a reckless ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humour with himself and all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town-hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went, he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he has kept the pledge. The poor boot-crimper who tapped Gough on the shoulder, good Joel Stratten, has lately gone to heaven, but the man he saved is to-day the foremost reformer on the face of the globe—John B. Gough.—*J. B. Wakeley, D.D.*

NOT A DROP.

WHEN General Bern was dying, his physician urged him to take a little wine. "Not a drop," said the old man; "there are things enough in the world to send the blood to the head without strong drink."

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HOW FIRES OFTEN ARISE.

SOME years ago I was looking over a very large and interesting manufactory in the metropolis, the proprietors of which had credit for being very kind and liberal to their numerous hands, when I observed a large card in a prominent place on the walls, with these words :—

CAUTION.

ANY WORKMAN SMOKING ON THESE PREMISES
WILL BE INSTANTLY DISMISSED.

Rather severe, thought I, *instant dismissal* for a single puff!

A few days afterwards I took up *The Times*, and there read an account of the burning down of Messrs. Harper's printing establishment, of New York, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world.

A plumber, who was doing some repairs in the bookbinding-room, was left there during the dinner-hour. Like too many working men, he carried a short pipe in his pocket, and being unwilling to give up his accustomed smoke after his meal, he lighted a match. Having applied the match to the tobacco, he threw the still burning match into what he thought was a pot of water. Alas! it was *camphine*.

As quick as lightning, the room was in flames. The man had hard work to escape with his life. The hands being away at dinner, it was some minutes before help could be had. The alarm was sounded, the engines came rattling down the street, but it was *too late*. The place being filled with paper and other combustible materials, the flames spread from room to room, and from floor to floor, and from building to building, until five immense blocks were burned down, causing a loss of about 200,000*l.*, and throwing upwards of *two thousand hands out of work!*

Never since have I regarded "instant dismissal" as tyrannical.—*A Traveller.*

BILLY MEHIGGIN.

OLD BILLY MEHIGGIN was an Irishman, and *that* was no fault of his; but he was a *drunken* Irishman, and *that* was his fault. With the money he got for sawing wood he bought whisky, and he drank, and his wife, Bridget Mehiggin, drank, and a dulcet chorus it was that came from their cabin down by the lake.

But Billy joined the temperance society, and took the pledge,

placing his name with his hard, horny hand where he ought to place it, when he took the obligation.

Not long after, Billy went one cold day to saw some wood for a whisky-shopkeeper in town; for, alas! there was one.

"Billy," said the tavern-keeper, "aren't you cold inside?"

"Sure I am," said Billy.

"Thin drink they leave you, don't they, them temperance folks?" said the landlord.

"'Tain't very thick; ye're right," said Billy.

"Now, Billy," said the whisky-dealer, with a twinkle in his eye, "wouldn't you like a drop of *something warm*? It shan't cost you anything."

Billy wiped his mouth with his hand—the hand that had figured in the taking his obligation—and, slowly said,—

"Won't ye tell?"

"No, no," said the tavern-keeper, rubbing his hands, and smiling through his eyes. "What shall it be, Billy?"

"COWLD WATHER," said Billy, with a sneer.

A GOOD WIFE.

MR. GOUGH, at a late Temperance Convention in Boston, in his speech alluded feelingly to his silver wedding, which had been celebrated the previous week, and at which presents had come to him and his wife from all parts of the land; and he said on that day twenty-five years ago he had taken Mary from her father's house in a hack to be married. Then they had no gifts, except one little bouquet of flowers, which a little girl gave to his bride. She had no wedding dresses, and had no attendants, and neither had he. After being married, they went to Boston, and not a soul welcomed them in that city except Deacon Grant. God bless his memory! He told him at the station to look after the baggage, and he would take charge of his wife; and, on coming out of the depôt, he met the deacon, who slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "John, she'll do."—"And," added Mr. Gough with emphasis, "she did! To the temperance cause, and to that wife, I owe, under God, all I have and all I am; and never can my allegiance diminish to either."

ALEXANDER THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.

ALEXANDER was the conqueror of conquerors, and was finally conquered by an enemy who has gathered laurels everywhere and triumphed in every land.

He was in Babylon, and there was banquet after banquet, entertainment after entertainment. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second entertainment was proposed to him. They met accordingly, and there were twenty guests at the table. He drank to the health of every person in the company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held six bottles, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name, and afterwards pledged him again in the same enormous bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," says Seneca (describing the fatal effects of drunkenness), "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches; by the dangers of sieges and combats; by the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies, conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

Thus fell the mighty conqueror, conquered by wine.

THE RUM-SELLER REMEMBERED.

A RUM-SELLER once visited a victim of his murderous traffic on his death-bed, and inquired of him, "Do you know me?" "Yes," said the dying man with startling emphasis, "I do remember you, and I remember your shop, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next, and when I am dead and gone, my beggared wife and ruined children will remember you!" It must have been like a thunderbolt, like an earthquake shock, to the rumseller. But that is not all. The Avenger of blood will remember him: "When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble."

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A BARGAIN WITH THE PUMP.

A QUEER place to make a bargain, truly; but there's many a harder customer for a thirsty man to deal with than our honest friend the pump.

John Ashworth, in his tenth annual report of the "Chapel for

the Destitute," tells the following story of one of the flannel weavers there, who made a very good bargain with the old pump.

This man had saved a guinea for the express purpose of sinfully having what he called "a week's fuddle." He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days; on the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone. He went to the back door of the beer-shop where he had spent every farthing of his guinea to beg a pint on *trust*. The landlady was mopping the passage; he stood looking at her, with his cracked lips, parched tongue, and blood-shot eyes, expecting her to ask him to take just a drop; but she did not, and he requested her to *trust* him for only one pint. With an indignant look she replied,—

"Trust thee! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in thy face."

The poor man hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against the pump; and, after a little study, began to talk to it. "Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee; wilt *thou* trust me a drop?" He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank; this done, he again said to the pump,—

"Thank thee, Pump: and now hear me, Pump. By God's help I will not enter a public-house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face.

Are there not many other poor fellows who would do well to stop trading at the BAR, and try a bargain with the PUMP?

"HE CAN'T HELP IT."

A FEW evenings since, I was enjoying the conversation in a cheerful parlour, when my friend John L. exclaimed: "Poor George Conner! I fear there is little hope of his ever doing any better. He is going down hill as fast as he can, since he

has taken to drinking again; I pity his poor wife and family."

"Poor George!" replied a gentleman; "*he can't help it.* It was born in him: his father died a drunkard, and his grandfather before him. It is hereditary, like insanity, or any physical disease. I really think he can't help it. He has tried so many times to break it off, but has always failed in keeping his good resolutions."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. L.; "he has tried hard, if ever a poor fellow did. He has signed the temperance pledge several times, but has always been led away again by his inherent love of liquor. Each time he has signed the pledge and broken it, he seems to sink lower and lower, and now there seems no help for him—poor fellow!"

The aged grandmother sat in the corner by the open fire at her quiet knitting work, listening to what was said, when, dropping her work on her lap, she looked up at us, and in her feeble voice came out the strong question, "*Don't you believe in the grace of God?* You talk as if George Conner could not find a Saviour, even if he should seek for Him."

"No, no, grandmother," said Mr. L.; "I don't mean that; but really George inherits that propensity. He has tried and tried again to break off drinking, and he cannot do it."

"Cannot do it!" said the grandmother. "Don't say so, John. He has all the more need of the grace of God to help him, as he can do nothing of himself. He has never tried in the right way—he has trusted in his own strength. There is *One who is mighty* to save—he must come to Him, or he is lost indeed."

"But, grandmother, is a person responsible for a disease he inherits from his parents?"

"Let me ask you a question in turn, John. Would not you or I be responsible if we allowed an hereditary disease to work in our system, and called no physician, and used no means to eradicate it? Even if this intemperance is an inherited disease, must he not go to the Great Physician, that he may be healed? There is One who can make him whole. His arm is not shortened that He cannot save; His grace and power are sufficient if he will trust in Him."

Alas! how do we try every way but God's way, and then

wonder that evil propensities are not eradicated. If we would but come to Jesus, without one plea except that we are great sinners, and He a great Saviour, trusting only in Him, our besetting sins would soon be subdued, and we should be more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

JUST A THIMBLEFUL.

DOCTOR GREGORY was an eminent physician of Scotland, one who set a good example to his patients; for he had long abstained from the use of all fermented liquors. That gentleman was sent for to visit a lady who was often visited by singular paroxysms of the nerves. The doctor inquired if she was accustomed to take anything at such times. She replied, "Nothing." "What, nothing at all?" "Why, sometimes I do just take a thimbleful of brandy." The doctor immediately took up his hat and stick, and said, "Madam, good morning. Give up your brandy, and you will be well in six weeks; keep to your brandy, and you will be in your grave in six months."

FIRM AS GRANITE.

A WASHINGTONIAN was under the physician's hands. His case was a dangerous one; at times apparently a desperate one. After various other means had been tried in vain, he was told it would be necessary to use brandy.

"No, sir," said he, "I have taken brandy enough. I have done with that; I have signed the pledge. I will take no more brandy." "But, my friend," urged the doctor, "everything else has failed, and I expect a turn in your case; should that take place, you are a dead man." "Well, then," was the calm reply, "if it be so, I'll meet my God sober. I'll take no more brandy." He persevered, he recovered, and is now a well and sober man.

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A NEW CURE.

A FEW years ago there was a young man in one of the Government offices, whose conduct had unhappily become so irregular through his drinking habits, that he was really incompetent for the position he held. One morning two envelopes were laid on his desk—one containing the temperance pledge, the other his

dismissal—with a request that he would sign the one or accept the other.

The decision was of vital importance to him, and he had the courage to decide like a man, and retained his position.

“You would be astonished at the change,” said his superior to a friend, some months afterwards. “Before he gave up the drink his face was all broken out with what he always declared was erysipelas, but *now* his skin is smooth and clear, and you’d scarcely know him to be the same person.”

THE RAPIDS.

I REMEMBER riding from Buffalo to 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! beware! The rapids are below you." Now you see the water foaming all round. 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. 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."—*John B. Gough.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND HIS FRIEND.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, after a victory, invited a number, and among others his friend Clitus, to a banquet. Wine was drunk very freely, and after the king had been drinking immoderately, he praised himself and his wonderful exploits, while at the same time he undervalued others and detracted from their glory. This disgusted many who were present, and among others his friend Clitus, who once saved the life of the king by risking his own. Clitus, being under the influence of wine, animadverted on the conduct of the king, and vindicated the character of some whom he had detracted. This so exasperated the king that he seized his javelin and struck him with it, and laid him dead at his feet. Instantly the king was horror-struck at the idea that he had murdered his friend, who once saved his life. He fell on the dead body of his murdered friend, seized the javelin, and would have plunged it into his own bosom had not his attendants prevented. He passed that night and the next in tears, sighs, and groans. For a time he was stretched speechless on the ground, only venting deep sighs. Such was his excessive grief that he tried to starve himself to death. Miserable man, the picture of despair! No wonder Rollin inquires, "What can be meaner or more unworthy of a king than drinking to excess? What can be more fatal or bloody than the transports of anger?" Alexander, who had conquered so many nations, was conquered by these two vices, which throw a shadow over his kindest actions. "The reason of this is," says Seneca, "he endeavoured more to conquer others than to subdue himself,

not knowing that to triumph over our passions is of all conquests the most glorious."

HISTORY OF A DRINKING CLUB.

SOME years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in its municipal affairs; several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were often to be found in the club at all hours of night or day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public-house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.

THOMAS CLARKSON'S TESTIMONY.

THE philanthropic Thomas Clarkson, in a letter dated 25th Sept., 1841, wrote, "Here I am bound to say, that though an abstinence from fermented liquors, on the plan of the society, be not a teacher of moral duties, yet it has been found to be a great auxiliary to the promotion of Christianity, and to the conversion of sinners; for it is a fact, that where drunkards have been brought into sober habits by this institution, many thousands of men have gone to different places of worship which they never frequented before. Thus teetotalism, though it be not a teacher of the doctrines of Christianity, is constantly putting its converts into a situation to hear and know them, and to reap the spiritual advantages which such instructors may afford. Thousands are thus reformed, whom it is found that Christianity had never touched."

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MUSIC IN THE DINNER-HOUR.

On visiting a London manufactory we were agreeably surprised by the sweet sounds of music which proceeded from one of the work-rooms. On inquiry we found that several of the temperance hands usually spent a portion of their *dinner-hour* in practising various airs on the flute. This excellent plan is

worthy of extensive adoption. Who can listen to the delightful air of such a tune as "Home, sweet Home," without feeling refreshed for the further toils of the day? T. B. S.

"I SANG THE PLEDGE."

A BOY asked his father, who was in the habit of using wine, if he might go to one of the Band of Hope meetings.

"Yes, my boy" he said; "but you must *not* sign the pledge."

He went, and they sang the tune, "Cheer up, my lively lads," repeating the chorus over and over again, as follows:—

"Cheer up, my lively lads,
In spite of rum and cider;
Cheer up, my lively lads,
We've signed the pledge together."

As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true: "We've 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," said 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 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, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've *sung* it; and I'm never going to touch another drop as long as I live."

The lad's decision was the means of his father signing the pledge, and becoming one of the active workers in the cause of temperance. Sing, boys, sing!

THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS AND THE LIQUOR-MERCHANT.

THE Rev. Peter Jones was a converted Indian. He was a chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians. He was a gifted minister,

and both in Europe and America his ministry produced profound impressions. He preached for me when I was stationed in New York. We made temperance speeches at the Metropolitan Hall, and were admitted into the Temple of Honour at the same time. He was full of native eloquence and wit. He would dwell on the Indian's love for *fire-waters*; how they would part with their blankets, and everything else, for whisky. One Indian wished he had a throat a mile long, that he might taste it a great way. But when the Indians received the Word of God, they gave up the fire-waters. The traders and storekeepers did not like this. They tried to oppose the missionaries, and persuade the Indians to return to drink, but they did not succeed. One day four Christian Indians went to the store, and, as usual, the merchant asked them to drink; but they were Christians now, and did not drink rum. "Oh!" said he, "I am a Christian too, like yourselves, and I just take a little to do me good." Still, the Indians would not yield. The storekeeper was much surprised at this, and concluded at last that the reason why they would not drink was because some other white men were in the bar-room, who might perhaps inform the missionary if they drank. The Indians had to return home at night through a *bush*; the storekeeper determined to go before them and place a small cask of whisky in the footpath, and watch beside it, in concealment, to see the result—perfectly certain that if they had an opportunity of getting drunk without being seen—not to speak of the saving of expense—their Christianity would be no barrier in the way. All this was accordingly done. In travelling through the woods in the dark Indians always go one behind another, at a short distance. In this manner they drew near to the cask. When the first came up to it, he called to his companions, "Ho! I think the devil is here," and then passed on. The second came up, and replied, "Oh, yes! for I smell him," and passed on. The third gave it a push with his foot, and said, "I feel him," and passed on. The fourth gave it a push, which sent it tumbling down the hillside, and called out, "Yes, he is here, for I hear him." Thus they all passed on, to the great mortification of the storekeeper, and reached home victorious. B.

"IT'S GOOD FOR TRADE."

THE remark is often heard, "Oh, it's good for trade!" To nothing perhaps can this be more truthfully applied than the progress of temperance amongst working men. How remark-



able the influence of provident and temperate habits upon the trade of clock and watchmakers! We rejoice to know that in many of the once desolate cottage-homes throughout our land neat clocks are now to be seen. If every working man would save his pence from useless expenditure in drink and tobacco, he might soon have not only a good clock but also a good watch to call his *own*. One of the first things that a young temperance man desires to purchase is a good watch. And is it not wise

that he should make this purchase? A good *timekeeper* is a most valuable companion for both young men and old.

A STRIKING FACT.

I HAVE had 22,000 prisoners through my hands since I have been the Governor of this gaol, but, though I have inquired, I have not discovered one teetotaler amongst them. — *The Governor of Canterbury Gaol.*

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DICKY TURNER AND "TEETOTAL."

DICKY TURNER, of Preston, was the author of the word "teetotal;" and I remember the night and, within a few inches, the very spot where he sat when he made it. It was in our temperance meeting-place—Lord Derby's cock-pit, which we had changed from a cock-pit into a temperance-hall. Dicky had already signed the moderation pledge—the pledge first introduced from America—but it did not suit him, and he soon

became a teetotaler. At one of the meetings—it was in the year 1833, if I am not mistaken—he was insisting, amongst other things, that moderation would not do, and that to allow beer and wine would ruin our cause; and he said, in his earnest manner—for he was very earnest, and decidedly an uneducated man, but a thorough teetotaler—“There’s nothing will do but tee-tee-total!” He meant by that total abstinence; not only abstinence from spirits, but abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating drinks. Up to that time we had a difficulty in finding a technical term to represent our cause. We used to say in a circumlocutory way, “Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks;” that was a line; but now we had a single word—“Teetotal.” Well, many of our friends cried at once, “That’s the very thing we wanted.” This is the origin of the word “teetotal,” a term that has now, I believe, gone everywhere in the known world—*Joseph Livesey*.

The word *teetotal* is a common provincial phrase used in Lancashire, and it is generally applied to workmen being dismissed from their employ, and is intended to signify an *entire discharge—a complete dismissal*. A good man named Richard Turner, speaking at a meeting in Lancashire on the subject of abstinence from strong drink, said, he gave it up *teetotally*, which meant that he gave strong drink “*an entire discharge*.” The term was very forcible and well applied—the people at once understood its complete meaning, and it seemed to them so fully to express their feelings about strong drink that it passed into common use, and spread from Lancashire all over England, and since then into all those distant countries where true temperance has been taught. Many people have complained that it is not an agreeable or fine-sounding word; but when people have a great truth to teach they should follow the example of the inspired apostle, and use “great plainness of speech.”—*Clara Lucas Balfour*.

THE BOY 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 boy associated with bad company, and 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 dived 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 and 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 of 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," etc., and also Dr. 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.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M.D., LL.D.

WHEN this great Professor in Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, resigned his post after fifty-three years' labour as professor in that ancient University, besides having edited sixty-three volumes of *The Journal of Science*, and travelled extensively in all the countries in Europe, he said, in announcing his retirement, that he had just laid down his commission as teacher in that college, after the labour of fifty-three years. He thought it was time to do it. Not that he was conscious of decrepitude either in body or mind; "for here I stand, erect and strong, in perfect health, with my eye undimmed, and my natural force unabated"—and his whole life justified the remark—"but there is a proper time for ceasing my connection with this beloved institution, and that time, I think, has come. Gentlemen, if I owe my vigour of body and mind to any one cause under Providence, it is to *cold water*, inside and out, to total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco."

DELANON ON DRINKING HEALTHS.

MR. DELAVAN, to show the responsibility of parents, says: "I was well acquainted with a gentleman in the city of New York many years since, of high position in the church and social standing in the community. He had six sons; all but one became drunkards and died drunkards; that one was discharged from responsible public trust, in consequence of his habits. This brought him to his senses. He reformed, and appealed to me to help to procure his restoration. I inquired of him the cause of all this desolation in his family. 'Oh,' said he, 'it was the habit of my father to hand to his sons, after a certain age, a small quantity of alcoholic bitters before breakfast to give them an appetite, and on Sunday to invite each to drink wine to the health of father and mother.'"

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A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

A FRIEND in Darlington writes as follows:—"Travelling by railway from Darlington to Leeds one morning, and after getting into the train at the former station, about half an hour before daylight, my wife and I found ourselves seated amidst a gang of rude, uproarious sailors, on their way from Sunderland

to Hull. Their vociferous rudeness and slang language were very alarming to the rest of the passengers, which included six ladies. A gentleman in the next compartment turned and said to me, 'We have got into strange company here.' I answered, 'Do not be alarmed, I have something that will make them all quiet shortly.' As soon as it was light enough to read, I respectfully presented each of the sailors with a copy of *The British Workman*, having witnessed its influence on former occasions. Their attention was instantly riveted, first on the pictures, and then on the interesting and instructive subjects the numbers contained; the men were now perfectly quiet, reading attentively, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate what they read, till we arrived at the 'Junction,' where we had to separate from them, when they expressed their thankfulness for the papers, and were glad to be allowed to exchange them and take others with them."

A RAILWAY STORY.

A CHRISTIAN friend at Wellington, Somerset, gave me the following touching incident. He writes:—

"On Friday, September 11th, 1857, I was returning by train from Bridgwater to Wellington. On reaching the Durston Station, there stepped into the carriage a policeman conveying a handcuffed prisoner. The expression of the delinquent's countenance was Saxon, manly, and open, not at all indicating a man on whom familiarity with crime had branded its repulsive marks.

"A fellow-passenger (whom I learned was a horse-dealer from Cheltenham) said,—

"'Well, my good fellow, have you been kicking over the traces?'

"This question, succeeded by one or two others, elicited the following facts:—

"He was a labouring man in the employ of a farmer at —, in Somerset. Last night they had their harvest-supper, after which they all partook of cider, provided by their master (*ad libitum*); he took too much, grew quarrelsome, and, 'they tell

me,' said he, 'I struck somebody, but I did not *know* it, for I must have been too drunk. I was had before the magistrate, fined 5*s.*, and costs, 28*s.*, total 33*s.* I was unable to pay it—asked to be allowed to pay it by instalments, but they said, No, unless I could pay 25*s.* (I *believe* that was the amount) at once, and the rest in so many days, I must go to gaol for *six weeks*, and to the Taunton gaol I am now going. I have left a wife and several children at home, and suppose they must go to the workhouse.'

"Every passenger in the compartment seemed to feel for the poor fellow. A conversation ensued, the result of which was a remark of the horse-dealer to this effect—'We are only a mile or two from Taunton; if anything is to be done, it must be done at once.'

"'Policeman,' said he, 'can you set this man at liberty if his fine and costs are paid?'

"(Policeman): 'Yes.'

"'Well, then,' continued the generous horse-dealer, 'here's a sovereign towards it, if my fellow-passengers will make up the rest.'

"The prisoner on seeing there was a chance of his being set at liberty, appeared to melt, and over his bronze cheeks the tears stole one after another, which (uplifting his handcuff and chain) he wiped away with his sleeve. Each passenger contributed—the ransom was paid down—and when the policeman took out his key and set the prisoner at liberty, he, poor fellow, was fairly melted down and sobbed like a child.

"I had time to say a word of caution to him as to the future, and the earnestness with which he said, 'I'll never touch a drop of that stuff as long as I live,' I shall not readily forget.

"I had a copy of *The British Workman* in my pocket, which I gave him, and which he promised to get his *wife* to read to him, for *he was no scholar*.

"The rest of the story is soon told. Almost before the handcuffs were removed, the scream of the whistle announced that we were nearing the Taunton station, where, instead of walking out on the platform to be exposed as a *prisoner* to the gaze of the crowd, and from thence to learn by experience the degrada-

tions of a gaol, he came out a free man, and, doubtless, within a few hours returned to his gladdened and astonished wife."

Thus was the poor drunkard snatched from probably the first step to ruin. If his eye meets these lines, let a friend entreat him to resolve in prayer for Divine strength to keep the vow, never again to touch the poisoned bowl. "There's death in the pot!"

Yours sincerely,

37, *Great Ormond Street.*

J. B. OWEN.

THE FATAL GLASS OF WINE.

WINE has been considered innocent and necessary at a wedding.

A young man at his wedding refused a glass of wine. "What, not one glass of wine?" said his bride; "not one glass of wine with me at my wedding?" "No," said he, "I cannot." He was a pledged man. "Not one glass? Oh! fie! Here, taste it." She put it to his lips, and he drank. The temptation was too powerful. Before the party broke up at the midnight hour, he was drunk upon the floor. The parents lived to see their daughter the wife of a drunkard, and after a while she returned home to live with them, for she could not live with him. Is it not time this evil was put away from Christian families? It is used only to drink the health and happiness of the bride and the bridegroom, but "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A LITTLE son of a reformed drunkard, only about five years old, said, "Mother, do you know the reason I don't have to go to bed without my supper, as I used to?" "Why, my child, why is it?" asked the mother. "Why, 'cause father's joined the temperance society, and don't get drunk as he used to—I knows it," was his reply.

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WHEAT OR CHAFF; OR, GEORGE HOWLETT, THE COALWHIPPER.

ABOUT thirty years ago in a gang of London coalwhippers, who were constantly in the habit of spending, when in full work, from four to six shillings a day each in the "public"—a rate of expenditure which hundreds of them could testify was a matter of common occurrence—there was one man of the gang who wisely began to *think*; thinking led to *resolving*, and resolving to *acting*. Many a night had he paid his Saturday-night score at the alehouse, amounting to twice, and not unfrequently to three times, as much as he carried home for the feeding and clothing of his wife and family, and he now began to *think* this

was not *right*. One day he resolved that he would, by God's help, spend no more of his hard-earned money so foolishly as he had done, but that he would strive to do his duty as a father to his family, and set a good example to his mates.

The next day, instead of going with his comrades to the public-house at drinking time, he went to the nearest coffee-shop and had a cup of coffee and a good slice of bread for luncheon.

His mates jeered and cursed him, but he was as firm as a rock, for he happily sought God's help. With good, nutritious food and his coffee, he kept pace with the gang. Although they were obliged to admit, after a few days, that he got through his work as well as they did, yet they constantly "chaffed" him, but without effect.

The tables were turned when pay-night came. The "score" for drink against every other man was so heavy that *not one* of them had more than thirteen shillings to receive. The man who had *thought, resolved, and acted*, now came forward.

"What's the score against you, George Howlett?"

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply.

The astonished paymaster could not credit the statement, but on inquiry, he, of course, found it to be quite correct.

He then handed to the brave water-drinking man the sum of *two pounds seven shillings!*

Turning round to those comrades who had been the loudest in ridiculing his wise conduct, and showing them the two sovereigns, two half-crowns, and two shilling pieces, he said, "Now, lads, you've 'chaffed' me hard enough, but I think *now* I've got the WHEAT, and you've got the CHAFF."

(From "*The British Workman*.")

WORTHY GEORGE HOWLETT.

ON the 30th March, 1872, the streets of the south side of London were crowded by tens of thousands of spectators of the funeral of George Howlett, "The Working Man's Friend." By God's blessing on his habits of temperance and frugality, he had risen to a position of great usefulness. The trophies of George Howlett's labours in the cause of temperance are to be found all over our land.

The following is one of the many remarkable instances of good resulting from the labours of this worthy man:—

Shortly after George joined the Temperance Society, and began to find the good fruits thereof to himself and his family, he became very anxious that his fellow coalwhippers should enjoy the same advantages as himself. He fixed his mind on one of the greatest drunkards in his gang, and unceasingly laboured by precept and example to induce his mate to abandon the drink. His persevering efforts were at last crowned with success, and he had the joy of seeing his friend's name attached to the temperance pledge. This was on a Monday morning, and George cheered on his, at times, desponding companion with the pleasing prospect of receiving on the pay-night the whole of his week's wages. The too common custom of coalwhippers is to drink heavily during the week—the liquor being supplied on credit—and on the pay-night the amount of scores is deducted from the wages, leaving in many cases not one-third of the week's earnings to be received! As the pay-night approached, George's comrade felt increasingly fearful of his ability to withstand the temptation which awaited him on receiving *his full week's wages*.

On the morning of the pay-day he came to George Howlett, and begged *him* to kindly receive his wages for him, and help him to spend a portion of the money in clothes, and take the rest home to his wife. George promised to be his treasurer, and took good care to be by the side of his friend at the payable. Great was the surprise of the cashier as he handed to the man the sum of 3*l.* 2*s.* as his week's earnings, free from any deductions for drink. George Howlett now planned a surprise for the man's wife, which he carried out with pleasing success. Taking his friend by the arm, he led him to a large clothier's shop in the Borough, and, addressing the proprietor, he said, "Governor, I want a first-rate warm jacket for my friend here." A pair of trousers, a good waistcoat, and, what all coalwhippers are proud of, a pair of knitted and ribbed stockings were added to the purchases. George now took his friend into a retiring-room, and in a very short time the man was transformed from a black-looking fellow into a smart coalwhipper in his Sunday best! George now contrived to place his comrade in front of

one of the large mirrors. The surprise of the man was great on seeing a bulky coalwhipper moving about! After a few moments of surprise, he whispered, "George, *is* that ME?"

"Yes," said George, "it *is* thee, in a good Sunday suit of thy own, bought out of thy own wages; and I have got a tidy balance left for the wife."

George now determined to accompany the man home, and see with what surprise and pleasure he was welcomed by the wife. On asking the way to his friend's home, he found that he had to go down one of the most wretched alleys in the Borough. George stipulated that he should have the privilege of introducing his newly-clad comrade to his wife. When George knocked at the man's door, it was opened by the wife, and when he inquired, with a smile on his face, "Can you take in a lodger ma'am?" the woman looked at her husband, without supposing for a moment who he was, and replied, "No, indeed, we have no room for lodgers *here*," and it was not until the man had opened his mouth, and assured the wife that he was really her husband, that the poor creature could believe her eyes and ears! The two men now entered the house, and George narrated to the poor woman how her husband had, by God's help, been enabled throughout the week to keep altogether from drink, and how, out of his week's wages, the suit of clothes had been purchased. And then George finished his short address by handing to the wife the sum of 1*l.* 4*s.*, the balance which remained in his hands after paying for the suit of clothes. The woman now burst into a flood of tears, and with deep feeling said, "Mr. Howlett, he has *never* brought me home *so much as that* in any week during the last sixteen years!"

The working classes have lost a warm friend by the death of George Howlett; but we hope that many will arise to follow his good example in his untiring efforts for the welfare of his fellow working men. England needs at the present time many workers of the stamp of George Howlett. We rejoice to add that George Howlett died trusting in the merits of his crucified Saviour.

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"BUY MY PRIMROSES!"

"Who'll buy my primroses? a penny a bunch, only a penny a bunch," resounded through the London streets one fine April day in 1866. "Please, sir, buy a bunch, only a penny, sir," said a voice at my elbow. A little girl, with a basket full of primroses, stood by my side, poor, but clean and neat.

"Poor child! Where do you live? where's your father?" I inquired.

"We live in Paradise-row, sir; and father, poor father! oh, sir!" She burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my dear. Here is a shilling; you shall leave a dozen bunches of primroses at my house, and lead the way, and I will come and see your mother. My little guide stopped at the door of a common lodging-house, and made her way upstairs. I followed as fast as the darkness would allow.

"Mother! mother! here's a kind gentleman has bought twelve bunches of primroses; and he's come to see you."

"God bless you, sir, for your kindness to my child!" said a pale, worn woman, in whose face I saw the blue eyes and sweet expression of my little friend. "Sit down, sir."

I need not tell you the whole of the long chat which I had with poor Mrs. Davis. Her husband, though earning good wages, was a confirmed drunkard. One day he went out as usual, and she saw no more of him; but a boon companion of his told her that the police had come into the public-house, and he had thrown a pewter pot with such violence at a policeman, that he lay on the floor as one dead, blood flowing from his head. Jem Davis had fled—where, no one knew; but rumours were afloat that he had gone on board a vessel which was on the point of sailing for Australia.

* * * * *

"Buy my primroses—who'll buy my primroses?" again resounded through the London streets.

"Primroses! my little maid," said a bronzed, weather-beaten man. "God bless their innocent faces, I have not seen them these four years. Give me a bunch—quick. Here's sixpence, they're well worth that; why, you'd get half-a-crown a piece for them in Australia."

"Please, sir," said the little primrose-seller, "tell me about Australia. Do people who go there ever come back?"

"Why, where do you live, little girl? Have you got a father and mother?" said he.

"I've got a mother, sir; but father, poor father! I shall never see him again. Do, sir, come and see mother, and tell her about Australia; there's our house.

“Mother! mother! here’s another gentleman come to see you, all the way from Australia, mother! What’s the matter—”

“My wife!” cried James Davis, rushing forward to catch her; “my own wife. Thank God! thou hast guided me home. Fetch a little water, my child, she’s coming to.”

Mary’s eyes opened, and she looked wonderingly in her husband’s face.

“Ah, Mary! here is your prodigal, but repentant husband, come back, to ask your forgiveness. He has already asked and obtained God’s forgiveness. I hope now to make you a happy wife.

“Mary, you prayed for the runaway. Well, God has granted your prayer. I can now pray for myself. Drink has driven me from my native country a fugitive and a vagabond. But I determined, before I set foot in Australia, that, by God’s grace, I would never touch liquor again. I kept my vow all the voyage. When I landed in Melbourne, I met with some old mates. They were delighted to see me, and asked me to spend the evening with them. I went. First of all I didn’t very well like it, ’twas in a public-house. I broke my pledge, and went to my lodgings as drunk as ever. For some weeks I drank and drank to drown my thoughts and my misery. One night, I saw a large placard, with ‘TEMPERANCE LECTURE’ on it. After the lecture, I and about a dozen more signed the pledge. ‘God bless you, my lads,’ said the gentleman. ‘Look to HIM for strength to keep your promise.’ I never forgot those words. I went and worked at the diggings,—hard work, I can tell you, and awful drunkenness there. At last I got a nice bit of gold, and back I came to Melbourne with my bag of gold and a light heart; for, thank God, I had kept my pledge. When I got to England, and found the old house where we used to live shut up and you gone, and nobody knowing where, I sat down on the door-step and cried like a child. The sun was shining brightly. I looked up to the clear blue sky, and prayed God to bring me to my wife and little ones. Not half an hour after, I met our little primrose-seller here, and you know the rest. How can I thank that heavenly Father enough, who led me to my wife and child by the means of a bunch of primroses?”

A. E. W.

THE JUDGE AND THE QUAKER.

AN American judge on a journey fell in company with a Quaker. "Sir," said the judge, "how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses, and money in your pocket?"

Quaker.—"By-and-by I will tell thee, friend."

Shortly after they arrived at a tavern. The judge called for a glass of spirits, and urged the Quaker to drink; but he refused, saying, "I have no need." The judge then called for *four* quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker *sic* for his.

Quaker.—"Now I will tell thee. We drink no spirits. How much didst thou pay for thy glass?"

Judge.—"Sixpence."

Q.—"How much for the oats?"

J.—"Sixpence."

Q.—"My oats cost *ninepence*," said the Quaker, "and what good did the spirits do thee?"

J.—"They procure me an appetite."

Q.—"Abstinence gives me an appetite. Now thou seest how it is that we spend no more money than thou dost, and yet we can keep fat horses, and also have money, I am thankful to say, in our pockets as well."

SIGN FALLEN DOWN.

A MAN who had been drinking very freely at the bar of a landlord, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A boy seeing him lie there, ran into the public-house and said to the landlord, "Sir, your sign has fallen down." He went out, and to his astonishment beheld only a sign that he was a drunkard manufacturer.

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THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

ELIHU BURRITT, the *learned blacksmith*, was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8th, 1811. His father was a shoemaker, having ten children, of whom Elihu was the youngest. The only school education with which Elihu was favoured prior to being apprenticed to the village blacksmith

was about three months' tuition at the district school. Such, however, was his thirst for reading that the few books which he could procure from the village library were read two or three times over. This desire for learning became so intense that on the completion of his apprenticeship he became a student for half a year with his brother Elijah, who was a schoolmaster.

During these six months he acquired considerable knowledge of mathematics, Latin, and French. Gratified with the progress he had made, he returned to the forge, and notwithstanding he engaged himself to labour for fourteen hours a day, he yet found time to pursue his favourite study of languages. The Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Danish, and Bohemian languages were from time to time added to the list. It will gratify our readers to have the following extract for *one* of the *weeks* of 1837 from the diary of this remarkable blacksmith:—

MONDAY.—June 18th, Headache; forty pages Cuvier's "Theory of the Earth," sixty-four pages French, *eleven hours forging.*

TUESDAY.—Sixty-five lines Hebrew, thirty pages French, ten pages Cuvier's "Theory," eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, *ten hours forging.*

WEDNESDAY.—Twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of Astronomy, *eleven hours forging.*

THURSDAY.—Fifty-five lines Hebrew, *eleven hours forging.*

FRIDAY.—Unwell; *twelve hours forging.*

SATURDAY.—Fifty pages Natural Philosophy, *ten hours forging.*

SUNDAY.—Lesson for Bible class.

Elihu Burritt was early enrolled as a member of the Temperance Society, and always regarded water as the best drink for hard workers, whether by the head or the hand.

MR. GOUGH'S CONVERTS.

MR. GOUGH, among other places, lectured at Chatham, and all classes were anxious to hear his eloquent oration. A gentleman in the neighbourhood had a good but drinking servant, and calling him, he said, "Robert, you suit me to a T, but your frequent intoxications determine me to get rid of you. Now, Mr. J. B. Gough is going to lecture at Chatham, and if you and

Mary would like to go and hear him, there are tickets; and if he convinces you of the evil of drinking and your ability to labour without, obey him and become a member of a tectotal society, and I will keep you then."

The man and his fellow-servant heard him, and both signed the pledge. The gentleman retained the man's services, and on the anniversary of his deliverance from the thralldom of strong drink the master said, "Robert, how much beer did I agree to allow you when you entered my service?"

"A pint per day," said the man.

"And did you get drunk on a pint a day?"

"No, that just whetted my appetite, and then all my spare money went, and credit besides."

"Well, if your beer cost twopence per day, that is fourteen pence per week, or 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* per year of three hundred and sixty-five days—there is that in addition to your wages."

"Thank you, sir. And there is my savings-bank book."

"Ah! then you must have saved money besides."

"Yes, and so has Mary."

"Well, well, go on and prosper."

"Yes, sir; I have reason to bless God for Mr. Gough."

At the same time there came a minister of the Gospel many miles to hear the eloquent orator, and while he listened he wept; for Mr. Gough portrayed the evils and consequences of drink upon young men—the insidious character of which he had reason to believe had already laid hold of a son then living in London. The living voice of the lecturer was hushed, but the agitated tones of apprehension in his bosom could not be stilled; he therefore signed the pledge himself, and took early opportunity of inviting his son down to him. He wept when he saw him, and still deeper was his sorrow when he learned the love that youth had imbibed for ale; and looking at him with deep emotion, he said, "Charles, you must never touch that seductive liquor again; for you I have suffered deeply in my mind, and your preservation in future depends on your abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. I have signed the temperance pledge, and I want *you* to do the same." The youth was deeply affected, readily listened to the father, signed the pledge, and they this day walk happily together.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

"WHATEVER *can* I do towards stopping some of the drunkenness in this street?" said a kind-hearted butcher, who resides in one of the most dissipated districts in London. "If I cannot *talk* to the folks, one of the ILLUSTRATED WALL-PAPERS shall for me." A copy was purchased; and it was soon seen,



fastened by skewers to the carcass of a sheep, at the butcher's shop door!

Thousands—perhaps, tens of thousands—weekly read that paper! Many who would not receive a friendly hint through the *ear*, receive it through the *eye*.

At a time like the present, when our national vice is assuming a most fearful aspect, it behoves every lover of his country to inquire, with the butcher, "What can I do towards stopping some of this drunkenness?" Those who are in earnest in this inquiry will not be long in finding out as the butcher did, that "*Where there's a will there's a way.*"

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LOSSES BY SNUFF-TAKERS.

THE late EARL STANHOPE, in one of his admirable addresses, gave the following curious calculation:—

“Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker at a moderate computation takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute

and a-half. One minute and a-half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, TWO ENTIRE YEARS of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and TWO MORE to blowing it! If the *expense* of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs be taken into consideration, it will be found that this luxury encroaches as much on the *income* of the snuff-taker as it does on his *time*: and that by the proper application of the TIME and MONEY thus lost to the public a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the *national debt*."

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE HOUSE."

"THE landlord does not charge us any rent for the room we meet in. But of course we spend a trifle 'for the good of the house.'"

My readers know these are the words that scores and hundreds of men use when they speak of their club-night, or their meetings at public-houses. The smallest sum that a sober man can spend "for the good of the house" is threepence, generally he spends sixpence, often eightpence or a shilling; and when his spendings have reached the last amount, he is hot and thirsty, and foolish, and goes on spending till "the good of the house" brings bad, and nothing but bad, to him and his.

Working men! there is one house that you are bound to do all the good you can to, and that is *your own house* at home. What are the flaring, tawdry, noisy taverns and beer-shops to be compared with the little spot where your wife is waiting to hear your footstep, and your children run to welcome you? It may be but a poor place, that house at home, but it is yours; there you are master. Give your leisure time to it: when you leave your work, go home at once—"for the good of the house."

When you are tempted to any bit of foolish extravagance, think a moment—"I won't buy this ounce of tobacco, I'll put the coppers away 'for the good of the house.'"

“I’ll not take a pint to-night, for one pint draws on another. I’ll go home and put by the beer-money ‘for the good of the house.’”

Perhaps you say, “How am I to save? the money’ll go somehow if the landlord does not get it.” My friend, it can hardly go in so bad a way as when you are spending it for the good of the public-house. There never was a time when the working classes had such opportunities for saving as now. Have you thought of the Post-office Savings-banks? There you can deposit small sums weekly without any trouble. These sums will soon mount up, you get interest for them, they are in safe keeping, and you can get them out at less than a week’s notice.

I have known working-people who did not like the old Savings-bank system, because they did not want it to be known that they were saving; and many would not begin, because they could not get up a decent sum to commence with. Well, at the Post-office Savings-bank your secret is quite safe, and you can begin with a shilling. Ah, if all the shillings you have spent “for the good of the house” these last ten years were in the Post-office Savings-bank now, what a fine sum would belong to you, and to many a working man!

It is computed that there are ten thousand public-houses and beer-shops (not including inns, hotels, and eating-houses) in London. The working men have been toiling for the good of these houses. They have made them bright with paint and gilding, and warm with fire and light; and meanwhile their own houses have been dark, and cold, and dismal. It is not the pounds of the rich man, but the pence of the poor that have been given for the good of the public-house.

Working men and women, begin this very week, if it be only with a few halfpence; never mind how few, make a beginning at once for the good of your own house. Scrape up a shilling by stinting yourselves in some trifles, and commence being depositors at the Post-office Savings-bank. Persevere for one year, and then you will find that a habit of carefulness has been learned, and that in every sense you are better and wiser when you leave off spending for the good of the public-house, and take to saving *for the good of your own house.*

C. L. BALFOUR.

FIRES IN LONDON.

THERE are on the average about two fires daily in the great metropolis. Notwithstanding the most rigid inquiries as to the origin of these fires, it is found that a very large number



have to be recorded, "Cause unknown." In conversation with the manager of one of the head fire-offices, he said, "I attribute these fires chiefly to the increase of smoking, more especially to the horrid practice of smoking in bed." It is believed that some of the recent fearful fires in which life has been sacrificed, have arisen from this cause.

From one of the interesting Annual Reports on London fires, by Mr. Baddeley, published in *The Mechanics' Magazine*, we learn the astounding fact, that during one year there were fifty-three fires arising from smokers throwing down the *unburnt ends of their cigars!*—more than one fire per week in London directly traceable to the criminal carelessness of smokers!

IRISH WIT.

An Irishman with a broken leg was loth to take a glass of whisky. "Shure, you wouldn't give a man whisky for an accident below his stomach?"

An Irishman applied to the Board of Excise for a licence to sell rum; being questioned as to his moral fitness, he replied, "Ah, shure, it is not much of a character a man needs to sell rum."

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“GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.”

THE Social Science Gathering in Liverpool, in 1858, was distinguished by one of the most interesting meetings ever held in this country, at which about *five thousand* working men were addressed by *five* noblemen, viz.: Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Sandon. The *pith* of their five excellent addresses may be given in one sentence, viz.: “We may meet and discuss, we may pass resolutions, and get Acts of Parliament enacted, but unless you working men will *help yourselves*, WE cannot help you—and the *great barrier* to your elevation is—DRINK!”

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 a week.” “How many of them do you suppose have got fifty pounds put by in the savings-bank against a rainy day?” we inquired. The overlooker smiled at the inquiry, 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.”

A WATER-DRINKER'S TESTIMONY.

COBBETT thus describes his own experience: “In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I lived two years without either; and with *no other drink but water*, except when I found it convenient to obtain *milk*. Not an hour's illness, not a headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy day have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me a light to write by, while my mind is in full vigour, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness.”

A SETTLER FROM MRS. STOWE.

COME now, boys, let us settle one or two things as absolute certainties when you start in life:—

He who *never* drinks *never* will be drunk. That's so, isn't it? He who *sometimes* drinks may be.

He who *never* goes into a gambling saloon never will gamble, and he who never gambles never loses; but

He who goes to *observe* may gamble, and he who gambles will surely lose.

In all these things is it not best *not to begin*; and would not our country boy have done better to have started with a firm, positive "No!" instead of the treacherous "We'll see"?

He *has* seen, and seen a great deal too much; and, in nine cases out of ten, that sort of seeing ends in this way.

Beware of innocent beginning in wrong ways, and remember the old text:—

"There is a way that *seemeth right* unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

WHY A GOVERNOR SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

"AM I my brother's keeper?" fell from the lips of Cain. God has so identified our interest with others that we are in some respects our brother's keeper. No man liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself.

A governor of Pennsylvania signed the pledge, "not because he thought himself in danger, but to save a friend." The head of one of the best families was becoming intemperate, to the great distress of his house. "I saw," said the governor, "their grief. I resolved to speak to him on the subject; did so, and urged him to sign the pledge. He suddenly turned upon me, saying, 'Governor, I will if you will.' 'It is a bargain,' said I, and we went immediately to the office of the secretary, and both signed; and I know not that I ever touched a drop of liquor afterwards. Nothing else would have induced me to sign; but I think of it as one of the best acts of my life."

POWER OF PRAYER.

In a western town in America, cursed by several rum-shops, a few Christian people organized a temperance society. For a while they simply met, admitted members, transacted routine business, passed resolutions, etc. The rum-sellers still kept right on. At length the members established prayer-meetings in connection with the society, when lo! one by one the traffickers discontinued the trade, or moved off. One of them afterwards told a member, by way of explanation, that so

long as the society merely transacted its ordinary business he didn't care for it; but when the members began to show that they were in earnest by praying, he thought it was about time for him to quit!

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I TOOK the pledge," said an old man, "at the foot of the gallows, when I saw a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, 'If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live.' The young man burst into tears, and said, 'I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, and coming home, I found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. Whisky has done it—it has ruined me! I have but one word more to say—Never! *never!* NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate!' "

THE DEATH-GRAPPLE.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY relates the following affecting fact:—

"Two of her Britannic Majesty's soldiers went on board a vessel on business. One of them took with him a bottle of liquor. They got drunk, quarrelled, and, seizing each other in mortal conflict, carried their vengeance even unto the death. A gentleman came on deck just as they went overboard. They continued their murderous grapple in the water till they went down to rise no more alive. But the matter did not end here. The man who let that soldier have the liquor had a little harbour near his house, where he kept a small boat. One morning, a few weeks after the event, on going down to his boat, lo! the victim of his run, the corpse of that unfortunate soldier, lay beside his boat. It had floated seven miles from where the catastrophe happened. A physician told me the effects upon the man were awful."

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**THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL; OR, THE USAGES OF
WORKSHOPS.**

THE late James Backhouse, Esq., the well-known African and Australian traveller, stated on his return to England fifty years ago, that during his sojourn in Van Diemen's Land he con-

versed with several hundreds of convicts, and was surprised to find that a very large proportion of those poor fellows who had been transported from their native land, referred to the "FINES AND FOOTINGS" of English workshops as the *first steps* in their ruin.

This testimony, with others, stimulated the untiring Scotch philanthropist, John Dunlop, Esq., in his important investigations in the manufacturing districts, and resulted in one of the most surprising compilations we have ever read. The perusal of Mr. Dunlop's extraordinary book on the drinking customs of various trades, the *finer*, the *footings*, and the *wet-tings*, excites the deepest surprise; not at there being so much intemperance amongst the working classes, but that *any apprentice* who has had to pass such a fiery ordeal has escaped being burnt.

We rejoice to state that in many parts of the country, and particularly in Yorkshire, both men and masters are heartily uniting in breaking up these injurious drinking customs; adopting, in lieu thereof, new and more rational workshop usages.

In a manufactory in Barnsley, where for many years the new apprentices have had to furnish drink as their "footing" (a course which has not only inflicted evils upon the workmen themselves, but has been in many cases a cruel tax upon the poor parents of the apprentices), the drinking has now been abolished, and the hands, by subscribing a trifle from each workroom, purchase a *box of tools* for the new comer. Is not this an example worthy of imitation?

At the brass and iron works of Messrs. Guest and Chrimes, Rotherham, when a workman gets married, a subscription is made through the works, to which the firm contribute, for the purchase of some useful articles of furniture, to be presented to the newly-married couple. A tea-meeting is held, at which the employers, the workmen and their wives, and the apprentices employed at the works are present. After the removal of tea tables, the festive occasion is enlivened by the singing of pieces of music by the singing class, performances on the pianoforte, harmonium, concertina, etc., with recitations and occasional addresses. About the middle of the entertainment the articles of furniture are presented in due form to the young couple.

One Saturday evening the sixth festival of the kind during the year was held in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute, when about 200 sat down to a plentiful repast, after which the usual course of music, etc., as set forth on a printed programme, ensued.

About nine o'clock the articles of furniture, consisting of a clock and mahogany dining-table, were presented to the young married couple by the late Mr. Guest, who, as spokesman for the workpeople, delivered the following short address:—"I have once more the great satisfaction of being the mouthpiece of your fellow-workmen and their wives in presenting you with the articles of furniture now before you, as a testimony of their good-will and kind feeling towards you at the outset of your married life. I cannot but congratulate you both on what seems to me the favourable circumstances under which your married life commences. Under other circumstances, and in other places, you, the husband, might, on your marriage being made known to your fellow-workmen, have been coerced by them into parting with the greater part of your week's wages to be spent in a drunken spree, ending perhaps in a bloody broil, which might have sent you home to your young wife an object almost of loathing, instead of fond expectant love. I congratulate your fellow-workmen on the truly manly, ay, noble usage they have substituted for those selfish, bad, and brutal drinking customs, which yet degrade and disgrace the working classes in some parts of our country. *With us I trust they are for ever extinct.* I congratulate you, the wife of a sober husband, on the happier auspices which introduce you into the responsibilities and duties of the married state, inasmuch as the good-will and kind feeling which is evinced towards you and your husband by his fellow-workmen and their wives on this occasion, must be a pleasant assurance to you that he is, in the midst of his daily toils, amongst those who are not likely to mislead or injure him; in short, that he is surrounded by safe associates, who now give a gratifying proof that they mean him good, and not harm; and it must be a solid satisfaction to you, in the midst of your household duties, with these articles of furniture before your eyes, to feel that such is the case, and that your husband is amongst those

who will rather help than hinder him in the path of life. I can now only wish that you may long live happily to use these articles of furniture which, in the name of your fellow-workmen and their wives, I have now the pleasure of presenting to you. My remarks have as yet been confined to the promotion of your welfare and happiness in *this* life. It remains for me, on behalf of my respected partner, Mr. Chrimes, and myself, to present you each with a BIBLE, and I beg earnestly to recommend to you its regular and prayerful perusal, as a safe and sure guide to that higher happiness in eternal life, to which it is my prayer that you and all of us here may, through God's mercy, attain."

At one of these Rotherham marriage festivals, which was celebrated only a few weeks previously, the number of visitors was greatly increased in consequence of Mr. Guest having presented tickets to between sixty and seventy workmen (and the wives of such as were married), who had been employed in erecting two villa residences for him at Moorgate Grove. This excellent course, founded upon truly philanthropic principles, and worthy of imitation by all employers under the same or similar circumstances, was adopted by him in lieu of giving them what is generally called the "*rearing supper*," usual on the completion of new buildings. We are informed that all the workmen who were spoken to on the subject, after the festival had taken place, expressed their great satisfaction, and *highly approved of the change*, stating, that it was "the pleasantest evening" they had ever spent, and that they had been talking together as to whether or not *such a change might not be wisely adopted by them at ALL such celebrations*. No doubt it might.

Two important points are secured by the alteration so wisely carried out by Mr. Guest, viz., the evening's enjoyment being such as will bear *the morning's reflection*, and also that the WIFE of the working man shares in the pleasure.

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A BLUE-JACKET'S STORY.

“I’ve been fourteen years a seaman, miss, and I’ve found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy to keep him up; but I thought it was a queer kind

of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason, miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know. Well, the night the doctor gave him up I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died. "Won't you go in and look at him?" said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?" "Water, simple water, and all he wanted of it!" said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn *me* up with alcohol."—A BLUE-JACKET.

POOR JACK!

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society a speaker related the following:—

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little child into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank out to sea. A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child; a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little

more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board the man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care in a dying state. He was all attention to the dying stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me I give this only treasure that I am possessor of" (presenting him with a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society). "It was given me by a lady, and has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found *this* was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! And judge of the feeling of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the Gospel.

On closing this affecting story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed to the chairman, and said, with much emotion, "Sir, *I am little JACK.*"

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR AND THE PLEDGE.

A MARINERS' temperance meeting was held in New York. While a gentleman was addressing the people, an intoxicated sailor came staggering up to him, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said to him, "You mean me, do you, captain?"

"Mean you! What did I say about you?"

"Why, the yarn you were spinning about that old salt. Do you mean me?"

"No, I spoke of another, but I think it would do very well for you too."

"Well, so I think myself, and I am ashamed of it. So here, I'll knock off. Give me a pen, let me sign your pledge. May be I'm a little too drunk, but I'll try." The secretary handed him a pen. In attempting to write his name he let fall upon the page a large drop of ink. "There," he exclaimed, "that's a big period; and a period marks the end of a sentence, so here is an end of my grog! Look at me, shipmates! You think I'm pretty much gone by the board, and so I am, but I begin to get sober. I know what I have done; and you may call me a liar if I don't give grog a wide berth hereafter."

The orator staggered to his seat, amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause. It would be very questionable whether he would keep his pledge if he were not a sailor. But such is the sailor's sense of honour that he is seldom known to violate a vow. The Rev. Henry Chase said that many sailors have signed the pledge in a state of intoxication, and adhered to it with sacred fidelity.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S OPINION OF RUM.

TAKING a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hong Kong with a friend, I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were emptying a large tub of rum, which they were carrying in gallon measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to one who was apparently the head of the party, I inquired,—

"Do you like rum, John?"

"No, sir," said the Chinaman.

"Why not?"

"Rum not proper, sir; make Chinaman *number one fool*."

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“DIP YOUR ROLL IN YOUR OWN POT.”

A CUTTER of stone was Richard Bell ;
As plodding a man, so his neighbours tell,
As ever a chisel wielded :
But a fault he had, and a sad one, too
(May it never be said of me and you)—
His manhood to drink he yielded.

Across the road a signboard swings,
To tell you 'tis “The Jolly Kings,”
And kept by Bridget Drainem.

A harsh virago she, they say,
 When customers can't pay their way,
 Or when she can't detain 'em.

Here you can have your "bitter" beer,
 Your pipe and pot, and ale so clear,
 Your lemoned gin-and-water:
 But ponder, drinkers, while ye quaff—
 Though Bridget deals in "half-and-half,"
 She gives poor men no quarter.

Each night, as soon as work was o'er,
 Would Richard seek the tavern door,
 And in the chimney corner
 He'd sit, and drink, and drink, and drink,
 Nor once of his poor Mary think,
 With scarce a rag t' adorn her.

Here, with old Joe, and Tom, and Bill,
 He'd talk and argue, smoke and swill,
 Till midnight found him fuddled;
 Then homeward down the road he reels,
 To where yon half-thatched roof conceals
 His wife and children huddled.

One night ('twas pay-night) Richard's score
 Reached half across the "parlour" door,
 His pints had been so many;
 And when the bill at length was paid,
 All that was left, he found, dismayed,
 Was but a single penny.

"I'm faint," cries he, "I'll have a roll,"
 But Dick was such a thirsty soul,
 His eye for drink was gleaming;
 And, thinking Bridget saw him not,
 He dipped it in the savoury pot
 That on the fire was steaming.

Poor Dick! poor Dick! He little knew
 How quick was Bridget's eye. She flew
 Beside her steaming kettle,

And, arms a-kimbo, did so rail,
As made our hero quake and quail,
Although a man of mettle.

"How dare you, sirrah, touch my stew?
Make broth, indeed, for such as you!
To a fine pass we're come!
Such habits, sir, you should control;
Be off, I say, and dip your roll
In your own pot at home."

Dick hurried out, and as he strode,
Jaded, along the moon-lit road,
Deep thought rose strong and fast:
"Good! 'Dip your roll at home,'" mused Dick:
"Ah, that I'll try to do right quick;"
And thus he's home at last.

Poor Mary! much she might have said,
Herself and children needing bread,
And all Dick's wages spent;
Yet neither angry look nor word
Escaped her—though, unseen, unheard,
She gave her sorrow vent.

A year has fled, but what a change!
(His late companions think it strange)
Drink, Richard has forsworn;
Now, 'mid his books, by Mary's side,
At his own hearth he loves t' abide
When evening shades return.

The cash once squandered at "The Kings,"
Now many a solid comfort brings
The hearts he loves to cheer;
And Sunday bells no longer chime
Reproving, as in former time,
His thirst for gin and beer.

One morn they all to church had been,
When, lo, approach'd, across the green,
A lady, gaily drest:

“Who’s that,” said Mary, “Richard dear?
As Bridget Drainem’s self drew near,
In all her Sunday best.

“Why, Mister Richard, how d’ye do?
How glad I am to meet with you,
And looking, too, so charming!
We never see you now at all;
Pray give us now and then a call,
When you want something warming.”

“I’m well, I thank you, dame,” said he,
“Much better than I used to be,
But care not now to roam:
I’ve done, I trust, with pipe and bowl,
And, taught by you, *now dip my roll*
IN MY OWN POT AT HOME.”

S. W. P.

ALE AND BEER MEASURE.

ONE day, when the lesson was the table called “Ale and Beer Measure,” a little boy, remarkable for his correct lessons, was quite unprepared.

“How is this, John?” said the teacher.

“I thought it was no use,” said John.

“No use!” said the teacher.

“No, sir; it’s ale and beer measure,” said John.

“I know it is,” said the teacher.

“Well, sir,” said the little boy, “father and I think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink it.”

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TABITHA MASSIE AND THE FARMERS' MEN.

AMONGST the many earnest Yorkshire workers in the good cause of temperance, Tabitha Massie, of Sheriff Hutton, deservedly holds a high position. She was familiar with farming operations, and was led to take special interest in the welfare of all who

were engaged in agricultural pursuits. From her genial and earnest manner she had remarkable influence over the men with whom she pleaded to abandon the pot and the pipe; and she seldom failed, sooner or later, to get their names down in her pledge-book. A quarter of a century has passed since this worthy widow was called to the better land; but in many parts not only of Yorkshire, but even in our distant Colonies, the *fruits* of her persevering labours are now to be found.

If all Englishwomen would follow the example of good Tabitha Massie, intemperance would soon be unknown in our land.

HAY AND HARVEST WORK WITHOUT BEER.

CHEERING indications are appearing of a great and important change in the habits and condition of the agricultural labourers in many parts of the country. During the last few months we have had several pleasing accounts of the closing of beer-houses, the opening of village coffee and reading rooms, the establishment of village libraries, perambulating libraries, and the sending out of colporteurs for the sale of books and periodicals in the rural districts.

We are also glad to state that some of the largest and best farmers in the country have not only succeeded in abolishing the drunken scenes connected with "Harvest Homes," but are extensively adopting the plan of substituting coffee, tea, milk, and bread, for the old allowance of beer, and we are assured that the result is most gratifying to both employers and employed. Mr. W. Linton, of Sheriff Hutton, near York, one of the first farmers in Yorkshire, informed us some time ago, that for several years past all his hay and harvest work had been done on the above principle with manifest advantage. "When we gave beer," said Mr. L., "we seldom had a harvest without some quarrelling, especially amongst the Irish; *now* we seldom have an angry word." Mr. Saunders, late of Lilling, near Sheriff Hutton, has borne a similar testimony.

The late Joseph Tucker, Esq., of Pavenham Bury Park, one of the magistrates of the county of Bedford, thus wrote: "I have generally had four men to mow from forty-five to fifty

acres of grass and clover, and twelve to sixteen men and boys haymaking. The mowers have each one quart of tea or coffee, milked and sugared, at eleven and three o'clock, in addition to which I pay them 6*d.* an acre extra instead of beer. The hay-makers have each a pint of tea or coffee sent out to them at eleven and three, and also 4*d.* per day extra instead of beer, and boys 3*d.* and 2*d.*, according to age, etc.; and if they work late, either in field or stacking, we send them another pint or more (to the stackers), about five o'clock, with a good piece of bread and butter to all.

"I have also harvested about forty acres of wheat and about thirty acres of other kinds of grain, all on the same principle, and I am not aware that beer has ever been brought into the field for the last three years.

"The result has been most satisfactory, both to myself and the men. Many, who at first declared it to be impossible to mow or reap without ale, have, after trying, declared that they can do either as well, or better, without, provided they have a good meal, with some meat. These men have also said that they *sleep much better* after a hard day's work, with tea, etc., than with beer, and that they are much *fresher* and better able to begin again in the morning. There is, also, the absence of quarrelling, swearing, etc., so frequently the painful result of drinking in the hay and harvest-field."

In the South of England this plan is also making progress. Mr. C. Henwood, of Ruislip, near Uxbridge, has sent us an interesting statement relative to the mode adopted by some of the "gangs" of hard-working men in that locality who are engaged in felling timber, bark-peeling, and also harvest work. He says, "For the use of others who may wish to know how they manage where there is a '*gang*' on *piece-work*, I should state, that they employ a lad, at 5*s.* a-week, on purpose to attend the fire. Some take their own coffee ready made, but most club together, and make it in the following way:—They drive two *forked* sticks into the ground, and place another stick on the top horizontally. On this they hang their kettles or pans (generally one for coffee, another for tea, and a third for water). When the water boils, they put one ounce of tea to six quarts of water, with nine or ten ounces of sugar. This



MAKING COFFEE IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

makes a good beverage, costing about $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ for the six quarts. Of coffee they put in one ounce to the same quantity of sugar. By this simple plan they have a constant supply of tea or coffee, from early dawn till night."—*British Workman*.

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