

ONWARD

VOL. V.

**THE WILLIAM EDWARD
MOSS COLLECTION**

Presented

to the

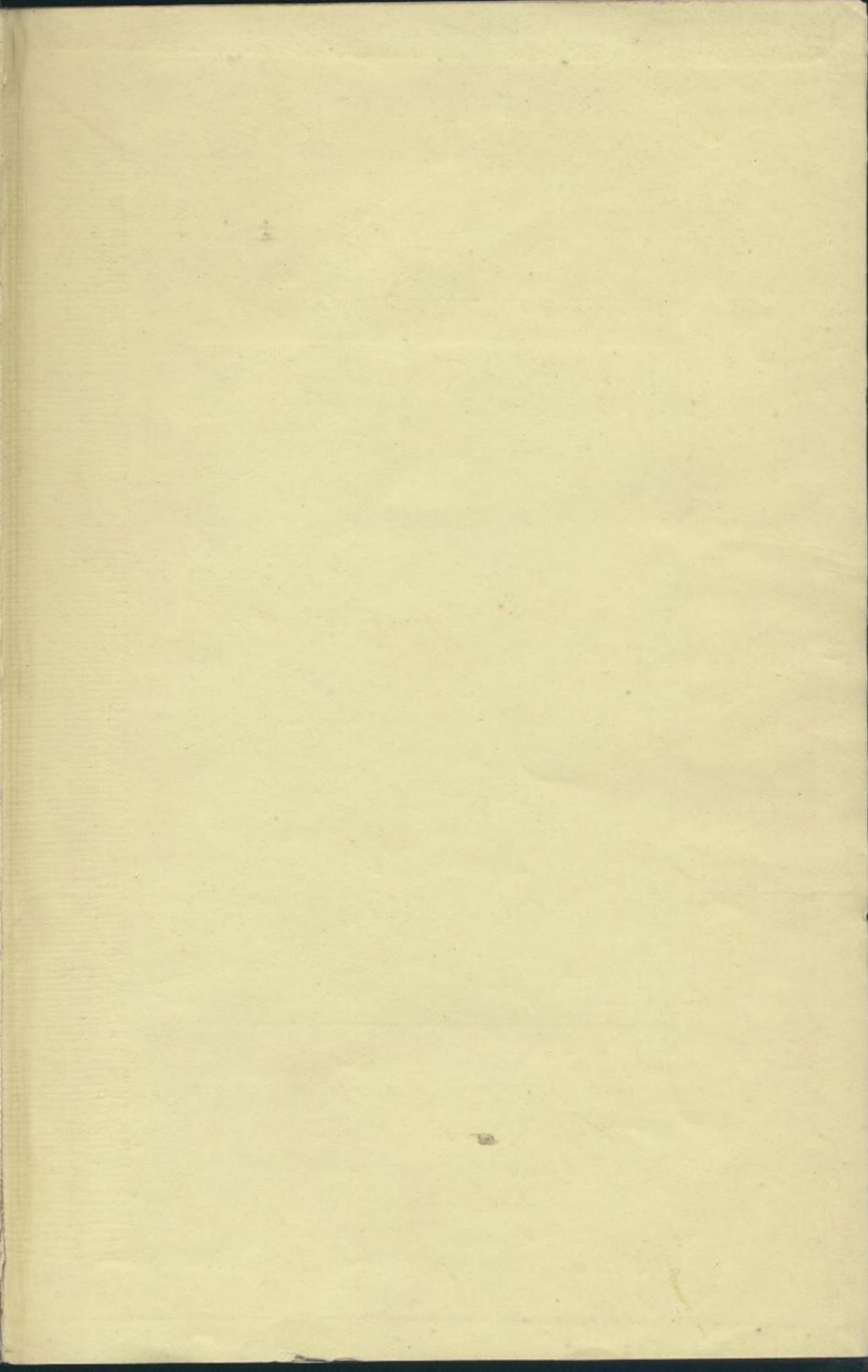
**JOSEPH LIVESEY
MEMORIAL LIBRARY**

at the Headquarters of

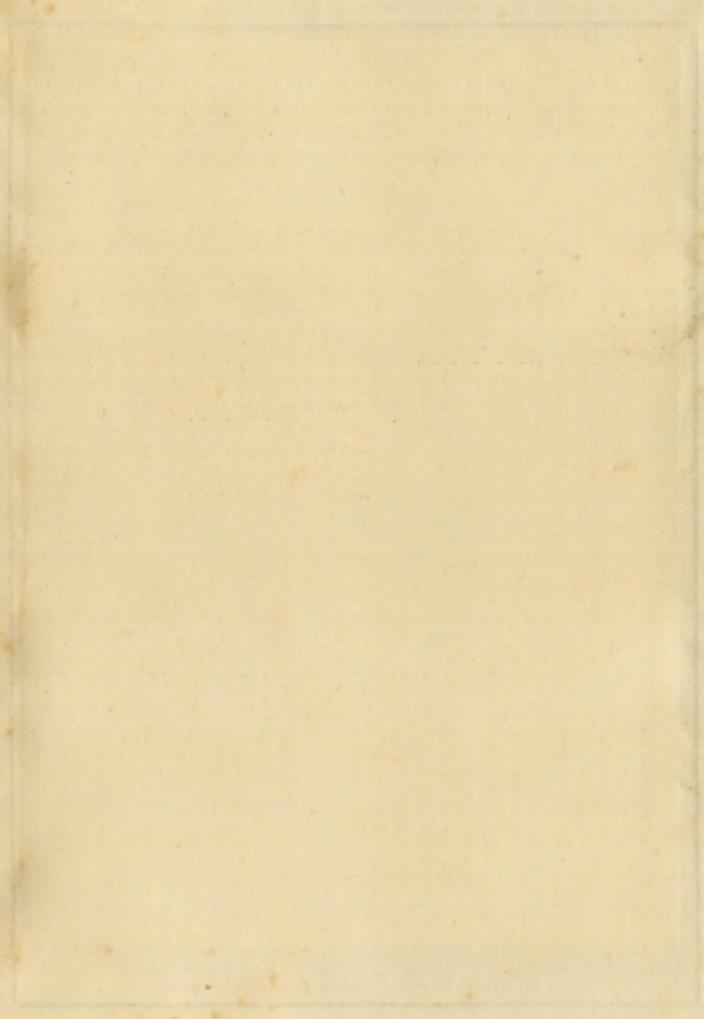
The British Temperance League

1st September 1940

N.B. Mr. Moss, born at North Tawton, Devon, became one of the outstanding Temperance workers of the 19th—20th Centuries. On 1st September, 1888 he was appointed Missioner to Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn (The Drunkards' Friend). More than 50 years' loyal service won universal esteem. Inspired by Joseph Livesey's work, his life has been characterised by complete devotion to the cause founded by the Preston Pioneer. This is, in part, indicated by the diligence which made possible this collection, and Mr. Moss's generous gift, so that others might share in it.



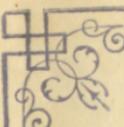
丁



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



JAMES H. RAPER.



Oward :

THE ORGAN

OF THE

Band of **H**ope **M**ovement.



VOLUME V. 1870.



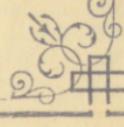
LONDON :

WILLIAM TWEEDIE & Co., 337, Strand.

MANCHESTER :

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION,
Barlow's Court, 43, Market Street.

JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.



СТРАШНО

ИЛИ

ВНЕШНЕГО

ВОЗДЕЙСТВИЯ

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

PAGE	PAGE
An Affecting Incident	103
A Band of Hope Boy's Address...	28
A Child's Idea	174
A Noble Temperance Missionary..	9
A Sabbath School Teacher's difficulty	28
Bands of Hope—How to conduct them : their dangers and advantages.....	123, 133
Bands of Hope <i>v.</i> the Drama	187
Bible Teetotalism	65
Boys, Don't Smoke! Don't Drink!	61
Circulation of "Onward"	11, 76
Coo-é-é : A Story of Queensland.	
Chapter I.—Father and Son ..	51
Chapter II.—Lost	68
Chapter III.—In the Bush	85
Chapter IV.—The Sister's Voice	100
Editor's Chat ...16, 31, 47, 63, 79, 95, 110, 127, 143, 159, 175,	191
Erratum	176
Etiquette for Children	43
Filling the Decanter.....	125
Five minutes more to live!	91
George's Promise	35
Good enough for thee	60
Harry's Pledge	89
How a Band of Hope Boy did his Father's Heart Good	185
How to Work	33
"I cannot do anything"	44
In Memoriam :—	
Judge Payne	71
J. N. Shipside	39
Independent Testimony	161
Is Alcohol a Necessary of Life?...	46
It's Not Right	173
Learn to say No!	62
Lenny's Story	18
Letters to the Editor	122, 157
Lizzie's Sacrifice	5
Mary's Prayer	150
Medical Testimonies:—	
No. 7.—J. Higginbottom, M.D., F.R.S.	119
More Prizes!!!	94
Moderation : a dialogue	148
My Friend, Mr. Brown : a dialogue	92
Nelly's Dark Days.....	170, 189
New Year's Offering.....	12
Norman Gray. An Autobiography.	
Chapter I.	116
Chapter II.	137
Chapter III.	153
Chapter IV.	163
Chapter V.....	177
Our Drinking Customs and the Drink Traffic in Western Africa	81, 97, 113, 129
Reclaimed by his Child	186
Temperance the People's Friend..	108
Text, Sermon, and Application ...	54
The Downward Path	142
The Evil Guest.....	182
The Light in the Window	20
The Little Soap Dealer	41
The Lord's Prayer and Intemperance	2
The Moderate Drinker's Ready Reckoner	58
The Results of Intemperance	77
The Work of Ten Years	73
There goes a Teetotaler!.....	78
Tonic Sol-Fa and Bands of Hope.	169
Tobacco Smoke in the House.....	141
Wasted Bread	59
Watch and Pray	26
Watching One's Self	15
Water, Glorious Water	145
Wearing the Badge	30
What is Moderate Drinking?.....	14
What two little girls did	105
Work for the Glory of God.....	49
Why don't Parents educate their own Children?	17
Why I am a Teetotaler	121
Music:—	
Look not upon the Wine.....	120
No!	88
Out of the Mire.....	40
Point high your Arrow!.....	104

Music:—

PAGE

Pull together, Boys!.....	8
Put your Shoulder to the Wheel	24
Ring the Bell, Watchman!... ..	72
Sing, Speak, Work, and Pray	136
The Good Time Coming.....	56
The Mountain Rill	152
Temperance Work	163
Work, for the Night is Com- ing	184

Poetry:—

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward"	1
A New Temperance Melody	73
A Slave	62
A Sorrowful Memory	18
Arm for the Battle	26
All things will pass away.....	71
Answer to the "Old Man's Soliloquy"	4
Another Victim Gone	87
Anniversary Recitation	157
Be in Earnest	92
Do the work of One	172
Empty Fame.....	103
Fear Not	15
Festive Song	174
Forsaken	111
Forty Years' Total Absti- nence	180
Giant and Dwarf	59
Gone Before	61
Go, Sign Teetotal!	135
How happy we will be.....	137
Husband, how I miss you ...	34
Hymn of the Reformed	192
Intemperance.....	147
I never knew a Mother's Love	77
In Summer Time	107
John's Foe	25
King Alcohol's Lamp	173
Little Fanny	12
Living and Dead	30
Master and Servant	167
My Boy!	151

Poetry:—

PAGE

My Pledge.....	50
Nearer my Home	121
Oh! ask me not to take the glass	66
Onward!	94
One is a Drunkard in Ten ...	45
Our Mission	115
Pisgah's Top	47
Sign the pledge now	23
Shells and Pearls	50
Smoking and Snuffing	159
The Angel of Temperance ...	185
The Beautiful Song	14
The Cold Water Band.....	162
The Coming Time	10
The Cup Bearer	19
The Call to Battle.....	27
The Children's Festival	110
The Drunkard's Child	132
The Drunkard's Wife to her Child	42
The Loved and Lost.....	43
The Little Kittens.....	170
The Rain Drop.....	99
The Refuge	43
The Prayer of the Drunk- ard's Child	35
The Rights of the Drinkseller	141
The Tempter.....	57
The Two Soldiers.....	67
The Temperance Jubilee.....	146
The Good Time Coming.....	150
The Snake in the Glass	151
The Year that is Past	2
The Vine-clad Hills of Child- hood	94
Temperance	54
There is ruin there	119
There's a Home for me	89
Too Social! Too Generous!	188
Two Christmas Eves	185
Water in the Wilderness	116
Wait, Wait, Wait.....	123
Wine	13
Willie's an Abstainer Now ...	142
Work and Wait	84
What a Pity!.....	57





ONWARD.

VOL. 5.

JANUARY, 1870.

No. 55.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward."

DEDICATED TO ALL HIS NUMEROUS READERS.

*By a Subscriber from the first, Author of The Good Intent and Safe Path
Temperance and Band of Hope Reciters, &c.*

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
Yes, a happy new year unto you,
The kind, loving friend
On whom I depend
To bring me both good news and true ;
And believe me, my dear "Onward," the wish is sincere
When I wish you God speed and a happy new year.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
All your kind, loving readers will shout ;
And each lad and lass
Who spurns cup and glass,
May endeavour to bring it about ;
Then let's vie with each other as forward we steer,
To give Mr. "Onward" a happy new year.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
Yes, a happy new year, we would say,
And daughter and son
Can help it to come,
By keeping strong liquors at bay ;
For strong drink produceth both sorrow and fear,
And prevents many having a happy new year.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
It's a wish that comes free from my heart,
And each Band of Hope boy,
Can augment your joy,
By acting a true earnest part,
To procure new subscribers around far and near,
And thus give to "Onward" a happy new year.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
And may He who the faithful doth feed,
Look down from above,
On your labours of love,
And give all the help you may need ;
The Band of Hope cause to your heart is most dear,
And we wish faithful "Onward" a happy new year.

A Happy New Year, Mr. "Onward,"
 Aye, and Onward our motto shall be,
 Still abjuring strong drink,
 Which makes thousands sink,
 In old England, the loved and the free ;
 Thanking God for the past, right onward we'll steer,
 And wish all your readers a happy new year.

THE YEAR THAT IS PAST.

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

THINK not you have done with
 the year that's past,
 Oh, waster of time and life !
 Think not in the river of time to cast
 The armour of earthly strife !
 The wine ye have mingled with weak
 ones' tears
 Shall yet be bitter as gall,
 And your souls shall bow with the
 weight of fears

When the angel, death, shall call !
 You shall turn to years you have cast
 away
 With weeping and wild despair,
 While forms of the wrong'd who have
 pass'd away
 Glide dim through the thick'ning air !
 Oh, wasters of time, redeem the past,
 Ere the shades of death o'er your souls
 are cast !

The Lord's Prayer and Intemperance.

BY THE REV. D. D. SAHLER.

SOME one has said that we make supplication for the suppression of the vice of intemperance whenever we offer the Lord's Prayer. The idea is startling at first, but appears more and more just as we enter into the spirit of the Saviour's words.

The prayer begins with an affectionate address and a reverential appeal to God: *Our Father which art in Heaven.* Does not this recognise a human brotherhood, and intimate a desire that all mankind may become children of the Highest? Surely both of these thoughts are united in the first opening of the lips in this divinely-indited supplication. It would have all men commune with God as their Father in adoring love and as members of His household, anticipating heavenly mansions, to live in the joy of mutual kindness and affection. How can such elevated desires find expression if the soul is indifferent to one of the most terrible vices affecting the human race? Are those attached to the draught that intoxicates fitted for communion with Him who has said, "Look not upon the wine?"

After the address of adoration, we pray, "*Hallowed be Thy name.*" How comprehensive and spiritual is this pleading. Our entreaty is that the very name of God may be regarded and used with the sacred reverence of a sanctified heart in its praises of worship. Who will pretend that an answer can be realised in any person or community in which there is a tendency to indulge in what has for ages been branded by the pen of inspiration as a "mockery?"

Our Lord further instructs us to say, "*Thy kingdom come.*" How is this kingdom described? We are informed (1 Cor. vi. 10) that over its boundaries no drunkard can pass, and that within its limits no drunkard can be found. What then is this petition? Is it not for the time to come when not one of earth's

millions shall have upon him the heaven-offending name of an inebriate? We pray from our hearts for the banishment of the vice in its incipency and advanced stages from society, from the nation, from all nations. If this is not our desire, we cannot truly cry, "Thy kingdom come." We must hereafter omit one of our most frequent and earnest supplications.

Let us now glance at the petition, "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.*" The Scriptures make known to us the will of God. He who is for the first time fascinated by the cup which at the last stingeth like an adder, he whose habits are becoming fixed by indulgence, and yielding to its allurements, and he who "seeks it yet again" after vain vows and impotent resolutions, are in them alike condemned, reprov'd, and dissuaded; and what must be our interpretation of the Divine will in regard to the times in which we live? Does it not abundantly justify us in praying that the use and the sale as a beverage of the intoxicating draught may be done away?

For the supply of our bodily wants we ask, "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" We pray for sustenance not stimulants. If in any petition license should be found, this would be the one. But the expression is guarded—yes, restrained. The prayer is the perfect semblance of sobriety and temperance. Everything is prohibited but the use of healthful refreshment. Nature needs to be refreshed for action, not goaded to it by exhausting excitements. Certainly we must view this as a temperance petition.

The next prayer seems to be a double one. It reads, "*And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*" We desire that we may deal rightfully with others, and that God would deal mercifully with us. The former part is related as a condition to the latter. Do we well to others if we see them in danger, and use not the means in our power to save them from harm? In view of the ruin of the hopes and happiness of men incident to intemperance, do we right to do nothing? Have we done what we could? Is not something yet to be done? What will be the lot of the un pitying and unmerciful, if their final awards correspond with their treatment of the tempted and morally enslaved? If God is true, can they escape drinking the cup of Divine indignation? Must not the wine of God's wrath be for them an eternal draught? We ought to tremble when we use this prayer.

It requires no torturing of thought of language to show that the words "*Lead us not into temptation*" form a temperance petition. For who are more fearfully beset than those who feel the lure of the inebriating glass? Millions of noble souls with agonising struggles against its fascination, have still been drawn by it to despair and death. Thousands, some of them not far from us, are daily repeating the contest at dreadful odds. They need God's help and all that we can do. Does not this petition cry for the removal of the social use and beverage sale of that which "steals away the brains?" Does it not necessarily apply to the young as yet untempted? Does it not even more strongly entreat for the same removal for the sake of those who are already subject to the demon of appetite?

The closing supplication, "*Deliver us from evil,*" goes to the root of misery—*sin*. We pray that in its infinitely-varied manifestations its power may be destroyed. What manifestations of sin more distressing, more appealing to our hearts than that to which our thoughts are now turned! Does it not unfit a man for life among

his fellow-men, and also insure a miserable eternity? Surely no one can forget the evil of intemperance in offering this prayer, in which all the preceding petitions seem to culminate and find new expression. This is the evil which effectually excludes men from the family of God. It makes them dishonour the name of our Father in heaven. It opposes the kingdom and contemns the will of God. It turns the desire for nutrition and refreshment into a raging thirst for what ruins the man. It makes the heart a home of inhuman passions, and clothes temptation with destructive potency. Not least, but perchance greatest of the evils of EVIL is this, producing as it does, such immediate and endless woe. For its banishment from among men we beseech the throne when we cry, "Deliver us from evil."

How strengthening and full of comfort is the final ascription, "*For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. Amen.*" These words are a refuge for the soul, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Faith here views the kingdom in which no reeling brain or wrecked and staggering form can be discovered. The power of God in renovating a polluted world is beheld in the beauty of established virtues; and there is sympathy with the joys of the endless ages as they will behold and declare the glory of the love that rescued man. The power that conquered Alexander the Great, and has ruined unnumbered millions, can alone be overcome by Him who is "our refuge and strength." Here, then, we rest after the tears and groans of our Heaven-taught prayers.

Answer to "The Old Man's Soliloquy."

BY MARIA.

WOULDST thou call the days of thy childhood back,
 With the flowers that sprang in its joyous track,
 When thy bounding footsteps followed in glee
 The young bird's flight, or the hum of the bee;
 When thy hope for the future was bright and fair,
 And thy spirit at rest in a father's care.
 Ah! yearning heart, that must yearn in vain,
 Thy springtime shall never return again.

What wouldst thou then? That thy manhood's prime
 Should wait, nor follow the steps of time;
 That friends and fortune were near thee still,
 And thou wert shielded from every ill;
 That honour and virtue, love and truth,
 Were thy safeguards now, as thy guides in youth!
 Such tokens for good do not always last;
 Thy flowers are withered, thy summer is past.

Alas! for the ruin thy sin has wrought—
 For the blighted hopes and the maddening thought,
 That hardens the heart and softens the brain;
 Better that tears should fall like rain,
 Better the softened and moistened eye,
 Than a burning fount that has long been dry.
 Yes, think of thy innocent early years,
 And oh! let thy heart find relief in tears.

Defy the Demon who urged thee on,
 To make thee "an outcast—despised, alone."
 The wine cup thou hast so justly damned
 Dash to the ground from thy palsied hand.
 Nor with *one drop* let thy lips be wet ;
 Its venom is lurking within thee yet,
 And dark and dreadful shall be thy fate
 If remorse and abstinence come too late.

But when sorely tempted, oh ! lift thine eyes
 To one who will never thy prayer despise.
 Though thy measure of evil has reached the brim,
 'Tis never too late while there's hope in Him.
 May He give thee comfort, and strength, and peace,
 Till thy fears, and struggles, and dangers cease ;
 Till thy thirsty soul shall with joy above
 Drink deep of the river of life and love.

LIZZIE'S SACRIFICE.

IN the glowing glory of the setting sun two young girls were discussing a wedding that was to come off soon. The younger one was pretty—and she seemed to know it—the other, who was the bride elect, was more homely in appearance, but she had one of those faces which make a favourable impression at first sight, and win the heart at once. Her name was Lizzie Mortimer—and she was only a poor orphan without friend or fortune ; and some people thought Stephen Houghton might have looked higher for a wife. Stephen was a handsome young man, well educated, clever, and held a first-rate situation. But Lizzie was his choice, and in view of his approaching marriage he had furnished a pretty cottage and spent a good deal of time otherwise adorning it for his bride's reception.

The courtship had been a very happy one ; there had been no lovers' quarrels—no jealousy nor distrust—in fact everything had gone as smooth as possible—and Lizzie was looking forward to a long life of tranquil happiness with the husband of her choice. There was just one little point upon which Stephen and she were not quite one, and she hoped that ere they were united for life he would be persuaded to take her view of the matter.

Lizzie was an abstainer, and she wished Stephen to adopt her principles ; she had hinted her wish more than once, but Stephen had always managed to evade the subject, or turn it aside for some more pleasing topic. But the nearer the marriage day approached Lizzie became more anxious to *convert* Stephen. The week before the intended bridal an opportunity occurred for her to try Stephen once more. He was in high spirits, and even more accessible than usual, and Lizzie ventured to broach the subject so near her heart. As usual he tried to waive the subject, but Lizzie was not to be put off, and she pleaded so eloquently that he found it rather difficult to hold his own against her powerful arguments.

"But I don't like the idea of giving up my liberty, you see, dearest," said Stephen, smiling down upon his bride. "It seems unmanly and cowardly."

"That is false pride," argued Lizzie. "What is right is noble, and the safe path is best of all."

Stephen of course could not deny the truth of that. But he would not promise to become an abstainer, at least to pledge himself, and Lizzie had to content herself with his assurance of strength of mind sufficient to carry him safely through the temptations of the wine glass. So the sore subject was never brought up again when the lovers met.

Before the wedding-day, however, Stephen's bachelor companions insisted on having a "blow out." A supper was at first proposed, but Stephen suggested a picnic into the country, as the weather was fine and a general holiday was near; and his idea was favourably received by the majority. Accordingly on a glorious June morning the plan was carried into execution, and before the sleepy world was half awake, Stephen Houghton and his friends were on their way to the green fields, in a trail of silver sunshine.

Lizzie was there with her bridesmaids, and every face seemed to reflect the joy of summer. Stephen Houghton was the "life" of the company, his wit and good humour kept up a continual flow of merriment. When the grand event of the day was over (the dinner), Stephen stole away to enjoy a quiet chat with Lizzie, but a waggish companion contrived to run off with her for a bit of mischief. Stephen joined in the laugh, and proposed the toast of "Absent Friends." "Toasts" only require a beginning amongst jovial companions, and the "idea" is always sure to find a ready response where the flowing bumper is freely circulated. "Absent friends" was followed up with another appropriate "sentiment," and toast after toast followed until heads grew giddy and tongues unintelligible.

Meanwhile Lizzie, escorted by Stephen's cousin, prattling Phil Lawson, and accompanied by a companion or two of her own sex, was revelling in the beauties of nature. She came back to her lover radiant with happiness, and blooming like the roses she had gathered on her way. But a glance at Stephen, as he came forward to meet her, made her bounding pulse stand still, and sent an icy chill through her heart. His face was flushed, and his eyes gleamed wild with excitement. In drinking the health of his friends he had dipped deeper than he should. But, oh dear, nothing to make a fuss about, at least so argued Polly, who had observed the look of anguish that came into Lizzie's face. Nothing to make a fuss about; Stephen was only a little elevated, he could hardly be called tipsy, and it was an extra occasion. All those excuses ran through Lizzie's mind, but a dark memory that clung to the morning of her life like an evil shadow warned her to give no quarter to the enemy.

Stephen thought the picnic had turned out a perfect success, and he was greatly astonished when Lizzie expressed herself not altogether satisfied with the day's proceedings. At first he thought Lizzie was in jest, but when she continued grave he got angry and went away in a huff. He came back again shortly, of course, but in the interval Lizzie had formed a resolution which he little dreamed of.

The picnic had opened her eyes to a slight weakness in her lover's mental organization, and she determined that if possible she would place him out of the reach of temptation. Calculating on the strength of his love, she boldly declared that she would *not* be his wife unless he became an abstainer like herself. But,

alas ! Lizzie did not know Stephen's pride when she staked her happiness for this crotchet of hers. Stephen would not yield. He gave her his solemn promise that he would never pass the strictest moderation in the wine-cup, but he would do no more—no, though she urged him with tears.

Poor Lizzie ! The wedding-day was close at hand ; she must either give in, or farewell to all her golden dreams of happiness. She was in a sore dilemma ; but when her heart failed her she sent a trembling prayer beyond the stars, on the wings of faith, and strength came to her from above. Persuaded that she was in the right, and that Stephen's well-being as well as her own depended upon their beginning life on safe principles, she firmly adhered to her resolution. The marriage was broken off. Lizzie got no sympathy. Her friends thought she was a big fool to lose the chance of such an excellent husband for a pedantic notion ; and the poor girl had to bear many a taunt for her adherence to principle.

Stephen proudly released her from her promise, and then Lizzie was left desolate,—desolate, but in the dark hour of sorrow she had peace in her heart—the peace that is given to all that hold by the *truth*.

Years passed, and Lizzie lost all trace of her lover. Only once in five years did she hear of Stephen. He had gone to London and somebody said he was married. It was just what she might have expected. With his handsome face and winning manners Stephen could not woo in vain. But for all that Lizzie did not regret that she had held firmly by her principles. Hard as it was to walk through life lonely and uncared for, yet she felt sure that she had done what was right, and God would not forsake her.

Seven winters passed, and nobody dreamed that Stephen would ever come back. Neither did Lizzie expect that he would, although she remained single and true to her first love.

"Stephen has forgotten me long ago," she said, with a quiet smile. But one Sunday as she was coming out of church, a brown-faced, bushy-bearded stranger came up to her and clasped her hand in his firm grip. "Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Stephen !" cried Lizzie, turning pale, as she recognised her old lover.

"But don't draw back, Lizzie. I have the passport of favour in my pocket," said the brown-faced stranger, with a smile. "It's all right, Lizzie," whispered Stephen. I have been a staunch teetotaler for seven years, and I have come back to thank you for putting me in the right way." "Oh Stephen !"

"I knew you were right all the time, Lizzie, but *pride* held me back. I wouldn't yield or give up my independence. When you flung me off, I took to drinking with all my might, out of revenge. Thank God, though, conscience lashed me out of my folly, and I sometimes think it must have been through your prayers, Lizzie. Steeped in remorse I took the resolve to become a teetotaler, and off I went and joined the ranks. To be out of the way of sneering friends, I took a trip across the Atlantic. Steady fellows of my trade were wanted in America when I got there ; and to make a long story short, Lizzie, in seven years I made a tidy little fortune, and here I am with a sound body and full purse, if you'll have me yet." * * * * *

Lizzie, Lizzie, was not that moment of triumph worth the sacrifice you made for principle ?

PULL TOGETHER, BOYS!

A SONG FOR "LIFE BOAT CREWS."

Music and Words by W. HOVLE.
Chorus adapted.

Treble
Alto
KEY C
Tenor
Bass

See, bro - thers, see, the storm comes on! The waves roll moun-tains high!

}	s	l : s	m' : -m'	m' : r'	r' : -r'	d' : d'	r' : s	m' : -
	m	f : m	s : -s	s : f	f : -f	m : m	s : s	s : -
	d'	d' : d'	d' : -d'	d' : t	t : -t	d' : d'	t : t	d' : -
	d	d : d	d : -d	d : s	s : -s	l : l	s : s	d' : -

Mid rocks and sands poor drunkards glide, O list ye to their cry!

}	-:s	l : s	m' : -m'	m' : r'	r' : -m'	r' : d'	l : -t	s : -
	-:m	f : m	s : -l	fe : fe	s : -s	s : s	fe : -fe	s : -
	-:d'	d' : d'	d' : -d'	d' : d'	t : -d'	r' : m'	r' : -d	t : -
	-:d	d : d	d : -m	l : r	s : -d'	t : d'	r' : -r	s : -

Their wretched bark no storm will stand, Up - on the rocks they're gone!

}	s d	s ₁ : d	m : -m	m : r	r : -r	t ₁ : r	s ₁ : d	f : -
	s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d : -d	d : t ₁	t ₁ : -t ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	t ₁ : -
	t m	m : m	s : -s	s : f	f : -f	f : f	m : m	s : -
	s d	d : d	d : -d	d : s ₁	s ₁ : -s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d : d	s ₁ : -

Man well our temp'rance boat—O save, Ere death's dark night comes on!

}	: f	m : m	l m' : -r'	d' : l	l : d'	s : s	l : t	d' : -:-
	: t ₁	d : d	d s : -s	s : f	f : f	m : m	f : f	m : -:-
	: s	s : s	f d' : -t	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' : s	s : -:-
	: s ₁	d : d	f d : -r	m : f	f : l	s : s	f : s	d : -:-

PULL TOGETHER, BOYS!

(Continued.)

Pull, pull to - geth - er, boys! Pull, pull to - geth - er, boys!

s : -	d' : -r'	d' : t	r' : -	s : -	r' : -m'	r' : d'	m' : -
m : -	m : -f	m : f	f : -	f : -	f : -s	f : m	s : -
d' : -	d' : -d'	d' : r'	t : -	t : -	t : -d'	t : t	d' : -
d : -	d : -d	d : s	s : -	s : -	s : -s	s : d	d' : -

Pull, pull to - geth - er, boys, like bro - thers, ev - ry one.

s : -	d' : -t	t : l	l : l	s . s : -	l : t	d' : -
m : -	m : -s	s : f	f : f	m . m : -	f : f	m : -
d' : -	d' : -d'	d' : d'	d' : d'	d' . d' : -	d' : s	s : -
d : -	d : -m	f : f	f : l	s . s : -	f : s	d : -

They thought their moderation bark
 Would weather any gale,
 They heard not warning words from crews
 Who know well how to sail:
 Awhile they bask in sunny rays,
 Then, lo! a storm comes on,
 They wish they'd pull'd together, boys,
 Like brothers every one.

Pull, pull together, &c:

The treacherous rocks and quicksands, boys,
 Are sin in many forms:
 Life's voyagers may soon be lost
 When rise temptation's storms—

But with our Temperance life-boat strong,
 Religion leading on—
 Our hopes are bright, as on we glide,
 Like brothers every one.

Pull, pull together, &c.

Temptation's storms around us rise,
 Who does not feel their power!
 Alas! how many barks are lost
 In some unguarded hour!
 O let us pray that all good men
 May help our life-boat on,
 And pull through life together, boys,
 Like brothers every one. Pull, pull, &c.

A Noble Temperance Missionary.

THE following letter affords an example of what can be done by a young but willing worker for the temperance cause, and we hope that not only many boys and girls but older friends also will go and do likewise:—

“ December 3rd, 1869.

“ Dear Sir,—Mine is but a little towards the New Year's offering, but I am determined to do all I can for the temperance cause. There is no society in Wantage, but I have a pledge book and I get all to sign that I can, and I see that they keep it too. Although we have no meetings I don't forget to ask them how they get on when I see them, and lend them 'Onward' to read. I have been a teetotaler only two years yet.

“ LAURA B.”

THE COMING TIME.

BY JOSEPH DARRAH.

IN the hours when kindly slumber wraps the noisy world in peace,
 When the sad forget their sorrow, and the sounds of laughter cease,
 As I slept upon my couch I saw an angel pure and bright
 From the starry heavens descending on a cloud of dazzling light.
 Oh, her lovely form illumined all the ground on which she trod,
 As she smiling came before me as the messenger of God.
 Like the prophet lone in Patmos, I beheld her face with dread ;
 But she charmed away my shrinking by the loving words she said.
 " Not a message full of sorrow do I bear thee from above,"
 Softly said the vision, " but a revelation sweet of love."
 As a child is glad to listen, sitting at its mother's knee,
 To a tale of Him who calmed the waves of stormy Galilee,
 So my heart was filled with pleasure as the angel's tones I heard,
 And I blessed her as the bearer fair of God's unchanging word.
 And a mortal's voice can never hope an angel's voice to reach,
 In its beauty or its harmony, by purest forms of speech ;
 And the poet's flowing song we love, because 'tis likest, here,
 To the angels' words of melody in heaven's transcendent sphere ;
 Though my human pen would fail to write the very words she spoke,
 Yet I wrote the sense as follows when the rosy morning broke.
 Like a pestilence in Eastern lands, which lays its thousands low,
 When the streets are filled with mourners and arise the sounds of woe,
 Is the scourge by which that spirit, who from heaven was hurl'd down
 For aspiring to the dignity of God's almighty crown,
 Doth destroy the strength and manliness of England's noble hearts,
 And doth so degrade and crush them that the sense of shame departs.
 From the pure and luscious grape juice he a deadly draught distils ;
 From the corn that waves in autumn's days upon the plains and hills,
 And the sugar-cane that lifts its form in warm Jamaica's groves,
 Doth the demon turn to poisoning drink, to do the work he loves.
 All who taste bow down before him, and they say, " How fair art thou !
 Smiles are on thy rosy cheeks, and oh, how peaceful is thy brow !"
 But the demon hath deceived them, for his beauty is a snare,
 And below the fair disguise, behold, a hateful scowl is there ;
 When they see him as he is, they would often turn and flee ;
 But he holds them in his meshes, and he will not let them free.
 Fathers taste the spirit's goblet, and their love is shown no more ;
 Mother's drink the liquor bright, and hate the little ones they bore ;
 Brothers strong and sisters fair, who peacefully should ever dwell,
 Through the drink forget affection, and the home becomes a hell ;
 And the land is full of sorrow, and the blood of murder cries,
 With a voice that *will* be answered, for the vengeance of the skies.
 Do not think, O man, that Wrong shall ever triumph over Right—
 That the arm of God will never be unbared in awful might
 To deliver drink-bound captives, to let the oppressed go free,
 And to bring, like sunrise after night, the dawn of liberty :
 Yea, though hand in hand the spirit's band may seek to spread his reign,
 He shall fall, and all in bondage be delivered from his chain.
 On the ruins of the past, behold, a future shall arise,
 In the days whereof shall never more be heard the drunkard's cries ;
 And the earth, though old, in gladness shall renew her sunny youth—
 And her children then shall walk in paths of righteousness and truth ;
 For the gospel's sound, like music sweet, shall raise its notes of peace ;
 And the turmoil of the wicked ones for evermore shall cease.

Then I cried, "O happy time! speed thou upon thy joyous way,
 And let nothing stop thy progress, and thy blessings nought delay;
 For the world is very weary, and it cries for peace and rest,
 Pining for thy coming as an infant for its mother's breast."
 Then the angel said, "If thou would'st hasten on its dawning bright,
 'Gainst the demon's hateful, blasting power, do thou unceasing fight;
 And thy soul shall be, by Faith and Hope, illumined on her way,
 As the sun, in glory rising, scatters darkness far away."

Who shall tell the boundless glory of thy coming, joyful time?
 Who shall sing in fitting numbers of a theme so grand, sublime?
 All the great and all the noble ones have ever dreamt of thee,
 Panting with a burning, strong desire, thy happiness to see!
 As a watcher in night's blackest hours turns to the east his eye,
 To behold the first bright stream of light that darts across the sky,
 Thus, 'mid moral darkness do we look for thy serenest light,
 And unceasing are we hoping that thy dawn may bless our sight!
 Once again do I invoke thee, do I pray thee to descend,
 And to bring the wickedness of man to an eternal end.

CIRCULATION OF "ONWARD."

THE writer of the following letter has done as much for the circulation of temperance literature as any person we know in a similar sphere. He sold or distributed in the way he so modestly describes, nearly 3,000 copies of the first two numbers of "Onward," besides a very large amount of other temperance literature. We are now beginning a new year and commencing a new volume, and if all our readers will only help us as Mr. Trickett suggests, not only will the circulation of "Onward" be largely extended, but a great help given to our noble temperance cause. Dear readers, will you all TRY?

"Manchester, December, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—The present time is a very favourable opportunity for calling upon all the friends of true temperance principles, Sabbath-school teachers, tract distributors, &c.; in fact, all who have the love of their fellow-creatures at heart to do what they can to increase the sale of 'Onward,' a publication which, for its small price, cannot be beaten. Now, I will tell your readers what I have done, and am still doing, as opportunity offers. I say to a friend, 'you are a Sunday-school teacher; well, I'll tell you what I want you to do. You know we have a magazine called "Onward," which is published "monthly." How many scholars have you in your class?' 'Why, about 18.' 'Well, then, let me beg of you to purchase 18 copies of "Onward" per month, and give one to each of your scholars, they will appreciate your kindness, and coming from their teacher will read it, and at the same time take it to their homes, and God only knows what good it may do, probably be the means of reclaiming some poor drunkard.' This plan I have found to work well, some take 6, 12, 18, or 25, and one gentleman 36 copies per month for distribution, and any odd numbers you may have left, take

one out of your pocket when riding in a 'bus and give a copy to the guard or driver; and, also, don't forget our cabmen who pass many a lonely hour in the streets, to whom something to read is very acceptable. This number being the first of a new volume is a very fitting opportunity for sowing the good seed of temperance. Hoping that some of your numerous readers will see the importance of taking the matter into consideration, our secretary, I'm sure, will accommodate friends with a number of copies at the published price.

"JAMES TRICKETT."

LITTLE FANNY.

BY MARTHA REMICK.

" I SAW a handsome carriage,
Out on the street to-day,
It was Mrs. M—'s dear mamma,
She was going up our way;
And I thought (to keep from crying
Was more than I could do,
How she rolled in state and splendour,
And how hard it was with you.

" In our homely little hovel,
You work from morn till night,
And the rags in the old windows
Are a sad and shameful sight!
On our table scarcely ever
A decent meal is spread,
We live upon potatoes,
With a little salt and bread.

" O why should they have riches?
And all that God can give?
While we are poor and hungry,
And scarce can make to live;

It's a hard world and a cruel!
And my playmates gibe and sneer.
Is there a God in heaven?
Don't blame me, mamma, dear!"

" Listen, my little Fanny,
Hear what I have to say,
I would not for her splendour
Be Mrs. M—— to-day;
The carriage and the horses,
All that you saw, my dear,
Was wrung from wretched households,
A part was paid for here."

" You said the time was coming,
(O, mamma! is it so?)
When no grog-shops would be open
For the curse of high or low;
O I wish the day would hasten!
Then we'd have both clothes and bread,
And no cruel blows or scornings,
And a good roof overhead."

NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

UR friends the Executive Committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union are again appealing for a NEW YEAR'S OFFERING, in order to carry on their work successfully. Last year over £50 was sent in, nearly all in small sums; and we are quite sure, from all we hear, that it will be much more this year. We can give our readers this assurance, that although our friends are always asking for money, *they do spend it well when they get it.* And a large amount must necessarily be required to carry on with success so vast an organisation. Mr. Cowin, of the Trevelyan Hotel, Manchester, has again nobly repeated his last year's offer of FOUR PRIZES TO THE LARGEST COLLECTORS. He writes to say:—

"It is my intention to give the four largest collectors to the funds of the Union through the New Year's Offering, the following prizes :—

"1st. Three bound Volumes of Temperance Tales, value 5s.

"2nd. Two bound Volumes of Temperance Tales, value 4s.

"3rd. The Fourth Volume of '*Onward*,' value 3s. 6d.

"4th. Hoyle's Melodies, with music, value 2s."

Mr. Cowin is indeed very kind, and we hope our youthful readers will each make an effort to win the first prize. On this subject we have received a very encouraging letter from Mr. Ralph Downs, who represents the Stockport large Sunday-school. He says: "I was at the annual meeting of the Union last Saturday, and was much pleased with the proceedings. I went back with the determination that we would make an effort in our society this time with respect to the New Year's gift for the Union. I mentioned it to our committee, and we made a start at our meeting on Wednesday night, and collected over 10s. from the members, and I expect we shall do as much more next week." Here is another equally as cheering :—

"Longridge, near Preston, Dec. 23rd, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding you 5s. as a New Year's present to the funds of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. The amount I have collected has been done without any trouble, as there are hundreds of people, bad as the world is, who will give a few pence to a noble institution like yours when the matter is plainly laid before them. Hoping that you may go on and prosper, and save many a little one from knowing what an old drunkard can feel, yours truly,

"ROBERT JOHNSON."

These are specimens of the earnest and generous spirit which we believe is growing up both in our societies as well as amongst all the friends of the movement, giving us a joyous and certain hope for the future.

W I N E .

By R. A. J.

LOOK not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its
glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Aye—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine:
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid in its rosy depths below.

THE BEAUTIFUL SONG.

A TEMPERANCE GLEE. BY W. WILEMAN.

(Air—"The Beautiful Stream.")



HAVE you not heard of a
beautiful song
That's sung by our Tem-
perance Band?

Its notes are complete, and its accents
all sweet,
Through the length and the breadth
of the land.

CHORUS.

O sing that beautiful song!
O sing that beautiful song!
"Peace, peace upon earth, goodwill to
all men;"
O join in that beautiful song!

This beautiful song is no language of
earth,—

To heaven's own music 'tis sung:
All are welcome to sing it and join in
the mirth,
Alike whether aged or young.
CHORUS.—O sing, &c.

All boldly we press through the ranks
of the foes
That meet us in marching along;
And when they combine, our advance
to oppose,
We sing them our beautiful song.
CHORUS.—O sing, &c.

We harbour no fear, for our aim is
sincere,—
The downfall of vice and of woe;
"Peace, peace upon earth, and goodwill
to all men"—
This sing we as onward we go.
CHORUS.—O sing, &c.

O when will the people of England be
wise,
Renouncing each system of wrong?
When will they from death and the
winecup arise,
And join in our beautiful song?
CHORUS.—O sing, &c.

What is Moderate Drinking?

ALL readily admit that excessive drinking is a great evil. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness. But moderate drinking is thought to be safe, because the drinker is only *partially* drunk. Our doctrine is that drinking intoxicating drinks in any amount as a beverage is excess.

In answer to the question at the head of this article, we say—

It is the great deceiver of nations, promising health and long life, yet destroying more by its tendencies than war, famine, or the plague.

It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the stomach.

It is the A. B. C. of drinking; the picture book, leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance.

It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises, but performing no cure, and yet demanding enormous pay.

It is the starting point to the workhouse, the asylum, and the gallows.

It is a light-fingered gentleman, who feels every corner of the drawer, and to the very bottom of the purse.

It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descent, smooth as marble, and slippery as glass, ending in an ashes of ruin.

It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly vemon are concealed by the dazzling of its coils.

It is hypocrisy personified, all affected outside sobriety, while all is agitation and uncleanness within.

It is the landlord's birdlime, by which he secures his victims, and fastens them in a cage.

It is an *ignis fatuus* tempting its fated followers over trembling bogs, and tumbling them down a frightful precipice.

It is a whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more.

It appears as an angel of light, assuming a smiling countenance, but in reality a demon of the bottomless pit.

It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring a man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness.

It is the birthday and birthplace of all the drunkenness we have in the land.

It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the 60,000 destroyed annually by strong drink.

FEAR NOT.

By J. D.

STORMTOSSED, why dread the
angry wave?
There's One omnipotent to save
At hand:

In His good time I know He will
Rebuke the waves, and say "Be still!"

Though darkness veils thee do not chide,
Thy Pilot's ever by thy side

To steer:

And when the billows rage He will
Appear and whisper "Peace! be still!"

Though snares beset thee on thy way,
And dangers threaten day by day,

Fear not:

Thy Captain's mighty, and He will
In peace and safety keep thee still,

Should sorrows well-nigh overwhelm,
Confide in Him who holds the helm,
Be calm:

A sympathising Saviour will
Uphold thy drooping spirit still.

When death comes hasting on apace,
And boldly stares thee in the face,

Fear not:

Thine earthly Friend and Guardian will
Sustain, and be thy portion still.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"**W**HEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us: "Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me and I will attend to his case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of our neighbours.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.



HEARTY shake of the hand, and a Happy New Year to each of our wide circle of readers is the Editor's joyous congratulation on the commencement of a New Volume and a New Year. May our intercourse be closer, our work more prosperous, and, above all, may God's blessing in richer and deeper abundance accompany every work and every worker in the noble temperance cause, so that the year 1870 may be one of greater victory and triumph than any of its predecessors.

While we remind our readers that our FOURTH VOLUME is now ready, and forms a very pretty New Year's present, we have also the pleasure of announcing that the New Prize Tale which secured the £100 offered by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union is now issued.

FRANK OLDFIELD is really a gem in temperance literature, a story full of touching incidents, written with great care and ability. We advise our readers to order it at once from Mr. Tweedie, 337, Strand, and can promise them a treat.

We have just received a copy of GRAHAM'S TEMPERANCE GUIDE FOR 1870. It contains an immense amount of facts and information, and improves every year; it is quite indispensable to every temperance worker. It is issued in neat coloured wrapper at 8d., and cloth, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d.

It will doubtless be most acceptable to the conductors of many of our societies who have to provide a varied and attractive display of DECORATIONS at their numerous tea parties and festivals, to be informed that Mr. Henry Bevis, of 140, Pentonville Road, London, N., has thoroughly met this want, and has on *hire* or for *sale*, mottoes, flags, banners, &c., to an unlimited extent, at such cheap rates as to give a large amount of beautiful decorations at a very small cost. Our friends may obtain any information they require, with the published list of mottoes, &c., by writing to Mr. Bevis. We can speak with full confidence from having seen the result at several schools where the plan has been tried successfully.

The sixth annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held December 11th. Tea was provided at five o'clock, at which there was a good attendance of members and friends. The report of the past year announced an increase of 36 societies and 1 local union, making a total in all of 234 societies and 5 local unions. Over 100,000 copies of "Onward" had been circulated, and upwards of 3,000 meetings had been held, and addressed by 342 speakers, in addition to festivals, conferences, out-door demonstrations, deputations, &c. After the election of officers for the ensuing year, the chairman signed, on behalf of the meeting, a memorial to the Premier, praying for a clause in the forthcoming licensing measure for the entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday.

On Wednesday, December 15th, the members of the Pontefract Band of Hope gave a musical entertainment in the Town Hall, when Mr. J. A. Phillips presided over a very crowded audience. The entertainment included pianoforte solos, duets, dialogues, &c., and much credit is due to the performers on the occasion.

WHY DON'T PARENTS EDUCATE THEIR OWN CHILDREN ?

BY JOSEPH LIVESSEY.

BETWEEN fifty and sixty years ago, the education mania was as rife as it is at present. The people were vicious and immoral, and the "National Schools" were then projected as a remedy. It was then said, almost by common consent, "Wait till the present generation dies off, and then we shall have a new and virtuous race of people." Well, we have waited, and we see the result. The drinking system has kept pace with the educational system, and if the money spent on schools had been double what it has been, drink would have been more than a match for it. I remember the erection of the first National School in Preston, in the year 1814. Since then, there have been built, I suppose, twenty other similar schools in connection with the Church, and nearly as many in connection with the Romanists and Dissenters, with the addition of some forty Sunday-schools, besides ragged-schools, infant-schools, mechanics' institute, and institutions of all sorts; and yet we are in that deplorable condition that the Government is implored to step in and set us right? You may "compel" the little ones to go to school, but you cannot follow them *home*, nor, as they advance in years, into the *workshop* or the *street*, where strong influences, antagonistic to morality and sober habits, everywhere abound. The expectations of our educational friends are founded on superficial evidence. To rely upon the school-master's instruction—upon a proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic—as more than a match for the influence of drunken parents, as a defence against the demoralising influence of drinking associates in the workshop, and the powerful temptations of the beershop, the dramshop, the singing and dancing-rooms—is, in my opinion, to evince but a very limited acquaintance with the condition of social life among the masses. It has been proved beyond contradiction that the majority of criminals in the prisons had been Sunday-school scholars, and not a few of them even teachers. The idea formerly propagated and now repeated, that "the parents of the present generation are to die off," is so horrible, so unchristian, that I am surprised that any good man can lend his aid to any movement that recognises it.

I say, then, that it is most important that the teetotalers come out and proclaim these facts in the face of the nation. Let not the truth suffer for want of noble defenders; and there never was a time more seasonable for getting a hearing than the present. Agreeing with the public at large as to the extent of juvenile ignorance, and the importance of its removal, we must show that agitating for more education is merely dealing with the *effects*, leaving the *cause* unmoved, and in full vigour. There is no remedy so long as drink is triumphant. In proportion as that is removed will be the reformation of the parents and the improvement of their children. If half the ministers of religion who crowd the platforms in favour of State education would feel it their personal duty to go amongst the poor, to visit the haunts of wickedness, to breast the flood of intemperance that now surges through the land, the first thing that would strike them would be that nine-tenths

of the poverty, ignorance, and vices of the people proceed from drink. They would then see at once that no amelioration can be expected without a great change in the drinking habits of the people. If they would look this matter fairly in the face, I think they would cease to rely upon more schooling as a broken reed! They would also find this—that while drinkers abandon their children to the world, those who have become teetotalers are most anxious to educate their children—that the street Arabs are none of theirs. If the ministers would do as here indicated, the teetotalers would be encouraged in their work. Abstinence would demonstrate itself as a moral and educational power, and, if it became more fashionable those who administered the law, and men of influence generally, would favour the cause, and there would soon be a marked movement in favour of sobriety. This course, I believe, is the proper one for securing the education of our neglected youth; it is, I believe, in accordance with God's own arrangement—that if we are to have good children we must have sober parents. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also.

A SORROWFUL MEMORY.

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

SO fair and brave to drown his
soul
In draughts of purple wine!
It is not strange, that o'er his grave
His manhood's friends repine!
That tears should dim the eyes of all,
When gather'd round the fire;

And trembling lips denounce the foe
That still'd the poet's lyre!
It is not strange that his pale love
Should haunt his lonely grave;
And in her agony of woe
A dead man's pardon crave!
Forgetting, that as falls the tree,
So must its changeless future be!

LENNY'S STORY.

BY C. A. SYLVESTER.

I'M going to have a drink of new cider, boys. Down at Jacob's they've got some that's tip-top, right out of the press. Come, who'll go with me?"

So said Charlie Neal to John Crowell and Mark Stanley, as they finished up the last game of ball they expected to have for the season. Lenny Jones, the smallest of them all, had gone to put away the bats, and before anybody answered came back, puffing away like a small sized steam-engine.

"What say you, Lenny? Shall we go?"

"Go where? I suppose so; only I don't know where. Yes, if it is a good place. When?"

"Down to Jacob's, to get a drink of new cider." There was a twinkle in Johnny's eye, for Lenny was a staunch little teetotaler, and the boys all knew it.

"New cider? No! I never will."

"Just from the press, sweet as a nut, and the best flavour they say that old Jacob ever made. Come, let's go and take a swig." And the boy smacked his lips in anticipation.

"See here, boys ; I heard old drunken Ben Jones say those very words, just as I came across the field from home. I wouldn't ever say it again. I want to tell you a story. Come, let's sit down under this tree." And the boys sat down around little Len, who looked as wise as a judge, as he went on with his story.

"Once upon a time a camel asked a cobbler to let him put his nose into his stall. The cobbler objected, but the camel coaxed round him, till at last the cobbler gave his consent, and then the camel after putting in his nose, pushed in his head, and then his foot, and finally he walked in and turned the cobbler out. Now, boys, *I'm* going to keep out the camel's nose, if I can. I don't mean to begin to do wrong. If we go down to Jacob's and get a little *new* cider, by-and-by we shall want some *old* cider, and then we'll learn to take something stronger, and the camel will come in, the whole of him, and turn us out. So, boys, I think its best not to drink cider, either new or old."

"Three cheers for Lenny's story !" said John, and so say we.

THE CUP-BEARER.

BY COUSIN MOLLY.

THE little cup-bearer entered the room,
After the banquet was done ;

His eyes were like the skies of May,
All bright with a cloudless sun ;
His hair a soft and wavy brown,
His forehead white and high,
And his gentle voice and courteous mien
Were a joy to every eye.

The little cup-bearer in his hand
Carried a silver horn,
Wherein there flashed a rare old wine,
With a tint like the purple morn.
Kneeling beside his master's feet,—
The feet of the noble king,—
He raised the goblet, "Drink, my liege,
The offering that I bring !"

"Now, nay !" the good king, smiling,
said,

"But first,—a faithful sign
That thou bringest me no poison draught,
Taste thou, my page, of the wine !"
Then sweet, but gravely, spoke the lad,
"My dearest master, *no!*
Though at thy lightest wish my feet
Shall gladly come and go."

"Rise up, my little cup-bearer !"
The king astonished cried !
"Rise up and tell me, straightway, why
Is my request denied ?"
The young page rose up slowly,
With sudden paling cheek,
While all the lords and ladies
Waited to hear him speak.

"My father sat in princely halls,
And tasted wine with *you*,—
He died a wretched drunkard, sire!—"
The brave voice tearful grew,—
"I vowed to my dear mother,
Beside her dying bed,
That for her sake, I would not taste
The tempting poison red !"

"Away with this young upstart !"
The lords impatient cry,
But, spilling slow the purple wine,
The good king made reply :
"Thou shalt be my little cup-bearer,
And honoured well," he said,
"But see thou bring not wine to me,
But water pure instead !"

The Light in the Window.

“**I**’LL keep the light in the window, Sandy, till you come back.”
 “Never mind, mother,” said the boy, standing at the door in an uncertain, slouching kind of a way; “I might be late.”
 “It’s dark along the lane,” said the mother, “and a bit of candle light would be ill spared if you got a tumble by it. I’ll keep a candle burning till you come back.”

She was a hard-featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young; and as she talked she worked on, ironing the linen she had washed and starched, and heaping it like a snow-drift in a basket beside her.

Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, but Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with rosy lips and cheeks, and dancing eyes.

If Sandy would only be a little steadier, the mother often sighed; but to be steadier was not Sandy’s lot.

Off, ever and always to the river side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunging stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland dog, “Whickere” by name, to fetch.

No harm in that, the mother said, if the boys had all been good; but at the public-house they were worse, and the decent washerwoman shivered as she listened to the boy’s home-coming step at night, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler’s boys, and drink too much.

Squire Peeler’s boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighbourhood.

But, now, as he stood in the door, so tall, and fair, and bonnie, the mother’s heart grew light. He’d be sure to settle down and help her with the bairns some day, she thought.

No doubt of that; he was, but a bit of a boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle on the window to light the boy along the lonely lane at his home coming.

The candle burned itself away and sank into the socket, and the very wick smouldered out, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him. The restraints of a mother’s watchful eye annoyed him.

To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him; but he had grace left to remember with a pang, these words:

“I’ll keep a light burning till ye come back, Sandy.”

Some vague hope of being rich, and doing great things for those who were at home was in his mind, or he believed so; but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and restraint gave the actual impulse to the steps.

He shipped as a sailor next day, and began in earnest, a wild reckless life.

It suited him. Now and then, when the storm was at its height, and far in

the distance, the lights of some tall lighthouse shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window-sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice, saying, "I'll keep it burning until ye come back, Sandy."

Now and then, amidst the yarns and songs of the fore-castle merry-making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scotch ballads, or perhaps some hymns handed down from the time when the old Covenanters worshipped God and defied man amongst the purple heather. They never lured him home to help her, though.

The years rolled on, and even this one sting of conscience ceased its paining.

In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout. His cheek was bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor.

As the years passed on, he came to be an officer—the first mate of the *Agamemnon*. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that kind of boisterous life that drives the thought of mother from men's very souls.

He had friends, at least he thought so—men who knew his pay jingled in his pockets, women who did not blush to receive the lavish gifts from the jovial sailor. He was not niggardly; nay, once he had emptied his last remaining silver into a beggar's hand. It happened to be a prettyish beggar girl, and he went on a three year's cruise shoeless.

During shipwreck, or when the *Agamemnon* found a sister vessel in distress, Sandy was the bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go back to the eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, no never.

Five years were gone, and ten, and fifteen, and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore—a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths. When the *Agamemnon* came, after a long and stormy voyage, just within sight of the coast—within sight of its lighthouse at least, for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible.

Battered by the storms already, bruised by the waves, yet still the old *Agamemnon* fought her way homeward. By the morrow sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave-weary mariners—for once, at least, all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy, and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood a good while leaning over the taffrail, both smoking and thinking, if he ever thought.

It was an ill omened lingering for the *Agamemnon*. A spark from the cigar held in an unsteady hand, regarded by eyes not brighter for recent draughts of brandy, made its way somehow, demon-borne or wind-borne, into the place where the cargo of the vessel had been stowed away, and at dead of night the mid-watch saw stealing through the planks of the deck red and yellow tongues of flame. The vessel was on fire!

Fire! fire! fire! the word rang its way to heaven, shouted by every one on board. The scene that followed beggars description. None who survived could ever forget it. There was no hope from the first, save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it? Oh, who could forget it?

The old man, pointing towards the light on shore, cried: "I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain, deathly pale, showed that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time. Changing from a dictatorial, hard old drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every soul on board, forgetting himself, vowed to go down with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clinging to him; and the mother with her babe bound to her breast, praying on her knees amid the tumult; the orphan child going home to its grandparents, wonder-stricken and yet scarcely conscious of his danger; the sailors changed, like the captain, into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amidst them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scene around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair, and the grip of Hercules.

The boats and rafts, some to live and some to die, were all afloat. All had disappeared in the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's almost over."

"Ay, ay, lad," said the captain, "give us your fist. We've sailed together a good while now. We now seem bound for the long voyage. May the Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet," said the mate; "try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor, "I go with her. No wife waits for me—no child. She's my wife and children all in one. Try you; I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy saw of the captain. A rush and a roar from below, where the spirits were stored, ended the words. Then came blindness and silence, and time paused for him.

* * * * *

At last there was sound again—the sound of waters. Sight the red lamps of the lighthouse. Feeling of the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence saved Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay quite motionless for a long time, till he staggered to his feet at last. Above him, his sailor eye used to remember such things, towered well-known rocks, kissed by a struggling beam of moonlight.

The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the lighthouse signals perhaps, was singing a hymn: "There's a light in the window for thee, brother; There's a light in the window for thee."

And then the big tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said, "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy," twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the old home yet who could tell him of her.

And so in the midnight darkness, the sailor staggered up the river path through the changed streets, and led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where the boyhood home had been so long before. The lane was no more—a street of houses now; but at its end, or he dreamt, Sandy saw a candle gleam. He drew nearer. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle in very truth, and in the window of his own home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited trembling, and the door opened; at it stood an old woman with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern, strong features and her blue eyes still.

“What’s this?” she said in her Scotch accent.

“A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter.”

“Come in,” she said; “come in and warm ye; it’s a bitter night. The candle led ye here, na dou’t. It’s burnt these twenty years. Ye wonder at that. I’d a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him. I’ve a fancy it will wile him back yet; and I’ve gone without bread many a time to keep it burning. The others are all dead; and I said, I’ll keep it a-light till ye come back, Sandy—and I will.”

And then, as he flung himself upon his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back again.

He never forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be those of the seaport say they may never see again. And if you go thither, they will point you out the little cottage window at which, strong in faith for his return, Sandy Cameron’s mother kept a light burning for him for all the nights of twenty years.

Sign the Pledge Now.

AIR—“Dare to do Right.”

SIGN the pledge now, sign the pledge now;
 Look up to heaven, and write down the vow;
 Why do you falter, or why do you wait?
 It may be, hereafter, you’ll find it too late.

CHORUS: Sign, sign, sign the pledge now, &c.

Sign the pledge now, sign the pledge now;
 To the proud tyrant your neck never bow;
 Chains you will find it is hard work to break;
 Your locks will be shorn before you awake.

CHORUS: Sign, sign, sign the pledge now, &c.

Sign the pledge now, sign the pledge now;
 Sipping of wine, nor tipping allow;
 Healthier and wealthier and happier to boot,
 You will be, when once you’ve put down your foot.

CHORUS: Sign, sign, sign the pledge now, &c.

Sign the pledge now, sign the pledge now;
 Lift up to heaven your pure, manly brow;
 Daily in secret bend down on your knee;
 He who has made you, your helper will be.

CHORUS: Sign, sign, sign the pledge now, &c.

JOHN'S FOE.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

44 **W**ELL met, old friend! I'm
downright glad
Once more to see your
face.

It's years since last we met, my lad:
Time hurries on apace.
Come, sit you down, and take a glass
To warm old friendship up;
We've rare good ale i'th' house—Jane,
lass,
Make haste and bring a sup."

"No, thank you, Tom; I'll have no ale;
The temperance pledge I've signed."

"Well, I declare! That *is* a tale—
A queer one, to my mind.

At any rate, sit down, friend John,
And let's talk matters o'er;
How have you managed to get on
Since we'd a chat before?"

"Why, Tom, I've been in several
towns;

'Twould take me long to tell
Of all my various ups and downs,
But I've done middling well.

I've laid a bit of money by,
And built a nice snug cot—
I'd like you some fine day to try
To come and see our spot.

Of all my griefs I'll tell you th' worst:
We had at home, you know,

What we took for a friend at first,
That proved a downright foe.

For a long time we kept him on,
Thinking his ways would mend,
Till nearly all I had was gone
Through this deceitful friend.

From our fireside he stole the light,
And from our home the joy;

My wife shrank trembling from my
sight,

And so did my poor boy.
For in my heart he sowed the seeds
Of passions wild and dread,

From which sprang rank and poisonous
weeds

Of evils thickly spread.

He stole my earnings from my hand—
Forced me to let them drop.

At no black mischief would he stand:
He lost me many a shop.

He stole our furniture away
Till nearly all was gone;

And then he pilfered day by day
The clothes that we had 'on.

And then he bared of food our shelf
Till hunger pinched us sore,

And seized the money for himself
That should have bought us more.

He dealt me many a cruel blow;
He injured my poor brain;—

And yet I loved him, you must know,
And let him still remain!"

"Why, hang it, John! I rather doubt
Whether you're all there, quite;

I'd soon have turned the fellow out,
And driven him from my sight."

"Ah, Tom, that was against my will.
I loved him so, I say,

I wanted him to go, and still
I wanted him to stay.

At last I mustered energy
To drive him from my door;

A dreadful struggle 'twas for me
To cherish him no more!

When he was gone I soon got round;
I loved my wife and boy;

Within our home were quickly found
Peace, Plenty, Comfort, Joy;

We soon got furniture bran new,
Provisions, and good clothes;

And now I'm pretty well to do,
As far as money goes.

But since I've come within your door
I've seen this cruel foe—

The very one that, years before,
Worked me such bitter woe."

"You've seen him, John? Pray tell
me where—

We'll drum him out o'th' town!"

"Stop! sit you down, Tom: he is here—
This ale your wife set down!

'Tis **ALCOHOL**, this deadly foe
That nearly ruined me,

If *you* would banish him, I know
That you would safer be;

The money that in drink you spend,
If saved, I durst engage

To say, would prove a welcome friend
In sickness or old age."

"I'll tell you what, John: you're quite
right;

This drinking I'll give o'er!
I'll banish your old foe to-night—

He'll rob *my* house no more!"

British Temperance Advocate.

ARM FOR THE BATTLE.

DEATH, death, to the crested
serpent!
War, war, on the curse of
rum!

From mountain to valley the watchword
Repeat till our lips are dumb.
Follow the trail of the monster,
Trail him to forest and glen,
Hunt him wherever he hideth,
Stab him to death in his den!

Hath he not murdered our mothers,
Brought their gray locks to the tomb?
Hath he not murdered our brothers,
Yet in their manhood's bloom?

Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,
Hissing with Upas breath?
On, on, to the warfare, brothers!
Nor cease till he writhes in death!

Arm, arm for the battle of glory!
Strike, strike for the battle of truth,
Fathers with locks so hoary,
Sons in the bloom of youth!
Mothers, and sisters, and daughters,
With your prayers and blessings
come!
Death, death, wherever he lurketh,
To the serpent whose name is rum!

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

THE Temperance Soldier is fighting against a giant foe, and he understands the solemn import of the words, "Watch and pray." He is not unmindful of the valour of his commander, the probable resources of the enemy, and the formidable nature of the enterprise.

It is well, indeed, that the temperance soldier should be found watching and praying, for, as he looks around him, how many does he behold who have had severe encounters with the enemy; and how many, alas! have fallen—decoyed through the subtle fascinations of the destroyer, led captive and lost in the vortex of intemperance!

Affectionately would we exhort all *to stand firm to their pledge*. We would have them to be like brave soldiers—always ready when the enemy comes. Be not afraid. Our commander is the "Lord of Hosts," the God of battles. He has unlimited resources. He made a pathway through the waters of the Red Sea for His people, but when the enemies of the Lord advanced, He commanded, and back rolled the massive columns, overthrowing chariots and horsemen, until Pharaoh and all his host were slain, and songs of deliverance ascended from the ransomed people of the Lord.

Doubtless our enemy has great resources. Like a skilful engineer, he directs his artillery against that part of the fortress which he knows to be the weakest. He is not slow to discover our besetting sins, and too often, alas! does he succeed in leading us astray into the paths of vice and folly.

What, then, is our duty, and how may we be secured from the power of the enemy! Let us not forget the command of our illustrious Leader, "*Watch and pray* lest ye enter into temptation." Brave, *teetotal* Daniel was also *praying* Daniel. Who dare say that he would have remained firm to his pledge amid the allurements of that Eastern court, were it not that Daniel's petition ascended to the God of his fathers three times a day? O that every teetotaler were a praying Daniel, not only keeping watch, but *watching* and *praying*!

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

As we behold the various departments of our temperance movement, and reflect on the vastness of the enterprise, we are tempted to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But to let such feelings prevail would betray a want of confidence in the power of our Leader. If God be on our side, what doth it matter who are against us? He can fetch his friends out of the very camp of the enemy, and He can make one man chase a thousand! Who has not observed the rapid advances which our cause has made during the past ten years? What a marvellous change has taken place in public opinion with regard to the nature and use of intoxicating drinks! How steadily has temperance sentiment grown, until it has permeated every department of society! How nobly are the ministers of Christ beginning to take their stand under the banner of temperance, and, like the great Apostle of old, denouncing that which has so long been a barrier to the spread of religion. How gratifying to trace the rise and progress of the Band of Hope movement on the one hand, and the rapid development of the principles of prohibition on the other! Surely, we may exclaim, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Are we not on the eve of some mighty revolution in our social system? Who shall predict what shall be accomplished in the next ten years? May we not say with one of our brave warriors—

"There's a glorious work before us."

Like the Jews of old, who were determined to build up the walls of their ancient city, "We are doing a great work." While they used the trowel, they were also ready to wield the sword; and when their enemies tried to allure them from their labour, they answered, "We are doing a great work and we cannot come down." So let us work on, and as we labour from day to day let us, like faithful soldiers, be ready for the enemy—always watching and praying.

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

ROUSE ye up! ye drowsy people,
From your moral sleep and come.
Haste to join the legions gath'ring
For the fight with alcohol.
Long this monster's grasp relentless
On our land oppressed has laid;—
Wake! to burst his bands asunder!
Let his cruel course be stayed!

Every year, full fifty thousand
By his bloody hand are slain!
Day by day, the young and noble
He has bound with slavery's chain!
Weeping widows cry for vengeance!
Orphans curse him as they moan!
And the blaze of ruined homesteads
Is the light that gilds his throne!

Come, ye children, yet untempted!
Come, ye grandsires, gray and old;
Come, ye mothers, true and tender;
Come, ye young men, strong and bold
Husbands, fathers, wives, and sisters,
Join our standard, one and all!
Bravely march to join the conflict!
Smite the tyrant till he fall!

O! can any hear the summons,
And, unheeding, stay behind,
Neither voice nor arm uplifting
In the cause of human kind?
Victory and sweetest blessing
Wait to crown the noble band
Who shall drive the fiend Intemp'rance
From our noble father-land!

A BAND OF HOPE BOY'S ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am a man in miniature, and shall be a man, if I live, of the next generation. As such, I am here to-night, to advocate the claims of our Band of Hope. I trust you will be both pleased and instructed by our exercises of this evening.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will allow that “prevention is better than cure,” and that we shall never be drunkards if we never touch the drunkard’s drink. We are banded together by one common pledge or bond, never to touch, taste, or handle this accursed thing. We are, therefore, the hope of the nation for coming years, hence we are called hopeful bands, or Bands of Hope.

The tipplers of the town sneer at our Band of Hope. “These young things,” say they, “what’s the good of making them teetotalers?” Shall I try to answer this question? I will do that by asking another. What is the use of the nurseryman planting young fruit trees in the orchard? Ask him, and he’ll tell you that the old trees are every year falling off, from decay and old age. Just so, many of our dear old friends in the teetotal orchard, who have borne so much good fruit, will by-and-by drop off from infirmity, old age, and death; so our nurseryman here is getting us ready to meet the world’s wants another day. Laugh at us, indeed! Who care’s for a tippler’s laugh. I don’t—do you? Let them laugh, if they choose; it will make no difference to us. We have started on the teetotal track, and do not intend to turn back. “Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” They lead to hope, health, and happiness, and we look forward confidently to the time

“When the might, with the right, and the truth shall be,
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.”

Yes, sir, this movement, which has been an angel of mercy to tens of thousands, shall one day take the great millstone intemperance, and shall sink it to the depths below, exclaiming, amid the shouts of teetotal millions, “Babylon is fallen! Drunkenness is no more!”

⚔ Sabbath School Teacher’s Difficulty.

BY H. STUART.

I WAS busily engaged with my Sunday-school class when one of the boys said, “Mr. Stuart, here comes the ‘Pledge-book,’ please let us stop and sign it. I want to do, and so does Willie.” When the secretary came up with the book, I said, “Yes,” to the usual question of “Any names for the temperance pledge?” much to his surprise; for I did not believe in temperance, and never talked about it to my class. He turned to a new place, took the name and number of the class, and handed it to James (the boy who had first asked for it); but instead of putting his name down, he looked at me in some trouble, and turned over a few leaves, reading the names of other classes. I gently reminded

him that we were waiting, when the tears came into his eyes, as he said in a low tone, "O teacher! I don't like to put my name down without it is under yours. Won't you sign your name?" I did not know what answer to make to the child. If the question had come from a man, I would have made an angry and cutting reply; but to hear it from a child who seemed so much in earnest, I was much struck by the request. The pledge-book was a new affair, brought up by our new superintendent, who was said to be a strong temperance man. I said, "Never mind my name; put yours down." "May I leave a place for your name at the top?" What could I say? I was very uneasy, and said quickly, "Oh! yes; there is plenty of room." They all signed, except John, the oldest; the others coaxed and scolded at him. "Why won't you sign your name?" "Do you think I want to sign away my liberty, and never drink wine and cider?" Here was a reply from a boy of thirteen years—my very own words, too; very likely the boy had heard me use them. And then to think he would willingly own to liking wine! I was very much shocked, and went home with the scene continually recurring to my mind. I had always thought I had strength of will enough to keep me from becoming a drunkard; but I was alarmed for the boy, and angry about the pledge. My grandfather and father had always had plenty of liquor in the house, and on the table, and I should almost expect them to rise from their graves if I did so odd and outlandish a thing as to banish it from my home. What would my friends say, who (I didn't like to remember that part, keeping in view the "strength of will," &c.) had helped me to empty many a bottle, and then we all had to be helped, or we did not get home very straight; and, after all, the memory of those jolly nights came between me and the pledge. I got tired of it after a few days, and thought I would call on our good superintendent and have a talk. I was ashamed to go, after turning the subject very abruptly so many times when he had tried to introduce it in conversation, and once telling him I would not teach in a school that had such a man for a superintendent. I was kindly received (of course such a worker for temperance must have just such visitors as I was then), and had a long talk; but I couldn't help it, I got angry and called him an "unreasonable old fool," (he has forgiven me since), and left. One sentence I thought over, "My friend, I shall pray for you to open your eyes to the great evil you are giving your influence to support, and I hope you will pray well over it too." Pray over the liquor I drink! I never heard of such a thing. I have sins enough to pray against without praying over what never did me any harm; but still, the tearful eyes of little James, the disdainful ones of John. I could see much trouble in the future for him; strange that the strong temperance man I had been with, looked at me in the same light in which I beheld John! Before the week was over, I believed I had the right spirit in which to present the whole thing in prayer, and did so faithfully; on Sunday morning I walked very fast to school, and signed my name in the place that the good Lord had put into James's heart to leave for me, "Thank God!" said a hearty voice at my elbow. "Now I can say 'Brother Stuart' from the bottom of my heart, without a doubt of your sincerity (as a Christian; before, I thought you was a good man, all but the 'moderate drinking' (and that was everything); now I say, Thank God, you are one of us." "Is was his work," I almost sobbed, and carried the

book in to show my class. I shall never forget the pleased look of James, or John's surprised "Oh!" "My dear boys," I said solemnly, "this is God's work. I am afraid I have been very wicked; but we will all pray for God to guide us, and keep us from strong drink; and we will pray for John to join us too. Remember the Bible says what I am very sorry to have to confess I have applied to every case, all my life, but my own, 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'"

LIVING AND DEAD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A MOTHER sits by the glowing
 hearth,
 And she dreams of the days
 that will come no more,
 When the cottage echoed with youthful
 mirth
 And the patter of feet on the kitchen
 floor.
 When three little jackets in a row
 With three little hats hung on the
 wall,
 And three soft voices whispered low
 The prayer the mother had taught to
 all.

But the ruddy rays of the firelight
 Checker a floor that is silent now,
 And the mother's hand in vain to-night
 Stretches in search of an upturned
 brow.
 And the three little pegs stand brown
 and bare,
 And the mother cries, "Oh! but to
 see
 The three little jackets hanging there,
 And the three fair boys who knelt by
 me."

But one lies under the ocean's wave,
 Down with the bones of the nameless
 dead;
 And one lies in a Southern grave—
 God alone knows the soldier's bed.

But the day will come when the trumpet's
 sound

Shall waken the dead to life again,
 From the ocean's wave, from the battle
 ground,

The mother knows, and it soothes her
 pain.

And what of the youth with the eye of
 light,

The last who clung to the mother's
 breast?

Better by far did he lie to-night
 Dead with the twain in their peaceful
 rest.

Better to die in his youthful grace,
 With never a blot on his fair young
 name,

Than live with the curse of a bloated
 face,

And a soul that is steeped in the
 dregs of shame.

And never that mother wept, I ween,
 Such bitter tears for the boy who lies
 Somewhere under the grasses green,

Or he who sleeps where the sea-gull
 flies,

As she weeps for the one death left to
 her:

Her baby boy, who walketh now
 In the ranks of the great destroyer

With the seal of the drunkard on his
 brow.

WEARING THE BADGE.

YOU see I wear the badge* of the Band of Hope; and I am more proud
 of it than of anything else I ever wore. I should like to wear it all the
 time, just to show my colours.

Yesterday, I passed a man hugging a lamp-post; and he called out after me,

* The speaker should here point to his badge.

“There goes a little temperance fanatic.” I stopped and looked at him, wondering how I should feel in his shoes. Ragged shoes they were,—so ragged, you could almost count his toes. His hat looked as though it had been used for a football; and his coat,—but, oh, dear me! I won’t try to describe his coat. I won’t tell you the man’s name, either; but father says he was once a bright, handsome boy, and the best scholar in school. Just think of it. And rum has made him what he is, poor, ragged, and despised. He seemed to consider the lamp-post his best friend, and I suppose it was, for it gave him a support. For all that I shouldn’t care to hug a lamp-post.

I never thought of saying anything when he shouted after me; but I should like to ask somebody if a drunkard isn’t an intemperance fanatic? He is certainly devoted to one idea, and that idea is contained in the rum-bottle. If that isn’t being a fanatic, I don’t know what is.

There are plenty such lying round, loose, in old clothes, and rum shops; and we don’t intend to swell the number. Our Band of Hope boys have something to do better than guzzle liquor, for the benefit of those who sell it. We shall patronise the shoemaker and tailor, rather than the rum-seller.

Another thing,—we shan’t tire our arms, and freeze our hearts hugging lamp-posts, you may depend upon that.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.



THE Liverpool and Birkenhead Band of Hope Union held a grand demonstration in the Philharmonic Hall, on January 12th, which was peculiarly gratifying to the advocates of the movement, and which was presided over by Mr. John Ashworth (of Rochdale). Amongst the speakers were the Hon. S. F. Cary (of Ohio), Revs. Dr. White, R. H. Hammond, &c., and Messrs. J. H. Raper, J. Patterson, and others. The demonstration was a most successful one, in which upwards of 1,000 children took part, and which was highly creditable to the conductor, Mr. J. Thomas, and Mr. E. Woodward, organist. We heartily congratulate our friends in this locality for their noble efforts in the movement.

The Leeds Band of Hope League held a public meeting on January 17th, in the Working Men’s Institute, Leeds, for the purpose of interesting parents and guardians of the young in the Band of Hope movement. Mr. W. H. Conyers presided. Mr. J. Walker (the secretary) read an interesting paper explanatory of the objects of the League, which was established upwards of eight years ago. During the year ending September last, the 42 branch societies had held 1,087 meetings. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. W. Best, Messrs. W. Cave, J. Parker, and others.

The Castleford Band of Hope Union held their third annual festival in the Mechanics’ Hall, Castleford, on January 10th, over which Alderman W. H. Lee, Esq., of Wakefield, presided. The report announced five Bands of Hope and 527 members in connection with the Union. The meeting was afterwards addressed

by the Revs. M. C. Pennington, G. Hird, and others. We trust they may still add to their numbers, and prosper abundantly.

The Stockport Sunday-school Band of Hope held their third annual festival in the large room of the school on Monday, January 10th. The meeting, which was a most brilliant and successful one, was presided over by J. Leigh, Esq., and was afterwards very ably addressed by Mr. John Ashworth (of Rochdale), Mr. J. N. Shippside, and others. The choir presented a very pleasing spectacle, and during the evening sang some of the choicest Band of Hope and temperance choruses, melodies, &c. Nearly 4,000 persons were present at this delightful gathering, who must have been highly pleased with the proceedings. Our Stockport friends appear to be making much headway in the cause, and it is very interesting to us to record such facts. We trust their exertions may be an incentive to others.

On Monday, January 17th, the Chancery Lane Band of Hope, Ardwick, Manchester, held their half-yearly prize recital, over which T. Rayner, Esq., M.D., presided. We would recommend to the committees of Bands of Hope the system by which these prizes are gained. The society has what is termed "A Publication Department," under the management of the hon. secretary, Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, for the purpose of influencing the members to circulate temperance literature in the locality, the whole of the profits arising from the sale of such being returned in prizes annually; and the most interesting feature of the meeting was the distribution of about £7 worth of prizes to the members of this department. During the past year the following magazines have been sold, viz.:—"British Workman," 1,975; "Onward," 1,503; "Adviser," 1,260; "Band of Hope Review," 934; total, 5,672; value, £19. 1s. 3d. Such labours evidence a very active agency, and are worthy of universal approbation.

On this subject we are much gratified in stating that Mr. Armishaw, of Rock Ferry, has distributed no less than 1,800 copies of "Onward" during the past year. This is the way, not only to help our magazine, but most effectually to spread our noble cause.

The thirteenth anniversary of the Chapman-street Band of Hope, Hulme, Manchester, was held on Tuesday, December 14th, 1869; Councillor W. Livesley presided. Tea was provided, at which about 200 sat down. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. J. W. Chisholm, Messrs. J. N. Shippside, J. F. Burns, and others. There is a "Publication Department" in connection with this society, and during the year the members of which have sold, inclusive of 500 "Onwards," upwards of 3,600 periodicals. The profits arising from the sale of these magazines (over £7) were distributed to the members by the chairman with very appropriate remarks. This society is certainly progressing very favourably; during the year 188 pledges have been taken, which fact alone is most satisfactory.

On Monday, December 20th, Mr. W. Mayo gave an entertainment on behalf of the Brentwood and Warley Temperance Society in the Mission Hall, Brentwood, which consisted of an address—subject, "Alcohol and the Blood"—with readings, recitations, and songs. There was a very large and influential audience, who were evidently delighted with the proceedings.

HOW TO WORK.

By W. F. P.

WT is evident from the spirit of the times that the heretofore wide-spread heedlessness to the claims of temperance is fast journeying to the grave. With profound respect for its decayed antiquity, I wish it an early and unresurrectional interment.

These are days of undoubted victory. The prevailing spirit of action in this noble cause is calculated to strangle grey-headed prejudice and awaken sympathy in the minds of all, save, perhaps, the Goliath sceptic. The noble exertions of a many prominent supporters are praiseworthy and fully merit the silent admiration which those entertain whose ability or means determine their obscurity. Notwithstanding the untiring efforts of a many to reclaim the drunken and disseminate temperance principles, our work is by no means accomplished. Nay, when we take a wide circumference and hastily survey our national insobriety and its lamentable accompaniments, how comparatively dwarfish the success already attained appears.

This consideration should not induce discouragement, but rather be an incitement to renewed and increased zeal. With this view in mind, I venture to suggest a few thoughts in connection with this highly interesting and all-important subject.

One requisite of abiding success is *unity*. Not the unity of the iceberg—cold and dead; but *intelligent Christian unity*, free from the diversified forms of conflicting ambition. Many of our temperance friends may differ respecting other social and political subjects, even as flowers differ in colour; but this diversity of opinion should not prevent oneness of action in relation to the temperance movement.

Unity is the watch-cry of mutual help. "Unity is strength," and he alone knows its worth who by practice has proved its power. Conquest implies *conflict*, and if we would smite the foe it must be with one common consent. The impotency of not a few organisations is traceable to a lack of that centralizing power without which "the best concerted scheme is vain." The least schism in the complicated workings of a watch will at once arrest its action; and although this applies with less force to the action of intelligent beings than mechanical action, yet if conflict exist in the action of the former their original influence will be mutilated. Combined effort, although not an infallible assurance of victory, yet is it an earnest of success.

Consider the outcries and future well-being of the heart-afflicted wives, and starving children, of the infantry of deluded slaves to "drink;" and if the eloquence of their appealing wants is insufficient to excite united effort in their welfare, then, alas!— But while taking a far-reaching glance into the future, we venture to realise, by faith, the downfall of this horrid system of drinking; when England's sons shall entomb the liquid idol of their fathers, and escape the national humiliation which now overwhelms our people with shame; when the angry bolt, which is suspended o'er our heads, threatening to crush our national prosperity, uprightness, and peace, shall corrode away.

Reader, count me not a prophetic aspirant, but mark:—Englishmen shall yet dwell in social brightness and joy! Let our watchword be *Unity*, and the “little leaven shall leaven the whole lump.”

Another requisite of abiding success, the claims of which I am bold to press upon your consideration is—*prayer*.

Believing, importunate prayer, will win for us *divine* assistance in our “work and labour of love.”

The temperance banner, as it waves in the breeze, does not provoke divine anger: can this be said of the black flag of insobriety, which has hung heavily upon the moral atmosphere of this sin-smitten universe for centuries? I fancy I hear a voice, loud as the crash of a thousand thunders, or the rattle of unnumbered drums, say, No! Then do we not well to obtest God for the extirpation of Bacchus, and the establishment of Universal sobriety? Prayer, when clothed in words of humility, moves divine pity, and reverently claims divine help. This we proved during the time of the cattle plague; but drunkenness is a plague infinitely more vexatious than that which filled our stalls with dead cattle, and shall we fail to ask Heaven’s interference? Say, shall we pray more earnestly for a diseased cow, than for a drunken neighbour? When the cholera was mercilessly carrying away mother and babe, father and son, we besought God, with the importunity of tears, to spare the lash; and shall we be less solicitous for the poor drunkard, who is fast bound in misery and degradation? Nay, let us storm the gates of heaven, let us pray with the earnestness of unwavering faith to Him, whose pity infinitely exceeds our pity, that our national wickedness may be erased and forgiven. Pity the drunken with a sorrow that shall find expression in words of prayer. While you *reason* with him, *pray* for him. This shall be to you as a “two-edged sword.”

HUSBAND, HOW I MISS YOU.

BY W. TALBOT.

Tune—“Willie, we have missed you.”



EAR husband, do not leave me, stay, stay at home;
 Why will you longer grieve me, and to the alehouse roam.
 But two short years have sped, since you claimed me as your bride,
 And until you took to drinking we were happy side by side.
 But I now am very sad, for your love has colder grown;
 O husband, how I miss you, weeping all alone.
 The hours pass by so weary, night after night;
 Our home appears quite dreary, when you are from my sight.
 Sometimes I fall asleep, and I dream of days gone by,
 When we cull'd the pretty flow'rets, and we chased the butterfly;
 Then I think I hear your voice, while 'tis but the winds that moan;
 O husband, how I miss you, weeping all alone.
 A spell is o'er you stealing, stay, husband, stay;
 For ev'ry holy feeling, strong drink will chase away.
 Tho' clouds have gathered o'er us, yet happy we may be,
 Then for the love you bore me, from the demon drink be free;
 O sign the temperance pledge, for the past you may atone,
 And do not longer leave me, weeping all alone.

The Prayer of the Drunkard's Child.

BY IRON PEN.

OH! Thou who did'st with pity-
ing smile
Look down on such as me,
With faltering lips and tearful eyes,
I raise my prayer to Thee!
While father at the alehouse stays,
While mother weeps alone;
And little Charlie ever cries
For bread, and there is none.
And people look upon me so,
As something strange and wild;
Whene'er I pass I hear them say:—
"There goes the drunkard's child."

Oh! Thou whose every look is love,
Compassion take on me;
A drunken outcast, poor and vile,
Let not my father be;
But teach him, Lord, to dash aside
The soul-destroying chain,

Which binds him to the madd'ning drink,
And evermore abstain.
Nor let his lips be once again
With poison'd draughts defiled;
And then no more will men with scorn
Call me "The drunkard's child."

While brother Charlie food will have,
And mother weep no more;
And father will be happy too,
Nor seek the alehouse door.
Then shall I go each Sabbath morn
Towards the house of prayer,
To bless the mercy and the love
Which saved our heart from care:
And thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
thus
On me in kindness smiled,
Nor spurn'd the prayer which came to
Thee
From one—a "drunkard's child."

GEORGE'S PROMISE.

BY J. S. D.

COME, drink your wine like a man, George; do not leave it standing before you so long; see how I take mine," and, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Harton emptied his glass without taking it from his lips, a feat his little son tried to imitate, although at the imminent risk of choking himself. Having recovered his breath, and replaced his glass on the table, he turned to his father and said, "Papa, why was it that grandmamma never gave me any wine?"

Mr. Harton cleared his throat, and became very red in the face, before he replied, "Oh, your grandmamma was an old lady, my boy; and old ladies like their own way; and as it was her way not to take wine, I suppose she would not let you have any."

"Grandmamma said that people in health did not require it, and I remember very well that I began to cry at dinner because I got only water to drink, and then grandmamma cried too, and began to pray that the curse might not fall on me also."

"What did she say?" his father demanded, half impatiently, half curiously.

"She said the love of drinking had cost one life already, and that it seemed to be her—her—; I forget the word."

"Was it hereditary?"

"Yes, that was it—hereditary," the child pronounced it with difficulty: "but

that she hoped to save me from it, and that was why she had me to live with her, and that it would break her heart if I became too fond of wine or strong drinks."

"I wish I had known all this at the time—you should not have remained there an hour if I had," cried Mr. Harton angrily. "A pretty thing indeed to set a child up against his father! But it was all your mother's doing: she never was satisfied until I consented to let you go, but you shall not go back in a hurry, I'll take care of that."

"And I may have some wine every day, may I, papa?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"But what did grandmamma mean by saying that the love of drinking wine had cost one valuable life, and that it was—that long word, papa?"

"Oh, nothing that you would understand, child, and it was very improper for her to speak in such a way; but it is the last time she shall have the opportunity," he muttered, as he filled his glass.

"Give me some wine, papa," said George, approaching his glass to the decanter.

"Why, boy, you are a regular toper!" laughed his father. "You will be tipsy, Master George, I'm afraid, but for this time I will not refuse you. There is half a glass more for you; and now be off up stairs; it is time you were in bed."

"I am to have my birthday next week, papa; I shall be ten years old then; may I have Charley and Henry Neville to spend the day, and the Thorpes?"

"Yes, my boy, you may, and they shall have some good wine to drink your health in too, I promise you; now be off to bed."

George bounded merrily up stairs into the nursery, where his two little brothers were already in bed, and rushing noisily up to his old nurse, he shouted out, "Won't I have fun, nurse; papa says I may have the Thorpes and the Nevilles on my birthday, and he is going to give us some good wine to drink my health in."

"I'm afraid you're getting too fond of wine, Master George. If I had any control over you, I would not give you a drop."

"Why not, pray?" asked George, resentfully.

"Because the love of it has cost the family quite enough."

"You are as bad as grandmamma," grumbled George. "I wonder do you think it will cost me my life also?"

"Who told you it cost a life?" inquired the nurse, quickly.

"Grandmamma did."

"Well, as you know it, I wonder it does not frighten you, Master George," said the nurse, seriously.

"But *whose* life did it cost?" asked George.

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. If your grandmamma has not told you, it is not my place to do so, dear: so, now go to your own room, and go to bed, Master George, and don't forget to pray that you may not be led into temptation."

George turned away, half angry at not having his curiosity satisfied, but feeling too sleepy to dispute the point just then; and entering his little room off the nursery, he hurried into bed, entirely forgetting to pray, and was sound asleep almost as soon as his head was on the pillow.

George's birthday was a very delightful one to him. His papa gave him a large

box of colours, with pencils and brushes complete; and his mamma, who was a confirmed invalid, gave him a handsome Bible, and also a beautifully illustrated book of natural history; and from his little twin brothers he received a large edition of "Robinson Crusoe," which was doubly valuable to him, as it was full of pictures. His little friends came in good time, and the large dining-room was given up to George and his party for the day, Mr. Harton only looking in for a moment at supper to join in drinking George's health, which was done with all the honours in some of the oldest wine his cellar afforded.

In the early part of the day the boys had played in the garden, and between tea and supper they had amused themselves in the dining-room; and although they had all enjoyed themselves very much, they were not sorry when the time came to break up, for they began to feel tired and sleepy. Having seen his little friends to the hall door, and made many promises to go to them when their birthdays should arrive, George went on tiptoe to the library, where he knew his father was dining, and opening the door, gently peeped in. The light was shining full on Mr. Harton as he leant back in his chair sound asleep and breathing heavily; his face was very red and heated, and his hand half grasped an empty wine glass, the ruby contents of which were meandering over the snowy table-cloth. The decanter was quite empty, and it was plain that the sleeper had indulged very deeply in what it had contained. "Ah, you have finished it all by yourself," said George; "but there is plenty of wine left in my decanters;" and closing the door as softly as he had opened it, George retreated to the dining-room, where two decanters, each a third part full of wine, still stood on the table. George seated himself with great dignity in the post of honour, and placing the decanters before him, filled his glass with wine and held it up to the light, as he had seen his father do, to admire its colour before he drank it. An hour later one of the servants entered the room to remove the plates and glasses; and passing the chair at the head of the table he stumbled over something. With a hasty exclamation the man stooped down and discovered George, in the strong slumber of intoxication, extended on the carpet. "You're beginning young," said the man, shaking his head. "Why, nurse," he added, as she entered the room to look for George, "if here young master hasn't been and finished off the two decanters of wine. I declare to you they were a third full when I let the young gentlemen out, and I saw Master George going into the library to his papa. Wasn't it sly of him to steal in again when he found the coast clear?"

"Just go into the library and tell the master I want him here for a moment," said the nurse, in a distressed tone, as she raised the child's flushed face from the floor.

The man went as she desired, but came back immediately, a half smile on his face. "It's of no use to tell him, nurse, we'll have a job to get him up stairs, as usual. He's as far gone as the young gentleman there, or worse. It will be 'like father, like son,' I'm thinking."

"Heaven forbid," cried the nurse; "there has been enough of that in the family. Carry up this unfortunate child for me, Wilks, if you please. I can't move him, he feels so heavy."

Wilks lifted George, and, followed by the nurse, carried him up stairs and

placed him on his bed, where, having undressed him and raised his head, round which she placed some linen soaked in cold water, the faithful woman sat down to watch him, resolving in her own mind what she should do to rescue the child from his increasing love for strong drink. She feared to tell her mistress that the boy was every day becoming fonder of what was so hurtful and pernicious to him, for she knew that in her delicate state the intelligence would be most injurious to her, and still she feared to act upon her own responsibility in the matter. At last, having prayed for guidance, she resolved to speak very plainly to George the next morning, and, if necessary, to tell him the story to which his grandmamma had alluded, and, somewhat comforted by this determination, she watched until the child's laboured breathing became quieter and his sleep more natural. The next morning George awoke with a violent headache and parched tongue. He could not bear a ray of light to fall upon his burning eyeballs, and as nurse applied fresh water to his throbbing temples he moaned and turned restlessly from side to side in his vain efforts to obtain relief.

Later in the day, when his little brothers were in the garden playing, in the care of the nursemaid, George sat by the nursery fire with the nurse, who having also nursed Mrs. Harton, took a deep interest in her and in her children. He felt ill and feverish, and his head still ached painfully. Nurse had made him some tea, but he turned away from it with loathing. "Ah, Master George, I wish you had remained with your grandmamma, and this never would have occurred."

"What never would have occurred, nurse?" asked George, pretending ignorance, although his heightened colour showed plainly that his conscience told him what she meant.

"If your poor mamma could have seen you last night, child, how do you think she would have felt!" was nurse's answer, as she looked keenly at him.

"Oh, nurse, don't tell her, please don't, she would cry and be so ill," cried the child, starting upright in his chair.

"I will not tell her now, Master George, but there was *One* who saw you before whom you should be much more ashamed than even before your mamma."

"Who was it, nurse? I don't remember it at all. I do not remember coming to bed, or anything."

"It was God, Master George," said the nurse solemnly; God, who says that *drunkards* shall be cast into the lake of fire. It would be hard for you to remember coming to bed, when you were found lying *dead drunk* on the floor. Oh, Master George, what a shameful thing! if it even were not a sin. What would your little friends think of you if they knew it? They would not come to you for another birthday, I am sure; and, certainly, you would not be invited by their parents to come to them on their birthdays; they would be afraid you would make their sons as bad as yourself, and, worse than all, if you had died in that state, where would you have gone to? Ah! child, child, drunkards have no pity for even their own souls."

"Could I have died from it, nurse?" exclaimed George, terrified by her manner, "could it really have killed me?"

"It really could; your grandmamma told you that one life was lost through it in your own family, don't you remember?"

"Yes, nurse ; whose was it ?" asked George fearfully.

"Your grandpapa's, my child ; he used to sit after dinner, day after day, and drink until he was hardly able to get up stairs ; and, at last, one evening that he drank as usual, when the servants found that he was not moving, they went into the dining-room, and found him dead in his chair. The drink had killed him, Master George."

"Oh, nurse, what a dreadful thing !" cried George, in horror ; "but why did grandmamma say she feared it was hereditary ? What does hereditary mean ?"

"Going down from one generation to another, from father to son," replied the nurse, sadly. "His father before him was fond of drinking, also."

"And papa drinks every day," said George, with a sudden start. "Oh, nurse, I will ask him not to do it ; perhaps he may die like grandpapa. I recollect his face last night ; it frightened me ; it was so red, and puffed out."

"Ah ! if you could have seen your own poor little face, I wonder what you would have thought," said nurse.

"Oh, nurse, nurse," cried George, bursting into tears, "you never will see it like that again ; never will I be a drunkard, I promise you."

"May God help you to keep your promise, my child !" said the nurse, fervently. And God did help him ; for, young as he was, he sought the Divine aid, and as he grew older, and his influence increased, his father yielded to it, and was reclaimed from the terrible vice which had so long kept him in subjection to its power. His young brothers, also, were preserved from evil example, and he himself became a sterling advocate of temperance principles. Thus George's promise was nobly kept.—*Temperance Record.*

In Memoriam.

WITH deepest regret we have to record the death of Mr. J. N. SHIPSIDE, which occurred on February 4th, 1870. He was the Assistant Minister at the Boatman's Bethel, Manchester. Few men have laboured more earnestly or successfully in the Band of Hope cause. His kindliness of manner, his ready willingness to aid whenever required, won for him the deep love and esteem of a wide circle of friends. He died in harness while addressing a Band of Hope meeting. He became suddenly indisposed and died in four hours after. Thousands of our Band of Hope children, with whom he was a great favourite, will deeply mourn his loss. Truly, we have lost a noble Christian worker, whom we could ill afford to spare.

OUT OF THE MIRE.

Treble *Alto*

1 The streets of the ci - ty are full, Of poor lit - tle per - ish - ing souls, Who
 2 Each day there are vic - to - ries won; By thousands and thousands they fall: Shall
 3 Then out of the mire of sin, And out of the dark - ness of night, Go,
 4 Be - neath all the rags and the dirt That co - ver a bo - dy once fair, There

KEY
E \flat

Tenor
Bass

{ s : - : - s : f : m | m : f : s l : - : - f : - : - f : m : r | r : m : f m : - : - s : - : - }
 { m : - : - m : r : d | d : r : m f : - : - r : - : - r : d : t₁ | t₁ : d : r d : - : - m : - : - }
 { s : - : - s : s : s | s : s : d¹ d¹ : - : - l : - : - s : s : s s : s : s s : - : - s : - : - }
 { d : - : - d : d : d | d : d : d f₁ : - : - f₁ : - : - s₁ s₁ | s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ d : - : - d : - : - }

wan - der a - way from the light, In plac - es that Satan con - trols: They see not the
 Sa - tan con - tin - ue his war, Un - til he has conquer'd them all? No! no! with the
 bring the dear lambs of the flock, And lead them up in - to the light: Their voic - es with
 li - cth a jew - el of worth, More preci - ous than a - ny you wear: Oh! let them no

{ s : f : m m : f : s l : - : - f : - : - m : m : m | f : m : r d : - : - r : - : - r : r : s | }
 { m : r : d d : r : m f : - : - r : - : - d : d : d r : d : t₁ | d : - : - t₁ : - : - t₁ : t₁ : r | }
 { s : s : s s : s : d¹ d¹ : - : - l : - : - s : s : s s : s : f m : - : - s : - : - s : s : t | }
 { d : d : d d : d : d f₁ : - : - f₁ : - : - s₁ s₁ s₁ | s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ s₁ d : - : - s₁ : - : - s₁ : s₁ s₁ | }

snare of their feet, They know not the danger they're in: Dear Sa - viour can these be Thy
 arm - our of God, His darts you may safely de - fy; And oh! you must seek for the
 ten - der - ness train, Their wil - ful - ness strive to subdue: Be pa - tient and ten - der with
 long - er re - pine, Go, find them and tell them their need: If Je - su's dis - ci - ple you'd

{ fe : m : fe s : - : - t : - : - t : l : s | s : fe : l s : - : - s : - : - s : f : m | m : f : s | }
 { d : d : d t₁ : - : - r : - : - d : d : d d : l : d t₁ : - : - m : - : - m : r : d | d : r : m | }
 { l : l : l s : - : - s : - : - m : m : m r : r : r r : - : - s : - : - s : s : s | s : s : d¹ | }
 { r : r : r s₁ : - : - s₁ : - : - d : d : d r : r : r s₁ : - : - d : - : - d : d : d | d : d : d | }

Refrain.

lambs, So changed and disfigured by sin?
 lambs Where Sa - tan has left them to dic.
 them, As Christ has been faithful to you. Fam - ish - ing, per - ish - ing every day,
 be, Oh! sure - ly His lambs you must feed.

{ l : - : - f : - : - m : m : m f : m : r d : - : - : - : - m : - : m m : - : m m m : - : l | l : - : - }
 { f : - : - r : - : - d : d : d r : d : t₁ | d : - : - : - : - d : d : d r : r : r d : - : d | d : - : - }
 { d¹ : - : - l : - : - s : s : s | s : s : f m : - : - : - : - s : s : s | se : se : se l : - : m | f : - : - }
 { f₁ : - : - f₁ : - : - s₁ s₁ s₁ | s₁ s₁ s₁ d : - : - : - : - d : d : d | t₁ : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ | f₁ : - : - }

OUT OF THE MIRE.

(Continued.)

Lambs of the flock how they go as - tray, Lambs of the flock, how they go as - tray.

d ¹ :-t:l	s:f:m	r:-m:f	m:-:-	d ¹ :-t:l	s:d:r	m:-:-r:-:-	d:-:-
f:-f:f	m:r:d	t ₁ :-d:r	d:-:-	f:-f:f	m:d:d	d:-:-t ₁ :-:-	d:-:-
l:-l:d ¹	d ¹ :s:s	s:-s:s	s:-:-	l:l:d ¹	d ¹ :s:l	s:-:-f:-:-	m:-:-
f ₁ :-f ₁ :f ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :-s ₁ d:-:-	f ₁ :f ₁ :f ₁	d:m:f	s ₁ :-:-s ₁ :-:-	d:-:-	

THE LITTLE SOAP DEALER.



LITTLE Mary sold cakes of soap for a living. All day she wandered up and down the streets, holding up her small wares and calling out their different names. A great many people bought of her, yet sometimes she would have a dull day, and then her little heart sank down like lead, for she thought of the sick mother and puny baby at home, and feared they would have no supper. "But I will not say anything about them," she thought; "all poor little girls, like me, say they have sick mothers, and sometimes it isn't true. I wish mine wasn't. Soap, soap—nice soap for sale here!"

One day she had scarcely any customers; it was a cold day too, and the poor baby had looked so cold and thin that Mary feared she would die. She wandered down the avenue, passed all the great, grand houses, that seemed to lift themselves up to the sky. "I wonder if God lives in some of them," she thought to herself, "they are so very grand;" and just then she passed before one from which some persons were coming out. A carriage, decked with silver, and drawn by four splendid horses, stood in front of the door, and a stately personage in purple velvet robes descended the steps and got into the carriage. He wore a strange that on his head, and Mary knew that those who were with him were priests. "That must be God," thought the poor, ignorant child, and she fell on her knees and remained there until the carriage was out of sight.

"Let me have a cake of brown Windsor!" said a voice at her elbow; and Mary hurried to serve her new customer, who was a gentleman going home to supper. He was in a hurry, for his mind was in a state of perplexity. He kept a liquor store, but he had somehow lately had some scruples about selling such commodities, and he was half inclined to give up his part of the business, and go into some more respectable traffic. He was in this uncertain state of mind when he met the little soap dealer. As she counted the change for him, he noticed how miserably she was clad, and how pinched her features were.

"Is it the old story," he asked lightly, "a sick mother and lots of starving little ones?"

"Yes, sir," said the child seriously; "mother's always sick, but there's only Nellie and me."

"Is your father dead?"

"No, sir; but he doesn't give us anything."

"What is he?" he asked mockingly, though without any intention of hurting

the child's feelings, if such a child could be supposed to have feelings. "Is he a professional man?"

"A what, sir?"

"O," winking to a friend who had come up, "a lawyer or doctor?"

"No, sir, he's none of them."

"A minister, may be, then?"

"I guess not," said Mary, doubtfully.

"Well, what is he, then? He must be something. Maybe he's a bricklayer or a member of the Ancient Masons."

"No, sir, he's not that; he's a——."

"Well, what?"

"He's a drunkard, sir."

The child shrunk instinctively as she said it. The shame of such an assertion seemed to envelope her in a moment. The gentleman handed her back her change "Keep it," he said in a serious voice, "and tell me where your father works."

"He don't work now, he only drinks for a living; but he used to be porter for Craig and Barber's."

The questioner was Mr. Craig. He took down the child's address, and went home. When he walked into his parlour, his wife sat alone by a cheerful coal fire.

"See here, Kate," he said, "do you remember old Jake, our porter?"

"Of course I do. A good-natured easy soul, but too fond of liquor. I told you——"

"There, don't lecture me. I'm going to sell out to-morrow. I want you to find out Jake's family and help them on their feet again. Maybe I can do something for Ann, if it's not too late."

"I should think you would feel a responsibility about his family, if he has drank himself to death in your service. Oh, Herman, I feel sometimes as if every shilling of my money would some day bring a curse."

"Well, I'm out of the business now, and shall stay out, and make all the reparation I can."

Mrs. Craig lifted Jake's wife and children out of the depths of poverty, and made them comfortable and self-supporting, but she could not undo the past bitter suffering they had endured. As for Jake, he died of *delirium tremens* the other day, in the city bridewell.

The Drunkard's Wife to Her Child.

BY MARTHA REMICK.

A NOBLE band are toiling,
My child, both day and night;
I know they'll bring their end to
pass,

The end they see in sight!
Your father as a man once more
Amidst his peers will stand,
And loud will be the pæan of praise
Within the ransom'd land!

Your father 'll be a man again,
As he was years ago:
Reason, and hope, and love again
Within his eyes will glow.

The brand of shame will leave his brow,
A brute he'll cease to be.
The warm, pure, loving soul within
The wine cup will set free.

For blows we shall have tender words,
For want, a plenteous store,
Food, clothing, tender words, O love,
What can we ask for more?
To Him who rules in Heaven above
Go with me prayers to send,
That He will speed the working's haste,
And bring this promised end.

THE REFUGE.

By JOSEPH DARRAH.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

WHEN care, and pain, and
anguish
My downcast soul oppress,
And, like a toil-worn man, I languish
With weariness,
Thy soothing tones, O God, I hear,
And all my sorrows disappear.
I hear Thy voice whenever
In faith I turn to Thee ;
For Thou, O Lord of love, wilt never
Unmindful be
Of him who prays, with anxious breast,
That Thou wilt give him peaceful
rest.

The clouds at early morning
O'erspread the dark blue sky,
But while the radiant sun is dawning
They quickly fly ;
Thus do my cares, my Saviour, flee
When through my tears I gaze on
Thee.
Thy face is ever shining,
With love's transcendent charm ;
And on Thy tender breast reclining,
I fear no harm ;
For Thou dost calm my anxious
fears,
And gently wipe away my tears.

ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN.

ALWAYS say, Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you.
No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Use no slang terms.
Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails indicate
good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a
place for everything, and everything in its place.
Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.
Always offer your seat to a lady, or an old gentleman. Never put your feet on
cushions, chairs, or tables. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor
talk or read aloud while others are reading.
Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private
room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.
Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales,
make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects,
birds, or animals.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

The following poem, from the "Church of England Magazine," will come like
a "song in the night" to many a stricken heart:—

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost ; they are within the door
 That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,—
 With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
 In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
 And God Himself their Lord, their Judge, and King.
 And this we call a loss ! O selfish sorrow
 Of selfish hearts ! O we of little faith !
 Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
 Why we in patience should await the morrow,
 That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
 The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn ;
 What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
 What struggles and what strife the journey hath !
 They have escaped from these, and lo ! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
 Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
 While with the raging waves he battled on ;
 Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
 To see his loved ones landed on the beach ?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
 A little child, had halted by the well,
 To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
 And tell the tired boy of that bright land
 Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell ;
 When lo ! the Lord, who many mansions had,
 Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
 Then pitying, spake, " Give Me the little lad ;
 In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad
 I'll bring him with Me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong—
 " Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share !"
 Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
 She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
 To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
 In love and sympathy, in hope and trust ;
 No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,
 But there's an inward spiritual speech
 That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
 Take up the song where they broke off the strain ;
 So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
 Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
 And our lost loved ones will be found again.

" I CANNOT DO ANYTHING."

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF, DAWLISH.

WONDER whether any of the readers of "Onward" ever use the words which are printed above ? Perhaps among the many thousands who peruse these pages month after month, there are some who think themselves to be too poor, too young, or too something else, to be able to do anything

to help on the temperance cause. If so, I am sure they will be interested to hear of a little boy, of whose doings I was told the other day.

The little fellow of whom I speak is not hearty and strong like you ; not able to run about and enjoy himself in the fields when the sun is shining brightly, or while the flowers smell sweetly, and the birds sing merrily. On the contrary, he is a sad cripple, and never leaves his bed, but lies there weak and helpless all day long, except when he sits up in the bed, supported by pillows and kept warm by a nice flannel jacket, which some charitable lady has given him. For he is not only a permanent invalid, but he is also very poor, and a small sum is allowed out of the parish funds to support him.

Now, what can such a lad as that do for the temperance cause? I think I hear you asking. Well, he has done a great deal, as you will see when I tell you that he has induced many persons to sign a pledge that they will not drink any spirituous liquors. When neighbours came in to see him he would show them the list of names, and kindly ask them to add to the number ; and many, very many, have been influenced by his gentle persuasion. But then he wants to see for himself that his work is not thrown away ; and so he has all those who have signed to see him occasionally, a few at a time, and once I was told he had seen thus as many as forty persons in the course of a single week, who came to assure him that they were keeping their promise.

When you read this, many of you will clap your hands, and cry out, "Well done!" Yes ; it is well done ; and I hope a great many of my readers will see how many persons they can persuade to give up drinking. And don't any of you, my young friends, ever say again, "I cannot do anything."

"One is a Drunkard in Ten."

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE bloated faces we meet !
Unkempt hair and bloodshot
eyes !

Hear the shouts in the steaming street ;
See the blood which for vengeance
cries.

Half-clad children with naked feet,
Familiar with oaths, and vice, and lies,
Hear the brutal husbands beat

Their wives, and the wail that rends
the skies.

And this in a Christian land,
Of Christian women and men ;
Where schools and churches stand,
"And one is a drunkard in ten !"

See the procession of drunkards go
Reeling along to the haunts of crime ;
Their rags are the banners of want and
woe,

Their steps are moist with the ser-
pent's slime.

Captured and chained by the fiery foe,
The clink of the glass, like rhythm
and rhyme, [below,

Accord with the clank of the chains
And the funeral's solemn chime.

Oh! is this a Christian land,
Of Christian women and men ;
Where schools and churches stand,
"And one is a drunkard in ten?"

Here is a quarrel, there is a fight,
There is a knife with a crimson blade ;

Here is a scene which offends the sight,
There the policemen make a raid,

Here is a trial black as the night,
There is the gallows newly made,

Here swings a victim, in broad daylight,
In the awful scales of justice weighed.

And this in a Christian land,
Of Christian women and men ;
Where schools and churches stand,
"And one is a drunkard in ten?"

For others' weal we toil and pray,
 And send the printed page afar,
 And we would lift the law to stay
 The arm that strikes out from the bar,
 And drive the foe of man away,
 And heal the nation's bleeding scar.
 Be glad, brave hearts ! behold the ray
 Of glory from the temperance star.
 Oh ! this is a Christian land,
 Of Christian women and men ;
 Where schools and churches stand,
 Though "one is a drunkard in ten !"

We have armies of good men and true,
 Who work for the weal of the race ;
 Their deeds are like stars shining
 through
 The firmament's unclouded face.
 Their hope like the dove, when it flew
 Over the flood for a resting place.
 In the ark all are safe who are true
 To the pledge, and God's merciful
 grace.
 And this in a Christian land,
 Of Christian women and men ;
 Where schools and churches stand,
 "And one is a drunkard in ten."

Is Alcohol a Necessary of Life?

FROM A PAMPHLET RECENTLY PUBLISHED BEARING THE ABOVE
 TITLE, BY HENRY MUNROE, ESQ., M.D., F.S.L., &c.

I HAVE had, for the last seven years, much experience in the medical attendance upon persons who are total abstainers. During that period hundreds of that class of persons have been under my care. I find that, as a class, they do not suffer from anything like the amount of sickness experienced by moderate drinkers of intoxicating drinks ; that when they are sick, the sickness is much more amenable to treatment, and, necessarily, they are sooner well again. Moreover, I am convinced that, in many cases, the patient's recovery was entirely owing to a life of previous abstinence from intoxicating beverages. On comparing the results of sickness and death occurring in two large friendly societies under my care, the one composed of total abstainers and the other of non-abstainers, I have arrived at the conclusion that the total abstainers have much better health, are liable to a much less amount of sickness, and have fewer deaths than the moderate drinkers. In the non-abstinent society I find that the average amount of sickness experienced last year was eleven days twenty-one hours per member, and that the number of deaths was about one and a-half per cent. In the total abstinence society the amount of sickness experienced last year did not amount to more than one day and three-quarters per member, and that the number of deaths was only two in five years, or less than one quarter per cent. per annum. I ought, perhaps, in justice to myself, to add that, in the treatment of the various diseases in both societies, no alcoholic liquor was administered. It is now seven years since I have ordered any alcoholic drink either as a medicine or diet ; and the success attendant upon its disuse, in cases where in former years I should have ordered it largely, and condemned myself if I had not done so, is so gratifying as to lead me to its entire abandonment in the treatment of disease. In typhoid fever, as well as in other cases of fever of the worst character, in cholera, in sudden and violent hæmorrhages, in delirium tremens, in rheumatism, in gout, and in many other diseases, the success of this treatment, without the use

of alcohol, has been most marked and satisfactory. Our profession is now beginning to doubt the vaunted efficacy of alcohol as a therapeutic agent. Its reputation for the cure of disease is becoming exceedingly problematical. I have no doubt that in a few years alcohol will no longer be administered as an internal medicine, but will take its proper place as an external remedy.

PISGAH'S TOP!

By T. R. T.

METHINKS that now on Pisgah's
top
Our heroes pause awhile, and
stop
To get a glimpse before they die
Of England's future drawing nigh.
Through future ages they can see
Their native land from strong drink
free;
Can see the last distillery fire
Burn out in borough, town, and shire.

Can see Truth reigning in the land,
While schools, instead of gin-shops,
stand;
And happy hearts with joy express
Their triumph over drunkenness.

They into future ages gaze,
They lift their hearts to God in praise,
And, like unto a smouldering fire,
Ceasing to breathe, with hope expire.

EDITOR'S CHAT.



WE are sure that our readers will be equally as gratified as we are in the announcement that our circulation has considerably increased with the new year. Our London agent writes us that "Onward" seems determined to prove itself worthy of its title, the sale is increasing rapidly with us," and from nearly all quarters we are receiving most gratifying intelligence. Once again we ask our readers to recommend it to their friends, and urge its adoption in every home, and we are sure we shall not ask in vain.

It would be a difficult matter to find another town or city in the kingdom where intemperance has done more deadly work than in Liverpool. Its "slain by drink" form an innumerable army, so that "Drunken Liverpool" has passed into a proverb. Out of a vast number of examples, take two as proof of what drink is doing there. A drunken man enters a Roman Catholic Church during divine service, he calls out "fire," there is a crowded congregation, and in the alarm and rush to escape SIXTEEN HUMAN BEINGS ARE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!! During the last twelve months forty-three men and eleven women were admitted into the Brownlow-hill Workhouse suffering from *delirium tremens*, and during the same period forty-eight male and twenty female lunatics, whose insanity was directly traceable to drink, became inmates of the same institution. Yet there is hope even

for Liverpool. There has recently been held a large and influential meeting of the publicans to protest against a system which prevails there of giving one-third or even one-half over measure to those families who send for their dinner or supper beer, and the chairman, no less a person than the president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, stated that this system caused servant girls and children to become drunkards. He had seen children of eight or nine years of age, who were sent by their parents for the beer, taking drinks on their way home, and yet there was sufficient left to satisfy the purchasers. This was the burden of all the speeches of these *noble temperance philanthropists*, and one of the leading speakers stated that "for the sake of frail humanity itself it would be a mercy to stop it." After this, what may we not expect for Liverpool. No more batches of child-drunkards on the Monday police-sheets. No more dishonest drunken servants; but a perfect reign of peace and sobriety. What these liquor-traffickers honestly feel or intend we don't know; our faith in them or their proposals is infinitesimally small. It savours too much for us of Satan reproving sin.

We trust our readers, who reside in the locality, will not forget that the Tenth Grand Festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union will be held (D.V.) on March 19th, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and, judging from the array of speakers—including the Hon. S. F. Cary, of Ohio, U.S.; Messrs. W. Bell, of Bradford; W. Touchstone, and J. H. Raper; and a splendid programme of music, &c., promises to exceed in value and attraction any of its predecessors.

We are much pleased to notice that the Stannary Band of Hope, Halifax, is in a most flourishing condition, there being at the present time 1,151 members in its connection. During the past year upwards of 15,800 periodicals have been sold, inclusive of 1,920 "Onward."

The Elm-street Band of Hope, Manchester, held their third annual meeting on Saturday, January 29th, when upwards of 300 persons sat down to tea. The Rev. J. V. B. Shrewsbury presided. The report stated that there were 252 members, and that the society had sold upwards of 1,400 periodicals during the year. Addresses, &c., were afterwards given, and the meeting concluded.

We have received communications from the Holcombe Church Schools Band of Hope, the Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, Barrow-in-Furness, and the Victoria Band of Hope, Brighton, all of which are in a prosperous condition, and doing an excellent work in their various localities.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to a tract just issued—"Is Education or Temperance the best Remedy?"—by our old and valued friend, J. Livesey, of Preston. It is well worthy of an universal circulation.

During the past month death has taken from our midst several prominent workers in the good cause. It is our painful duty to record the decease of Mr. J. Hodgson and Mr. E. Woolham, both of Manchester, who were earnest and laborious workers in connection with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union; and also the death of Samuel Whitmore, Esq., who for many years was a vice-president of the same Union.

Work for the Glory of God.

BY AMICUS.

IT is difficult, yet most noble, to work for the good of others with a single eye to the glory of God. Few there are among those who incessantly labour for the advancement of truth who can deny that self enters largely into all their efforts. How often, like the Pharisees, do men work "that they may be seen of men;" that they may obtain honour and position? There is nothing for which a Christian should more earnestly pray than to be delivered from a spirit like this. Like a foul cancer, it pollutes the most noble efforts for the good of mankind, and is the prolific mother of envy, uncharitableness, and disunion. Is it likely that God will prosper the efforts of those who, while professing to make great sacrifices in behalf of some noble movement, are in reality working for themselves? Never! The smile of heaven rests only upon those who *deny themselves*, who suppress every desire for the fleeting applause of their fellows, and labour only to secure the approbation of the Almighty. As the superior light of the sun renders the moon and the stars invisible, so does a strong desire to please God quench a yearning love for the applause of man. In the one case men labour to secure that which, when obtained, can afford no lasting enjoyment, and which is nearly always mixed with pain; but in the other they seek to obtain the blessing of a Being whose smile fills the heart with joy and peace, and "addeth no sorrow thereto." In the one case a noble, self-sacrificing spirit animates them, and throws a halo of beauty over all their actions; in the other a burning, devouring desire for their own glory corrupts their efforts, and their life becomes a continued hypocrisy. Yet how few there are of the one class, and how many of the other. Who can tell what good might be accomplished by a band of single-hearted men, intent only on the elevation of the degraded and the glory of their Maker; men who would undertake any work, however unnoticed, by which good might be done? Christianity as it is, and Christianity as it ought to be, are two different things. It is saddening to reflect on the great contrast which exists between them. Every man who labours in a good cause should pray continually that his *motives* may be purified. Let a man do this, and He who never turns a deaf ear to the cry of a suppliant will graciously hear his prayer and grant his desire. Are not the men who labour only for their own glory of the class which at the Judgment Day will say to Christ, "Have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have done many wonderful works?" But then will Christ say unto them, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." There is no labour, however difficult, which would not be rendered more easy if it were inspired by a love of God. Let us all then strive, with God's help, to suppress every unworthy desire, and our lives will become a continued feast of love; and hope and joy, like radiant angels, will lead our steps through the tortuous windings of our earthly path, until the gates of Paradise roll back and receive us to our everlasting home.

MY PLEDGE.

I'VE taken the pledge, and though not a milk-sop,
Of wine and of brandy I'll drink not a drop ;
Champagne, too, and cider, are never for me ;
My drink and my glory cold water shall be.

A milk-sop ! Who knows the true meaning of this ?
I know what some think, but their thoughts are amiss ;
Who drinks cold water, and dines upon milk,
Shall wear a fine coat, while his wife wears her silk.

Who looks on the wine-cup when crested with foam,
And drinks from that cup, shall his folly bemoan ;
The draught is of poison, though sparkling and clear ;
Its crest is the serpent's, and ruin is near.

So much has been sung in the praise of red wine,
So many broad acres yield fruits of the vine,
Some people will sneer as we utter the cry,
Oh, touch not ! oh, taste not ! who drinks it shall die.

All over our country, from desolate homes,
Comes wailing of children, and woman's sad moans ;
While banished for ever are music and mirth,
Where empty the table, and fireless the hearth.

The wine-cup was drained, until poverty's hand,
With long, bony fingers, to meet the demand,
Held a viler decoction, its purpose the same,
To poison the life-blood, and madden the brain.

One course, and one only, can bring us relief,
Can banish the demon, and give joy for grief ;
We must plant our feet firmly with God-given might,
For abstinence total, for virtue and right.

SHELLS AND PEARLS.

BY WILLIAM H. STOKER.

THOUGH a man be clad in rich
attire,
And wise in worldly learning,
Yet can see his weak brother sink deep
i' the mire,

And feel no sympathy in him yearning ;
Though he may feed on sumptuous fare,
Yet he is poor beyond compare
With him who seeks to do and dare
For the down-trod and the mourning.

Though a man be clad in fustian dress,
Yet his heart beats warm and truly ;
Though the grimy sweat reek on his
face,

It does adorn, not sully ;
If sunny his face with Christian meek-
ness—

If he's a kindly word for his neighbour
in sickness—

And his cheer help a friend to conquer
his weakness—

Let him be honoured duly.

Condition's but the oyster shell,
The *Soul's* the pearl that's in it ;
There's a crown for the high and the
low as well,

If they'll work the right way to win it ;
The fair fields of Truth are gleaming
with grain

Ready-ripe for the reapers—yet do not
complain

If your work be the humblest, and
never disdain

Of a few scattered ears to glean it.

A STORY OF QUEENSLAND.

BY M. A. PAULL (AUTHOR OF "TIM'S TROUBLES").

CHAP. I.—FATHER AND SON.

“**H**AVE a glass, Tom Eager, before you go?”

“I don’t care if I do,” said the big stalwart drayman, with an oath, as he stood beside the store counter in Ipswich, Queensland. He made a strange and somewhat picturesque appearance in his broad, cabbage-palm hat, his rough, shaggy hair in long, unkempt locks beneath it, his bright, scarlet Crimean shirt, his trousers of fustian, and his waist encircled by a wide leathern belt, in which were his pouch and dagger conspicuously placed, he held his long heavy whip in his hand, and his square set face, dark bushy eyebrows, and large mouth, were more expressive of strength of will, and a love for strong liquors than of anything else; yet there were good points in Tom Eager’s character. He was scrupulously honest for all his rough exterior, and had a more kindly heart than most of his comrades; but he also partook largely of the vices common to his calling. He swore almost constantly; indeed, his conversation, which was but of a fragmentary nature, was so mixed up with oaths as to be wholly unpresentable to our readers in its entirety. He was furiously passionate, and he indulged very freely in intoxicating liquors.

Beside him, dressed in precisely the same manner as the drayman, save that the scarlet hue of the shirt was replaced by a bright violet; even bearing a long whip over his shoulder, stood Jack Eager, the drayman’s eldest son, a boy of about fifteen years of age, smart, light-hearted, pleasant-looking, having most of his father’s coarse features, but these being greatly redeemed by his very beautiful soft dark eyes, inherited from his mother, a gentle, loving, weakly woman, who, with some difficulty, kept all that was tender alive in her rough husband, and smoothed the path of her children by her sweetness and patience. She and her little tribe were living a hundred miles off, at the very verge of civilisation, on one of the downs, the edge of the last “clearing” in that direction, with whose orders for goods, as well as those of other settlements on the way, Tom Eager had come to fill his bullock waggon in Ipswich, bringing down in it wool that would find its way to Brisbane and thence be shipped to England. It was the boy’s first visit to a town like Ipswich, and he was feeling elated and proud with the great amount of knowledge he had acquired since he left home; he would be a drayman himself before long, and he had cracked his whip over the back of the twenty patient oxen that slowly but surely progressed along the streets towards the store as he thus thought. He longed to have a dagger like his father—he already had a pouch to his belt; but there was one thing in which he did *not* mean to imitate that parent, for his mother had besought him, with tears in her dark, earnest eyes, *never* to taste any strong liquor, however much he might be tempted to do so.

"Jack, if you do, 'twill be your ruin, my dear, and your mother will die broken-hearted," she had said, and the boy could never stand his mother's tears, and promised willingly. She seemed overjoyed then, and said, "she knew she should have a stay in her troubles, or in her old age, if she ever reached it, if Jack would always keep that promise."

Jack admired his father very much when he was sober, and the man was good-natured, and even generous to his boy then; but when he was intoxicated he was stubborn and violent, and sometimes cruel, and neither his son nor his oxen welcomed his altered manner.

"Shan't we be going now, father?"

The loaded dray drawn by the strong oxen was outside, and these only waited for the touch of the driver's heavy whip to start on their homeward journey. Jack was in and out, now casting his eyes over the ample stores to see that everything was piled up safely on the dray, and adjusted for its rough transit across almost trackless meadows, and through the scrub and swamps, and over the high table land; now stepping back into the store to find his father still drinking, and to note how his face grew red and his eyes wild, and to long more earnestly than ever to get him off towards home. Another half hour had passed, and Jack repeated his question in a different form, "I think we might as well be starting now, don't you, father?"

"No, I don't," said the drayman, angrily, "I'm not ready yet, Jack, don't you interfere like that with me or you'll suffer for it," and he swore at his young son; then, speaking more good-naturedly, he added, "here, Jack, you'll want priming before you go. Take this, boy," and he poured into a smaller mug, spilling it as he poured with his unsteady hand, part of the grog he was drinking from a quart measure.

"Oh! no, thank you, father," exclaimed Jack; "don't you know I never drink? I promised mother, and I shan't break my word."

"You've never been to town before," growled the father. "What does your mother know about drinking in Ipswich? She meant when you were running about the 'clearing.'"

"No, father, she meant *always*, she said so," and Jack wisely retreated at once into the street, fearful of making his father more angry. It was a full hour before the drayman was ready to start, and when his giant form staggered out of the store, he walked unsteadily along beside the lumbering waggon and the sober oxen, on whose uncomplaining sides the heavy lash descended oftener than was wont, and so, with Jack shouting now and again to them in some most remarkable dialect, only understood by draymen and oxen, the cavalcade wound its way out of Ipswich and into the beaten track beyond, in a north-easterly direction. The first night they camped out at a much frequented place, where two or three other drays and their drivers had already taken possession of and occupied the ground. The oxen were unyoked from the waggon, and Tom Eager and his son drew near the huge fire, the man bringing out a flask of brandy to which in rough language he invited the other men to make themselves welcome. Jack curled himself in his blanket, and with his feet towards the warm blaze, and the glorious stars and waning moon shining in the

clear sky above him, said a few simple words of prayer his mother had taught him, and soon fell fast asleep, while the men drank their spirits and caroused, and sung rude songs, told wild tales, and repeated coarse jests far into the night, after the manner of more civilised drunkards in other lands, and then sunk into a heavy unrefreshing sleep, to wake cross and discontented on the following morning. Jack was astir early : the loud chirpings of the birds awoke him, and he amused himself imitating the notes of the lapwing and butcher-bird, and chasing the opossums that clambered from branch to branch of the trees above him in affright at his presence. Then he replenished the fire, cooked the damper, and prepared the fragrant coffee for the breakfast of the men and himself. They were rousing now, for the hot sun poured its bright light down full upon their faces, and they stretched and groaned wearily. After breakfast, however, they were more alive to their work, and soon after the draymen all indulged in a parting glass and started again on their way, the strangers going towards Ipswich, and Jack and his father pursuing a northward route. By-and-by the frequented path was left, for they were bound to the new "clearing," only visited as yet by Tom Eager's dray, and from which the first lot of wool for Brisbane had been sent down by him some few weeks before. For the first week after they parted from the other men the draymen had been somewhat abstemious, and the journey had therefore been pursued pleasantly enough to Jack, though he was left, as was but natural, very much to his own resources. For miles they made their difficult way along the lonely country, not exchanging a word, and altogether silent save for the shouts and curses to the patient oxen and the loud cracking of the long whips, while Tom Eager chewed his quid of tobacco almost incessantly, unless he were sending forth long slowly ascending volumes of smoke to poison the sweet perfume of the fragrant plants, from his quaintly-carved pipe, as he sat listlessly on his waggon : driving past the beautiful feathery tree ferns, and the graceful festoons of wild grapes that hung from branch to branch of the acacias, and curious grass-trees, with their slender, reed-like stems, at the top of which wave green tufts of long grass ; while beneath was the "scrub," a luxuriant tangled undergrowth of grasses and flowering creepers, conspicuous amongst these the beautiful passion-vine, with its starry white flowers, and evergreen flowering shrubs of abundant variety, altogether presenting continual perplexities to the driver of the unwieldy dray, and pressed down by the oxen's heavy feet, only to rise slowly when the crushing weight had passed, and thrive once more in the long interval that should elapse before the foot of man or beast, or wheel of waggon, should again invade their domain. The poetry of this lonely region, where Nature reigned and covered the earth with luxuriant beauty, made some little impression upon Jack, but none at all upon his father, who was mostly occupied in chasing the tormenting and abounding flies from his own person, while very often he had recourse to his brandy flask, and then would sleep or sit drowsily on the waggon half buried in drunken slumber, half alive to his surroundings.

(To be continued in our next.)

TEMPERANCE,

BY THOS. K. GORDON.

TEMPERANCE! of all sweet paths to me most sweet,
 Either for youth or riper age most fit,
 Whoe'er pursues thee shall with vigour meet
 Life's earnest battle. On his helm shall sit,
 Who follows thee, Victory!—o'er trials sore
 And many shall he win, and yet again
 Rush to the field to gain one victory more,
 To conquer Drink! angel of death and pain!
 That scatt'ring desolation sweeps our world!
 Oh! ye to whom to tread this path is given,
 On to the fight, until at last be hurl'd,
 This fierce, dark angel from man's path to Heaven.
 Then shall full many see the Gospel light
 Hidden before by Drink's sad cloud of night!

Text, Sermon, and Application.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

"ALLOA, old man, what are you holding up that sycamore for?" shouted the leader of a band of young students to a worn-looking, trembling man, of middle age, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of a dozen or more college students, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the *animal* kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—I've got just sense enough left to know *that*, yet. *I'm* holding up the tree!"

"Good? Didn't I tell you so?"

"No; I mean—I mean—it's the other way; the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor, miserable fellow-student! For I know you by the looks of you—college born and college bred. Hold on to your hammers, crack out the crystals, run over your quartz (I've split on another kind, ha! ha!) and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's slipper, and Indian turnips. I never cared much for such trifling articles; but the other kind o' roots, now—why, they stick to me yet. Have you got a Homer aboard, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could indeed render quite as fluently and with as great correctness as the best of them. They all gathered about him, another of their number producing a Virgil, from which he insisted he could read them the whole account of

"Pious Æneas, that jolly old soul,
 Who drank from a horse-trough instead of a bowl;"

and immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin as in Greek.

“Don't be mistaken, boys; don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are 'able to be out,' and 'high rents' in overcoats, and the democracy of a low-crowned hat, belong always to a *brainless* man. No! I've made *my* scientific expeditions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old sycamore, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business.” And here he put his handkerchief to his face, and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued, “It's a serious business! *I'm* ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but I've *saved* a part. I don't expect to save myself; but I'll try, whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text, and heads, and whole sermon, and *application* is this, 'KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE!' Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're *not* safe. Just as sure as you see I was once a 'fellow-student,' just so [sure ten years from now some of you may be 'holding up a sycamore' by the wayside, the jest of a rabble of boys—excuse me, the wonder of a company of gentlemen!—if you don't take a firm stand on the side of temperance. A glass of wine is *more* tempting to a scholar than to a wood-cutter or farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say, 'Keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's salvation for you. The *little* boys. Yes, and the girls; for, did you never hear it, *women will sometimes drink*; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—KEEP THEM SO. I'll tell you it isn't every poor, miserable, idle, brainless fellow that goes to make up the list of drunkards. No; some of them have been cared for by the tenderest mothers; they have slept on beds of down, and sat at rich men's tables, and sipped their first draughts of the choicest wines from cut-glass goblets, in rich men's luxurious parlours; the tempter likes such best.”

“You said you had saved a part of your family,” said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

“Ruined—yes, I said *ruinea* a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my oldest—my first born—I taught in my own way until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys—noble boys (and they'd go through college with the best of you, with a tithe of the money I've squandered), I've saved by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—heaven *keep* them so! And now, as you're going, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practice. Sign the pledge; do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. Never scorn the idea of taking a *child's* name, be it boy or girl. Consider the world one thousand pounds richer for *every* name you add to the list. For I fully believe the greatest hope of ever ridding the world of the curse of drunkenness lies in the secret of my text to-day, KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE! Take it for your motto. Act upon it. Let it be an incentive to your earnest work in the name of humanity. I haven't *much* hope for the drunkard—do what you have a mind for *him*. Laugh at him, pray for him, *try* to save him, if you have faith enough; but begin where your work is easy, and where it is *sure*—“*Keep temperance men temperate.*”

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

(SOLO AND CHORUS.)

WORDS ADAPTED BY THE EDITOR.

MODERATO.

Treble

: s | s :-s | m : f | l :-s | s : s | d' : m | s :-l | r :- | : s

KEY

1 Be - hold the day of pro-mise comes, We'll hail it with a song : The

D

2 Al - read - y in the gol - den east, Is seen the break-ing dawn, And

3 The traf-fic fraught with blood and tears, The curse of earth and heav'n, To

Acco.

s :-s | m : f | l :-s | s :-s | l . l : l . d' | t :-l | s :- | : s | f : f | l :-l |

joyous day with blessings fraught, When right shall triumph over wrong. Dark midnight errors watchmen from the mountain tops, With joy proclaim the glorious morn: Thro' all the land their just des - truction shall be hurled, As chaff before the wind is driven, Then happy homes, and

CHORUS.

s : m | s :-s | t :-d' | r' : t | d' :- | d' | d' : l | l : d' | d' :-s | s :-s | fe : fe | t :-l | s :- | s :-f |

flee away, They soon will all be gone. With temperance truth we're bold to say, The good time's coming on. O! the voices ring, Drink captives hear the strains, Forget their misery as they sing, "We'll break our galling chains." righteous laws, God's smile shall rest upon, And children's voices bless the cause, And the good time coming on.

Rall.

good time, the good time, The good time's coming on, The good time, the good time, the

{ m : s | - : s | l : d' | - : d' | d' : t | l : t | (df :- | : m | m : s | - : s | l : d' | - : d')
 { d : m | - : m | f : f | - : m | m : r | f : f | rm :- | : d | d : m | - : m | f : f | - : f)
 { s : s | - : s | f : l | - : l | s : s | s : s | s :- | : s | s : s | - : s | f : l | - : l)
 { d : d | - : d | f : f | - : fe | s : s | s , s , | d :- | : d | d : d | - : d | f : f | - : f)

THE MODERATE DRINKER'S READY RECKONER.

TO enable him to know at a glance how many gallons of intoxicating drink he swallows in any number of years (from one to thirty) at the rates of Quarter Pint, Half Pint, One Pint, and One Quart per day. Also, how much money 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. a day respectively, spent in liquor would amount to during the same periods if saved up in a cash box, and what those sums would accumulate to if invested in a building society.

One to Thirty Years of 365 days.	Quarter Pint of Liquor per day, is				Half Pint of Liquor per day, is				One Pint of Liquor per day, is				One Quart of Liquor per day, is				Threepence a day spent in Liquor,		Sixpence a day spent in Liquor,		Ninепence a day spent in Liquor,		A Shilling a day spent in Liquor,	
	Gls.	Gls.	Gls.	Gls.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1	11	22	45	91	4 11 3	4 11 3	9 2 6	9 2 6	18 5 0	18 5 0	27 7 6	27 7 6	54 15 0	54 15 0	82 2 6	82 2 6	13 13 9	13 13 9	18 5 0	18 5 0	36 10 0	36 10 0	73 8 0	73 8 0
2	22	45	91	182	9 2 6	9 2 6	18 5 0	18 5 0	36 10 0	36 10 0	54 15 0	54 15 0	82 2 6	82 2 6	123 3 9	123 3 9	182 10 0	182 10 0	271 5 0	271 5 0	542 0 0	542 0 0	1084 0 0	1084 0 0
3	34	68	136	273	13 13 9	13 13 9	27 7 6	27 7 6	54 15 0	54 15 0	82 2 6	82 2 6	123 3 9	123 3 9	182 10 0	182 10 0	271 5 0	271 5 0	361 0 0	361 0 0	722 0 0	722 0 0	1444 0 0	1444 0 0
4	45	91	182	365	18 5 0	18 5 0	36 10 0	36 10 0	73 8 0	73 8 0	109 10 0	109 10 0	164 5 0	164 5 0	246 7 6	246 7 6	361 0 0	361 0 0	542 0 0	542 0 0	1084 0 0	1084 0 0	2168 0 0	2168 0 0
5	57	114	228	456	22 16 3	22 16 3	45 12 6	45 12 6	91 5 0	91 5 0	137 0 0	137 0 0	205 6 3	205 6 3	301 0 0	301 0 0	452 0 0	452 0 0	681 0 0	681 0 0	1362 0 0	1362 0 0	2724 0 0	2724 0 0
6	68	136	273	547	27 7 6	27 7 6	54 15 0	54 15 0	109 10 0	109 10 0	164 5 0	164 5 0	246 7 6	246 7 6	361 0 0	361 0 0	542 0 0	542 0 0	822 0 0	822 0 0	1644 0 0	1644 0 0	3288 0 0	3288 0 0
7	79	159	319	638	31 18 9	31 18 9	63 17 6	63 17 6	127 15 0	127 15 0	182 10 0	182 10 0	271 5 0	271 5 0	407 0 0	407 0 0	601 0 0	601 0 0	901 0 0	901 0 0	1802 0 0	1802 0 0	3604 0 0	3604 0 0
8	91	182	365	730	36 10 0	36 10 0	73 8 0	73 8 0	145 2 6	145 2 6	215 14 0	215 14 0	323 12 0	323 12 0	484 0 0	484 0 0	726 0 0	726 0 0	1089 0 0	1089 0 0	1634 0 0	1634 0 0	3268 0 0	3268 0 0
9	102	205	410	821	41 1 3	41 1 3	82 2 6	82 2 6	164 5 0	164 5 0	246 7 6	246 7 6	361 0 0	361 0 0	542 0 0	542 0 0	822 0 0	822 0 0	1233 0 0	1233 0 0	1850 0 0	1850 0 0	3700 0 0	3700 0 0
10	114	228	456	912	45 12 6	45 12 6	91 5 0	91 5 0	182 10 0	182 10 0	271 5 0	271 5 0	407 0 0	407 0 0	601 0 0	601 0 0	901 0 0	901 0 0	1350 0 0	1350 0 0	2025 0 0	2025 0 0	4050 0 0	4050 0 0
11	125	250	501	1003	50 3 9	50 3 9	100 7 6	100 7 6	205 6 3	205 6 3	301 0 0	301 0 0	452 0 0	452 0 0	681 0 0	681 0 0	1020 0 0	1020 0 0	1530 0 0	1530 0 0	2295 0 0	2295 0 0	4590 0 0	4590 0 0
12	136	273	547	1095	54 15 0	54 15 0	109 10 0	109 10 0	223 0 0	223 0 0	334 0 0	334 0 0	501 0 0	501 0 0	751 0 0	751 0 0	1126 0 0	1126 0 0	1689 0 0	1689 0 0	2534 0 0	2534 0 0	5068 0 0	5068 0 0
13	148	296	593	1186	59 6 3	59 6 3	118 12 6	118 12 6	242 0 0	242 0 0	363 0 0	363 0 0	544 0 0	544 0 0	816 0 0	816 0 0	1224 0 0	1224 0 0	1836 0 0	1836 0 0	2754 0 0	2754 0 0	5508 0 0	5508 0 0
14	159	319	638	1277	63 17 6	63 17 6	127 15 0	127 15 0	261 0 0	261 0 0	391 0 0	391 0 0	586 0 0	586 0 0	879 0 0	879 0 0	1318 0 0	1318 0 0	1977 0 0	1977 0 0	2966 0 0	2966 0 0	5932 0 0	5932 0 0
15	171	342	684	1368	68 8 0	68 8 0	137 6 0	137 6 0	280 0 0	280 0 0	420 0 0	420 0 0	630 0 0	630 0 0	945 0 0	945 0 0	1417 0 0	1417 0 0	2126 0 0	2126 0 0	3189 0 0	3189 0 0	6378 0 0	6378 0 0
16	182	365	730	1460	73 0 0	73 0 0	146 0 0	146 0 0	299 0 0	299 0 0	448 0 0	448 0 0	672 0 0	672 0 0	1008 0 0	1008 0 0	1512 0 0	1512 0 0	2268 0 0	2268 0 0	3402 0 0	3402 0 0	6804 0 0	6804 0 0
17	193	387	775	1551	77 11 3	77 11 3	154 2 6	154 2 6	318 0 0	318 0 0	477 0 0	477 0 0	715 0 0	715 0 0	1072 0 0	1072 0 0	1608 0 0	1608 0 0	2412 0 0	2412 0 0	3618 0 0	3618 0 0	7236 0 0	7236 0 0
18	205	410	821	1642	82 2 6	82 2 6	164 5 0	164 5 0	337 0 0	337 0 0	506 0 0	506 0 0	759 0 0	759 0 0	1136 0 0	1136 0 0	1704 0 0	1704 0 0	2550 0 0	2550 0 0	3825 0 0	3825 0 0	7650 0 0	7650 0 0
19	216	433	866	1733	86 13 9	86 13 9	173 0 0	173 0 0	356 0 0	356 0 0	534 0 0	534 0 0	801 0 0	801 0 0	1200 0 0	1200 0 0	1791 0 0	1791 0 0	2688 0 0	2688 0 0	4032 0 0	4032 0 0	8064 0 0	8064 0 0
20	228	456	912	1825	91 5 0	91 5 0	182 10 0	182 10 0	375 0 0	375 0 0	563 0 0	563 0 0	844 0 0	844 0 0	1264 0 0	1264 0 0	1890 0 0	1890 0 0	2826 0 0	2826 0 0	4239 0 0	4239 0 0	8478 0 0	8478 0 0
21	239	479	958	1916	95 16 3	95 16 3	191 12 6	191 12 6	394 0 0	394 0 0	592 0 0	592 0 0	877 0 0	877 0 0	1328 0 0	1328 0 0	1977 0 0	1977 0 0	2970 0 0	2970 0 0	4455 0 0	4455 0 0	8910 0 0	8910 0 0
22	250	501	1003	2007	100 7 6	100 7 6	200 15 0	200 15 0	413 0 0	413 0 0	620 0 0	620 0 0	920 0 0	920 0 0	1382 0 0	1382 0 0	2064 0 0	2064 0 0	3102 0 0	3102 0 0	4653 0 0	4653 0 0	9306 0 0	9306 0 0
23	262	524	1049	2098	104 18 9	104 18 9	209 17 6	209 17 6	432 0 0	432 0 0	648 0 0	648 0 0	966 0 0	966 0 0	1436 0 0	1436 0 0	2151 0 0	2151 0 0	3234 0 0	3234 0 0	4851 0 0	4851 0 0	9702 0 0	9702 0 0
24	273	547	1095	2190	109 10 0	109 10 0	219 0 0	219 0 0	451 0 0	451 0 0	675 0 0	675 0 0	1010 0 0	1010 0 0	1490 0 0	1490 0 0	2240 0 0	2240 0 0	3366 0 0	3366 0 0	5049 0 0	5049 0 0	10098 0 0	10098 0 0
25	285	570	1140	2281	114 1 3	114 1 3	228 2 6	228 2 6	470 0 0	470 0 0	700 0 0	700 0 0	1040 0 0	1040 0 0	1540 0 0	1540 0 0	2330 0 0	2330 0 0	3498 0 0	3498 0 0	5196 0 0	5196 0 0	10392 0 0	10392 0 0
26	296	593	1186	2372	118 12 6	118 12 6	237 0 0	237 0 0	489 0 0	489 0 0	729 0 0	729 0 0	1080 0 0	1080 0 0	1590 0 0	1590 0 0	2420 0 0	2420 0 0	3636 0 0	3636 0 0	5344 0 0	5344 0 0	10686 0 0	10686 0 0
27	307	615	1231	2463	123 2 6	123 2 6	246 5 0	246 5 0	508 0 0	508 0 0	758 0 0	758 0 0	1120 0 0	1120 0 0	1640 0 0	1640 0 0	2510 0 0	2510 0 0	3774 0 0	3774 0 0	5490 0 0	5490 0 0	10980 0 0	10980 0 0
28	319	638	1277	2555	127 15 0	127 15 0	255 0 0	255 0 0	527 0 0	527 0 0	787 0 0	787 0 0	1160 0 0	1160 0 0	1690 0 0	1690 0 0	2600 0 0	2600 0 0	3912 0 0	3912 0 0	5636 0 0	5636 0 0	11274 0 0	11274 0 0
29	330	661	1323	2646	132 6 3	132 6 3	265 3 0	265 3 0	546 0 0	546 0 0	816 0 0	816 0 0	1200 0 0	1200 0 0	1740 0 0	1740 0 0	2690 0 0	2690 0 0	4050 0 0	4050 0 0	6084 0 0	6084 0 0	11568 0 0	11568 0 0
30	342	684	1368	2737	136 17 6	136 17 6	273 0 0	273 0 0	565 0 0	565 0 0	845 0 0	845 0 0	1250 0 0	1250 0 0	1790 0 0	1790 0 0	2780 0 0	2780 0 0	4190 0 0	4190 0 0	6270 0 0	6270 0 0	11862 0 0	11862 0 0

The above Table also shows, by the logic of figures, how, by the exercise of thrift in small savings, working men may prepare for the "rainy day," and find shelter under their "own roof;" or in the emergency of sickness or misfortune, have a "shot in the locker."

GIANT AND DWARF.

AS on through life's journey we go day by day,
 There are two whom we meet at each turn of the way,
 To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban,
 And the names of these two are, "*I can't*" and "*I can.*"

"*I can't*" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp,
 His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp;
 He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
 Though dangers are distant and succour is near.

"*I can*" is a giant; unbending he stands;
 There is strength in his arms and skill in his hands:
 He asks for no favours; he wants but a share
 Where labour is honest, and wages are fair.

"*I can't*" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;
 From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;
 No bread on his board and no meal in his bag;
 His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"*I can*" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,
 And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields;
 The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
 And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

"*I can't*" is a coward, half fainting with fright;
 At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight,
 Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
 Or sells his best friends, and turns traitor at last.

"*I can*" is a hero, the first in the field;
 Though others may falter, he never will yield;
 He makes the long marches, he deals the last blow;
 His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,
 When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,
 He weds his strong will to the valour of youth,
 And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth.

Then up and be doing, the day is not long;
 Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong;
 Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
 And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "*I can!*"

WASTED BREAD.

BY THE REV. W. M. HAWKINS.

"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—Prov. xi., 26.

THIS passage refers to people who, for the sake of obtaining more than the current prices, kept their corn until the markets rose and they could obtain a higher price for it. In many instances loads of corn have been destroyed, or withheld from the hungry people, so that merchants might increase their profits.

This passage has great force and interest at the present time, because there are so many who cannot obtain food to eat; and there are great numbers who, to obtain profits, withhold as much as comes to 52,659,000 bushels of grain in a year.

They withhold the grain, and turn it into that which is body and soul-destroying for no other purpose than to get gain. Grain should be made into bread. Everybody must eat bread; but everybody is not obliged to drink intoxicating drinks. Let us look at the fact: 52,659,000 bushels of grain are used every year to make intoxicating drinks. If this corn were made into 4lb. loaves, there would be 1,300,000,000 of them. No one has any idea of this vast amount. The thought must be broken up into pieces before the mind can understand it.

1. 1,300,000,000 of 4lb. loaves would supply every man, woman, and child in Great Britain with sixty 4lb. loaves a year.

2. To count them at the rate of three a second, or 180 a minute, ten hours a day, six days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year, it would take more than thirty-eight years.

3. The loaves that might be made from the corn which is every year spoiled in making drinks would weigh 2,321,428 tons 11 cwts.—that is, two millions, three hundred and twenty-one thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight tons, eleven hundred weights.

4. If the loaves were all to be placed in railway trains, each train to contain thirty trucks, and each truck to carry four tons of bread, they would fill (19,345) nineteen thousand, three hundred, and forty-five trains.

5. If a train carrying 120 tons of bread were to pass your station every fifteen minutes, ten hours a day, six days a week, and fifty-two weeks in the year, it would take nearly one year and a half before the last had passed.

6. If each of the loaves were placed side by side, so that they touched one another, they would reach two hundred and forty-six thousand two hundred and twelve miles in length—or they would reach all round the world more than nine times.

All this bread is wasted every year in making intoxicating drinks, and thousands of poor do not know where their next crust is to come from. Everybody who sells beer, or drinks it, encourages this wilful waste. "Wilful waste causes woeful want."

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEE.

"LANDLORD, give us a glass of your whisky?"



"Where is your money, lad?"

"I haven't any. Trust me, as you have done, please?"

"Not if you have no money. Water is good enough for thee. Go home, boy."

"So it is, so it is!" said the young man; "I'll take your advice, landlord, and go home, resolved never to drink anything but water. It will be better for me." So away he went, resolved to profit by the advice.

GONE BEFORE!

By J. D.

HAS Death's cold hand so rudely
snatch'd thee?

Are our fond hopes consigned
with thee to dust?
And art thou sleeping in the silent tomb?
Are tears of no avail; can nought restore
thee
To thy weeping friends; art thou for ever
gone?

—Yes, thou art happily released
Before the ills of time press'd sorely on
thy head,

Or ere thou felt the sorrows of life's
pilgrimage.

—In Death's dark valley thou art laid:
Thy rest unbroken now: how peaceful
was thine end!

Happy, thrice happy babe, we grieve
for thee no more,
We know thou art not dead, thou'rt
only gone before.

Thy lips are sealed, silent thy faultless
tongue,

Thy spirit slumbers in the fold prepar'd
for thee;

Securely thou art kept by Him who
"bless'd the little lambs."

On earth thy days were few, scarce
was thy race begun,

Deeply we felt thy loss, in vain we mourn;
All flesh must follow in thy steps,

And tread the valley where Death's
stillness reigns,

Hope cheers our fainting spirit,
Whispering "Ye shall yet again behold
those lov'd ones,

And in a land where partings cease,
For evermore their fellowship enjoy."

Happy, thrice happy babe, we grieve
for thee no more,

We know thou art not dead, thou'rt
only gone before.

Boys, Don't Smoke! Don't Drink!



WHEN but fourteen years of age, Johnny L—— was left an orphan.

His father had a few years before this died a drunkard; his mother, when dying, called her only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, she said:

"Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you; you well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death; and I want you to promise me before I die that you will not taste the poison that killed your father; promise me this, Johnny, and be a good boy, and I shall die happy."

The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks as he promised to remember his mother's dying words.

After his mother was buried, John, friendless and alone, went to a neighbouring city to seek employment. There he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he made to his mother.

So far as a mother could train a son with the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes, Johnny's mother had trained him and given him a good education. One day, in looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant wanted an office lad about his age.

"Walk in, my lad," said the merchant, as John appeared at the door; but as he took a seat near him, the merchant observed a cigar in his hat. That was enough.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you

smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception ; you can leave, you will not suit."

John held down his head, left, and went to his room, where, throwing himself upon the bed, he wept bitterly.

But John had moral courage, energy, and determination, and in less than an hour he was in the merchant's office, whom he thus addressed : " Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of ; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother ; and though I have not followed the good advice of my dear mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn promise never to drink another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar ; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant did try him, and at the end of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man and a Christian.

MANSLAVE

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

IF thou would'st paint a slave,
bid not
The shades of centuries sweep
away,
Revealing some unhallowed spot,
'Neath feudal fortress, frowning grey,
Where bleached and chain-hung bones
decay,
And some pale victim, in despair,

Breathe painfully the noisome air.
No! view thou at this crowded bar,
A captive plunged in deeper care,
A soul debauched, a fallen star ;
A life self-doomed to fell despair :
Here paint a hell of sin made bare ;
A life bereft of every trace
Of childhood's innocence and grace.

LEARN TO SAY NO!

BY A BAND OF HOPE BOYS.

I SHOULD just like to say a few words to our Band of Hope Boys, and those who are the readers of "Onward," on the difficulty of saying No whenever they are tempted to do that which is wrong. Perhaps there is no word which is more difficult to utter than this word. Alas! for the drunkenness and misery which is caused through people being ashamed to resist the cup when it is offered, and unable firmly and truly to say No, once and for all. How many thousands who enter our prisons for drunkenness and crime, might have been saved, had they but had the courage to say No when temptation was near them? How many drunkards die during a year who might have been spared, through the help of God, had they not tasted of the first glass, "but answered bravely No?" How many homes are made sad through drink, that might have been happy and cheerful? Oh! that all we Band of Hope children may be steadfast, striving to do something for our noble cause. The giant intemperance is a strong one to fight against ; but let us hope in the God of our strength, and He will work all things well and soon temperance shall bear the sway.

EDITOR'S CHAT.



OST certainly Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, has got a warm shop of it just now. What with the difficulty of framing a Licensing Bill which shall be equally acceptable to publicans and teetotalers—and the never-ending deputations from the Alliance advocates, Sunday Closing Associations, Licence Amendment Leagues, and the irresistible teetotalers—besides those *very respectable* members of society, the licensed victuallers, beersellers, publicans, and brewers, all of whom must surely place poor Mr. Bruce in an unenviable position. And yet we Band of Hope people would like to add our petition, too. Please, Mr. Bruce, as you are going to legislate for posterity, don't forget the children.

We are again pleased to state that our circulation goes on steadily increasing. Our London publisher has increased his order 1,000 copies during the last two months. This looks healthy.

What thirsty souls we English people are, when it appears that last year we spent more than FORTY-TWO MILLIONS!! in malt liquors alone. Alas! for the blood and tears of a nation purchased at the cost of this enormous amount.

Mr. Graham has just contributed one of the most valuable aids to the temperance work which has come under our notice in his NATIONAL TEMPERANCE HARMONIST, published by William Tweedie, London. It contains 550 hymns and songs, and 341 pieces of music, and is edited by the Rev. J. Compston, who was almost the pioneer in Sunday-school music in the North of England. It forms a perfect cyclopædia of Band of Hope and temperance music, and is not only the largest selection, but contains such a choice variety of our popular melodies as cannot fail to ensure for it universal adoption.

We should imagine that brandy drinkers will be scarce in Burmah, where the punishment inflicted by the King for such a transgression of the law is to pour molten lead down the throat of the delinquent. It will certainly not require a second edition of such a penalty.

On Monday, the 7th of March, a Band of Hope was formed in the Thomas-street Schoolroom, Cheetham Hill, Manchester. The room was densely crowded, and the chair was taken by the Rev. W. T. Radcliffe, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. C. Garrett, and Messrs. Blakey, Cowlshaw, and Oldham. The addresses were most effective, and at the close of the meeting so many were anxious to sign the pledge that a special meeting had to be called on the following evening to accommodate them. At the close of the second night it was found that over 200 signatures had been obtained.

On Saturday evening, February 26th, the third annual festival of the St. Catharine's Band of Hope and Temperance Society, Newtown, Manchester, was held, when about 400 sat down to tea. The Rev. A. Haworth, M.A., rector and president, took the chair. The report was very gratifying indeed, which stated that during the year 25 fortnightly meetings had been held, with an average attendance of 450, and that 132 had signed the pledge, making a total in the

three years since its commencement of 1,786. Since the last annual meeting also 2,032 publications have been sold, consisting of "Onwards," "Advisers," "Band of Hope Reviews," "Children's Prize," besides circulating 6,400 of the "Monthly Visitor" and 7,200 of Ludbrook's London Tracts. Such labours are highly praiseworthy. We earnestly commend their example to our numerous readers.

There is at Thelwall, a village near Warrington, a remarkably flourishing Band of Hope and Temperance Society, supported and worked almost entirely by Mr. and Mrs. Naylor and family, and it would be nearly impossible to find a more devoted or successful family in the great temperance reformation. Their labour is beyond all praise. Very many societies in the district owe their origin to their labours. A short time ago they organised a society in a neighbouring parish, at which 137 signed the pledge on the first meeting, including the rector of the place. During the past year they have disposed of more than 2,100 "Onwards," travelling many miles each month in order to leave them at the scattered country homes of the subscribers. Would that we had many such families. Our land would soon be flooded with temperance literature and studded with temperance homes.

The fifth annual festival of the Irwell Terrace Band of Hope, Bacup, was held on Saturday, March 12th, when about 200 sat down to tea, the Rev. J. G. Hall presiding. Afterwards the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. I. Britten, of Bacup, and Mr. G. Bancroft, of Manchester.

There appears to be a very steady work going on in connection with the Ramsgate Harbour Mission Total Abstinence and Band of Hope Society. The fifth annual report announces an increase of 42 members during the year, making a total of 295, and which, with entertainments and the distribution of wholesome temperance literature, augurs well for the future.

The fifth annual meeting of the Bollington Wesleyan Band of Hope and Youths' Temperance Society was held on February 26th, over which Mr. C. C. File presided. Mr. J. Else, secretary, presented the report, which stated the society to be progressing very favourably. Thomas Lawton, Esq., of Whaley Bridge, addressed the meeting on the necessity and importance of the Band of Hope movement, which was followed by suitable songs, recitations, &c.

We are pleased to record the fifth annual festival of the Blackburn Band of Hope and Temperance Union, which took place on Saturday, February 19th, and over which the Rev. J. Aspinall presided. The report announced an addition of 4 societies during the year, making a total of 21 societies. The meeting was afterwards ably addressed by the Revs. J. Morgan and S. Weaver.

The first annual tea meeting of the Chapel-en-le-Frith Band of Hope was held on Monday, January 31st. Mr. J. Hall presided. The report was cheering, and announced 100 members. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. W. Dixon and Mr. W. Hoyle, of Manchester.

We are pleased to notice that a new Band of Hope has just been commenced in connection with the Pontefract Wesleyan Sabbath School. The first meeting was held on Wednesday, February 16th, Mr. J. N. Crossland presiding. We trust the promoters of this Band of Hope will be rewarded with success, and their efforts be made a blessing.

BIBLE TEETOTALISM.

BY WILLIAM H. STOKER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
Hath made and loveth all.—*The Ancient Mariner.*

BIBLE Teetotalism is a subject which has been often discussed, but seldom satisfactorily settled. It may then be deemed presumptuous in me to tread ground which has been trodden by wiser and better men. But, indeed, the subject has been forced upon me, by innumerable Timothies, who, while continually making grievous complaints about their stomachs, have entirely overlooked those divine principles of self-denying brotherly love and compassionate charity which compose the very essence of our Christianity.

To that too numerous class of professing Christians who ask with amazement, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I care not to speak. All right-thinking men will not class such as real Christians. But to those who studiously read their Bibles as their sole safe chart of duty for this life-voyage, and earnestly, laboriously, painfully it may be, strive to steer their course in obedience to its divine commands; to those who read and meditate upon the life of Christ, and hang upon the words that fell from His lips, and earnestly, prayerfully, seek to become like to Him—to such I would say a few words upon this subject of Bible Teetotalism.

There is no human duty more often set forth in the New Testament than our duty to our neighbour. It is the distinguishing feature of our Christianity; it is one of the lines of demarcation between the Mosaic and the Christian dispensations. In simple beautiful language Christ gives us a new commandment: That we are to love one another even as He hath loved us. We all agree theoretically with that divine command. Contemplating it afar off as a quite elevated unearthly theory, we have all declared it "beautiful!" Looking at it as a practical indispensable mark of Christianity, how many of us have by our selfish lives emphatically said, "It is not true!" We are to love one another even as He hath loved us. Let us see what manner of love that was. Did it shrink at the bare mention of self-denial, and pour the language of scorn and contempt upon the outcast and the fallen. Nay, it compelled its Divine possessor to leave the exalted bliss of Heaven to lead a life of suffering and sorrow upon a world peopled by sinful men. He came, indeed, hurling the burning words of His wrath against phylacteried Pharisaism, but from His lips were distilled words of pity and hope for the fallen. He came healing His people's diseases, weeping over their sins, pardoning their transgressions, dying a death of agonising shame, while forgiving His murderers, and leaving in the words He spoke a philosophy which is yet destined to overcome every form of moral evil, and make this earth (instead of a sepulchre of souls) a garden of the Lord,—fair with virtue's flowers, rich with moral fruit.

His life, was it not the perfect model of what our lives should be? That is, while we are to live a spotless life ourselves, we are to remove every temptation from the way of our weaker brother: to love him, to help him, if needs be to die

for him. If we have not this love we may sound the brasses of big subscriptions, and tinkle the cymbals of foreign missions, but it will not avail us anything. Charity must first begin with the heathen at home, in this case, I think.

The moral of it all is this : We have an evil of intemperance in this land of ours which is destroying the proudest and most promising of our sons. Its devastating influence is widespread among all classes of society. Our manufacturers tell us it is destroying their commerce ; our guardians of the poor tell us it is pauperising our manhood ; our magistrates and judges tell us it is filling their gaols ; our clergymen tell us it is nullifying their labours ; and there is scarcely a family in the land which has not directly or indirectly suffered from it.

Is it not, then, the duty of every Christian to find and apply some effectual remedy ? Manifestly that remedy cannot be "moderation," for the most degraded drunkard that wallows in the mire of habit at first intended to drink only in moderation, and had any one dared to prophesy of his future life, he would have indignantly and scornfully spurned the prediction. *It is from the ranks of moderation that drunkards are recruited.* As long as the moderate use of intoxicating drinks exists, the excessive use will also exist. On the other hand, as soon as the moderate use is discontinued, the excessive must necessarily cease. Is it not obvious enough what the Christian should do in this case ? Should he shut his eyes to the evil because the remedy of it would involve a little self-denial ? Is that Christ-like, think you ? But I cannot believe such an act of selfish cowardice to be possible of a Christian man. I cannot but cherish the hope that he will put all self-indulgence far from him, and looking upon our national drunkenness as a great humiliating sorrowful fact, not only give the light of his personal example, but join the bright galaxy of God's workers, illuminating the dense moral darkness of the earth, flashing the fire of truth into deeds of wrong, and beaconing the lost ones to a higher, purer, nobler life.

Oh! Ask Me Not to Take the Glass.

BY REV. DR. BURNS.

Oh ask me not to *take* the glass,
The maddening glass so bright ;
Like serpent's glare, it fascinates—
Oh take it from my sight !

Oh ask me not to *taste* the glass,
That lures with poisonous breath,
And, Judas-like, with kiss betrays
To bondage, shame, and death.

Oh ask me not to *touch* the glass
That countless ills contains ;
That binds its wretched victims fast
In galling, fiery chains.

Oh ask me not to *give* the glass,
For, hear those horrid wails,

Of madness, woe, and black despair
From hospitals and jails.

Oh ask me not to *pass* the glass
To comrade, or to friend ;
For who can see where customs vile
May lead to in the end.

Then fill the glass with water clear,
For that's the drink for me ;
And let us pledge, with that alone,
The drink from peril free.

The drunkard's glass, away ! away !
Oh take it from my sight !
And let us give to all around
Pure water, sweet and bright.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

AN APOLOGUE. BY JOSEPH DARRAH.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

FROM early morn till late at eve,
A battle has been raging,
And loud are heard the dreadful
cries

Of maddened hosts engaging ;
And though the shades of evening fall,
And darkness spreads her dusky pall,
Upon the blood-stained field,
The stubborn foes maintain their ground,
And charge, repulse, attack, rebound,
Occur in one successive round,
Yet neither host will yield.

Two soldiers side by side have fought
Throughout the livelong day ;
And deeds of valour they have wrought,
And trophies borne away :
Both now are footsore, both are faint,
Yet one fights on right gallantly,
The other makes this sad complaint :

First Soldier.

Must we fight, and fight for ever ?
Will the battle's rage cease never ?
Shall the victory ne'er be won,
And our task of glory done ?
Sternly fights the mighty foe,
And I long for peace ;
Let us fly this scene of woe,
Fly without another blow ;
Fly to rest and ease.

Second Soldier.

Freedom's cause may vanquished be,
Should we, brother, basely flee ;
Though the shafts of death are flying,
And the wailings of the dying
Seem to say : "Thou soon shalt fall ;"
I will fight till o'er my head
Victory's glorious wings are spread,
Nought shall me appal ;
And should death's resistless dart
Drain the life-blood from my heart,
They shall say, who love me best, —
"He bravely entered into rest."

First Soldier.

We shall die, and die in vain,
If we linger here ;
And the dying and the slain
Fill my heart with fear ;

Though thy friends should praise thee,
Though a tomb they raise thee,
What will this avail
When in death's dark vale ?
What is glory to the dead ?
'Tis a flower, whose scent is fled.
It is like a river-bed
When the stream is dry ;
Then, my brother, let us fly.

Second Soldier.

Never will I leave the field,
Till the stubborn foe doth yield ;
Better die than take to flight
When we're battling for the right.
Though the army of the free,
By the foe should conquered be,
And the tyrant's flag should wave
Triumphantly above my grave,
Bands of bright immortals wait
At the fair celestial gate,
With a hymn of joy to cheer
Those who die for freedom here.

They parted. With a craven fear
One basely struggled to the rear ;
He reached the confines of the strife,
Then swiftly fled to save his life.
He reached at length his distant home ;
His wife said, "Wherefore art thou
come ?
How goes the strife ?" He hung his
head,
A tinge of shame his face o'erspread ;
His children looked at him askance,
He dared not meet their wond'ring
glance ;
And though he found both "rest and
ease,"
They had not power to soothe and
plead.
He lived unhonoured, and his name
Was branded with contempt and shame ;
And when he died, no sorrowing tear
Was freely shed upon his bier.

The other soldier onward pressed,
With ready arm and dauntless breast,
He sought the thickest of the fray,
Until at last the foe gave way.

Returning homeward from the fight,
His heart was full of proud delight,
His children rushed to his embrace,
And gazed with rapture on his face ;
And oh ! his wife adored her lord,
Who fled not from the foe abhorred.
He lived in peace, and boundless fame
Was linked for ever with his name ;
And when he died, as die he must,
An urn was raised above his dust,
Whereon, in shining words of gold,
The story of his deeds was told.

MORAL.

Persevere in doing good,
Though your efforts be withstood ;
Though your souls are sad and weary,
And your path seems dark and dreary,
Persevere ! and light shall shine
Round your way with beam divine,
And in God's own time success
Shall your ceaseless labours bless.
Those who hopelessly sink down,
Lose a bright immortal crown ;
They who *never* leave the strife
Gain a never-ending life.



A STORY OF QUEENSLAND.

BY M. A. PAUL (AUTHOR OF "TIM'S TROUBLES").

(Continued from page 53.)

CHAP. II.—LOST.

HE had driven on thus for some hours one afternoon, and the sun was already setting in golden glory in the west, and irradiating the trees and gay flowers, and bright-winged birds, with shafts of light, when they came to a marsh, and the feet of the oxen began to sink visibly, "Father, father," shouted Jack, for Tom Eager drove forward as if heedless of all danger, "this isn't our way, is it?"

"How many times have you been to Ipswich?" the drayman asked, contemptuously and harshly of his son ; and then added with an oath, "Go home to your mother as you will, if you know the way, and tell her I'm coming ;" and he laughed grimly, "'t isn't worth while to drive much further for to-night, we'll get across the swamp, and camp out on t'other side."

But getting across the swamp was no easy matter. The oppressed oxen floundered about in the heavy ground, and it needed all Jack's coaxing and Tom Eager's goading to make them pull the load in the dray through to the other side. They got there at last, just as dark night came down upon the earth, and Jack worked with a will to make a fire and unloose the poor tired beasts, and prepare the usual supper of damper and tea and salt beef for himself and his father. The wood soon crackled and kindled into a bright cheery blaze, dispelling the fears of the boy, which had been somewhat disagreeably awakened by hearing in the distance the angry bark of the wild dogs prolonged into a gloomy howl: a dreadful suspicion had crossed his mind that they were lost, that his father had been driving in a wrong direction for some hours, if not for some days. He had no remembrance of the swamp through which they had just passed, and yet, as he said to himself, "the country repeats itself so much, table land and grassy meadows and swamping ground, one place looks so like another that I daresay I am

mistaken, and father knows best after all ; if he was sober, I should be sure he was right." The drayman drank to excess again that night. It seemed to poor Jack that as long as there was a drop of drink in the waggon there would be no chance of his father regaining his sober senses. On they drove, very slowly now, for the oxen were still fatigued with the preceding day's work ; on and on through the "scrub," with the hot sun pouring down full upon them, and home still many days off. That night Jack was awakened by low moanings and loud groans. He started up, rubbed his eyes ; the sky was dark above him, but the fire was still burning, and by its light he could see his father tossing restlessly from side to side, throwing his arms wildly into the air, and ever and anon shouting aloud. Jack rose and drew near, "What's the matter with you, father ?"

"Jack, I am terribly bad ; I expect I am going to die." The boy's heart sank with dread, but he answered as cheerfully as he could :

"Don't talk about dying, father ; perhaps you've got the fever upon you, but you'll get round all right, I hope. What shall I give you, father ?"

"More brandy, Jack."

"But don't you think that's hurt you already, father ?" asked Jack, modestly. "Let me bring you some tea, or a cup of water, it'll do you more good."

"I *will* have the brandy," cried the drayman, with an oath. "Give me my flask."

Jack busied himself building up the fire. "Father," he said, after a few moments' thought, "I'll give you anything but that."

"Curses on you for an impudent young dog," said the enraged man. Tottering to his feet and going towards the waggon, he managed to seize the flask, to grasp it in his fevered hand, and then fell to the earth half faint with the exertion. His eyes glared furiously, and he growled at Jack as he drew near ; but he was too weak to talk. The boy spread his own blanket, rolled part of it into a pillow, lifted his poor father on to it as well as he could, covered him with the other blanket, and then sat down beside him on the soft grass. The rays of light were penetrating now through the dense foliage of the scrub, and all animal life was being stirred into renewed activity ; the songless birds made an incessant chirruping and twittering and clattering around ; thousands of gay parrots and parroquets and cockatoos disported their brilliant plumage amongst the green leaves and the bright flowers ; while the beautiful little love-birds and humming-birds fluttered their pretty wings and glanced and glittered, as they flew through sunbeams, a shower of emerald and ruby gems ; the handsome moths and richly variegated butterflies went flitting by ; and over the ant hills, some as high as a table, crept the large ants, white and brown and black, busy on foraging expeditions, while thousands of flies danced and sported in the early sunshine ; and huge black spiders hung from their gossamer webs, which, glittering with the dew, looked like most delicate lace work encrusted with diamonds. All through that day, with the clear blue sky above and the bright glory of nature around him, the boy watched anxiously beside his father. Tom Eager slept restlessly, tossing and tumbling from side to side of his blanket ; and when he awoke, eagerly drinking from his flask of spirit, and very, very seldom accepting the cool water that Jack had obtained from a little crystal spring near at hand, the thought of his mother's anxiety at

their protracted absence began to press sorely on the boy's heart. He had no fear as yet for their ultimate safety or their food; the dray was principally loaded with groceries and clothing; and as long as flour and tea and coffee were left he could make a supply of damper and pleasant drinks that would keep them from hunger and thirst; he saw no chance of his father's recovery until the flask was empty, and then if he refused him more, and he were too weak to rise and obtain it for himself, he might rally, and be able to lie on the dray and direct his son's driving. Jack never omitted to say his prayers night and morning, and to repeat the verse of Scripture, "Thou, God, seest me," his mother had begged him to remember for her sake. And somehow it seemed, simple little service of worship as it was, to keep his heart lighter and his soul happier and more trustful in his trouble. Jack's faith was perhaps not very enlightened, but it was *sincere*, and that is what God looks at most of all. It was the first time he had been so long away from his home; and, rough, strong lad as he was, he grew very weary for the sight of his mother's gentle sweet face, and the sound of her soft, tender voice; and it was a comfort to him to feel that both of them were praying to the same great God and Father of us all, through the mercy of the same dear Saviour, and that He heard her petitions for her boy from the lonely little log cabin; and his that he might be brought again in safety to his mother, from the still more lonely depths of the luxuriant jungle, where duty obliged him to stay. So passed away another day. The flask was empty now, and had been for many hours, and in the evening the father called his son to him.

"Jack, I don't think I'm going to live." "Why, father?"

"I feel like a dying man, Jack, and I feel like a wicked man, too; I don't see how there's any chance of me going to the good place where your mother'll go, Jack; mind you follow her and not me; I don't want to have your sins to answer for besides my own."

There was a long, solemn pause. "How will you manage about it all, Jack? Shall you ever find your way home?" There was a curious light in the drayman's eyes as he watched his young son. Jack's heart failed him, as a thought of his loneliness and misery overpowered him; but he choked back his sobs and tears, and said quietly, "Are we lost, father, lost in the bush?"

"I believe we are, Jack."

"Can't you think of *any* way to get home, father? If I put you in the waggon and yoked the oxen, and we drove on, might we get on a little. Couldn't you tell me where you thought it was right to go?"

"Well, try if you will, Jack," said the father, gently, "but I may as well tell you the whole truth, my son. While I was drinking, I drove on heedless of everything. I fancied we were going wrong, and then you asked me, and out of bravado I told you a lie. Jack, I've been a bad man and a bad father. I've never done by my children as I ought to have done. I will tell you all I can, but I really don't exactly know where we are by a long way. Bring me my compass, Jack." The father and son studied it; he gazed at the sun's course in the broad blue canopy above them, and then he shut his eyes and said the first prayer that he had felt or uttered for many a day. "Lord, help me, I'm lost."

(To be continued in our next.)

In Memory of Joseph Payne,

ASSISTANT JUDGE,

Who departed this life 29th March, 1870, aged 73.

BY T. H. EVANS.



ANG up your harps 'neath the sad weeping willows,
Earth, one more true-hearted hero's head pillows,
Safe from the storms of life's turbulent billows,
Called in the winter of life to depart.

Actively working the "dread summons" found him,
With the bright halo of true worth around him,
Death's icy fetters relentlessly bound him,
Stilling for ever that valorous heart.

One more to swell Heaven's anthems of gladness ;
One less to warn us of drink's mirthful madness ;
One less to succour earth's children of sadness ;
One less life's poor and afflicted to shield :
One less to brave earth's unceasing commotion ;
One vessel less, on mortality's ocean ;
Another tried soldier gained Heaven's promotion ;
No more to fight on life's vast battle field.

O'er that lone spot where death's jealousy keeping,
One of life's workers, so silently sleeping,
Sadly the angel of temperance is weeping,
Sobbing forth mournfully one long adieu.
May his good name, and example remind us,
We must be true to the duties assigned us ;
So live, that we may, when gone, leave behind us,
Memories bespangled with deeds good and true.

ALL THINGS WILL PASS AWAY.

BY W. COTFRELL.



H! how swiftly time is flying,
Rolling on from day to day ;
Soon this world and all things
in it

Will be gone and passed away.

All that God has once created,
Plann'd and shap'd with wondrous
skill,

Must ere long dissolve for ever,
By the same providing will.

Verdant plain and lofty mountain,
Brightened with the sun to-day,
Will ere long be gone for ever,
For all things must pass away.

Yea, those shining lights of Heaven,
Giving forth their silver ray,
Will ere long be gone for ever,
And with all things pass away.

Ah ! then Christian, seek not pleasure,
Knowing all things will decay,
Up and bind thy girdle tightly,
Work ere thou art call'd away.

For, alas ! shouldst thou be idle,
In the cause of truth to-day ;
God will mete thee with thy measure,
And will bid thee pass away.

But if thou hast borne thy burthen,
Used thy talent every day,
He will say " Well done, good servant,
Thou shalt live in ecstasy !

" Thou didst clothe the poor and needy,
Thou didst battle well with sin ;
Oh ! then, lov'd one, happy art thou,
Enter thou and dwell within."

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN!

H. C. WORK

Treble
Alto

KEY D High in the bel-fry the old sex-ton stands, Grasp-ing the rope with his

Tenor
Bass

}	m : m ,r d : m ,s d' : d' ,t l : - s : s ,l s : m ,d
	d : d ,d d : d ,d d : d ,d d : - m : m ,f m : d ,d
	s : s ,f m : d ,m s : s ,s f : - d' : d' ,d' d' : s ,s
	d : d ,d d : d ,d m : m ,m f : - d : d ,d d : d ,m

S:

thin, bon-y hands; Fixed is his gaze, as by some mag-ic spell, Till he hears the dis-
Yes, yes, they come and with tidings to tell, Glo-ri-ous and bless-

}	r : r ,m r : - m : m ,r d : m ,s d' : d' ,t l : - r' ,d' : t l s
	t, t, ,d t : - d : d ,d d : d ,d d : d ,d d : - r ,r : r d t,
	s : s ,s s : - s : s ,f m : d ,m s : s ,s f : - fe ,fe : fe fe s
	s : s ,s s : - d : d ,d d : d ,d m : m ,m f : - r ,r : r r s

FINE.

tant mur-mur, Ring, ring the bell. Ring the bell, watch man!
ed tid-ings, Ring, ring the bell.

}	f : m r d : d' ,d' d' : - r' ,r' : r' t r' : -
	.r : d .t, d : m ,m m : - f ,f : f f .f : -
	.s : s .f m : s ,s s : - t ,t : t r' .t : -
	.s : s, ,s, d : d ,d d : - s ,s : s s .s : -

D.S.:

Ring, ring, ring, Yes, yes the good news is now on the wing;

}	d' : m' d' : - l : l ,t d' : l ,l s : d' ,m r : -
	m : s s : - f : f ,s l : f ,f m : d ,d t, : -
	s : d' m' : - d' : d' ,d' d' : d' ,d' d' : s ,s s : -
	d : d d : - f : f ,f f : f ,f d : m ,m s : -

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN!

(Continued.)

Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees,
Then with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding—Ring, ring
the bell.
Ring the bell, watchman! &c.

Hear from the hill-top the first signal gun,
Thunders the word that some great deed is
done;

Hear through the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating—Ring, ring the bell.
Ring the bell, watchman! &c.

Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend—
No meagre triumph such tokens portend;
Shout, shout, my brothers, for 'all, all is well,'
'Tis the universal chorus—Ring, ring the bell.
Ring the bell, watchman! &c.

A New Temperance Melody.

BY GEORGE M. MURPHY.

TUNE—"Ring the bell, watchman."

Suggested by the singing of the Choir at the National Temperance League's Fête, at the
Crystal Palace, August 31, 1869.

MARK! hark! my country, I've good news for thee,
The land from intemperance shall one day be free;
And wisdom and virtue its borders enshrine.

And now we ask you, one and all, to help on the time.

Chorus—Sign the pledge, Christian; sign! sign! sign!
Asking the aid of a helper Divine.

He will assist us the day to secure,

When all shall sober, happy be, and upright and pure.

Brave, brave old England, no more shall the shame

Rest on thy 'scutcheon, and blot thy fair fame.

The drink's sad reproach shall be soon wiped away,

And so we ask you, one and all, to help on the day.

Chorus—Sign the pledge, drinker, sign! sign! &c.

Grand, grand old nation, the pride of the world,

See, see the banner of temperance unfurled.

Flock to the standard of freedom and peace,

Oh! now we ask you, one and all, our ranks to increase.

Chorus—Sign the pledge, tippler, sign! sign! &c.

True sons of Britain, to you we appeal,

Wishing the world as ourselves holy weal;

Drive from our borders the drink curse for aye.

Men of Britain, come and help us; labour and pray.

Chorus—Sign the pledge, drunkard, sign! sign! &c.

Temperance Record.

The Work of Ten Years.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

JUST one little year ago, good Mr. Robson and his wife were sitting in
their bright, cozy parlour, in the village of L—. Bright and cozy it
was; for the firelight sent out its healthful glow, and set the flickering
shadows dancing on the pure white walls, and creeping in and out the
corners like living things, making Mother Robson think of the evenings and days

gone by, when the shadows of five children might have been seen on those same walls; while merry shouts and joyous laughter stirred the heart-strings of the goodly pair, and made them happy, very happy in their quiet home, and content with their daily toiling lot.

Perhaps father and mother would have spurned the idea of their lot being a "toiling one;" might possibly have turned up their noses as contemptuously at such a remark as others do when you insinuate that they may have, at some time, worked for their bread.

From exactly the opposite cause, however, John Robson had never, in his life, felt a pulse-beat of shame or regret for his honest trade, that of a blacksmith; and though, for forty years, he had swung his hammer and made the sparks fly from his anvil, he loved his work, and performed his task so well, that he had never felt that his life was other than one of earnest duty, in which was mingled, by his own good-will, enough of pleasure and rest to make it all cheerful and healthful.

Of the five children, three were boys and two were girls. Of course, Mother Robson had enough to do in her own sweet home; her work was to her a joy and a beauty. There was no affectation in this—to see her children well dressed, cheerful, and happy; to look over the neatly-arranged table, assuring herself that every want would be supplied, was a sight more fair and beautiful to her eyes than the most elaborate dishes of silver or china would be; and no burst of music from any star of the hour could have thrilled her with such delight as the daily shout of the beloved ones over her light tea-biscuit or her well-cooked roasts and broils; and no one could have thrown deeper enthusiasm and hope into any brain than her motherly heart felt over Lydia and Jane, as they bounded down the lane, of a wintry morning, with their satchels in hand, filled with bread and butter, for their lunch at school.

No, no! John Robson and his wife Hannah had never dreamed of "toil" or "drudgery" in their goodly lot, as the mass of the world counts toil and drudgery.

When John's hair was silvering with the frosts of forty winters, and Hannah only two years younger, they were heard to say that their first great sorrow had yet to come.

Lydia was their eldest; and when she wedded with the lawyer of L——, everybody said, "What a splendid match! She is good and beautiful, and he is honest and talented."

Then Tom went out to seek his fortune; and from the distant land wrote of a good farm, and all things to his mind.

Tom married his wife afar off, and said such kind words of her that *mother*, even, did not call it trouble or sorrow.

Tom, in time, laid his farm out in town-lots, and started a prosperous growing village. Ned was urged to go and hang up his sign of M.D., and grow up with the people.

O these crowded towns! how they rob the mothers of their jewels.

Ned consented to go, if Clara Hide, his schoolmate and betrothed bride, would "walk life's long lane" with him in that beautiful new country. Clara said, "Of course;" and they too left the dear old village and charming home.

Only Jane and Wilber were left; and Jane, the fair-haired and merry-hearted,

was asked for by the son of the richest man in the county, an Oxford College graduate; and before the old folks could realise what they would lose, Jane was rolling over the salt seas, to be gone an indefinite time, as it might please the mood of Mr. Seabrook Hoskins, who was too rich for a profession, and too proud for a trade.

There was but Wilder left now—and that was ten years ago—and Wilder was but thirteen.

True, Mother Robson wept long and bitterly when Seabrook Hoskins took away her darling Jenny. And John Robson could not keep the dew out of his own eyes as the gilded equipage travelled out of sight. But he gathered up his manliness and said, with a little mite of quaver in his voice, "Don't cry so, mother; remember, it was just so when I took you away from your mother, and left her all alone. We've got Wilber left yet, our baby boy. Come, dry up your eyes, and I'll try to be girls and boys both, as I did to be father and mother thirty years ago. I succeeded well then, didn't I?"

"Oh! yes, John," sobbed the desolate woman.

"Well then, darling, I'll succeed now; for I love you better than ever." And here the strong man broke down utterly, and folding the dear old wife to his heart, they wept together for a little, and then dried their eyes, and he declared "they had never known a real sorrow."

One thing they had failed to do—to bring up their sons and daughters in the strict habits of temperance. Mother made the nicest of home-made wine; and father said, "Nonsense," as he drank his cider, when people talked about "total abstinence." "Moderation in all things is my motto, as it was St. Paul's."

Ten years ago, remember, Tom was a flourishing land agent, getting "hugely rich," people said; was "keeping a splendid hotel." Ned became his partner; "doctoring was too slow for him." Lydia's husband was nominated and sent to the legislative assembly. "A whole-souled, generous man" he was; but failed to realise the solemn truth, "that wine was a mocker, and strong drink was raging." And before his two winters in the public service of his State had expired, he bore the brand upon his forehead, "a confirmed drunkard."

This great sorrow fell into the hearts of John and Hannah in 1864. "This is trouble, John," said Hannah.

Hearing from all sources of Tom's prosperity, the good pair trusted their lives to the railroad, and went on a visit to their two sons.

Alas! for the father's hope and the mother's joy. Tom was going the road that leads to destruction with swift steps. Now a member of parliament, and an honoured and trusted man, he fell into the snare his own hands had been so busy in setting, and before the session of 1865 the member-elect had filled a drunkard's grave.

Ned had followed close in the path trodden by his elder brother, and in a drunken revel insulted a fierce, revengeful military officer, and died as the fool dieth, a reckless inebriate, in an affair of honour, in the year 1866.

News came in 1867, from over the sea, that the rich, educated Seabrook Hoskins had become dissolute and debauched. In Paris, he had deserted his fair-haired bride, and taken to his home one who had turned the gentle Jennie

from his door; and she had perished broken-hearted, only living to send her sad farewell to the parents she had loved.

Wilber, grown restless at the old home, besought his father to let him seek his place in the great mercantile house in the city, of O— & Co.

After much persuasion he was fitted out, and left his home with the determination to turn aside all danger and be a man among men, strong to resist temptation and faithful to the last.

1868 found Clara a mourning widow, sustained only by the hope that her three children might be kept from beggary and want by her care and love.

On the New Year's day of 1869, just one year after the last sad agony fell upon the hearts of John Robson and the faithful wife, Wilber had done well, grown in favour with employers and friends, and kept his mother cheered by constant letters of loving-kindness.

Yet Wilber had sometimes looked upon the wine "when it was red;" and, making fashionable calls on New Year's day, the hand of beauty tempted him. Again and again he sipped and drank in the sparkling cup a health to the charming tempters. Alas! for the loving mother. Alas! for the philosophic father. The last bitter drop in their cup of sorrow must be drained to the very dregs.

Returning to his lodgings late in the evening, staggering to and fro, and utterly unable to keep his balance, the deluded young man fell, and, striking his temple upon an iron scraper of a door-stone, broke his skull, and was carried to the police-station—dead!

Need I point a moral?

Who is responsible for all this wrong?

Who shall measure all this misery and woe? Who repay to the nation this great loss? Who bear the burden of all these orphan children? Who comfort and keep these broken-hearted widows?

Let every humanitarian and Christian heart in this nation answer.

CIRCULATION OF "ONWARD."

BY JAMES TRICKETT.

IT is very cheering, Mr. Editor, to find that "Onward" is progressing so satisfactorily.

If our friends would exert themselves a little more to make it more generally known, what a blessing it might become to many a dark household where drink with all its evil now reigns. I am of the same opinion as yourself, that our circulation ought to be 20,000 copies per issue, and, what is more, might be, if our friends would only introduce it to their fellow-workers, prevailing upon them to take a few copies monthly for circulation among their scholars and friends. I hope some one who may read these lines, and have not up to the present time done their part in this matter will at once commence, leaving no stone unturned till we reach the 20,000.

We are told to sow beside all waters, the fruit by God's blessing will appear.

I NEVER KNEW A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By T. H. EVANS.

AIR—"Blanche and Lisette."

I NEVER knew a mother's love—a mother's gentle care,
 She taught me not, to Him above, to lisp my infant prayer.
 Through drink my father laid her low, what pangs that deed hath
 cost ;

I feel that I can never know the blessings I have lost.
 She never gazed upon my face, or, filled with holy joy—
 Exclaimed, with love's sweet, fond embrace, "God bless you, my dear boy!"
 And when I was a helpless child—could neither walk nor speak,
 She never looked on me and smiled, or kissed my little cheek.
 She never looked, &c.

I dream sometimes I see a face, with eyes that pierce and shine,
 E'en while I gaze, it grows apace so wondrously like mine ;
 Though sad and tearful, yet 'twill scan my features with delight,
 Then smile, as only angels can, and vanish out of sight.
 'Mid manhood's years, with sorrow filled, that come and go so fast,
 I have no thoughts of her to gild the mem'ry of the past :
 I never knew you, mother, here—a stranger to your love,
 But hope to know you, mother dear, in that bright world above.
 But hope to know, &c.

THE RESULTS OF INTemperance; OR DOES IT PAY?

By F. S.

PRUDENCE teaches us that the true method of testing all things, whether relating to man's moral or social position, is to look at their *results*. So is it, that a man of business when about to engage in a new enterprise invariably asks himself the question, "Will it pay?" and only is it by estimating the result that he is enabled to decide whether the matter is worthy of his attention or otherwise. If the exercise of this prudence is deemed expedient in affairs of commerce, may we not say that it becomes imperative in matters of morality? Yet how few—do indeed any?—of those thousands who devote their lives to the god of intemperance do so after reflecting upon the results of such a course of procedure! When we consider that intemperance transforms its victims into monsters far more degraded than the most hideous members of the brute creation—that besides giving force to sins which its victims, had they not have strayed from the paths of sobriety, might, and probably would, have subdued—that it generates new vices and crushes every feeling of humanity—that it speedily destroys one of the greatest blessings man possesses, namely, memory, and carries its vitiating effects throughout his intellectual faculties generally—that in eight or ten hours it can squander the results of as many *years'* diligence and sobriety—that homes which have been shrines of peace and virtue, through its influence become dens of immorality and strife—that gradually, but surely, absorbing a nation's wealth, it increases pauperism, and perpetuates the gross injustice of

making the industrious minority support the indolent majority—that were it not for its influence, where now stand hundreds upon hundreds of prisons and workhouses, we should see those unerring marks of a nation's prosperity, thriving manufactories—that large class of men whose education and intelligence are now confined to the narrow sphere of punishing the crimes and adjusting the differences arising from intemperance, might devote their high attainments to matters more calculated to benefit and raise their fellow-creatures—that were it not for this vice one-half of the difficulties which perplex our rulers would never have existed—that the gross spiritual destitution of our large towns, and the no less proportion of religious indifference of our rural districts would be unknown but for its influence. Reflecting upon this sad category of a few of the direct and positive results of intemperance, is there a man so insane as to avow “that it pays.”

A drunkard is a man without a mind, and the ancients had a saying, “that he who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the *absent*.” England, to her shame be it said, is notorious the wide-world over for its drunkenness—we are most potent in drinking. Then we are a nation without intelligence. Our legislators are using all their efforts to provide for our intellectual faculties by giving us a larger share of the franchise than we have hitherto possessed, and by extending our educational machinery, but methinks their praiseworthy endeavours will remain practically useless until they ameliorate the drinking customs of the country. A Divine Parent has endowed us with reason and intelligence, and it is the duty of the State as a national parent to see that Great Grog does not steal from us our birthright.

THERE GOES A TEETOTALER!

(This piece should be spoken by a spirited boy, and as he goes upon the platform some one should cry out, “There goes a teetotaler.”)

YES, Sir, here *is* a teetotaler, from the crown of his *head* to the tips of his *toes*. I've got on teetotal *boots*, too, that never will walk in the way of the *drunkard*. The other day a man asked me about our Band of Hope.

He wanted to know what *use* there is in making so many *promises*. I told him the use was in *keeping* the promises more than in *making* them.

The boys who belong to our Band of Hope have something to do besides *loafing* at the corners of the *streets*, and smoking the stumps of *cigars* they pick out of the *gutters*. It makes me *sick* to think of it.

Some boys are dreadfully afraid of losing their *liberty*; so they won't sign our *pledge*. I saw four or five of them the other day. They had been off somewhere, having what they called a *jolly time*; and they were so *drunk* they couldn't walk straight. They lifted their feet higher than a *sober* boy would to go *up-stairs*; and I watched them till one *fell down*, and bumped his *nose*.

Thinks I to myself there's *liberty* for you; but it's just *such* liberty as *I* don't want. I would rather walk *straight* than *crooked*; I would rather *stand up* than

fall down; and I would rather go to a *party* with my *sisters* and some *other* pretty girls, than hide away with a lot of *rough fellows* to *guzzle beer* and *whisky*.

There are plenty of *other* reasons why I am a teetotaler: When I grow up, I would rather be a *man* than a walking wine cask, or rum barrel; I would rather live in a *good* house than a *poor* one, and I would rather be *loved* and *respected* than *despised* and *hated*.

Now if *these* are not reasons enough for being a teetotaler, I will give you *some more* the next time we meet.

EDITORS' CHAIR.



THE tenth grand festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, held in the Free Trade Hall, on March 19th, was as usual a brilliant success. Indeed, the increasing interest and excitement manifested each year is beyond any adequate description. Nearly 5,000 persons crowded the large hall, including over 3,000 Band of Hope children. The speakers for the occasion were the Hon. S. F. Cary, of Ohio; Rev. W. Caine, President of the Union; Messrs. W. Touchstone, J. H. Raper, W. Bell, &c. W. R. Callender, jun., Esq., J.P., presided over as magnificent a gathering as we have ever witnessed, forming unanswerable evidence of the immense progress of the Band of Hope movement.

The friends of the movement are working with such a will at Todmorden as must ensure thorough success. They have just held a Band of Hope festival and conference which would do honour to any town in the kingdom. Our friends are evidently made of the right material—possessed of energy which defies all failure. We hope shortly to publish a paper read at their conference, which contains many valuable hints on the conducting of Bands of Hope.

The fifteenth annual report of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union evidences a very powerful agency in connection with the movement. Much real work has been done during the year, including aggregate meetings, influential deputations, Sunday-school visitations, conferences, bazaar, competition prize tales, &c., &c. We cannot but feel highly pleased whilst reading over such an elaborate and valuable report as the one now before us.

The report of the Pendleton Working People's Association for the present year is full of interest. Few organisations with such limited means are doing one-half the work. The annual meeting of this association was held on Saturday, Feb. 26, over which Councillor J. B. Mc.Kerrow presided. Valuable prizes were given during the evening to those members who had made the largest sales of publications during the year. The activity of this society may be imagined from the fact that from 700 to 950 temperance publications are sold on an average per month.

What a lamentable state of society does the following fact reveal, which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, April 12th. Surely none will deny the importance and necessity of the Band of Hope movement with such a deplorable circumstance staring them in the face:—"A CHILD DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.—

Yesterday, Rosannah Whiteley, a girl stated to be but ten years old, the daughter of a hawker, was brought up at the Rochdale Police Court, charged with having been drunk and disorderly on Saturday night.—Chief-constable Stevens said the girl was in the habit of going from public-house to public-house and asking the customers to give her drink, until she got intoxicated, and then she behaved in a disorderly manner. He locked her up one night recently, thinking it might have a good effect. She was given into custody on Saturday night by the landlord of the Drake Inn for being drunk and disorderly in his house.—The mother of the child said the girl was unmanageable. She was subject to fits.—The magistrates discharged the prisoner, warning the parents that they would be held responsible for her future conduct.”

The seventh yearly demonstration of the Bolton Band of Hope Union took place on Saturday, March 26th, in the Temperance Hall, Bolton. The proceedings were of the most interesting character, and were enlivened by performances of both vocal and instrumental music. The attendance numbered from 1,200 to 1,500 persons. Alderman Barlow, J.P., President of the Union, occupied the chair, and the meeting was eloquently addressed by the Revs. C. Garrett and R. Mitchell, of Manchester, and others.

Mr. W. E. Metherell, of Plymouth, forwards an interesting account of efforts put forth amongst the friends in that locality. At one of their meetings recently some 45 of the police force attended to listen to the addresses of the advocates, and afterwards eight of them signed the pledge, and many more have resolved to give it a trial.

The inaugural meeting of the Wesley Band of Hope and Temperance Society was held in the Wesley schoolroom, High-street, Glossop, on Monday, March 14th, the Rev. A. J. Wharton presiding. Addresses were afterwards delivered by several local gentlemen, and 50 pledges taken at the close of the meeting.

The eighth annual festival of the St. Peter's, Blackley, Band of Hope and Temperance Society was held March 26th, presided over by the Rev. J. L. Figgins, M.A., Rector, and was a thorough success. The report showed steady progress, from which we give a most important fact. Prizes are annually given in the Sunday-school to the scholars for regular attendance. During the last year it was discovered that of those who were entitled to these prizes 19 out of 23 girls and 18 out of 19 boys were teetotalers. We leave our readers to draw valuable proofs which such a fact evidences of the immense value of the Band of Hope in the Sunday-school.

We should be glad if our readers and friends would supply us with any such facts as these where direct good has been found to result to the Sabbath school through the Band of Hope.

Liverpool pays very dearly for child murder. It is stated that the cost of inquests held last year on infants mostly overlain by drunken mothers, is no less than £800.

Not only London but the whole religious and temperance world has sustained a heavy loss in the death of that veteran teetotaler and eminently practical Christian, Judge Payne. He died suddenly at the age of 73, whilst yet in the full vigour of active life.

Our Drinking Customs and the Drink Traffic,

IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY WORK IN WESTERN AFRICA.

BY A RETURNED AFRICAN MISSIONARY.



WILL ask my readers to notice the *subject* of this paper. It is not *Drunkenness* in its bearing on the work of missionaries in Africa, but it is our drinking customs, and the drink traffic, in their bearing upon missionary work. All men will agree that drunkenness must have an evil effect upon missionary work. If all were agreed that the drinking customs and the drink traffic carried on by the side of missionary work had an evil effect upon it, abstainers would be much better satisfied. Moderate drinkers find it difficult to see why they should become abstainers. But they overlook this important fact, that our Christianity requires us to do many things chiefly for the sake of others, and to abstain from many things chiefly for the good of others. It is unfair for any one to assume that temperance men are abstainers from personal motives alone. It is equally unfair to assume that we ask moderate drinkers to become abstainers, simply because they are on dangerous ground themselves. The motive we place before ourselves as abstainers, and before others as moderate drinkers, is far higher than this, and much less selfish. Of course we have personal reasons for abstaining, as well as reasons not personal. And I am free to confess that I place before moderate drinkers personal reasons, among others, why they should abstain.

I have seen a leading missionary pass from moderate to very immoderate habits of drinking, and pass on further till he was obliged, as I have heard lately, to resign his post as a missionary, simply because the habit of drinking had become a confirmed one. And I have read that, "He that thinketh he standeth is to take heed lest he fall."

The tendency of our drinking customs and of the drink traffic is, to lead men from moderate to immoderate drinking habits. This is what I ask every reader to keep in mind. All experience cries out loudly that moderate drinkers become drunkards, but that drunkards cannot with reason be asked to become moderate drinkers, but must be asked to abstain altogether.

I suppose that most of my readers are abstainers, I hope that most of them are interested in missionary work among the heathen in various parts of the world. But some readers may perhaps be interested in missionary work, and yet not be abstainers. To the abstainers and non-abstainers equally, I address what I say. If only they have an interest in missionary work, I will address them with confidence.

I may say here that the *drinking customs* of Europeans went before the missionary of the Gospel, to some parts of Africa, and must have done great harm.

I say further, that the drinking customs of Europeans and the drink traffic are at present carried on side by side with the work of the missionary, and now do great harm. I will give proof presently. I may add that these things are true of other places, besides Western Africa. I know that they are true both of New Zealand and of North-West America.

Any person can prove these things for himself, if he will take the trouble to inquire into them. Very likely they could be proved from the records of any missionary society. I know that they can be proved from the records of the Church Missionary Society. This society publishes every month what is known as the "Church Missionary Record." In this record the journals and letters of the missionaries of that society are published. Other missionary societies have similar records, in which the journals and letters of *their* missionaries are published.

I am surprised that the publications of the various missionary societies are so little referred to by temperance speakers on the platform and in the pulpit. I am persuaded that this is a great oversight. If the records of missionary societies were read and used by temperance speakers and preachers, they would be richly rewarded for their trouble. Many a Christian man would be moved, as by a mighty force, if he could be convinced that the spread of the Gospel among the heathen is hindered greatly by the drinking customs and the drink traffic.

May I suggest to Churchmen, to Wesleyans, and others, that they read the publications to which they have access, and lay them under tribute for matter to use in their efforts to spread the temperance cause.

On the West Coast of Africa there are missions connected both with the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Missionary Society. There are others also, but these are sufficient for my purpose. We now inquire, Did our drinking customs and the traffic in drink go to some parts of the coast before the missionary went? I say they did. Now for my proof.

The first missionaries of the Church of England and of the Wesleyan Missionary Societies, who ever went to the Yoruba Mission, West Africa, landed at Badagry in 1842. This was but a visit, however. Their direct missionary work was not commenced till 1845. Twelve years before the first visit of the missionaries in 1842, there landed at Badagry two brothers, named Richard and John Lander. They were on their way to explore the course of the river Niger. Richard Lander was the chief of this expedition. He had been to this part of Africa once before, in the second expedition of Captain Clapperton.

As yet, however, the course of the river Niger was to a great extent unknown. Clapperton's expedition was a failure, but Richard and John Lander's expedition was a great success. They found the Niger, and traced its course to the sea.

I have stated that they landed at Badagry twelve years before the first missionaries. A journal of this expedition was published when the Landers returned to England. From this journal we get some information bearing upon our inquiry into the effects of our drinking customs. The first interview with the King of Badagry took place on the 23rd of March, 1830, the day after their arrival. After giving an account of it, the journal says (page 9, vol. I.) :—

"On returning to our residence, a number of 'principal men,' as they styled themselves, were introduced, to compliment us on coming to their country,

although their true and only motive for visiting our quarters was the expectation of obtaining rum, which is the great object of attraction to all of them." Observe, reader, these Africans knew where to seek rum and the colour of the men from whom it was to be had. Observe also, that these men were evidently confirmed drinkers. There is a reason for both these things. Another traveller who went down the coast of Africa, about this time, and to whom I shall afterwards direct the attention of my readers, tells us that "people think of nothing but exchanging cloth, gunpowder, and rum with the natives for ivory, palm oil, and gold." He says again, "We sighted a slave ship and gave her chase." When they caught her, they found that "her cargo consisted of rum, muskets, and gunpowder." Here, then, is the reason why some of the Africans on the coast were even thus early confirmed drunkards. The slave traders took as cargo, to exchange for slaves, rum, muskets, and gunpowder. Those who were engaged in lawful commerce took with them "cloth, gunpowder, and rum." In other words the drink traffic and the drinking custom went to this part of West Africa long before the missionaries went, and the consequence was that the natives in many cases became drunkards. This was on the coast and not in the interior.

I can fancy some of my readers asking here, Do the natives of Africa not get drunk in the interior of the West Coast, where the European has not yet gone? My reply is clear and deliberate. Drunkenness is almost unknown in the interior of the West Coast of Africa. The natives there have only a kind of table beer and palm wine which they drink. The palm wine is not intoxicating when first it is taken from the palm tree, and after being allowed to ferment, has in it but little alcohol. The table beer when taken in very great quantities is intoxicating. But spirits, such as are known to Europeans, are entirely unknown to the natives of this part of Africa where I have lived, and of which I am now speaking. Let me confirm, from another source, what I have given as a result of my own knowledge of the West Coast of Africa.

Captain R. F. Burton is a well-known traveller. He has been in many parts of Africa. I shall have occasion in the course of these papers to refer to his book which he wrote after visiting Lagos and Abeokuta. I shall be able to show that when he went there the drinking customs went. But at present I will use his extended experience in Africa to confirm what I have said about the natives not having strong alcoholic spirits before the European goes to them. In 1865 a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat to inquire into a number of questions connected with West Africa. Captain Burton was a witness, and was examined before that committee. Lord Stanley asked Captain Burton: Question 2,288. "Supposing it were possible by any means to stop the trade which you describe, namely, the trade in spirits, would no native spirits be produced, or no substitute?" Mark the reply. "The native of Africa has never invented distillation, and I very much doubt whether he would take the trouble to do it."

He was further asked, "Do you think that there is considerable increase in the demoralisation of the people, consequent on the importation of spirits?" He answered thus—"I believe so greatly." In answer to question 2,264, Captain Burton says:—"It would be very advisable if we could secure legitimate commerce with the *absence* of arms, ammunition, and *spirits*; as long as we introduce

them, we do the country much more harm than good." Thus from Burton's testimony we gather that arms, ammunition, and spirits were the articles of lawful commerce which did harm to the country; and from a previous traveller we have seen that "rum, muskets, and gunpowder" were the articles of unlawful commerce, which the slave trader took on the coast and of course did harm. Burton's testimony agrees with my own, that the natives of Africa do not understand distillation, and before the European goes to them they have no strong alcoholic drinks.

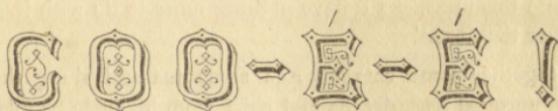
(To be continued in our next.)

WORK AND WAIT.

BY IVY.

"**A**LL things come round to him who will but wait,"
 So saith the poet—shall we therefore live
 With blind, unreasoning confidence in fate,
 Content with that which Providence shall give?

Shall we with folded hands and placid brow
 Calmly survey the earnest working throng,
 And pity them—well satisfied to know
 For us who wait all things come round ere long?
 No! we must work or we shall wait in vain,
 Work each in his own place with heart and will;
 Though we cannot the foaming tide restrain
 We yet may stop one tributary rill.
 Let each do something—for the smallest thing
 May bring more good than we can ever know,
 Work heartily, always remembering
 That we shall surely reap that which we sow.
 If we are idle while with anxious care
 Others with good seed plant each well-tilled field,
 And let our tiny plots lie waste and bare,
 Waiting for unsown seed to spring and yield;
 Then when the harvest cheers the reaper's heart,
 And golden Autumn's richest treasures pour;
 In their rejoicing we shall have no part,
 Our harvest-home of thorns and weeds our store.
 If we are silent while with voice and pen
 Others are striving for the right and good,
 Striving to raise their fallen fellow-men—
 To snatch them from the brink of sins' dark flood!
 If we to aid them give no helping hand,
 Our souls, like withered branches, bare and sere,
 Are growing not, but shrinking as we stand,
 Waiting until the "good time" shall appear.
 Then when have passed life's sunny, summer hours,
 And age's winter with its frost creeps on,
 We shall but mourn over neglected powers,
 And wish for days that are for ever gone.
 Then let us work, whatever it may be,
 And leave the end to God and not to fate;
 'Tis He gives the reward at last, when we
 Have learned to work as well as learned to wait.



A STORY OF QUEENSLAND.

BY M. A. PAULL (AUTHOR OF "TIM'S TROUBLES").

(Continued from page 70.)

CHAP. III.—IN THE BUSH.

LOST in the great Australian forest; lost still more sadly in the wilderness of Satan's allurements. Something of this was in the drayman's heart, as Jack, using all his boyish strength, after preparing a couch as well as he could in the waggon, lifted his sick father on to it. The oxen were once more yoked; Jack walked beside them, his whip in his hand, cheering them on by good words, or a loud crack, and whistling to keep up his own spirits. Miles and miles further, and still no sign of a clearing, nor even of a single settler's log cabin, in the dreary, though luxurious landscape. A wealth of beauty, useless to the drayman and his son, was around them on every hand, saddening, oppressing them by its very luxuriousness. The father grew weaker, the rough jolting of the dray hurt him beyond endurance. "I must camp out, my son, and you had better leave me, and try to find your home. I thought we might have reached Somer's lot, perhaps, by this, but I must give it all up, I believe, and be content to die without your mother's smile. Tell her I tried before I went, Jack, to find the God she loved, and who helped her to be so good and patient to her great drunken husband."

"Father, I cannot leave you."

"Jack, you must. Listen, it is my only chance as yours. Do you know what will happen soon, my son? The wild dogs will know before long that we are lost. Perhaps in a few days more, spite of the waggon and the beasts, they will attack us. You and I can't drive them off. They will fasten on us and kill us both, and your mother will never know the end. Listen to me, Jack; you must leave me here. Take the dray and drive forward."

"No, father, I can't; I *can't* do that," said Jack, his eyes filling; "the dogs, they"—and he could not find words or voice for the rest.

"No, father," he said again, raising his head and brushing away the tears; "if I must leave you it shall be in the waggon; you will be ever so much safer there than outside; and I'll bring lots of wood for you to burn, if you *could* manage to keep up the fire, father; and I'll get you all the food ready that I can. There are those tins of biscuits; they'll keep you from starving, father; and if I ever get home I'll come back and fetch you, father, be sure of that; and oh! would you promise me not to take any of the spirit that's left in the kegs, father? 'twould make mother and me so much happier."

The father drew his boy close to him, kissed (the first time for many a day) his young healthy face, and said, solemnly: "I've made a promise to God, Jack, if I ever get out of this, never to drink a drop more. It's the cursed drink that has

brought me into this mess. I'll have nothing more to do with it. Jack, you can tell your mother that, too."

Jack tied together some eatables and some tea and slung the packet on his shoulder, then unrolled a scarlet flannel shirt from his little bundle of clothes and tore a shred from it as he started. "I am going to track my way by these, father," he said; "I'll be back to you if God will;" and with that he kissed the wan face of the sick man and plunged on through the scrub, whistling as he went to cheer his father, and that he might hear his Jack as long as possible. The boyish voice, audible a long while in that clear air, grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away altogether, and, turning his head, the sick man wept silently great tears, that he had neither the power nor the wish to restrain, rolling down upon the blankets—tears of penitence to God and to the gentle Christian wife whom God had given him—tears, for his own lonely, sad condition in the wild, uninhabited forest, that his weak state of body might well excuse. Meanwhile, Jack, with all the speed he could muster, went steadily on in the direction his father had appointed cautiously and carefully, using his scarlet flannel as waymarks on his path. He kept a good heart through all the lonely path, eating sparingly and drinking at a little brook that crossed his path. At night he lay down, tired, but with a dawn of hope in his heart; and in the morning, at break of day, rose and went on his way again. If only he could return to his poor father before he died, or if his father *should* get better and manage to follow him by his scarlet tracks through the forest. On again through that day bravely and perseveringly, and at night he kindled a fire and lay down to sleep, well tired with his long, steady march. He noticed ere he lit the fire that the large carrion crows, with their sleek, black feathers, glossy and shining in the gleams of the setting sun, hovered far overhead, and later he heard hideous noises in the distance, and then they drew nearer: the wild dogs were advancing upon his track. It was a new, unthought of danger that menaced him; he had dreaded it for his sick father, he had never thought of it for himself. Poor Jack! "What if I find them gory with my father's blood," he thought to himself as he piled high the logs of wood upon his blazing fire, and shouted and sung as loudly as his despair could prompt him. There was a pause in the rushing sound of those advancing feet; they drew near, gazed at the boy across the fire; he saw their red, horrid eyes glaring wildly at him, he shouted again and they turned. He continued his loud halloos, and tossed a firebrand across the flames; they fled precipitately—the howls died away in the distance; the fire and the noise had deceived the hideous animals. Jack was safe for this night, but he could not sleep; he watched till the grey dawn of light in the east, then prepared himself some tea and ate some biscuits by his blazing fire, and walked on again. The scenery now changed—the scrub had come to an end; wide-spreading meadow land, brilliantly green in hue and hedged in by circles of low hills, was before him, and beyond the meadows were the downs—high table land, which would, he hoped, give him a view of the distant country, perchance of a clearing. And now a sound smote upon his delighted ear, that made his heart beat and his pulse quicken; the low distant tinkle of a sheep-bell stimulated him to fresh efforts to harder toil. Following the sound, he eagerly crossed the meadow, still not forgetting to place his way-marks as he went. The bell seemed ever to recede as

he advanced on, on, and still no flock of sheep appeared in sight ; nothing but the trackless meadows, the high downs beyond. With a great pang of disappointment, the poor boy suddenly recollected what must have deceived him. It was the cry of the bell-bird, which has not unfrequently allured lost men to chase hopelessly across the Australian forests, and meadows, and downs in search of the home or the settlement they may be destined never to find, or only after the most painful vicissitudes. Jack Eager was most bitterly disappointed. Looking at the sun, he found he had gone considerably out of the direction his father had recommended him to keep, so he turned his weary feet back past his way-marks, taking them off the trees on which he had put them, and plodding along through meadows and over the hills, and at last on to the downs, with despair growing fast even in his brave hopeful young heart.

(To be continued in our next.)

“ ANOTHER VICTIM GONE. ”

BY W. J. COOKSLEY.



ANOTHER victim gone, slain by the “ monster drink ; ”—
Grasp the appalling fact all who can feel or think—

Years had he been its wretched slave,
Fast rushing on to a drunkard's grave,
Barely had time to cry “ Lord save,”
And died !

Another victim gone, slain by his “ country's laws,”
Which for the sake of gain has legalised the cause :
First puts the “ man traps ” everywhere,
And when the man is in the snare,
Smites him in wrath for being there.

How wise !

Another victim gone, by “ Liquor Traffic ” slain :
A mighty marshall'd host whose only god is gain.
What care they for the starving brood,
Wife's groan, or lonely widowhood ?
Do they not sell God's creature good ?

How kind !

Another victim gone ; yes, slain by all who drink ;
Ye lovers of a drop put by your glass and think :
You countenance the drunkard's course,
Which leads men on from bad to worse ;
Lest future days your fall rehearse,

Beware !

Another victim gone : Lord, shall Drink still go on ?
Thousands on thousands slay ? Oh, bid it all be gone !
Command thy Church in every land
Against this foe to take her stand,
And root it out from every land,

For aye !

Another victim gone : join in the hallow'd strife
All ye who love the Lord ; count every precious life
Snatched by the angry fiendish foe ;
Gauge the full tide of drink-made woe ;
Draw strength divine to bear you through,
And fight !

NO !

Bold, with decision.

Treble
Alto
KEY G
G
Tenor
Bass

There's a ve-ry small word, But some folks are so weak That they find it a ter-ri-ble

}	s ₁ , s ₁ d : m , f s : m , d r : s , t ₁ d : d , d t ₁ : r , f m : d , l ₁
	s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : d , d t ₁ : t ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁
	m , m m : d , r m : s , s s : r , f m : m , m r : f , r d : m , m
	d , d d : d , d d : d , m ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d : d , d s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d : d , d

hard one to speak: Tho' one syllable only at times men are slow, When asked, " Will you just take a

}	dt ₁ : r , fe ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ r : r , m f : m , r m : s , m r : r d : m , d r : s , s
	s ₁ : fe ₁ , r ₁ r ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ t ₁ : t ₁ , d r : d , t ₁ d : m , d t ₁ : t ₁ d : d , d t ₁ : t ₁ , t ₁
	r : r , d t ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s : s , s s : s , s s : s , s s : s , f m : s , s s : r , r
	r : r ₁ , r ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d : d , d s ₁ : s ₁ d : d , m ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁

drink?" to say, No! No! No! No! No! When asked " Will you just take a drink?" to say, No!

}	s : t ₁ , r d : s :—m:—d:— s ₁ : s ₁ d : m , f s : m , d r : s , t ₁ d
	t ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : s :—m:—d:— s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ s ₁ : d , d t ₁ : t ₁ , s ₁ s ₁
	r : r , f m : s :—m:—d:— s ₁ : t ₁ d : d , r m : s , s s : r , f m
	s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d ₁ : s :—m:—d:— s ₁ : s ₁ d : d , d d : d , m ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ , s ₁ d

There is many a Drunkard who reels through the street,
We can scarce walk at all but such victims we meet;
Who would never have looked such a picture of woe,
If when first asked to drink, he had boldly said "No!"

Some say No! so faintly, that we cannot but guess
That N, O, in their case just means Y, E, S, yes,
If we'd live sober lves, we decision should show
And reply in firm tones unmistakeably, "No!"

Oh, how much it would save, both in money and fame,
How often it would keep from remorse crime and shame;
If we checked at the first, liquor's stream in its flow,
And turned it by saying indignantly, "No!"

Then lasses and lads, heed the word though so small,
When invited to drink, you'll be safe from its thrall,
And onward in health and prosperity go,
Protected and saved by the syllable, "No!"

THERE IS A HOME FOR ME.

BY JOSEPH DARRAH.

I CANNOT see the gates of heaven,
I know not where they be ;
Yet oh ! I doubt not that within,
There is a home for me.

I gaze upon the glowing sky,
In sunset's splendour bright,
And oft I wonder if my home
Is in that blaze of light ;

But no, the Lord from mortal gaze
Hath hid its beauties rare ;
Yet, by the eye of faith I see
The land beyond compare,—

The golden streets, the crystal sea,
The saints enrobed in white,

The stream of life, for ever free,
Are spread before my sight.

I cannot hear the angels' song,
Though loudly it may roll,
But yet by faith its notes of peace
Delight my listening soul.

But ere a many years have fled,
My spirit will be free,
And then I hope on wings of love
To fly, O God, to Thee.

Then shall I see the land I love,
Then hear the angels' sing,
And join with saints redeemed to praise
My Saviour and my King.

HARRY'S PLEDGE.

BY STELLA.

“**T**HREE poor toppers have signed my pledge in one month,” said Harry Evans to himself, as he walked along thoughtfully.

“I had hard work to get them to do it ; but I don't mind that, if they will only keep sober ; and here is the miserable hut in which Luke Martin lives. He is the hardest of all, and the temperance men have given him up. I wonder if it is worth while to ask him to sign ?”

Harry was only twelve ; but he thought himself quite old enough to do some good, so he asked his Sabbath-school teacher to write him a pledge. The big lads laughed at him, and said he would soon get tired of hunting up drunkards, and even some grown people made sport of him ; but he was a brave boy, and did not care for any of this, and had already persuaded three men to stop drinking.

As Harry stopped nearly opposite the house, a little girl came out and sat down on the dirty doorstep. She had a large black bottle in her arms, which she rocked to and fro, singing “hush-a-bo-baby.” Just then the loud, angry voice of her father was heard calling.

“Where is my bottle ?”

The child tried to hide the bottle under the skirt of her ragged frock, but the man spied it and came toward her with a dreadful oath.

“Don't take Mamie's dolly,” pleaded the little one ; but he snatched it from her, telling her to get out of his way, or he'd kick her out.

She ran out on the side-walk, and, with tears of anger shining in her black eyes, she stamped her dirty little foot defiantly, exclaiming, “Naughty papa ! take Mamie's dolly—talks cross—gets d'unk and falls down. Ugly papa !”

The enraged man raised the bottle—Harry sprang forward and seized the child,

and then there was a crash, a pile of broken glass and a lake of whisky in the very spot where she stood the moment before.

"O Mr. Martin! suppose you had killed little Mamie?" And Harry was pale as he could be, as he thought of the dreadful danger she had escaped.

"What did she stand there for and sauce her father?" said the man sullenly; "but I'm glad I didn't hurt her," he continued in a changed tone. "I didn't use to be so fiery and crazy-like; it's only since I got too fond of whisky. But you're the Widow Evans's boy, an't you?"

"Now's my time," thought young teetotal; and then he spoke out boldly, "Yes, sir; and I came here for the very purpose of asking you to give up this whisky that is making you so much trouble. I've brought my pledge along for you to sign." And he took it from the envelope in which he kept it carefully folded.

"*Me* sign the pledge? Now that is a good joke. How long do you think I'd keep it?" and Martin laughed heartily.

"If you'd try *very* hard, I think you might keep it always. Just look at these names I've got already; perhaps you know them."

The man took the paper and looked at it a moment. "Yes, I know Jack Hastings and Phil Ransom; but having their names here don't do any good. I'll bet a shilling they're both drunk now."

"They have been sober and hard at work for two weeks, for I have seen them every day," said Harry triumphantly; "and you ought to see how glad and happy their wives and children are."

"Well, it won't last long. *I've* tried often to keep sober; but the first public-house I pass knocks over all my good intentions, and in I go. Besides, I must drink to drown my trouble; there's nothing in the house to eat but some cold potatoes, and all the money I've got is threehalfpence to buy my next glass."

"Mr. Martin, you know we are poor ourselves; but if you will sign the pledge, and try with all your might to keep it, I am sure mother will give you all something to eat, till you can make some money."

"If I thought it was any use, I'd do it; for bad as I am, I hate to see Kate and the child suffer; but I should be drunk before night. I tell you I *can't* keep sober."

"But you *must* try once more," said Harry, getting terribly in earnest. "Here is a pencil; sit right down on the step and write your name, and then come home with me."

Martin took the pencil and sat down, but shook his head doubtfully.

The little girl, though too young to comprehend the importance of what was transpiring, seemed to understand that her father ought to do as Harry told him; so she crept timidly to his side, and taking his hand in both her chubby ones, she raised it up and laid it on the pledge which rested on his knee. "Mamie sorry she called papa naughty; write on paper, and be *good* papa."

"Even Mamie knows you ought; don't wait a moment longer," urged Harry. Luke shook his head again, but slowly wrote his name, and as he finished a voice behind him said solemnly, "Thank God?" It was his wife, who had been eagerly watching and listening.

Mrs. Evans gave them enough food to last during the day, and engaged Luke to store away her winter's supply of coals. The poor fellow felt very grateful for her kindness, and determined to keep his pledge faithfully.

One evening, about three months after, Harry went to church with his mother, and at the close of the services three men arose and signified their desire to unite with the church. One of them stated that he was a miserable drunkard not long before, and even the temperance men had given him up in despair, when a little boy came to him with a pledge, and would not leave him till he signed it; and to that child's deep interest in him he attributed mainly his present changed condition. The others also testified that the same one also encouraged them to reform, and prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the dear child.

Mrs. Evans bent down her head and wept for joy, for these men were Phil Ransom, Luke Martin, and Jack Hastings. Harry could scarcely believe the good news, and he went home very glad and happy, and firmly resolved to work harder than ever for the temperance cause.

When I heard from him last, he had forty names signed to his pledge; and though I am sorry to say that three or four had violated it, still Harry is after them, and I hope he will succeed in leading them back to honour and sobriety.

FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A YOUNG man stood up before a large audience in the most fearful position in which a human being could be placed. He stood on the platform of the scaffold. The rope had been adjusted around his neck, and in a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said,—

“If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live.”

Oh! what awful words for a young man to hear, standing there in full health and vigour. Shall I tell you his message to the youths about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing,—

“I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair; and oh! how I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life. I came home, and found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden. I got angry with him without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke next day and found myself tied and guarded. They told me, when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whiskey has done it. It has ruined me. I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. *Never, NEVER, NEVER* touch anything that can intoxicate!” As he said these words, he sprang from the box and was in eternity.

Think what one hour's indulgence in drink may do! This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup, which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

BE IN EARNEST.

TEMPERANCE band, oh! be in earnest!

Hasten onward to the fight!
Battle with the hosts of darkness,
Trusting in Jehovah's might!

Men and devils are *in earnest*,
Precious, deathless souls to win,
Working with untiring vigour,
Luring into paths of sin.

Lo! the poisonous, wily serpent
Lurking now in every path!
Charming the unwary traveller,
Drawing souls to certain death!

*Be in earnest! Be in earnest!
Souls are perishing each hour!
To the rescue! To the rescue!
Save from the destroyer's power!*

See the cruel tempter's watching
Daily, nightly for their prey!
Setting snares for passing footsteps,
Leading youthful one's astray!

*Be in earnest! Be in earnest!
Hasten onward to the fight!
Battle with the hosts of darkness,
Trusting in Jehovah's might!*

MY FRIEND MR. BROWN.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO, BY W. HOYLE.

(Enter Mr. Wiseman.)

WELL, it is gratifying, however, to know that our efforts are not all in vain! Only this very day I called to see my friend Mr. Brown on a little business, and, as it happened to be noon, I was induced to dine with him at his house. Do you know, Mr. Brown is a fine, straightforward, manly fellow; what you may regard as the real type of an Englishman. Mrs. Brown is an exceedingly kind lady, good tempered, frank, confiding. In short, all the Browns are so; they take everybody to be honest until they prove them to be otherwise. Of course I know that Mr. Brown has had some heavy losses in business lately, which have been brought on partly through his want of caution. What of that, every man has his failing; and so has Mr. Brown. But, allow me to say, I wish society could boast of more Mr. Browns, and fewer of that cold-hearted, phlegmatic, over-cautious race of fellows, who screw up their pockets and lock the door of their heart as though every tradesman were a rogue, and every philanthropist an impostor. These are the worst fellows that we teetotalers have to deal with. You might as well lecture to a slab of granite as talk to them.

But I was telling you about Mr. Brown. It is some twelve months since I made his acquaintance. I soon discovered that he was not a teetotaler; but I as readily found out that it only required a few friendly appeals to win him over. (*The sound of footsteps and a voice.*) Can it be possible? It is Mr. Brown himself! I know his voice so well. (*A knock.*) Come in, sir. (*Enter Brown.*)

B. Good morning, Mr. Wiseman!

W. Is it you, my dear Mr. Brown? However are you?

B. I'm hearty, thank you. O, by the by, Mr. Wiseman, I want you to let me have one of those pledge books which may be carried in one's pocket.

W. Yes, with pleasure—(*gives B. a pledge book*)—will this do?

B. Just the thing; I wish I had had this with me last night. Do you know I met unfortunate Tom Rogers—poor fellow, he is to be pitied; buried his wife and

had his place burnt down in one week! He was vainly trying to banish sorrow with the wine cup. I spoke kindly to him; I told him what the Bible said, 'Is any afflicted, let him pray.' I tried to show him that wine was but 'a mocker,' and would only aggravate his sorrow. He admitted all I said, and promised to abstain. I hope to see him to-morrow, and get him to sign.

W. You may; but, poor fellow, I fear his case is hopeless, unless he could be where there are no drink shops. I have got him to sign at least half-a-dozen times, but it seems almost like wasting ink and paper. He wants the help of a higher power. If we attempt in our own strength to carry out good resolutions, what may we expect but disappointment and sorrow!

B. Mr. Wiseman, I shall never forget the first time you spoke to me about signing the pledge, you put the matter so plainly before me, that I could not think of taking another glass after that. Much depends on the way of putting things, Mr. Wiseman.

W. Yes; very true.

B. O, sir, when you spoke about a father's example, and I remembered that I had two innocent prattling boys that were reading every look, and writing down all I did before them, to be reproduced in their characters in maturer years, conviction came like a thunderbolt. I could then understand the full meaning of the apostle's words, 'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' Do you know, Mr. Wiseman, I often wonder how it is that Sunday-school teachers can stand aloof from this movement. Only think what havoc drink is making in our Sabbath schools!

W. One may well express surprise, when we know they have such opportunities for reading and thought. If temperance were a question which merely affected the rising of the tides or the revolutions of some distant planet, Sabbath-school teachers might well be excused for manifesting ignorance and indifference.

B. Every newspaper I take up supplies me with fresh arguments for temperance. The assaults, the murders and outrages, all directly or indirectly through this maddening drink.

W. Don't you know, sir, I've been connected with Sabbath-school labours for thirty years; one goes forth Sunday after Sunday to feed the lambs of Christ's fold, then comes the enemy, strong drink—a very wolf indeed—to devour and destroy; blighting our fair hopes, leading thousands down to ruin and death, that once bore the name of Christ, and worshipped in the sanctuary! I could keep you here all night telling of the many scholars and teachers I have known who have thus fallen, but you know the story is much the same in each case; the temptation is presented in connection with music and song, at the festive board, under the parental roof, or from the hand of some fair one. None but the most guarded can escape. Hence it is that we are so anxious to establish a Band of Hope in every Sabbath school. In our day it is quite as imperative to teach a boy or girl to be sober as to be honest or truthful."

B. You are doing a good work, Mr. Wiseman; I wish I had been identified with the movement years ago.

W. Better late than never, Mr. Brown; let us but faithfully do our duty, and we shall not labour in vain.

(Exit.)

ONWARD.



ONWARD! soldiers in the battle,
Fought by temperance armies
strong;

Onward! be not faint or weary,
Right shall conquer over wrong.

Onward! gird afresh thine armour,
Never rest, and never yield;

Onward! though dark clouds may hover
Round the bloodless battle field.

Onward! nobly stem the current,
Stay the source of vice and crime;
Onward! win the lost and erring
To the heights of bliss sublime.

More Prizes!!!

WE have much pleasure in announcing that the "Onward" Publishing Committee have decided to offer THREE PRIZES for the best original recitations or dialogues, the entire composition of Band of Hope members under twenty-one years of age.

The FIRST PRIZE will consist of the first three volumes of "Onward," bound in cloth.

The SECOND PRIZE, for the second best composition, will be the first two volumes of "Onward;" and

The THIRD PRIZE will be the first volume of "Onward," cloth bound.

Each composition may be in either prose or poetry, and must occupy not less than one page or more than three pages of "Onward," and must be sent in, addressed to the Editor of "Onward," on or before August 1st, accompanied, in a sealed envelope, by the real name and address of the writer, with satisfactory references as to the genuineness and authenticity of the composition.

NOTICE.—We are requested to announce that the last day for receiving contributions from those collecting New Year's Presents in aid of the funds of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union will be June 30th, 1870, when the prizes, as previously announced, will be awarded to the largest collectors.

The Vine-clad Hills of Childhood.

SONNET. BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

CHILDREN tread the early paths of life with the serene confidence of innocence; knowing and fearing nothing from the snares and pitfalls of the world. Using the good things of God, they are happy in the ignorance of their abuse.

ON sunny slopes the graceful vines grew high,
Casting a most refreshing, gladsome shade,
The Autumn scene of happy childhood's raid;
Whence they would gaze in wonder on the sky,
Its ocean blue, and isles which seem'd to fly;—
From Nature, childhood's chiefest joys are made;
For they all love the works of Him who bade
Them to His loving arms in faith draw nigh,

And smiled the Father through the saving Son!—
 They loved the shade, the cool, refreshing fruit,
 So richly purple in the noonday sun,
 And formed the appetite of man to suit!
 And never dreamt the fruitful vine could bring
 Upon their souls of peace the evils of its sting!

 EDITOR'S CHAT.



ANOTHER milestone of our literary life has been attained. With our present number we end the fifth year of our publication.

We well remember when the title for our intended magazine was discussed more than five years ago by a little circle of our earnest Band of Hope friends. Amongst an innumerable mass of names it fell to the editor's lot to propose that of "ONWARD!" The title was at once adopted as the most suggestive of our movement as well as of our magazine. Our temperance friends hailed it with joy as a happy omen of future glorious triumphs, and thus we entered our literary life. And now, after five years, we can say without a single doubt that our high hopes and expectations have not been disappointed. Look for a moment at the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union which called our "Onward" into existence. Five years ago it partook of the feebleness of childhood; now it has attained the full stature of sturdy manhood, and it would be a matter of no slight difficulty to find an organisation of similar character so great, powerful, and influential in the great temperance movement. We only hope the dizzy height it has attained will not engender pride. Our magazine has been equally as successful. Every step in our literary life has been an exposition and fulfilment of our title—"ONWARD!" A comparison between our first and present volume either in style or as a literary production will more than evidence the success which has attended our efforts. A success which the temperance world has favourably marked by according to us a very large and increasing circulation, and one which we have never before attained. In confirmation of this we need only remark that we have had to reprint the first three numbers of the present year's issue.

We cannot, therefore, but rejoice in what has been attained in the past. Nor are we less sanguine for the future. "ONWARD, YET," is our motto, and we have this confidence, that our Band of Hope friends, young and old, will see that our hopes are not disappointed. In five years to come, if it please God thus far to spare our life to labour for Him in this glorious warfare against our arch-enemy INTEMPERANCE, we are bold to say that our rejoicing will not be less, but our success the greater.

It is most gratifying to notice that the great May gatherings of our temperance friends at London have this year been more than usually attractive and instructive. The proceedings have been full of deep interest, showing the firm advancing position of our movement in every direction. This is especially applicable to the great Alliance Meeting, as well as to that of the National Temperance League. Surely, our friends may well take courage and go on.

We are highly gratified to notice that the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union have decided to hold a monster Band of Hope Gala on Saturday, July 23rd next, in the grounds of J. P. Fitzgerald, Esq., J.P., Lower Broughton (who has very generously offered them for the purpose), and are well adapted for such a gathering. The executive committee are contemplating making arrangements for a choir of 10,000 voices, and securing the services of several notable temperance advocates, and, in addition, they intend awarding prizes to competing temperance brass bands, &c., &c. We feel sure that such an announcement will be hailed with pleasure by the various Bands of Hope, and we would urge them to make it a grand success.

The Bradford friends are winning themselves great fame by their yearly Band of Hope processions. We are delighted to read of the interest and excitement manifested at these gatherings. A local paper describes it as "quite one of the institutions of the town; and is looked forward to, especially by the juvenile community, but more or less by all, with feelings of pleasureable anticipation." The procession (which was held on Good Friday) comprised 29 societies (3 more than last year), 9 bands of music, 7,610 persons, 1,643 banners and colours, 89 vehicles, and 148 horses. It fully occupied an hour in passing a given point, and was, we understand, the largest which has ever assembled in Bradford.

We have received the third annual report of the Swinton Church Temperance Society, which announces considerable progress, they having during the past year increased 63 members, distributed over 4,500 magazines, inclusive of 720 Onwards, held miscellaneous entertainments for the benefit of the movement, and created a good feeling locally, by means of their successful meetings, demonstrations, temperance sermons, &c.

The Hucknall Torkard Temperance Society forward their second annual report, which at once evidences activity and good management. They report that they are growing in strength, increasing in usefulness, and daily producing visible effects for good. During the year 8,700 publications have been distributed, 25 meetings held, and an out-door demonstration, at which were present about 700 persons.

The St. Ives Temperance Society furnishes striking proof of the indomitable perseverance of our temperance friends. The society was formed in 1848 by a few earnest workers, and after repeated failures and successes, covering over 20 years, they have finally established themselves. On April 15th they held their annual tea meeting, at which over 200 persons sat down, and over which J. L. Ekins, Esq., presided. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, and augured well for the future.

On Saturday, the 14th of May, the members and friends of the Culcheth Band of Hope (Droylsden Road, Newton Heath), numbering over 300, had a pleasant out to Daisy Nook. The day was very fine, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Buns and milk were plentifully distributed amongst the young people, whilst tea was provided for the elder ones. Popular games were introduced and joined in heartily. All along the route they were greeted by the most hearty expressions of goodwill from the inhabitants. One old man saying, "God bless you, I'm proud to see you." This society is in a very flourishing condition, more than 70 pledges having been registered since the 1st of March last.

Our Drinking Customs and the Drink Traffic,

IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY WORK IN WESTERN AFRICA.

BY A RETURNED AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

(Continued from page 84.)

NENCE follows another important fact which may be mentioned here. Those who know most about lunacy in England tell us that eight or nine out of every ten lunatics become such, directly or indirectly, through the use of alcoholic drinks. I have lived for over two years in a large town, some distance in the interior of Africa, with a population of 150,000 persons; and afterwards for three years in another large town with a population of 150,000 persons: I have also visited at different times, and in different places, some other towns with a smaller population, but from 1859 to 1869 I have not seen in Africa one lunatic for each year that I have lived there. This cannot be explained, I think, except by keeping in mind the comparative absence of alcoholic drinks in the part of Africa of which I am speaking. But observe now, what, to my mind at least, is very important. What I say about the absence of lunacy does not apply to Sierra Leone, the mother colony on the West Coast of Africa. Why do I make this exception? I am obliged to do it for the reason I will now give.

Commerce, civilisation, and Christianity went to Sierra Leone long before they went to Badagry and other parts of the coast of which I have spoken favourably with regard to the absence of lunacy. As far back as 1816 the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society went to Sierra Leone. Our civilised drinking customs, which go wherever Englishmen go, and our drink traffic, which goes wherever our commerce goes, have been in Sierra Leone at least as long as our Christianity. And now the effect is seen, for in Sierra Leone they have a lunatic asylum. But you ask me perhaps, Are the people in Sierra Leone the same as the people among whom you have lived? I do not shrink from the question, for I would not willingly misrepresent the case I am trying to make out. It so happens that a large proportion of the people in Sierra Leone, came at first from the Yoruba country, where I have lived. Their towns and homes were destroyed by the slave wars, and the people were caught by the slave-hunters. They were taken to the coast, sold, and shipped on board the slave ships. They were being carried over the sea, but in God's good providence the ships in which they were stored were caught by our ships of war. They were taken to Sierra Leone and set free there. There our commerce, our civilisation, and our Christianity found them.

Notwithstanding the presence of the Gospel, the drinking habits and the drink traffic have spread. The usual effects upon society have followed, also, in the increase of lunacy, and in other ways. But perhaps you ask, Are the people more numerous than those in the Yoruba country, where you have lived, for this might

account for the difference in the number of lunatics? The population of Sierra Leone is but a fraction of that of the Yoruba country. It does not more than equal half the population of either of the large towns in which I have lived, and to which I alluded above. I can give no reason for this difference, nor do I think any reason can be given, excepting the presence of the drinking customs and the drink traffic in one place and their absence in the other. Sierra Leone is nominally a Christian and a civilised colony. The conquest which Christianity has made is complete. We glory in this, and the opponents of missions to the heathen may deny but cannot disprove what we assert, from our own personal knowledge. But I must own with a sad heart, that the blot upon Christian society there, as in England, is the drinking customs and the drink traffic with their usual fruits. Appeal to any missionary in Sierra Leone, and they are good and true men every one of them, ask them what are the chief difficulties they have, as Christian teachers, to encounter; ask them what hinders most the spread of the kingdom of Christ? The men of God in Sierra Leone, native and European alike, mourn everywhere the presence of drinking customs, and grieve over the spread of the traffic in drink. There are sins which I may not name here which all men know to be always associated with drinking habits. I pass them over with mournful silence, but they are there as well as here. Yet, strange to say, there is not as yet (I believe) even one single temperance society in Sierra Leone. It is not every Christian minister, even in England, who sees personal abstinence to be a duty required from him. It is not every wise man, even in England, who thinks it is needful to teach men to abstain altogether from drink, in order to make them sober. The same things are true of course in Sierra Leone. But this dreadful evil cannot go on unresisted much longer. Good men, I know, are alive to the greatness of the evil. They will study the remedy, and I believe they will find out before long, as missionaries in other places have found, bear in mind, that you cannot with reason ask confirmed drunkards to become moderate drinkers, but you must ask them to abstain entirely. You may ask, of course, but you will ask in vain. Experience tells us that in England it cannot be done. Experience will teach missionaries in Sierra Leone that it cannot be done, and they will be driven, as others have been, to become total abstainers for the sake of others, just as many do in England.

A good native clergyman in Sierra Leone was mourning to me, last year, the evil effects of the drinking customs upon the young men and women who are in connection with the Christian Church. I said, "What steps do you take to remedy this evil?" Then I explained what Christian men did in England, and what a temperance society is. But he said, "We in Africa could not live and work if we did not take a little to stimulate and refresh us, and to keep up our strength." How very like what we hear in England! But I had a conclusive reply ready. I, myself, though a foreigner, had lived for years in Africa without it, and had as good health as other men, to say the least, and if I could do it others could. This may sound like self-praise. But God forbid that I should glory in having done this. I glory not. But the evil is upon our young Christian Churches and upon society, like a strong man armed, and good men will ask before long, "How can

we alter this state of things?" It will be of use then to know that a European can live in Africa, and labour also, without the supposed strength-giving stimulants.

Return with me now to Richard and John Lander at Badagry. They were anxious to go into the interior of Africa from this tour on the coast, but there were difficulties in the way which must be removed. The people of Badagry were divided into two parties, one in favour of the travellers, the other against them.

In order to make things go more in their favour, the travellers gave presents to their friends and bribes to their enemies.

Thus, on the 24th of March, two days after their arrival in Badagry, we read in the Journal, vol. i., p. 12, "To counteract the efforts of the malicious we have been marvellously busy to-day in sounding the dispositions of those who, we are inclined to believe from the fondness they evince for our rum, are favourable to our intentions, and devoted to our interests." Here we see what they gave to their friends.

On the same page we read of a man who was interpreter to the King of Badagry, and we are told "He was the most confirmed drunkard alive, always getting intoxicated before breakfast, and remaining in a soaking state all the day long."

This man and another, almost as bad as himself for drinking, were the advisers of the travellers. They were "advised and conjured by these drunken fellows, to conciliate with presents, and especially with spirituous liquors, all who were to be won over as friends." The Landers did as they were advised.

Still on the same day, the Journal tells us, vol. i., p. 13, 14, "they visited a man who was in authority, a table was brought out into the court before the house, whereon decanters and glasses, with a burning liquor obtained from the Portuguese, were placed. A portion of the spirit was poured into one of the glasses, and from it emptied into each of the others, and then drunk by the attendant who had fetched it from the house. As soon as the decanters were emptied, other ardent spirits were produced, but as my brother (Richard) imagined that fetish water had been mingled with it, we simply took about a teaspoon given into our mouths, and privately ejected on to the ground." The reader may note, in passing, the fact that the Portuguese were slave dealers in Badagry. I have quoted before the language of a traveller who was on board of an English man-of-war, when a slave ship was chased and caught. Her whole cargo consisted entirely of rum, muskets, and gunpowder. The Portuguese slave trader brought the "burning liquor" to Badagry; the English traveller we have seen brought the rum. The Landers appear to have thought that by its free use they could further their own interests. That in fact their purposes could be accomplished almost exclusively, by giving and receiving drink, for it meets us wherever we follow them with their Journal as our guide.—(To be continued in our next.)

THE RAINDROP.

A FABLE. BY JOSEPH DARRAH.

 CLOUD, above a desert plain
Stretched out its snowy wing;
And in the cloud a drop of rain
Began to murmur and complain,
" 'Twas such a tiny thing."

"In all the universe of God,"
It cried, "What use am I?
I can't refresh the thirsty sod,
I'm idle in the sky."

“Oh why was I created
So weak, so very small?
Unhappy being! fated
To be no use at all.”

But lo! a lovely, tiny flower
Broke on the raindrop's sight,
Its petals drooped, its stalk was bent,
‘Twas in a woeful plight.

How strange that such a beauteous thing
Upon the desert grew;
With nothing to refresh its thirst
Except the nightly dew.

The little raindrop said—“I'll fall
Upon this thirsty flower,
And thus I may prolong its life,
Until the evening hour.”

It fell; and soon the flower looked up,
Refreshed, and wondrous fair,
And freely shed its sweet perfume
Upon the desert air.

A lonely traveller, weak and faint,
Had travelled through the day;
The burning sands had scorched his feet,
And the terrific noontide heat,
Had worn his strength away.

And blank despair was in his eye,
As on he slowly trod,
Yet with a last, convulsive gasp,
He cried for help to God.

And lo! upon the tender flower
He chanced to cast his eye;
“There must be water near,” he said,
“Or this fair flower would die.”

“Then I will travel on,” and soon
A grove of palm trees rose,
Inviting, by their cooling shade,
The traveller to repose.

He threw him down, and saw a bright
And bubbling desert well;
He quenched his thirst, and went his way
With joy unspeakable.

And when he reached the journey's end,
He blest that happy hour
When his despairing, joyless gaze
Fell on the tiny flower.

And thus the little drop of rain
Had saved the flower so fair;
And oh! the tiny flower had saved
A traveller from despair.

Then let us all endeavour,
However young we be,
To work for Him who ever
Our effort smiles to see.

May we in His good cause
Be noble, brave, and true;
For God, who made us all,
Has work for all to do.



A STORY OF QUEENSLAND.

BY M. A. PAULL (AUTHOR OF "TIM'S TROUBLES").

(Concluded from page 87.)

CHAP. IV.—THE SISTER'S VOICE.

“OO-E-E! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!!”

C Jack some hours later had sunk upon the ground, so tired, so exhausted, so miserable, he could go no further, and the first thing he heard was that welcome, blessed cry. It seemed like a voice he knew. Was it heaven, and was it his mother welcoming him there, with that strange Australian call that has been taken into common use by the settlers, as a signal cry both to each other and to the aborigines from whose language it has been adopted? Was it a dream? He sprung to his feet, eager to test the reality of his being awake, and the truth of that most welcome sound; and raising his own voice answered it with a responsive shout, “Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!!” Again the voice echoed his own, a girlish, childish voice—it was that of his own sister Polly! What was it that made the poor lad sink back again upon the

earth, feebly waving his torn red shirt in the air just as deliverance, and joy, and home were all so near at hand? His strength seemed to have utterly failed him, and he lay there all but unconscious of the swift young feet that were drawing near, as the clear sweet voice called again and again, as she ran, "Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!!!" and it still seemed to the wondering boy, but dimly realising the truth, the voice of an angel.

"Oh! Jack, you are come, and we thought you were dead, dear old fellow; but where's the dray and father?"

At the sound of that name Jack roused, and frightened his sister by jumping to his feet, and trying to run off in the direction she had come, but his limbs failed him.

"What's the matter, Jack?" she asked, pulling him along, as he signed to her to do.

"Father—dying," was all the poor boy could say, and so they hurried on to the clearing, and the log hut, and the few cultivated fields, still half a mile away. Arrived there, the mother in a transport of joy and gratitude clasped the wanderer to her bosom; but Jack scarcely staid to receive even her caress:—"Father is dying, mother, let us seek father."

So they hastily summoned a man who had come to work for a week on the drayman's fields, and the brave boy, now a little rallied and recovered from his exhaustion by his mother's tea and a change of garments, insisted on starting again to recover his father; and lest they should miss their way or wander further than they need, Jack desired his sister would come every morning and evening for a mile or so, and shout again in her clear young voice, the magic word that had had, and henceforth would have for him, so glad, so sweet, so home-like, so welcome a sound. Jack and the man started at once on their errand. They were four days still, at the pace the boy had travelled, from the sick, the dying, perhaps ere this the dead father in the wild scrub, but on they went, and Jack's feet were still foremost, and his eyes the first to recognise the scarlet flannel he had hung on bush and tree in his way, and as soon as they reached the thick, entangling network of vegetation from the meadow-land, the boy shouted Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! that if possible it might reach the fainting ears of the lonely father far away, or sound a glad welcome if he should have recovered sufficiently to drive forward. They looked and listened anxiously for the advancing dray, but no sound, no sight met ears or eyes that could give them hope, still Jack shouted as he almost ran forward, passing one by one the shreds of scarlet, Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!! and back upon the air, borne by the warm breeze to their glad sense, came at length the faintly-echoed wail of a man; but, oh! so feeble that Jack's heart almost failed him. Had they only come in time to see him die? He pressed forward, like the brave good son he was, leaving the man to follow his fleet steps. The waggon came in sight, the oxen straying hither and thither, but all keeping, by the instinct of self-preservation, in the vicinity of the fire, which was feebly burning, for the last log of wood his boy had left had been thrown upon it that morning by Tom Eager's trembling hand; and the sick man, utterly exhausted and fast growing hopeless, was calmly waiting for death: *calmly*, for o'er his soul had lately stolen a marvellous peace—the desire he had felt to give himself into God's hands—the

sorrow he had known for the great cloud of black sins that witnessed against him were productive of a quietness he had not believed possible when Jack had left him; and now at the unexpected sound of his young son's voice, "Father, dear father, thank God you are alive and will see mother again," he feebly turned his head, and smiled his thanks and love, and over the great rough features of the man rested a beauty that was all of heaven, and that made Jack full of awe and praise. There were not many words exchanged, for there was no time to be lost. They made the couch in the waggon more comfortable for the sick man, and Jack sat behind him and rested his father's head on his knees, and the man yoked the patient oxen and drove slowly homeward. It was a long, weary journey, and the drayman's strength was waning every day. "If I may only see Mary before I die," this was the one prayer on his lips night and morning, and when they rested for an hour at noon. At last the downs were reached. Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!! was heard in a woman's sweet voice, as well as in gleeful notes from many a happy child, and the mother and her little ones came hurrying along towards them at the very first glimpse of that slowly advancing dray.

"Here they come, father," and the sick man's dim eyes noted the light figures bounding over the ground, each in exceeding hurry to welcome him. What a meeting it was for them all. In the first flush of that glad intercourse, the wife could not detect the death-seal on her husband's face; and only when they had brought him in, weak and wan, to his clean and comfortable bed, and he lay for hours exhausted utterly, with dark rings encircling his poor eyes, and his breath coming fitfully and slow, did she fully understand that she would never have her fine, stalwart, rough husband to lean upon again. Rough as he had been, she had dearly loved him, for her heart was full of affection; and, unless he was in drink, there had been much of kindness in his manner, coarse as was his language, unpolished as were his ways.

He brightened up for a day or two, however, and then it was that he told his Mary and their children the history of Jack's devotion, and of the abstemiousness of the boy, that had been the only means of their preservation in the forest, and their deliverance from it. "Mary, you made our boy promise wisely," he said, as he gazed at Jack affectionately, "when you made him forswear all strong drink; would to God I had never tasted it myself, and then I might have been a living blessing to you for many a day. Jack, don't give up your principles, my boy, for anything or any one; and if ever, when you are a man, you take to be a drayman, and go down to the big cities and the stores, don't let anybody tempt you to drink—don't drink on the way home; and, if ever you are tempted, just remember all you had had to do and feel before you heard your sister's voice calling out Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é! to your little brother Andrew across the down."

There were blessings for Jack upon the father's lips when the death angel came to the log cabin; and calmly and peacefully the soul of the drayman, which had "come out of the great tribulation" that had helped to turn his mind to Christ in the lonely forest, was gathered home.

* * * * *

Years passed away, and John Eager, who had never gratified his boyish

ambition to become a drayman, but had worked ever since his father's death with most painstaking industry on the Australian farm, adding to it many miles of pasturage for an extensive sheep-run—became one amongst the wealthy colonists of Queensland. All these years he had maintained a happy home for his widowed mother, and brothers, and sisters, and, as they required it, settled them in life; still keeping his promise made to his beloved mother in his youth, and renewed at his dying father's bedside, never to taste a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor; and still warned against any dereliction from that plain path of duty every time he hears upon a distant hillside, or from verdant meadows, or amongst the tangled scrub, the cry that has for him so solemn, so suggestive an echo of the mournful past, Coo-é-é! Coo-é-é!! Coo-é-é!!!

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

ON Saturday, the 4th June, the various Band of Hope societies at Liverpool and Birkenhead held a demonstration in the Wavertree Park. It was a lovely day, the sun shone forth right gloriously, inducing numbers of persons to turn out to witness the procession of the young abstainers; this, coupled with the customary Saturday's bustle, caused the streets to be unusually crowded. As we were hurrying along to the place of assembly, we perceived a couple of constables, having in their custody a young fellow of about 19 or 20 years of age, they were followed by a small crowd, and just as we came abreast of the party, one of the Band of Hope societies turned the corner of the street, displaying a goodly array of banners, the first of which contained the true Band of Hope motto, "Prevention is better than cure." The procession attracted the attention of the poor prisoner, and he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! the curse of drink! I was like one of those children *once*, and look at me now!" When we had left the unfortunate victim of intoxication some considerable distance behind us, we could still hear his voice, far above the noise and bustle of the hurrying crowd, calling out in pitiable tones of anguish, "*Don't Drink! DON'T DRINK!*" W.

EMPTY FAME.

By J. D.

SPEAK not of laurels gain'd on battle-fields,
 Where desolation's vultures hover round,
 Where each his pointed weapon wields,
 And heaps of mangl'd dead bestrew the ground.
 Speak not of honours won, or conquest's fame,
 Ask the bereaved, "can honours heal the wound?"
 Ah, no! their voice is but an empty name
 That wakes no chord responsive to its sound.
 Speak not of victory by the widow'd hearth,
 Talk not of valour, or the work of braves,
 Can homage make atonement for their death,
 Can earthly honours cheer their lonesome graves?
 Speak not of enviable deathless wreaths,
 What balm can mortals immortality impart?
 What virtues centre in the cypress leaves,
 That crown the man, but desolate the heart?

POINT HIGH YOUR ARROW!



SPIRITUALLY.

Treble
Alto

KEY
E♭

Tenor
Bass

1. Point high your arrow! Point high your arrow! Aim for a lof - ty prize, Yes,
2. Nor be ye sluggards! Nor be ye sluggards! Hard work will make you men, And
3. Leave wrong to cowards! Leave wrong to cowards! Weak-lings of mind and heart, That
4. Be true and honest! Be true and honest! False-hood will bring to shame, And

}	d : d ,d d : s ₁ m : m ,m m : d s : s ,s l ,s : f ,m	}
	d : d ,d d : s ₁ m : m ,m m : d s : s ,s l ,s : f ,m	
	d : d ,d d : s ₁ m : m ,m m : d s : s ,s l ,s : f ,m	
	d : d ,d d : s ₁ m : m ,m m : d s : s ,s l ,s : f ,m	

aim above the skies! Point high your arrow! Point high your arrow! Bravely fight for God, for God & fill your hands with gain, Not then be sluggards, &c. dare no man - ly part, Leave wrong to cowards, &c. fraud will blight the name, Be true and honest, &c.

}	r ,d : t ₁ ,l ₁ s ₁ : -s : s ,s s : m d' : d' ,d' d' : l s ,l : s ,m f ,s : f ,r	}
	r ,d : t ₁ ,l ₁ s ₁ : -m : m ,m m : d d : f ,f f : f m ,f : m ,d r ,m ,r ,t ₁	
	r ,d : t ₁ ,l ₁ s ₁ : -d : d' ,d' d' : s l : l ,l l : d' d' ,d' ,d' s ,s : s ,s	
	r ,d : t ₁ ,l ₁ s ₁ : -d : d ,d d : d f : f ,f f : f s ,s : s ,s s ₁ ,s ₁ : s ₁ ,s ₁	

right; Work for His high wag - es, Work, work for ever - last - ing ages.

}	m : d ,d m ,m : s ,s d' : d' ,d' t ,l : t ,s d' : d	}
	d : d ,d m ,m : s ,s m : s ,m r ,d : r ,f m : d	
	s : : s : s ,s s ,s : s ,s s : d	
	d : : d : m ,d s ,s : s ₁ ,s ₁ d : d	

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

Characters:—AMOS MOORE, a drunkard; SARAH, his daughter; ALICE and MARY, school girls.

SCENE I.—On the street, MARY and ALICE slowly walk forward.

MARY. I'm glad I've met you, Alice. Stop a few moments here where people passing can't hear us, and I'll tell you why. I think we ought to begin this New Year by trying to do something to make others better and happier; and I've seen so many people drunk during the Christmas holidays, that I am anxious to go to work for the temperance cause.

ALICE. But what can two little girls like *us* do, Mary? We can't make speeches like grown-up people. I don't see what we *can* do.

MARY. We can find plenty to do if we are willing; and if we only persuade one single person to stop drinking, it will be a great deal. I shall try, anyhow.

(Sarah Moore enters carrying a large black bottle; she is very poorly dressed, and one shoe seems to be coming off.)

SARAH *(stops and puts out her foot)*. There, now, that string's broke again, and it's too short to tie. I expect the old shoe will come off and get lost before I get back. I don't care much if it does; it's full of holes, and hurts my foot. Let's see what I can do with it. *(Drops on one knee, sets the bottle down, and tries to fix the string.)* If father would only keep sober and go to work, I could have new shoes and nice clothes like other girls. I wonder how much oftener I shall have to get that old black bottle filled at the whisky shop. I'm tired of it. We don't have half enough to eat, and we go ragged and mean-looking, and all because father will drink. Oh, dear! it's *too* hard. *(Sighs deeply and rises.)*

MARY *(quickly)*. There, Alice, what a good chance for us to begin our work; that is Sarah Moore; I've seen her before with that same bottle.

ALICE. I don't want to talk to that ragged thing.

MARY. Hush, Alice! remember what made her ragged. *(Advances to meet the child.)* Sarah, I guess you don't know me; but I've seen you very often, and Alice and I would like to make you happier if we can. Do you think your father would be very angry if two strange little girls should ask him to sign the pledge?

SARAH. Will you do that? Oh, I'm *so* glad! But father's *so awful* when he's been drinking; I'm afraid he'll frighten you to death. He struck mother to-day and made her cry, because she begged him *not* to send me after whisky, and then said he'd kill me if I didn't go right away. We do have a *dreadful* hard time.

MARY. I should think you do; we'll try to help you, but we are not sure that we can. Will you go with me, Alice?

ALICE. Indeed I will! Poor Sarah!

SARAH. But I dare not go home without father's dram, he'd be *so* mad.

ALICE. Don't go home just yet, we'll go and talk to him first.

SARAH. Yes, I'll walk down the street, and then come back and meet you. But I do feel so mean to be carrying this old bottle—the hateful thing! I'll try

and hide it if I can. (*Puts it under her ragged shawl. Alice and Mary go out.*) There, that's the best I can do. Oh! I do hope father will listen to them. (*Goes out. Amos Moore, a wretched-looking drunkard enters.*)

MOORE. Ha! ha! Now aint that a jolly nice plan they've fixed up! Me signed the pledge indeed! why, it's enough to make a dog laugh; ha! ha! ha! Got tired waiting for my gal to come; went out to find her; hid behind a pile of barrels, and heard it all. I ought to give her a good beatin' when I get her home, but I'll let her off this time, because them others is to blame for this caper; but the next time—well, she'd better look out. So they've gone to pay old Amos a visit. Guess they wont find him. How nice they were decked out, and how mean my gal looked beside 'em; and when she was talkin' to herself she had the impudence to say that it's because I drink whisky she don't get no clothes. Her things are as good as mine, and mine's good enough for anybody. (*Takes hold of his ragged coat and examines it.*) Good enough; well this coat don't look like it did yesterday. It's full of mud, and dirt, and holes; wonder how it got so? (*Examines his trousers; views himself with a perplexed air.*) See here, Amos, I just begin to find out what's the trouble. You've been so drunk for the past few months that you didn't know how much, or you'd know that these clothes couldn't go so fast all in one day. They've been getting so for some time, and you're just sober enough, for the first time, to find it out. You do look shockingly mean, Amos; I'm ashamed of you. Wonder why Sarah didn't have on that nice warm shawl that missionary woman gave her. Guess I must have been gettin' whisky and rum for a week past with the money I got for that very shawl. How Sarah shivered when she tried to wrap the bottle in that old worn out thing she had on, and them nice lookin' childer apityin' of her, and makin' a plan to help old drunken Amos Moore. (*Puts his hand to his head.*) Oh! am I so bad as that, to sell the clothes off the back of my own child to get liquor? Ah! that's the trouble; the liquor, the rum, and the whisky—that makes me a devil. (*Looks round suddenly.*) There, those children are comin'; I'll not listen to 'em. (*Turns and starts off; they go quickly after him, and Mary catches his hand.*)

MARY. Mr. Moore, please stop a minute; we hope you won't be angry with us, but we met your little Sarah just now, and we felt so sorry for her, and for you too. So we thought we'd ask you to leave off drinking.

ALICE. And please, Mr. Moore, please don't send poor Sarah out with that bottle again, it makes her feel so badly.

MOORE (*much agitated*). You don't know what you're asking, children. I've not had a drink since early this morning, and I'm almost parched up, I'm so thirsty. It's no use; I can't stop.

MARY. Just try, Mr. Moore, and if you're thirsty come home with me and get a cup of mother's good coffee. It is sure to make you feel better.

MOORE. Go home with you! Why, child, your mother wouldn't allow such an object to come near her kitchen door.

ALICE. Indeed she will, Mary's mother is just as kind as she can be, and helps a great many poor people. (*Sarah enters slyly, then runs out again.*) There is Sarah, and she's run round the corner; she's afraid because she didn't get what you sent her after. You won't hurt her, will you?

MOORE. No, she needn't be afraid, poor, illused child! (*She comes in slowly and fearfully.*) Where is the bottle, Sarah?

SARAH. I—— I'm almost 'fraid to tell you, father.

MOORE. Go on, my child, I'm sober now.

SARAH. I did *hate* the old bottle so, father; it has made all our trouble, and so—I couldn't help it, father—I dropped it down into the sewer.

ALICE. That's good! your father can't get it again, and, what's more, he don't want it.

MARY. No, never again. He's going home with me to get some coffee, and you must go too, Sarah, and have something good to eat. Then your father is going to sign the pledge, and pa will get some work for him to do.

ALICE. And Sarah and her mother can have good clothes, and live in a nicer place. Won't it be splendid!

MOORE (*with much feeling*). May God bless you, dear children, for your sweet, cheerin' words to the poor old drunkard. If I only *could* be a sober, respectable man once more! You've set me to longin' for the happy days I used to have before rum made me a brute. Yes, I'll try, I *must* try, and if I'm saved, remember you've done the good work. Yes, *you*, little ones, have done it.

SARAH (*clapping her hands*). Oh, mother will be *so glad*, and how happy we shall all be, for I know such *good* times are coming for us! (*Takes his hand.*) Dear father, I love you so much! (*Leads him out, followed by Alice and Mary.*)

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

READING the green and perfumed paths of Spring
Comes Summer with her richer blossoming!
Her gorgeous robes of more than regal hues;
Her perfumed breath and wealth of crystal dews!

Strength vivifies the brown and fragrant mould!
The skies are azure, fleeced with drifting gold!
To heaven earth's holy incense doth ascend;
Herbs, grasses, flowers, in rich confusion blend!
Like drops of burnished gold the kingcups glow
Where grasses wave, and streamlets sleep or flow!
Daisies, with yellow eyes and petals white,
Or ermine fluched, look to the azure height,
Which scarcely seems to hide the spirit land,
Where love omnipotent sways sweet command!—

Where flowers, bee-haunted, mingle, blend, and bloom,
Briars and woodbine breathe a sweet perfume!
Like sparks of fire, the sun's reflected sheen,
Gleams from the beetle's mail of gold and green.

Waves tufted rush, and fern, and slender reed,
By shallow pools, where insect legions breed;
Where haunts the graceful, dreaded dragonfly,
And frail ephemerae live a day, and die!

Fruits ripen, strongly grows the golden grain,
Strengthened by sunshine hot, and needful rain;

All nature speaks the high paternal love
Of God, our Father regnant, throned above !

But, ah ! the Summer world, so sweet and fair,
Holds 'mid its blooming joys the fiend despair !
There ringeth a wail from the ways of men,
A groan of the dying from misery's den !

What though the skies of heaven are soft and fair,
And nature calls the pensive soul to prayer !—
There's the drunken mirth and the shameful sin
The summerland borders of peace within !

There's the passionate wail of woman's woe ;
The horrid yell of the conquering foe !
The digging of graves for the hopeless dead,
And the wailing plaint of the weak for bread !
There's the plaintive moan of the children pale,
Where fever and poverty tell their tale.

While the earth is clad in its summer guise,
A sight to rejoice even angel's eyes ;
There's drunkenness, poverty, crime, and sin,
The bounds of the beautiful land within !

Temperance the People's Friend.

BY WILLIAM F. PINFOLD.



THE strict principles upon which total abstinence is established, cannot be too wide-spread, nor can they be too often repeated. Our confidence in them as being the only means of staying the rapids of inebriety, are not ill-founded. Thousands of once really miserable families owe their domestic tranquillity to temperance agency. And yet how much negative hostility do we experience from a many who are "almost" teetotalers, and who for reasons best known to themselves, take occasion to growl and grin alternately at the earnestness of our labours. "The enthusiasm of teetotalers savours of rant. O, these screaming water drinkers!" This doting kind of adult prattle sounds like the tinkling of an enemy's bell, so it goes for what it's worth. We shall hail with a burst of rapturous gratitude the day when these and kindred stigmas shall freeze upon the scoffer's lip. Meanwhile, we shall treat such orators with the silence of a profound compassion.

It is well to be zealously affected in a good cause. There is room in our work for all the passion of earnestness, and all the enthusiasm of unwithering love. Certainly, we have no place for rant, or the grandiloquence of the empty actor ; than which few things will be more prejudicial, in the long run, to the true interests of temperance advocacy. We must most zealously maintain the dignity of our institution by studiously avoiding grotesque affectation on the one hand, and falling into dreamy repose on the other.

I shall make effort to show that the object which we seek to accomplish is expedient, and claims our best and untiring efforts, disregarding of any sacrifice necessarily incurred, and that the method adopted by the total abstinence societies is the most efficient to secure success.

It is expedient that drunkenness should be subdued, because of its violent opposition to individual interests and national progress. Intemperance is the cause of much of the disaffection among our working-men. It is a preventative of the development of manhood. It blinds the eyes of men to all that is pure and noble; not only preventing their rise in social life, but dragging them into the caverns of degradation. It is *the* source of untold, unwritten sorrow, and the great cause of crime. Were it not for intemperance, less human blood would be shed in our land. Drunkenness is a violation of the constituted laws of nature, and therefore hostile to physical well-being and mental quiet. The health of the drunken is impaired, and the power of their minds weakened, by the drink which "law has licensed."

"It is never doubted that the greatest earthly curse is the sin of intemperance."

Intemperance helps to cram our prisons, hospitals, and graves with the degraded, the lunatic, and the suicidal. We can boast of our military equipments, and scientific advancements; but the otherwise fluent tongue is snubbed before the subject of sobriety; and with overwhelming shame, we confess our inferiority in this respect to other nations less favoured than ourselves. Drunkenness is the great stumbling-block to the progress of Christianity, by so much as it darkens the minds and hardens the hearts of its victims. Oh! it is a hateful thing—a sore pest to our country. And shall we fold our arms with cruel indifference, and suffer our kinsfolk to groan and die under its damning tyranny? To arms! ye sons of temperance, and shout the war cry in the enemy's camp!

When Christ commanded those who stood weeping at the grave of Lazarus to take away the stone which covered in their friend, they did not commence with hammer and chisel to cut portions of it away; but they *rolled it away!* Moderator, go and do likewise with the stone of intemperance!

The safety of a kingdom depends upon the establishment of laws, answerable to national vice. And by so much as human weakness, and criminality increases, laws must be developed, so as to grip the oppressor, and punish the offender. As in the political, so in the moral, world. Will you save confirmed drunkards by half measures—moderation? I tell you, nay; other than *absolute* measures will mockingly fail to rescue them from the ever tightening grasp of habitual drunkenness. It is insufficient to lop off a few branches,—the axe must be laid to the root of the tree! To the rigidity of total abstinence principles, we trace, under God's blessing, the success which has hitherto accompanied our joyous toils. The system is entire, and meets the weak side of man's shattered being.

And be it ever in the remembrance of all who trustfully exclaim, "Thy *kingdom* come; Thy *will* be done," that teetotalism is not inimical to Christianity, but contrariwise. Whatever accelerates the progress of religion, is an harbinger of truth. Temperance is a pioneer of Christianity, for it has responded to the cry, "Cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people." It has made rough places, less rough; and crooked places, less crooked.

In this capacity it justly claims the co-operation of every Christian. And he who is so childish that he cannot rid himself of his darling toy, and so help to fill up the gaping earthly-hell of intemperance, which has so long tossed its lurid flames heavenward, has not very largely imbibed of the great Master's spirit.

"Oh, Christian, pass not heedless by."

There is giant Christianity, and much pious enervation in sacrificing our carnal inclinations for the moral aggrandisement of our fellow-creatures. Indeed, this spirit is the essential characteristic of true religion.

Christian moderator, surrender!

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

BY ADELINE.

MUSIC sweet and joyous,
As soft vesper chimes,
Echoes of glad voices
'Neath the fragrant limes!
'Neath the flowering chestnuts,
'Neath the elm's deep shade;
In the mossy greenwood,
In the starry glade!

Twine ye fragrant garlands,
Meet for brows so fair;
Young hearts greet the sunshine,
Hearts untouched by care:
Song, and mirth, and music
Crown this festal day;
One sweet glad thanksgiving
Be the joyous lay!

Wreath the starry blossoms,
Daisies pure and bright;
Lilies golden-hearted,
Robed in stainless white;

Drooping bells all radiant
As the morn's first flush:
Crimson roses clustering
O'er green brake and bush!

Odours sweet are stealing
From the woodland shade;
Purple violets scenting
All the leaf-hung glade:
Hawthorn ruby-tinted,
Heath-bells silvery fair;
Hyacinths star-gleaming,
Eye-bright rich and rare.

Forth to win fair garlands,
Blossoms meet to strew
O'er sweet vernal pathway,
Fresh with morning dew!
Brighter be life's sunshine,
As the golden years
Touch that life immortal
Where are no more tears!

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE continual agitation in all forms and phases which is going on both in Parliament and the country against the liquor traffic, shows clearly that there is a national dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a determination daily growing bolder to apply very sharp and decisive remedies.

It has been a part of our mission incessantly to urge those who conduct and work in our Band of Hope movement to be intensely earnest in their labours to form such a hatred for the drink and the traffic in it in the minds of our rising generation, that as they regularly take their place of action in the world public opinion may be so replenished and invigorated that the waves of its advancing tide shall dash with irresistible force against the drink customs and drink traffic, until the rotten and abominable structure be forever swept from our country, leaving not a wreck behind. Many of our Bands of Hope adopt the plan of shutting up for the summer. This can never act well, either for the society or the movement. Out-door meetings, pic-nics to the parks, or a short distance in the country, or even occasional trips of a few miles by rail on Saturday afternoon may, all more or less, be pressed into service, so as to keep

up the healthful vigour of our Bands of Hope, and help on the "good time coming." While on this subject, we regret to be informed that the proposed gala in connection with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, which we adverted to in our last, has had to be given up, the committee not being able to make the necessary arrangements for this very desirable object.

"HAPPY HOMES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM" is the title of a very attractive little volume by J. W. Kirton, and whatever comes from the pen of the author of "*Buy your own Cherries*," and "*The Four Pillars of Temperance*," must command a hearty welcome. The volume before us is not only exceedingly attractive in its style and matter, but is brim full of sound good sense and caution on matters of deep importance to the young men and women of our country. A few of the subjects touched on will deeply interest *some* of our readers. Such as "On Courting and Popping the Question," "Advice to a Young Man seeking a Wife," "Advice to a Young Woman seeking a Husband." Nor is it of less value to those of maturer years in its counsel on married life and its advice to husbands and wives. To all our readers we say, buy it, read it, and if you take the author's advice you will realise what he aims at, and make a happy home.

"OUR SENIOR MEMBERS" is the title of a short pamphlet by George W. M'Cree, secretary to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. It aims to answer those two vital questions affecting Band of Hope Societies, "*Do our Elder Members remain faithful to their principles?—and if not—What can we do to retain them in larger numbers?*" Few men are better able to answer such questions than Mr. M'Cree, whose long practical experience in the Band of Hope movement gives intrinsic value to his utterances. We thank Mr. M'Cree for this valuable aid in promoting the stability of our movement, and advise all our readers to invest a penny in its purchase. It is certainly worth a hundred times its cost.

Gould-street Band of Hope, Manchester.—The eighth annual tea meeting was held in the school on Monday evening, April 18th. There was a good attendance. Mr. T. H. Barker presided. The report for the year 1869-70, read by Mr. W. Darrah, the hon. sec., was of a most encouraging character. Twenty-four meetings had been held during the year, at which the attendance had been doubled, and 142 pledges had been taken. Seventeen new members had been added to the committee. A sermon had been preached in aid of the funds of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. The circulation of the *Gould-street Band of Hope Monthly Visitor* had reached 350 copies per month. The committee had again contributed their small instalment to the Alliance Guarantee Fund. The balance sheet for the year left a good sum in the treasurer's hands. The Revs. R. Mitchell and A. Jones, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting during the evening, and capital part songs, recitations, &c., were given by the members.

On Sunday afternoon, July 3rd, the Rev. Alfred Jones will preach a temperance sermon in the Gould-street Schoolroom, service to commence at half-past two. The proceeds of collection are to be given to the funds of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

The first half-yearly tea meeting of the Beswick-street United Methodist Free

Church Band of Hope took place on Saturday evening, May 21st, 1870. There was a good attendance, which was presided over by Robert Whitworth, Esq., and the meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. J. W. Chisholm and J. Shipman, and other gentlemen. Part songs, solos, &c., were given by a select choir under the leadership of Mr. W. Hoyle. A large number of periodicals have been distributed during the half year.

The third annual meeting of the High Wycombe Band of Hope was held in the Council Chamber on Tuesday evening, May 17, 1870. The Rev. Taliesin Davies occupied the chair. The President of the society (D. Clarke, Esq.) read the yearly report, which was very satisfactory. At the close of the first year's operations the number of members were 368, whilst last year they were 532. During the three years of the society's existence only about twenty-five per cent. of all who had signed the pledge had broken it.

We have received the ninth annual report of the John-street Band of Hope, Calthorpe-street, London, which presents very favourable appearances. During the past year 100 have signed the pledge, of these 57 have been admitted as members, making a total of 959 since the society was established, six only not having remained firm to their pledges during the year. Over 1,700 magazines have been sold and given to the members.

We have frequently been led to yield to Liverpool the palm for exhibitions of excessive intemperance; but here is a sample of what Manchester can do in that direction:—"At the city Police-court, a woman named Margaret Millwood, whose appearance in the dock always creates some amusement amongst the officers and *habitués* of the court, was fined 5s. and costs by Mr. Rickards for being drunk in the street. It was stated that this was the 120th time she had been before the magistrates for a similar offence."

FORSAKEN.

BY T. H. EVANS.

THERE'S no one left to love me now,
A wanderer I roam;
The Wine Cup's done its fearful work,
I've neither friend nor home.
My soul is yearning far above
The earthly things I need;
For what is life deprived of love?
A wilderness, indeed.

Of "Love" the world's great master-minds,
Enraptured sing and dream;
It is in "Love" the poet finds
An everlasting theme;
To life it lends a fairy charm,
It brightens every lot;
Investing with a holy calm
The palace and the cot.

Of all the joys existence brings,
It forms the greatest part;
It stamps as priceless trivial things,
Endears them to the heart:
For words to paint its trackless ways,
Would task an angel's tongue,
Tho' in its praise sublimest lays,
Have been for ages sung.

Oh! welcome death, thou need'st not fear
To make thy presence known:
I cannot live without one dear
Fond hand to clasp my own.
This earth's to me a barren waste;
I long to soar above,
That my poor starving soul may taste,
What angels know of love.

Our Drinking Customs and the Drink Traffic,

IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY WORK IN WESTERN AFRICA.

BY A RETURNED AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

(Continued from page 99.)

N the third day of their sojourn in Badagry, the King's interpreter came again to see the English travellers. Why? and for what purpose? Let their Journal answer:—"We had not finished breakfast this morning before Hooper, the interpreter, introduced himself, for his ACCUSTOMED GLASS OF SPIRITS, to prevent him, according to his own account, from getting sick. He took the opportunity of informing us that it would be absolutely necessary to visit the noblemen who had declared themselves to be on our side. As we strove to court popularity, and to conciliate these vagabonds, by every means in our power, we approved of his counsel."

Every reader will know beforehand what is coming.

They visited a native general. "Gin and water were produced, and were partaken of with avidity by all present, *more ESPECIALLY BY THE INTERPRETER, and his—drunken friend.*"

Could they not see that for this very purpose he had tempted them forth?

In the afternoon of this same day they had a visit from a chief. The Journal describes him. There the writer says, on p. 18, 19, vol. i., "After we had made him and all his attendants nearly tipsy, the old chief began to be very talkative and amusing. OUR RUM had operated so cheerily upon his followers in the yard, that fat and lean, old and young, commenced dancing, and continued performing the most laughable antics, till they were no longer able to stand."

Very funny this! But awfully serious also. This was twelve years before missionaries went to Badagry. This was the manner in which their way was prepared. Even the travellers got no advantage by this course of conduct. They only hindered their own expedition, and postponed the time of their departure into the interior of Africa to explore the course of the river Niger. We are told of all this drink being given, but not of any help being received. As long as there was rum to be had, the travellers were kept in Badagry.

The third day in Badagry was not yet ended. There was more drinking yet.

Late in the evening the King visited the travellers, and the writer of the Journal says, "We presented him with brandy, equal in strength to spirits of wine, and he swallowed a large quantity of it with exquisite pleasure. The African boys were permitted to drink a portion of the liquor every time that it was poured into a glass for the King. The fondness of the natives, or rather their passion, for strong waters is astonishing."

Not at all astonishing, my good sirs ! It is the result of the habit of drinking. Europeans have introduced the drinking custom, and, of course, the natives have copied it. Europeans have also introduced the traffic in rum, and the natives have THEREFORE acquired a taste for the rum. In this case the supply creates the demand, in Africa as in England. So strong was the passion in Badagry for rum, that as long as the King, the interpreter, and their followers could get it, they were in no way likely to allow these English travellers to leave their town.

Vile fellows they were, no doubt. But they were drunkards. Do we in England not know that a man will do anything for drink if once he acquires the taste for it ? Men of education and of civilisation astonish us sometimes by what they do to obtain drink. No wonder that the Africans do the same.

What a pity that the rum ever was taken to Badagry by these travellers. At length, however, the supply was nearly exhausted, and a change came over the people, and also over the prospects of the Englishmen.

We have seen how the rum giving and rum drinking acted ; now we shall see how they got on without rum.

On p. 21 of the Journal we read thus :—"Our rum, which had been kindly supplied us by Lieutenant Matson, is now nearly consumed, and the number of our general visitors has diminished in exact proportion to its decrease."

This is just what I should expect. So is what we are told in the Journal, p. 22, 23, viz., that all their efforts to conciliate the favour of the King, chiefs, and people by giving drink, failed completely.

The abuse of the African people which follows this statement, from the pen of one of the travellers, is as foolish on the writer's part as were the means the travellers used in Badagry to conciliate favour, and get away to the proper business of the expedition in search of the river Niger.

Here, however, I would not be misunderstood. Richard and John Lander were men who professed to be Christians. For anything I know to the contrary, they were real Christians. They continually speak in their Journal of the goodness of God to them, in preserving their health and directing their steps. For example : "By the blessing of heaven we shall proceed prosperously in our undertaking, for in the Divine goodness alone do we repose all confidence and hopes of success." Again, on Sunday, March 28th, they say—"We have had ample leisure for spending the Sabbath in a manner most agreeable to our feelings,—by devoting the greater part of it to the impressive duties of our divine religion,—in humbling ourselves before the mercy-seat of the Great Author of our being, and imploring Him to be our refuge and guardian."

This, however, is the most painful part of the case, that Christian travellers, who were in Badagry twelve years before Christian missionaries were there, should introduce and cultivate the drinking customs which hereafter would bear such bitter fruit.

To this very day Badagry has been, of all places in West Africa, the most unfruitful mission field. Mr. Freeman and the Rev. Mr. Martin (now of Altrincham, near Manchester) were sent to Badagry by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Mr. Townend, Mr. Gollmer, and Mr. Crowther (now the African bishop) were sent to Badagry by the Church Missionary Society in 1845.

The Wesleyan Mission has been given up altogether in that town. It prospers in other places, but not in Badagry. The Church of England Mission is still carried on, but there are few real Badagry converts. In other towns they can be counted by hundreds, but in Badagry only by units. Who can say that all this cultivating of the drinking customs has done no harm? The slave dealers introduced the drink, gave it and sold it. The English travellers introduced it, and gave it. The European merchants introduce it now, and sell it. Nearly all men use the drink, and most native Africans who can afford follow the example set them.

How much better it would have been if Richard and John Lander had from the first manifested the spirit which the following passage shows:—

“Monday, March 29th. The chief summoned us yesterday (Sunday), in order to settle the business relative to our journey into the interior. We refused, however, to dispute with him on the Sabbath, and promised to wait on him this morning instead.” Firmness like this would have produced a good effect always. It could as easily, and more wisely, have been manifested at the first as now. The weakness manifested frequently in connection with the rum drinking and giving made it more difficult by far to be firmer now.

The visit to the King was made, and all arrangements completed for the departure of the travellers into the interior. Unfortunately, however, among the presents promised to the King, to be given hereafter, there were “TWO PUNCHEONS OF RUM,” as if they had not already done harm enough by drinking and giving spirits.

The rum cask being now empty, and every one sober, business could be done. The travellers therefore got away very soon from the people of Badagry, and hastened on to the interior in search of the river Niger, which they found, and down which they sailed to the sea for the first time, in the history of Africa.

OUR MISSION.

BY GEORGE TULLER.

TUNE—“The Bright but Better Land.”

WHAT, my brothers, are you doing
In your noble temperance band?
We are striving to abolish
Strong drink from our fatherland.
Brothers, sisters, friends are calling,
Oft from scenes the most appalling.
We'll rush forward to their rescue
From the foul destroyer's hand;
We'll rush forward to their rescue,
With our noble temperance band.

Tell us, brothers, why you formed it
In our noble, Christian land?
'Twas because the foe is rampant,
Slaying friends on every hand;
Children dear, and mothers, mourning,

Fathers, sons, all good, are scorning.
We'll rush forward to their rescue,
From the foul destroyer's hand;
We'll rush forward to their rescue,
With our noble temperance band.

Brothers, may we rally with you,
In your noble temperance band;
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our growing band.
Our valiant band is growing stronger,
Drink cannot hold out much longer.
We'll press forward till we conquer,
Till joy and peace o'erspreads our land;
We'll press forward till we conquer,
Till joy and peace o'erspreads our land.

WATER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY H. A.

Gen. xxi.

FAR away in an Eastern wild
Wandered a mother and her child;
The days of joy and peace are fled,
For them no sheltering tent is spread.
By sinful tempers driven from home,
Together they are forced to roam.

At morn they left the father's door,
Water and bread their only store,
And now with weary steps and faint
They journey on,—the water spent,
While as she gazed upon her lad
The mother's loving heart was sad.

With burning thirst o'ercome at last,
Beneath a shrub her child she cast,
A good way off then sat her down
Far as an arrow might have flown:
"Let me not see him die," she cries,
And lifts to heaven her weeping eyes.

The faithless mother has forgot
The promise given in lonely spot
Long since:—That Ishmael, her child,
Should be a strong man, free, and wild,
His very name should tell her how
In sorrow "*God shall hear*," (a) him now.

And soon again that Voice she hears,
That bids her wipe away her tears:
"Hagar—fear not—what aileth thee?
Lift up the lad from 'neath the tree,
For him I will a nation make
So great, none shall the number take."

Then opened God her eyes, and she
A well of water now could see,
She quickly hastened to the brink,
The bottle filled, and gave him drink;
His strength revived, her heart was glad,
He grew—and God was with the lad.

And still as ages pass away,
God keeps His promise to this day;
The Arabs wild are Ishmael's seed,
Whom no man numbereth indeed,
In lawless bands they rove afar,
And none have conquer'd them in war.

And yet where'er they pitch their tent,
Pure water is with one consent
Their cooling drink:—no *wine* or *beer*
They need, to strengthen or to cheer,
On desert plains, or rocky steep,
(b) Mohammed's rule of life they keep.

Is the false prophet's law obey'd?
And shall the Christian be afraid
To speak, and pray, and labour on,
To bring to Christ the drunken throng?
That they may have their sins forgiven,
And through His blood may enter heaven.

Come, little children, do your part,
Join Bands of Hope with all your heart,
The praises of pure water sing,
Which God provides from crystal spring,
And never cease your efforts here,
Till drunkenness shall disappear.

(a) Gen. xvi., 11. Marginal reading.

(b) Mohammed—a false prophet who lived in the early part of the seventh century. He was of Ishmael's seed, and all the different Arabian tribes adopted his religion, which forbids taking strong drink.

NORMAN GRAY.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I AM forty-five years of age, but I know I look much older. My history is a sad one. As I sit down to write an account of my past life, the recollections of other days overwhelm me. My pen trembles in my hand, my eyes are filled with tears, and my bosom heaves with agony, as old wounds are reopened, and occurrences well nigh forgotten once more present themselves vividly before me. The task I have set myself is a painful one, but when I see the cause

of all my griefs still existing, and cursing others as it has cursed me, I cannot—dare not—hesitate to lift up my voice against the monster evil, and warn all to avoid its seductive fascinations.

I was born in a village which I shall call Burnham. My father, who was a man of considerable means, died when I was but a few months old. But my mother, of whom I cannot think without intense emotion, ever watched over me with deep tenderness and love. She was warmly respected by all, for she had the happy art of tempering her convictions by a manner both graceful and obliging; and being her only child, I was reared with the greatest care and solicitude. At the close of each day she called me to her side, when I knelt, with my face in her lap, and lisped, with childish awe, a prayer to the great God “to bless my dear mamma.” Those prayers made a deep impression upon my mind. Although so young, I felt a love for Christ, and often, while I lay in my cot and darkness was around me, did I feel a spring of joy bubbling up in my heart as I repeated the lines my mother had taught me:—

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.”

These impressions have often since been a source of unmixed pleasure.

The village of Burnham was a pretty little country place in the south of England. It contained about three hundred houses at the time of which I write, and the population would probably not number more than one thousand persons. The principal street, which ran right through the village, was lined on either side by houses built in every variety of style, from the one-storied habitations of the poor, to the grand, stately mansion of my uncle John, the squire of the village. Gentle sloping hills rose up on the right and left, on which were scattered farmhouses, many of them surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation. Altogether, Burnham was a charming spot, and its beauty was almost unrivalled.

Half way down the principal street stood the “Traveller’s Rest,” an inn kept by a man named Richard Ogden. He was a tall, fat, good-tempered fellow, and his house was the meeting place for nearly all the farmers in the district, especially on market days, when Richard and his guests enjoyed to the full all the pleasure which an unlimited supply of home-brewed beer could bestow. The inn bore little or no resemblance to the glaring gin palaces of more modern days, but was a modest, comfortable-looking house.

Richard Ogden had two children: Tom, about my own age, and Mary, who was a year younger. Tom was a quick-tempered, impulsive lad, though not without traits of generosity in his character. Mary, on the contrary, was a meek, patient girl; was easily grieved, yet remarkably cheerful. Very often we all roamed through the fields together, and returned home laden with flowers. Those were indeed happy days; soon, alas! to pass away. They were

“Like the snow-flakes on the river,
A moment white: then gone for ever.”

When about seven years of age I was sent to the village school, kept by an old lady who had seen better days. Being naturally of a quick temperament, I made

such rapid progress in my education, that my mother contemplated sending me to a grammar school some miles distant. This step, too, was strongly urged by my uncle John, an old bachelor, who had taken a kindly interest in my progress at the village school, and was anxious to see me thoroughly well educated. Although I felt pained at the thought of leaving my mother, the prospect of the new life which was opening before me raised my highest expectations, and I impatiently longed for the day when I should bid adieu to Burnham. I was at this time but twelve years of age, and yet I can remember these incidents with as much distinctness as though they had occurred but yesterday.

In four days I was to leave home. One beautiful summer afternoon, I had been to see my old schoolmistress, and to bid her good-bye. The old dame's eyes filled with tears, and in a broken voice she entreated me, whatever might happen, "to be a good, honest boy." While returning home I met Mary Ogden, whose face betrayed great emotion.

"What is the matter, Mary?" I asked.

For a few moments I could get no answer, but by degrees I learned that several farmers had been staying at the "Traveller's Rest," while their horses and carts stood at the door; that a dispute had arisen as to which of the horses was the best; that from words they had proceeded to blows; and that Mary's father, attempting to still the disturbance, had been seriously injured. While Mary was telling me this, we had come in sight of the house, and we saw that a crowd was still at the door, surging backward and forward, and it was evident that the quarrel was not yet over. Suddenly, however, we saw a stalwart farmer, whose face was red with passion, force his way through the crowd, and get into his cart. He seized his whip and gesticulated wildly, pointing, for a moment, to his horse, on which he was apparently bestowing great commendation. After challenging all present to produce one equal to it, he suddenly set off at a great speed, whipping his horse most savagely. The animal, unaccustomed to such harsh treatment, dashed madly along the road. What was my horror when I saw that Mary and myself were directly in its path. In a moment I perceived our danger. We were not twenty yards from the infuriated animal, when I suddenly pulled Mary, as I thought, out of its track, but the horse making a sudden plunge sideward, rushed against us, and we were thrown violently to the ground. I heard a piercing scream, a painful, bewildering sensation came over me, and the next moment I saw poor Mary lying beside me, her face covered with blood, and I felt that one of my arms was broken. I heard the sound of many voices, wild with alarm; the objects around me became indistinct, and soon total unconsciousness came on.

* * * * *

When I awoke, I saw I was at home and in my own room. I gazed slowly around, hoping to see my mother; but judge of my surprise when a girl about my own age came softly towards the bed. In a voice full of kindness she said, "Do you feel better, Norman?" I made an effort to reply, but my weakness was too great, and I again became unconscious. When I once more opened my eyes, the girl was still gazing upon me, her large eyes filled with tears. I attempted to speak.

"Hush! the doctor says you must be kept quiet," she said.

My impatience, however, could not be restrained, and I asked, "Where is my mother?—What are you doing here?"

She hesitated for a moment, doubtful whether to answer; but said at last—"I must not talk with you now, Norman, you are too weak; but in a few days you will be stronger, and then I will tell you all about it."

"But where is my mother?" I asked.

"She is in the house, Norman; but hush, be quiet, try to sleep."

Comforted by this assurance, though wondering why my mother did not come to see me, I closed my eyes and was soon lost in slumber. On the following day I felt much stronger, and though at times suffering great pain, I was able to converse slowly with my young nurse.

(To be continued.)

THERE IS RUIN THERE.

BY CHARLES JEWETT.

SAY not that the wine
Is rosy and bright;
That its taste is divine
As it sparkles in light.

Though the dwelling be neat,
And the wine be fair,

Turn backward thy feet,
For ruin is there.

I will not go in
Where the poison doth flow,
'Tis the temple of sin,
And the gateway to woe.

MEDICAL TESTIMONIES. No. 7.

BY JOHN HIGGINBOTTOM, F.R.S., Hon. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.

HITHERTO the temperance cause has effected little, in comparison with what might have been anticipated. The bright star is the Band of Hope; a great and mighty work will be seen if the Band of Hope system is recognised and adopted by every Sunday-school in the kingdom. Thousands of the middle class of society in England have been scholars in the Sunday-schools. These schools may be considered and indeed are the bulwarks of England. Children becoming teetotalers; taking the double pledge to abstain from alcohol and tobacco, and joining the Sunday-schools, will become a firm foundation for the future glorious trophies of true temperance.

There is nothing I should so much dread as the evil effects of a medical man's recommendation to take spirits, wine, or ale under any consideration, giving a child the first taste of the ruinous fluid—alcohol.

Blessed are those children who are mercifully preserved and protected from the consequences of such a cruel scourge. It is satisfactory to find that in many places the Band of Hope includes the double pledge, alcohol and tobacco. It is indispensable that this should be the case, as at the present time tobacco is ruining our young men, pauperising our working men, and rendering inefficient the best efforts of the ministers of the gospel. The Band of Hope united with the Sunday-school agency, will by the blessing of God effect a mighty work, and be a great blessing to England and the whole world.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

(Music by J. M. EVANS.
{ Words by JOSEPH DARRAH.

With spirit.

Treble
Alto
KEY G
Tenor
Bass

Look not up-on the wine, But shun its rud-dy glow;
Pure wa-ter is a friend, With ev-er smil-ing face;

{	s ₁ m : - : m r : m : r d : - : - : - : d r : - : r s : - : f m : - : - : - : s
	s ₁ s ₁ : - : s ₁ s ₁ : - : s ₁ s ₁ : - : - : - : s ₁ t ₁ : - : t ₁ t ₁ : - : r d : - : - : - : d
	m s : - : s f : s : f m : - : - : - : m s : - : - : r : - : s s : - : - : - : m
	d d : - : d s ₁ : - : s ₁ d : - : - : - : d s ₁ : - : - : s ₁ : - : s ₁ d : - : - : - : d

De-capo. CHORUS.

Drink thou from spark-ling rills, That free-ly flow; Clear wa-ter so bright,
But wine may lead thee on, To deep dis - grace.

{	s : - : m m : r : d l ₁ : - : d : - : s ₁ : - : m : r d : - : - : s ₁ s ₁ : - : l ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : - : - : - :
	d : - : d d : s ₁ : s ₁ l ₁ : - : l ₁ : - : m ₁ : - : s ₁ : - : s ₁ : - : - : m ₁ m ₁ : - : f ₁ m ₁ m ₁ : - : - : - :
	m : - : s s : f : m f : - : d : - : d : - : d : f m : - : - : d d : - : d d : - : - : - :
	d : - : d d : - : d f ₁ : - : f ₁ : - : s ₁ : - : s ₁ : - : s ₁ d : - : - : d d : - : d d : - : - : - :

Nev-er can blight, Nev-er can bring thee woe: Let wa-ter

{	d : - : r : d d : - : - : r : - : m : r s : - : f m : - : - : - : m.f s : - : l : - :
	s ₁ : - : l ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : - : - : t ₁ : - : d : t ₁ t ₁ : - : r d : - : - : - : d.r d : - : d : - :
	m : - : f : m m : - : - : s : - : s : s r : - : s s : - : - : - : s m : - : f : - :
	d : - : d : d d : - : - : s ₁ : - : s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ s ₁ : - : - : s ₁ d : - : - : - : d d : - : d : - :

then be the drink for thee, And shun thou the wine-cup's glow.

{	s s : f : m f : - : s l ₁ : - : l ₁ s : m : d r : m : r d : - : - : - :
	d m : r : d d : - : d d : - : d d : d : s ₁ t ₁ : - : - : t ₁ d : - : - : - :
	m s : - : s f : - : m f : - : f m : s : m f : s : f m : - : - : - :
	d d : - : d l ₁ : - : s ₁ f ₁ : - : f ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : - : - : s ₁ d ₁ : - : - : - :

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

(Continued.)

The grass that wraps the earth
In mantle ever fair ;
The trees that raise their heads
Aloft in air ;
The flowers that deck the fields,—
God's bright and lovely flowers ;
All drink the stream of life
From fruitful showers.
Clear water so bright, &c.

The birds that fly to heaven,
Whose song so sweetly thrills ;
And all the herds that graze
Upon the hills ;

And all the beasts that roam
Throughout the forest's shade ;
Drink from the sparkling draught
That God has made.
Clear water so bright &c.

Then water, pure and clear,
My constant drink shall be ;
And from the mocking wine,
Afar I'll flee ;
For water is a friend ;
The wine-cup is a foe ;
The one will give me joy :
The other, woe.
Clear water so bright, &c.

NEARER MY HOME.

(ADAPTED TO THE SAME TUNE.)

A crown of glory bright,
By faith's clear eyes I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.
I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer
my home to-day,
Yes ! nearer my home in heaven to-day, than
ever I was before.

O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view.
And through the storms of life,
My way pursue.
I'm nearer my home, &c.

Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My daily steps attend ;
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend.

I'm nearer my home, &c.

Be Thou my Shield and Sun,
My Saviour and my guard ;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

I'm nearer my home, &c.

WHY I AM A TEETOTALER.

Characters :—EVA and ALFRED.

EVA. Have you any teetotalers in this part of the country ?

ALFRED. Yes, I should think we have indeed, and I'm one of them too.

EVA. You one ? *you*, a teetotaler ? Why are *you* a teetotaler ?

ALF. Why ? For the same reason that *you* and everyone else should be one too.

EVA. What reason is that pray ? If men and women are teetotalers, surely such a little boy as you have no need to be one ; for there's no fear that you'll get drunk.

ALF. You don't think that I'm always going to be a little boy, do you ? I don't. I expect to be a man if I live long enough ; and besides, there's not a drunkard in the whole world but was once a little boy or girl. I therefore consider that if I'm a teetotaler now, I'm a little boy, and never break my pledge, I shall never be a drunkard when I become a man ; that's *my* logic.

EVA. Well, for my part, I think that teetotalism is very well for drunkards ; but sober people who drink *moderately*, I don't see why they should be teetotalers.

ALF. And I'll tell you the reason you can't see it. You hav'n't a teetotal life in your head. I can see it as plain as the *nose on your face*. Do you think that drunkards would form a society, send out lecturers, print bills, &c., to reform themselves ?

EVA. No, I don't think that.

ALF. If all the drunkards in the world were to die to-morrow, there would be a fresh crop spring up ; don't you think there would ?

EVA. Yes, no doubt of it.

ALF. Well, where would they all come from ?

EVA. Ah ! *yes, yes* ; that's very plain. Of course they would come from the moderate drinking part of the nation.

ALF. Of course ; all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. *You go for lopping off the branches merely ; I go for digging it up by the roots. It's very well for the branches of the upas tree of drunkenness to be lopped off, but I say root and branch and all. Teetotalism for ever!* [*Aside.*]

EVA. Stop, stop ; I suppose you think you have shut me up, don't you ?

ALF. No ; I think you've shut yourself up, if there's any shutting up about it. [*Aside.*]

EVA. But stop ; before you go, I want to ask another question.

ALF. Well, *out with it.*

EVA. Do you think I ought to deny myself of things that I need for the sake of other people ?

ALF. You don't need intoxicating drinks.

EVA. How do *you* know ? The doctors recommend it. I should think they wouldn't do that if there were no good in it. What have you to say to that ?

ALF. In the first place, many of the greatest physicians in England and America never recommend it at all ; they say *alcohol* cannot make blood ; it can influence it, but not create it. It's only doctors of the old school who now recommend it. I've heard my mother say that doctors used to recommend bands *yards* long, to go round and round the waist of little babies, and that they must wear flannel caps, and that everybody must wear nightcaps, or they'd get their *deaths of cold*, and many other things they now deem foolish ; so by-and-by we may expect their recommendation of beer and porter will be thrown aside with the swaddling bands and nightcaps.

EVA. Then you would make it appear that, with regard to this subject, our doctors are not out of the dark ages.

ALF. Well, there's a mixture of doctors as well as lawyers, no doubt ; a great many are very honourable gentlemen, and very scientific ; but there are many who, on this subject, "love darkness better than light," and "will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd." Others are resolved to abide by their own creed ; "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

EVA. Well, I'll ponder over the subject, for I do think it worthy of a good deal of attention.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONWARD."

DEAR SIR,—At a recent meeting of our Band of Hope Union and Temperance Committees, we were discussing what sort of amusements should be introduced to the Gala field. As usual dancing was brought on board, and some maintained it ought to be allowed, for reasons which they advanced. Others strongly opposed dancing in connection with Sabbath-school children ; so one of the committee asked this question, which I hope some of your numerous readers will answer, "Can any member of this committee produce any evidence or facts to prove that persons who have begun to dance in our temperance galas have been led further into the ruining of their character ?"

AN INQUIRER.

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT.

WAIT, wait, wait,
Through the long hours of night ;
Wait, wait, wait,
Till the morning light,
Till the worn-out slave
Prematurely old,
Shall drop in the grave
Lifeless and cold.

Wait, wait, wait,
At the taphouse door ;
Wait, wait, wait,
On the bare flagged floor ;
Till the weeping eyes
Grow dim and sore,
And the aching bones
Shall ache no more.

Toil, toil, toil,
Through the old daylight ;
Toil, toil, toil,
Through the long dark night ;
Till the bursting heart
And the wasted frame
Sink 'neath the load
Of guilt and shame.

Toil, toil, toil,
Till the wearied hands
Refuse to obey
The heart's commands ;
Till the wasting strength
And the sinking head
Prepare the way
For the funeral bed.

Toil, toil, toil,
Without rest or ease ;
Toil, toil, toil,
In pain and disease ;
Till the daily bread
Shall be hardly won,
And grief and despair
Their work have done.

Toil, toil, toil,
Till the life be o'er,
And the spirit have fled
To a distant shore ;
But the guilt that remains
Will be revealed,
And the wounds thus made
Can never be healed.

BANDS OF HOPE

HOW TO CONDUCT THEM, THEIR DANGERS AND ADVANTAGES.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT A BAND OF HOPE CONFERENCE
BY THE REV. G. LORD.

I HAVE been requested by the general committee of our Band of Hope Union to prepare a paper for this meeting on "Bands of Hope, how to conduct them, their dangers and advantages : " a paper which, "whilst it treats on every phase of the subject briefly, is intended to awaken a free discussion, which, it is hoped, will tend to raise the standard of our platform."

We shall first briefly state in what manner a Band of Hope meeting should be conducted, the kind of work to be done, and then enter a little more fully into the question of the character of that work.

The opening service of the meeting should consist of the singing of a temperance hymn, in which all the audience may join, and by prayer to God for success in the work. Then, after the chairman's address, music, readings, recitations, and speeches should be given in accordance with a previously well-arranged programme. After which a recapitulation of the whole business of the meeting may be given by the chairman, and an appeal made on behalf of the principles and claims of the society, urging upon all persons present to take the pledge, who have not already done so. The meeting to be concluded by prayer.

Of this work, the character of music, readings, recitations, and speeches have now to be considered.

With regard to music, we readily admit that the Band of Hope movement has been very considerably helped by it. Our meetings have been made interesting by it, and a good attendance must in most instances be partly attributed to it. People generally, both young and old, are fond of the "service of song." Our meetings must continue to be made interesting. But we should be very careful in the selection we make, for it ought, at the very least, to be good and pleasing. On no account whatever should any music be given, however excellent in itself, if the words employed do not set forth either temperance, moral, or religious truth. If this point *be not* attended to, then we shall certainly fail to accomplish the object for which, as societies, we exist. And more than this, we shall be preparing our young people for the very places *from which*, above all others, we desire to keep them—from the public-house, singing saloon, and all such places, with their Bacchanalian and demoralising entertainments.

With regard to reading papers or articles, whether prose or poetry, at our Band of Hope meetings, the same rule ought to be acted upon. Nothing should be read that is absurd, or ridiculous, or questionable in its moral tone. Nothing ought to be given for the mere sake of fun or merriment, if there be any element in it of a questionable character. It ought not to satisfy us that what is given is a fact. All facts are not suitable material for our work. Our work is a special one, a deeply important one; one that requires caution, prudence, sound judgment, the "wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove."

With regard to recitations, we must apply the same rule already laid down. The sentiment, the tone, the character of every recitation ought to be wholly good. We ought to know that this is the case before a piece is allowed to be recited. We should also exclude all those pieces which treat upon denominational religious differences, both of belief and of practice. To succeed, we must have an ever deepening and increasing unity. To introduce these matters will impair and destroy our unity, and therefore destroy our existence.

With regard to pieces written in the Lancashire or Yorkshire dialect, whether read or recited, *the fewer given the better*. These pieces generally please our audiences. But, if we mistake not, it is the wit, humour, and imagination in them, and not the dialect which gives so much pleasure. The conviction our experience has produced in this matter is, that just in proportion to the wit, humour, and imagination employed by the author in the piece is the interest and pleasure which the audience have in it. Whilst we are very anxious for purity of morals, we should also cultivate in the young a love for purity of language and manners.

With regard to dressing in costume, and scenic arrangements in connection with recitations, I am strongly apprehensive of much and serious danger—danger to our reciters and young people in fostering and strengthening such taste and habits as may ultimately lead them to the public-house musical entertainments and to the theatre. We may be unable to prevent some of the young from going to such places, but this can be no justifiable reason for our imitating such entertainments. Certainly, we ought to do nothing which will prepare them *for*, and help them *to*,

such places. Just imagine a theatre-going person—a votary of the present-day stage—saying, I acquired my all-absorbing and ruling passion of scenic representation at the Band of Hope meetings. We must not lead the young into temptation. Danger to our Sunday-schools; for so soon as our scholars are caught in the trap of these debasing entertainments they become lost to the school. Danger to the Christian Church, to our families, and to the nation.

With regard to speeches, the same rule ought to be observed. The most uncharitable and censorious statements, it has been my misfortune to hear, have been heard from our platform from temperance advocates. Six months ago this very night, a speaker, who had come from a neighbouring town, declared in one of our Band of Hope meetings in my hearing, in the plainest and strongest terms possible, the absolute impossibility of being a Christian without at the same time being a total abstainer. It was exceedingly painful to hear such statements, equally wrong and damaging.

Sometimes we have been pained by hearing speakers state what “strange things” they did whilst they were drinkers and under the influence of drink. “Strange things,” the statement of which was positively offensive and disgusting. We do not call in question these “strange things” as facts. But we do seriously question the propriety of stating these things to children and young persons. We must repeat that all facts are not proper material for our work. Only that which is really adapted and likely to accomplish our work ought to be given.

Sectarian theology and party politics have sometimes been introduced into Band of Hope meetings. These are elements quite foreign to our purpose and work. We do not exist for the purpose of training children to be Episcopalians, or Baptists, or Methodists; nor do we exist for the purpose of making them Conservatives or Liberals. Our purpose is to train the young to sobriety. Our three great principles are: Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Prevention of drunkenness is better than cure. Practical sympathy one toward another. Our work as Bands of Hope is the carrying out of these principles. We must therefore avoid all sectarianism, especially theological and political. All personalities in speeches ought to be avoided, whether affecting persons present or absent. The motives of those who differ from us in opinion ought not to be condemned. Speeches should be short. Except on special occasions they should never exceed fifteen minutes. The matter should be presented frequently in different ways, until the speaker has reason to believe that he is fully understood. Answers to questions may be sought for from time to time. To instruct in a lively, earnest, pleasing, and entertaining manner should be our aim. We should study and experiment, in different ways, until we succeed.

(To be continued.)

FILLING THE DECANTER.

(BOY WITH DECANTER IN HIS HAND.)



AND so father wished me to take this decanter and get it filled with the tavernkeeper's *best*. His “best!”—That means brandy; but there is something in the looks of it I don't like; and when father was going to send me on this errand, I said, “Do you want the decanter

filled with that coffin-coloured stuff, father?"—"Coffin-coloured!" said he, and I thought that his cheeks looked paler than ever, though father has been getting very pale and thin for a year past, and his frame, that was once so strong, shakes like the autumn leaf when it is just about to fall from the bough. "Why, yes," said I, "that mahogany-coloured stuff always puts me in mind of the coffins that I see in the undertaker's store round the corner."—"Foolishness!" said he, and yet his voice faltered a little. "They make coffins out of black walnut, now." "Oh!" said I, "but those are for *rich* people. You know, father, that when mother died—and that was only last winter—you had to get her a cheap coffin painted dark red,—and wasn't it strange for little sister Nelly to ask if mother's coffin was painted with brandy?" Father shuddered, and looked aside, but, as he did so, his gaze fell on this decanter. There was a little brandy in it then, and as it glared in the sunlight, it seemed to me as if something with red and flaming eyes was winking and grinning in the decanter. Father snatched it up, drank the liquor that was in it, and then that red glare shone through *his* eyes as plainly as it had done through the glass of the bottle. He told me fiercely to go and get him more brandy. "I must drink myself drunk," said he, "so that I can *forget everything*,—forget my murdered wife, and my wretched children; forget death, and eternity, and God!"

I took the decanter and came away trembling, but I did not get it filled with brandy. A bright and merry stream of water ran rippling not far from my path,—a stream that gives drink to the birds and to the lambs, and to all other innocent creatures that need no fiery liquor to burn up the memory of wicked deeds, and the fear of vengeance that is coming. The wild roses that bend over that stream shed into it drops of dew that make its water still sweeter; and when the summer's sun or winter's moon shines upon it, it looks so like a stream of heavenly glory, that it makes me wonder at God's goodness in giving such a drink to sinful men. I looked at it, and thought, "What is the tavernkeeper's '*best*' compared to *this*?" and so I stooped and filled the decanter *there*. As I lifted it up from the water, some bright drops fell down that looked just like tears, as tho' the old decanter—now that it had been baptized in the pure stream—was crying to think that it had ever held that frightful stuff that made our home so poor and wretched, and that withered my dear mother's happiness and life away. Now, I will take home this decanter full of the clear, bright water, and say, "Father, drink *this*, and you will not want to forget my dear mother, but to think of her as a saint in heaven whom some day you will find, never to lose her again. You will not want to forget your children, but to take comfort from their love, and the sight of their happiness. You will not want to forget God, but to look up to Him, and ask that He will pity and strengthen you. Does your head burn now, father? What should you bathe it with, but this cool, refreshing water? Brandy never cured a head or a heart that was sick! Brandy always makes a fire burn more fiercely, but never puts it out!" And if father *will* but take this for his drink our home may be a happy one again, though when he looks at that empty chair by our fire-side, and by our table, he will sigh and wish that the decanter had never been filled except with cold water.

EDITOR'S CHAT.



THE present position and prosperity of the Band of Hope movement renders it more than ever imperative that its true friends should jealously guard it, equally as much against the indiscretions of professing friends as of the undisguised hostility of opposing foes, so that while the fire of our energy slackens not, our vigilant care should be doubled. As the movement is now becoming a recognised institution of our country, it is the more necessary that we strive to raise its tone and character as represented by our societies and advocates, to purge it from the dross of questionable customs and more questionable advocacy, which in times past were only just tolerated. We are not now fighting for bare existence but for pre-eminence, and every step we advance requires one of equal preparation and fitness. The nature of our entertainments—the conducting of our meetings—the character of our speakers, and the nature of our addresses, recitations and music—all require careful examination and approval. Nor is it less necessary, on the other hand, to press into our service every new and approved agency within our reach, never omitting an opportunity of judiciously introducing our principles into all our social and religious movements. In this way we shall be able to take advantage of our present encouraging position, and fit ourselves for occupying with honour every advance we make.

Our readers will peruse with equal gratification with ourselves the following letter we have received in regard to the subject in our last month's Editor's Chat. We hope that many others will be influenced in the same direction and adopt our correspondent's plan:—

"In your editorial remarks in the last copy of "Onward," I find that you comment on some Bands of Hope suspending their meetings during the summer months. You say that it can never act well; and you recommend outdoor meetings, picnics, &c., as the means of keeping their members together. Now, sir, I can entirely coincide with you on this subject, because it is hardly possible to get tea parties and indoor meetings up with success in the summer months, and therefore we are obliged to find out some other plan of keeping our members together, or they get languid in the cause, and then, when we come to recommence our meetings, it takes months to get our Bands of Hope in full vigour again. I can fully testify to the good resulting from pic-nics a few miles from home. Our Committee, getting upon the advice you give, took our Band of Hope members about four miles from home last Saturday afternoon, July 2nd, to an house exceedingly well-fitted for the purpose, where we spent an exceedingly pleasant afternoon in the usual way at such gatherings, and I believe it will be the means of both strengthening our present members in their attendance and interest, and of adding to our numbers."—I remain, yours, &c., J. H. H.

We are rejoiced to record that in the division on the Permissive Bill in the House of Commons on July 13th, it was only rejected by the small majority of 31. In June, 1864, the hostile majority was 257, in May, 1869, it was reduced to 106,

and now we have come to 31. The whole temperance world may well take courage and rejoice at this unmistakeable sign of the times, which portends that the days of the liquor traffic are numbered.

No fact is more certain than that four-fifths of our pauperism is the result of intemperance. What fearful import then do the following returns present. On the 31st of May last there were in England and Wales 957,633 paupers, or one to 20 of the whole population, and an increase of 8,922 over the same date last year. With increasing wealth, we increase our pauperism.

"THE GREAT DELUSION," and "SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER" (price 1d. each), are the titles of two lectures which we have received by Mr. T. Heywood, of London. They are both interesting and instructive, but contain a few harsh expressions of doubtful propriety.

"THE TEETOTALER" (price 1d.), published by G. H. Graham, 35, Kingsley Road, Maidstone, is a magazine we can commend as deserving of an extensive circulation.

"THE HUDDERSFIELD MONTHLY RECORD" (price ½d.), is a very cheap and worthy temperance journal. It is quite a credit to the publishers, and we trust it will command a liberal support.

We are rejoiced to notice that our good friend Mr. W. Mayo, of Braintree, still continues his invaluable labours of successfully establishing Bands of Hope, wherever his lot may be cast. He appears to be untiring in his efforts to further our cause, and we heartily wish him God speed, and pray for many more such labourers.

Our Bradford friends have again repeated their great annual gala, and with equal success to any of the previous ones. The demonstration was held on Saturday afternoon, July 2nd, 1870, in Peel Park, Bradford. It was computed that about 30,000 persons were present during the afternoon. There was a choir of 2,000 voices, formed of members from upwards of 50 Bands of Hope. Suitable addresses were delivered by a large number of the most prominent temperance advocates, and during the afternoon interesting games and sports were introduced. Such was the success of this Band of Hope gathering, that a local paper states "that the thanks of the community are due to the committee of the Bradford Band of Hope Union, for the efficient manner in which the treat was carried out."

Blackburn Band of Hope Union.—The midsummer festival of this union was held on Saturday, July 2nd, 1870, when 1,800 formed in procession and marched through the principal streets of the town. Tea was provided in the Chapel-street Congregational Schoolroom, when over 700 sat down, after which the festival was continued in the Town Hall, and addressed by the Rev. John Gutteridge, of Manchester, and others. Over 2,000 persons were present. A juvenile choir of 300 voices, and the Darwen Temperance Brass Band rendered efficient service during the evening.

On Monday, June 6th, the Castleford Temperance Society and Band of Hope Union held their annual demonstration. The procession, which consisted of five Bands of Hope, was headed by a brass band, and proceeded to a field in the district, and spent the afternoon in various interesting sports and exercises.

Our Drinking Customs and the Drink Traffic,

IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY WORK IN WESTERN AFRICA.

BY A RETURNED AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

(Concluded from page 115.)



HUS far we have confined our attention to one portion of the Western Coast of Africa; and we have seen the effect of the drinking customs there.

Four years later than the time of the Landers another traveller went to West Africa. Sir James Edward Alexander went on "A Voyage of Observation among the Colonies found on the West Coast."

From the narrative which was published on his return to England, I gather that he visited places on at least 2,000 miles of the coast. The first place visited was Bathurst, at the mouth of the River Gambia, and here the drinking custom meets us in this form. "Filling a glass of gin and water, he rose, and turning to me said with feeling, 'On my feet, sir, I drink your health, and may you meet with success in your present undertaking.'" The gentleman whose health was thus drunk, was Sir James Edward Alexander. The man who drank the health of this traveller was named Hilman. He was the only surviving companion of Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, well known travellers, with whom he had been to Africa. Evidently, with both man and master, the drinking custom went wherever they went.

It is a pleasure to notice, however, that in their conversation they talk of "the great comfort of *tea, coffee, and sugar* on a journey" in Africa.

Here then the drink is, in 1834, long before the missionary went.

Twenty years later, long after the missionary went there, I find wines and spirits were imported into this one colony to the value of £7,805.

In nine years, *i. e.*, up to 1863, the value of the wines and spirits imported into Bathurst had increased to £17,313.

This money, spent as the Church Missionary Society spends money, would have maintained in Bathurst fifteen missionaries, thirty native clergymen, thirty native schoolmasters, and thirty native schoolmistresses.

It would also have provided two schools at £2,000 each, and one church at £3,000. And further, it would have paid the cost for one year of training twenty-five schoolmasters and twenty-five schoolmistresses, at £25 each.

There would still be money left from this sum to buy FOUR THOUSAND BIBLES, and FOUR THOUSAND school books.

Could the benefit to Bathurst be told by any tongue or pen which would follow from this large sum of money being spent for the above-named purposes, instead of being spent in wines and spirits? Surely it could not.

Leaving Bathurst, Sir J. E. Alexander passed down the coast to Sierra Leone. While there he says, "The colonial revenue at the beginning of this year (1834) was above £7,000, derived from custom-house dues AND LICENSES FOR DRAM SHOPS."

This, the reader may remember, was eighteen years after missionary work had been commenced in Sierra Leone. The "dram shops" were going on, doing their work side by side with the missionaries. In 1854 the value of the wines and spirits imported into Sierra Leone was £9,486, but in 1863 it had increased to the large sum of £12,479.

The work of Christian missions among the liberated slaves in the colony of Sierra Leone was such a success, that in 1861 the native church was made self-supporting. From the year 1861 to 1865 inclusive, the native African Christians gave for their churches and schools, ministers and teachers, the noble sum of £6,100. Besides this, they gave for missionary work, taking 1867 as the average, the sum of £3,300. Altogether £9,400 given for God's work in seven years. But in ONE of these SEVEN years the people in Sierra Leone spent in wines and spirits £12,479. More was spent in one year on wines and spirits, than was spent in seven years on churches and schools, ministers and teachers.

Let me not be misunderstood for a moment, to be speaking against native Christians or faithful missionaries, of whom there are many in Sierra Leone. That be far from me. But while money is so much needed there for missionary work, how can I forget what is spent on the drinking customs? Perhaps the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and other church officers, might with advantage direct their attention to this subject.

Every missionary, and every native minister in Sierra Leone, will acknowledge that "RUM SHOPS," as they call them, are to be seen at nearly every street corner. It is worth notice also that in all these places it is "TRADE RUM" which is sold. It is not ale, or porter, but spirits—"Rum" in fact, which is sold and consumed.

Missionary friends had far better own the greatness of the evil. This is the first step. The next is to oppose the evil. I doubt if much can be done without temperance societies, which have been of such great use in England. This will involve personal example and personal abstinence on the part of the leaders in this movement. Missionaries have, in former days, dared to risk health and even life in order to found a Christian Church in Sierra Leone. Will they be less bold and self-denying now? Something must soon be done, or the consequences will be most serious. I am told that for every license to sell spirits, the Government charges £50 in Sierra Leone. Yet I know from personal experience that there is hardly a street in Freetown in which there is not a "Rum Shop." I am deeply grieved to say this, but it is true and MUST be said.

Passing on down the West Coast of Africa, Sir J. E. Alexander came to Liberia. In his narrative he tells us something about the amusements on board ship. "One evening with the 'dash' of a bottle of rum, I got the Kroomen to exhibit on the fore-castle." Then follows an account of the exhibition. What we have to notice is the means by which he got them to exhibit. It was "with the dash (gift) of a bottle of rum." The drinking customs appear everywhere and

among every class. Here are men unlike in almost everything. The British nobleman and the African krooman. But though so widely separated in other things, they are one in their drinking habits.

The kroomen are the maratime nation of West Africa. They are taken on board every naval and every merchant ship, and, almost without exception, they are the most drunken of all the African nations. Also, almost without exception, they are the least affected, thus far, by Christianity or civilisation.

While on his way towards Liberia Sir J. E. Alexander says, "By eating very little animal food, avoiding grease and strong liquors, but indulging in half a bottle of pale ale at dinner, with daily ablutions of salt and fresh water, I preserved my health and spirits perfectly without any medicine."

Speaking of pale ale reminds me that, when I was first going to Africa in 1859, a certain doctor who had just returned from Africa told me that if I intended to live there I must certainly use Bass's pale ale. I desired very much to live, God willing, but I determined to use ADAM'S pale ale first. Dr. Lees, of Leeds, advised me to use quinine as a tonic, and when I took a sponge bath, to add a little vinegar to the water. From this I derived great benefit, and never either needed or used the much praised ale of Mr. Bass.

I approve of what a sea captain said to Sir J. E. Alexander, "In my ship, sir, none of us drink grog: we take our coffee five times a day, and are all the better for it. No mistake about that." In due course our traveller cast anchor off Liberia. And he says, "People here think of nothing but exchanging cloth, gunpowder, and rum with the natives for ivory, palm oil, and gold."

Leaving Liberia, they went on to Cape Coast Castle. Speaking here of the "Royal African Corps," he says "they died five or six in a day," but he also says, "they gave a loose rein to vicious propensities, drank, and committed every other excess." Of the Danish residents on the Gold Coast, he tells us, "they begin the day with drinks of gin in the morning, and take perhaps FORTY glasses of it NEAT during the day. They smoke and drink much more than the English, and suffer for it. The Commandant at Elmina lived this way, AND WENT OFF SUDDENLY without warning."

I, as a missionary and personal abstainer, dare not speak so plainly of the way many live, and the reason why many die in Africa, but I may quote the testimony of this moderate drinker, who is an independent witness. Of the exports and imports at the time of his visit, he says, "they exchange gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and tortoise shell for rum, gunpowder, tobacco, hardware, cottons, and sugar." As it was in 1834, so it was in 1854. For in the latter year, the wines and spirits imported on the Gold Coast were valued at £21,200. But in nine years, viz., to 1862, this had increased to £40,000, which is a little over THREE TIMES AS MUCH spent on drink in one place as is spent by the Church Missionary Society upon all their West African Missions.

There is only another place I will speak of on the coast, viz., Lagos. This is the most hopeful of all the missionary stations on the West Coast of Africa. I would hardly except Sierra Leone from this statement; but unfortunately here, as in all other places, the drinking customs and the drink traffic are present. In 1862 the value of the wines and spirits imported into this one place was £12,744.

But in two years, *i. e.*, by 1864, their value had increased to £22,469. Why this terrible increase? How came it to pass? Lagos became a British colony in 1862, and therefore commerce increased greatly. Alas! that it should be told that for cotton, palm oil, ivory and indigo, there should chiefly be exchanged "wines and spirits," for increased commerce means increased drinking. I must now take leave of my readers. The object I have had in view will be gained if they will use these facts which I have brought to light in their warfare against the drinking customs and the drink traffic.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

PALE were the lips and blanched was the cheek,
 And dimmed were those eyes of blue ;
 Slow was the step, and feeble, and weak,
 As onward the little one flew.
 Footsore and worn, weary and faint,
 The light from her eyes flashing wild ;
 The woe that she felt, oh ! who shall paint,
 Of that helpless drunkard's child.

Cold blew the wind and deep was the snow,
 As, pinched with hunger and pain,
 Trembling with fear and weeping low,
 She sought her sad home to regain.
 Nought was within that dark, damp room
 But some straw in the corner piled ;
 And deep the dark shadow of gloom
 In the house of the drunkard's child.

She entered there with trembling step,
 And wearily sought the cold bed,
 While in the darkness she silently wept,
 And sorrowfully bowed her head.
 No mother's arm were around her placed,
 Her ears heard no accents mild,
 Nor shone on her heart, from a father's face,
 A smile to cheer that drunkard's child.

There were none to bathe the fevered brow,
 No ear to catch the feeblest sigh,
 No kind voice to whisper comfort now,
 Or soothe and stay the plaintive cry.
 Alone ! alone ! her mother is dead ;
 Her father, drunken, mad, and wild,
 Will not stoop beside the wretched bed
 Of his dying, drunkard's child.

Her limbs grow stiff, her bosom heaves ;
 She speaks, and loud for water cries ;
 Her lips are parched, she gasps for breath,—
 Falls quickly back, with glazing eyes ;
 When, lo ! an angel the thirst relieves,
 And the soul, in the latest moments, smiled ;
 Then upward flew, and Heaven receives
 And welcomes the wretched drunkard's child.

BANDS OF HOPE

HOW TO CONDUCT THEM, THEIR DANGERS AND ADVANTAGES.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT A BAND OF HOPE CONFERENCE
AT TODMORDEN, BY THE REV. G. LORD.

(Concluded from page 125.)

N the advantages of Bands of Hope we are not expected to dwell at so much length. The greatest national curse we have is intemperance. We have nothing nearly equal to it. It is a giant of fearful proportions, and of tremendous power. Other national evils are very dwarfish to this. It is a curse to everything. To religion, morality, and philanthropy; to happiness, health, and life; to every kind of trade and commerce. Its burdens rest upon, more or less, every living person. Our movement is a special attempt to destroy this greatest of all evils, by preserving the young from its snares, its curse, and its wretchedness. So far then as we succeed, the advantages are very great and very varied, extending to every aspect and relation of private and public life. But there is one particular advantage to which it is my duty to refer more fully—the advantage of Bands of Hope to our Sunday-schools. Intemperance is by far the greatest curse to these schools. The Band of Hope is a special organisation to remove this curse; it must therefore be of immense advantage to these institutions; in fact, no Sunday-school is complete without one. The following facts will show their necessity and their value:—“In the borough gaol of Leeds, out of 282 male prisoners, 230 had been Sunday-school scholars. Out of 1,000 convicts, 757 had been Sunday-school scholars. In Wakefield prison, out of 400 prisoners, 310 had attended Sunday-schools. In the county gaol, Manchester, out of 649 prisoners, 593 had attended Sunday-schools between six and seven years, and 30 of them had been teachers.” How came these persons to prison? How came they to be convicts? and how came they to leave the Sunday-school? The answer is, “drink and drinking associations!” These are extremely distressing facts. Now our Band of Hope movement is a direct and well-arranged effort to prevent the continuation of this fearful state of things. We seek to prevent our schools being robbed of such a large number of scholars through drink and its associations. The direct advantages from the Band of Hope movement to Sunday-schools and Christian churches, to education and civilisation, to trade and commerce, and every other element and relation of private and public life, are beyond calculation. No Sunday-school is sufficiently protected from the evils of intemperance without a well-managed Band of Hope society. A great amount of evil has been prevented, and a great amount of good done already. But our “societies” and “unions” must be worked as successfully as possible, and be continually extending their borders. We must not cripple ourselves by mismanagement, nor lose our influence and character by giving those things at our meetings which are of questionable character, and positively absurd and objectionable.

Our local committees should attend to the following things. They should make out a programme, a few days beforehand, of everything to be done at the forth-

coming meeting. No music, readings, or recitations to be given without their sanction; everything questionable and irrelevant to be rejected. They should secure the training of young persons as singers, so that in case of removals no difficulty will arise which cannot be easily met. And a sufficiently large number of young persons should be trained to sing, separately, temperance songs, so that the whole of this kind of work may not rest on one or two persons. By this means there will also be a greater variety of talent employed, and you are finding work for members to do. They must all work. Working is the greatest privilege of life, the most blessed of all things, for no man is truly happy who does not work. They should also give the necessary assistance to reciters and readers, so as to enable them to attain as much perfection as may be possible. They should endeavour to bring out and employ the talents of the young men as speakers. They should make a thorough canvass of the members, at least twice a year, one canvass should be made previous to the time of sending in the annual report to the general committee. Those who do not come forward to renew their membership at the end of the year, ought by all means to be visited without delay. They should consult the parents of very young children previous to their taking the pledge. They should also give assistance to the chairman in securing good order during a meeting. Every meeting should be concluded at nine o'clock p.m. As the greater part of our audience are very young people, it is imperatively necessary that this matter should be very strictly attended to. A meeting need not be continued until this time of the night, but it should never go beyond. They should encourage the members to purchase Band of Hope and other suitable periodicals of good moral and temperance literature. This might be done by obtaining the names of those persons who are willing to become subscribers and regularly supply them, or by obtaining a sufficient number of periodicals and offering them for sale at the close of the Band of Hope meetings. The local committees should find how best to secure a constant good circulation of such literature, as this will help very much to sustain the movement. They should provide temperance tracts for distribution from house to house. This is very efficiently done in some parts of the country. The place is divided into districts. Persons are appointed to change the tracts at regular intervals, suitable inquiries are made from time to time, and young persons urged to take the pledge.

They might also secure the services of a few very earnest and active members to take out pledges to their friends and acquaintance, and try to induce them to become members. This plan has been very successfully worked in many districts. Yes; to-day I received a letter informing me that in the neighbourhood of Manchester, several boys and girls were induced to try this method of working, and a great number of members were obtained in this manner. One little girl succeeded in getting 177; one boy got 104; six months afterwards a canvass was made, and, with the exception of about 10, all these persons had remained true to their pledge. We would very earnestly recommend our young people to "Go and do likewise."

They might also arrange for two or three temperance galas during the summer season. The members to meet at their respective schools, and walk in procession to the field. Bands of Hope might join in these galas. But the committees

should exercise prudence and sound judgment in conducting them, otherwise they might become an evil.

Let me conclude with words of advice and encouragement. Let us not act unwittingly. Let us feel our responsibility. Study our work. Understand our position. Act wisely. Determine, by the help of God, faithfully to do our duty at all times, in season, and out of season. Not to leave our post when a squall comes on. Keen cutting winds of opposition will blow; we must expect them, and if we are true to duty and to God, they will do us good; but, if not, they will take "the marrow out of our bones." The difficulties may be great, opposition may come from quarters where we least expect it, our minds may be pained now and again by the inconstancy of some of our members, and we may also at times seem to labour in vain. But we must remember that this is the case in every good and holy work. It is a "common lot." We must work for God, not for ourselves. We must depend on Him, not on ourselves. We must sow the seed "beside all waters," "in the morning," and "in the evening." We must not "withhold our hand." Some of the seed will grow into the harvest. If we "cast our bread upon the waters, it will be found after many days." God says unto us and unto all true and holy workers—"whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Our reward is of God, and it is sure. We should consider it a very great privilege to be permitted of God thus to work for Him "who went about doing good, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Let us thus work, praying His blessing upon our labours, and "we shall not labour in vain, nor spend our strength for nought."

GO! SIGN TEETOTAL!

BY THOMAS K. GORDON.

GOING down a street the other day,
I went to wend my busy way,
I heard a little blind boy say:
"Go! sign Teetotal!"

I turned my head full sharp to see,
Who could 'gainst drink so earnest be,
As thus to cry aloud to me:
"Go! sign Teetotal!"

I stopped to mark his earnest face,
He was but poor, and yet a grace
Of loftier things, and seemed to trace
In "Sign Teetotal!"

Some laughed to hear his constant cry,
And many passed unheeding by;
Yet he saluted far and nigh,
With "Sign Teetotal!"

I watched him down the busy street,
And thought how many he would meet,

Whom his advice would rightly greet:
"Go! sign Teetotal!"

Lectures and sermons I a few
Have heard, and have remembered too;
But a blind preacher seemed quite new
With "Sign Teetotal!"

From him a lesson let us learn,
And for ourselves some laurels earn,
By urging others drink to spurn,
And "Sign Teetotal!"

We are not blind as that poor boy,
And therefore can more skill employ,
In teaching others why we joy,
So "Sign Teetotal!"

For oh! if you've a loving heart,
And would keep souls from Drink's fell
dart,
With Bands of Hope, come bear a part,
And "Sign Teetotal!"

SING, SPEAK, WORK, AND PRAY.

Words by JOSEPH DARRAH.

with spirit.

Treble
Alto
Tenor
Bass

SING! for the Temp'rance cause is glorious! Sing! for the Lord will

KEY C.

{	s : s .,s d' : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	f : m .,m l : s
	m : m .,m m : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	d : d .,d d : d
	d' : d' .,d' s : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	d' : d' .,d' d' : d'
	d : d .,d d : -d	f .m : r .s m : d	l : s .,s f : m

bless our band! Sing! for the right shall be vic-tor-ious! And shall

{	t : d' : s : -	s : s .,s d' : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	r .m : f .s
	f : m : r : -	m : m .,m m : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	r .m : f .s
	s : s : t : -	d' : d' .,d' s : -s	f .m : r .s m : d	r .m : f .s
	r : d : s : -	d : d .,d d : -d	f .m : r .s m : d	r .m : f .s

CHORUS.

o-ver-spread the land. (Sing! sing! sing! Right is van- quished-never- And the truth, like the sun, shall ev-er

{	l .t : d' .r'	d' : t d' : -	d' : d' m' : m' .m'	m' .r' : d' .r' d' : s
	l .t : d' .l	s : f m : -	m : m s : s .s	s .f : m .f m : m
	l .t : d' .f'	m' : r' d' : -	s : s d' : d' .d'	d' .s : s s : d'
	l .t : d' .f	s : s, d : -	d : d d : d .m	s : s d : d

[1st time. - - - - D.S.] [2nd time. - - - - 1

Er-ror's dark and hate-ful reign shall cease! (omit) Shine in beauty and in peace.

{	l .l : t .d'	s : m' r' .t : d' .l	s : -	l : f' .r' r' .d' : d' .t	r' : -d' : -
	f .f : s .l	m : s s : fe	s : -	f : l .f f .m : m .r	f : -m : -
	d' .d' : d' .d'	d' : d' t .r' : l .d'	t : -	d' : l s .s : s .s	s : - : -
	f .f : f .f	d' : d r : r	s : -	f : f s .s : s .s	d : - : -

SING, SPEAK, WORK AND PRAY.

(Continued.)

SPEAK! for a word in season spoken,
Falls like a seed in fruitful ground :
Speak! and the drunkard, meek, heart-broken,
Shall in paths of peace be found.

Chorus.—Speak ! speak ! speak ! Right is
vanquished never, &c.

WORK! in the early, radiant morning,
Work in the noonday, calm and bright;
Work! with a heart self-glory scorning,
Work! ere the silent night.

Chorus.—Work! work! work! Right is van-
quished never, &c.

PRAY! for the prayers of God's anointed,
Rise like a cloud of incense sweet ;
Pray! in the time by God appointed,
Thou shalt have an answer meet.

Chorus.—Pray ! pray ! pray ! Right is vanquished
never, &c.

Then, child of Temp'rance, I implore the
Cast all thy doubts and fears away :
And, like the brave who've gone before thee,
Sing, and speak, and work, and pray.

Chorus.—Sing ! sing ! sing ! Right is vanquished
never &c.

HOW HAPPY WE WILL BE.

BY PAUL ROOKFORD.



MOTHER young and beautiful wept o'er a lovely boy ;
For oh ! she was a drunkard's wife,—that child her only joy ;
With childhood's winning words and wiles, he climbed upon her knee ;
“ When father drinks no more,” he said, “ how happy we will be !”

Above his noble brow she smoothed his golden curls away,
And strove, 'mid sobs and falling tears, to teach her child to pray,
“ O Thou who little children lov'st, look down with love on me ;
Give father strength to shun the cup, and we will happy be !”

Oh, brightly smiled that lovely bride a few short years ago,
When she to one who sought her love did heart and hand bestow ;
And those who saw *his* noble mien, and knew how good was *she*,
Said, as they drank the sparkling wine, “ How happy they will be !”

But now she weary waits and weeps, a poor, neglected wife ;
The wine made glad her marriage feast, but cursed her wedded life.
Yet still, with woman's fervent love, she prays, on bended knee,
For strength to him to shun the cup, that they may happy be.

She starts with gladness as she hears the sound of running feet ;
She knows the footfall, and she runs her darling boy to meet,—
“ O mother! mother!” cries the child, his face lit up with glee,
“ My father's signed the temperance pledge, how happy we will be.”

Again she bends a lowly knee before her God in prayer,
And clasps an arm around her son in holy beauty there ;
Anon the father comes beside his wife and child to bow,
And pleads for strength from Heaven above,—oh ! they are happy now.

NORMAN GRAY.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 119.)

CHAPTER II.



My broken arm was lightly bandaged, and I felt that I had been otherwise severely injured.

Mr. Jones, the village doctor, a plain-featured, but pleasant man, came early one morning to see me. On observing that I was gazing quietly around the room, he broke into a merry, though subdued, laugh, and assured me that if I would only lie quietly in bed for a few days longer, I should very likely be able to walk about.

One thought now constantly troubled me : I continually asked myself, “ Where is my mother?” I listened attentively for her footstep ; I tried to catch the sound of her voice, but in vain. I had inquired of my young attendant once again about her, but had received an evasive reply.

"You will see her soon," she said, "but you must wait a little while," and left the room.

This, however, instead of pacifying me, excited my feelings more than ever. A violent perspiration came on; I felt the blood rushing through my veins; my heart palpitated with excitement; and at last, unable to control my emotion, I broke into an agonised cry, and shouted as loud as I could, "Mother! mother!! mother!!!"

A piercing scream sounded in my ears, and a voice, which I recognised as my mother's, exclaimed, "Norman! Norman! oh, let me see my boy!"

I made a violent effort to spring out of bed, but this only discovered my weakness, and I sank fainting upon the pillow. The door of my chamber gently opened, and the girl of whom I have before spoken came towards me, her face flushed with excitement.

"My mother! let me see my mother!" I cried.

Ada (for I had learned that was her name) drew a chair towards me, and sitting down, begged me to be quiet, and she would tell me "all about it." With a faltering voice, and at times even bursting into tears, she said, "It was my father, Norman, who ran over you with his cart, but you must forgive him, for he did not do it purposely. He had been drinking at the 'Traveller's Rest.' The people who had been watching the disturbance ran and carried you home to your mother. She opened the door herself, and on seeing you as she thought dead, she fainted. She was carried to bed, but she has been ill ever since, and the doctor says she must be kept quiet, or there can be no hopes of her getting better, the shock she received being so great. So, Norman, try to be quiet, for your mother's sake. The doctor fears that if your mother were to see you she would be ill again. So you will wait for a few days, won't you, Norman?"

I cannot describe my feelings on hearing that my mother was lying dangerously ill in the house. However, I saw the wisdom of Ada's advice, and I resolved to restrain my desire to see her until she should be somewhat better.

"But what became of poor little Mary?" I asked, as the remembrance of her bleeding face rose before me.

"The cart wheel grazed the side of her head," said Ada, "and she is now at home very poorly, but the doctor hopes she will soon be well." Ada here again burst into tears, saying amid her sobs, "My father did not mean it, Norman; he is very sorry for what he has done, and he sent me here to help the servants while you and your mother are ill; so, Norman, do forgive him."

Her tone was so piteous that I forgot, for the moment, my own sorrow, and assured her that I freely forgave her father. Her face at once brightened, and she thanked me very earnestly. Slowly I gathered strength and I was soon able to get up and walk around my room.

My desire to see my mother became now almost uncontrollable, and at last Ada promised that on the morrow I should be taken to her. While she said this, I fancied I saw a tear steal down her cheek, and I noticed that her lips quivered very much. But the joy with which the anticipation of seeing my mother filled me, caused me to pay little attention to these manifestations of emotion. When Ada left me, I sat at the window of my room. The sun, which was just sinking

in the west, poured a flood of golden splendour upon the hill tops, while a mellow light streamed down upon the vale. The bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the cattle, and the confused sound of human voices, fell gently upon my ear. Every moment the sun sank lower, and the tints of the sky assumed a purple hue. The stars one by one appeared, and at last the full moon lit up, with her silvery light, the whole landscape. Yet still I sat quietly at the window; an indescribable spell held me there. I began to think seriously, for the first time in my life, of the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks. I considered my own case; and my cheeks burned with indignation as I thought of my broken arm, of my mother lying dangerously ill, and of poor Mary Ogden's bleeding face. I asked myself, "Who is to blame for all these misfortunes?" I could see that those who were the sufferers had not caused the accident. They were the innocent victims of the folly of others; and even Ada's father, I thought, probably did not originate the quarrel. There was something beyond all the actors in the sad tragedy; and that was—THE DRINK!

A feeling of indescribable sadness came over me; as I remembered that for three weeks I had not seen my mother. I feared I knew not what. I felt a presentiment of coming misfortune, and at last I gave way to grief, and resting my face in my hand, I wept bitterly. After a while I rose from my seat, knelt down, and lifted up my voice in prayer to God. I then threw myself upon the bed and was soon asleep. But my slumbers were troubled. Horrible dreams haunted me. I thought I saw my mother, her face radiant with smiles, open her arms to embrace me. I rushed towards her, when suddenly the colour fled from her cheeks, her eyes lost their brightness, and she fell lifeless at my feet. I awoke with a cry of alarm, and observed that the morn was just breaking. I could sleep no more. My dream filled me with fearful forebodings, and with the greatest impatience I awaited the moment when Ada should come to lead me into my mother's arms. Slowly the hours passed on. I saw the sun rise higher and higher in the heavens; I heard the singing of the birds, but I heeded them not. One devouring fear held possession of me. I trembled for my mother's life, yet why I knew not. At last I heard a subdued knock at my chamber door, and the next moment Ada came in. I gazed earnestly in her face, and an icy chilliness came over me as I observed that her eyes were sad and downcast.

"As soon as you are dressed, Norman," she said, "you can come and see your mother."

"How is she?" I impatiently asked.

"Very ill, indeed, Norman," replied Ada. She then left the room, and I hastily dressed.

She soon returned, and asking me to lean upon her arm, and slowly led me to the door of my mother's chamber. I trembled exceedingly, and hesitated for a moment on the threshold, like one who fears that the reality may be worse than a state of suspense; but Ada gently pushed open the door, and we entered. I gazed furtively around, and when my eyes rested upon my mother's bed, I forgot my weakness and rushed towards her. How shall I describe my feelings as the face of my mother, with sunken eyes, wasted cheeks, and pallid lips, met my view.

A cry of anguish broke from my heart, and I exclaimed, "OH, ADA, SHE IS DEAD!"

Ada hastily stepped to my side, and looking on my mother's face, said, "No, Norman, she is not dead, she is only asleep."

The sound of our voices caused the sufferer to awake, and on seeing me, she endeavoured, but was too weak, to stretch out her arms to embrace me. I threw my arms around her neck, and covered her face with kisses, while my mother's emotion only permitted her to ejaculate, "Norman! Norman! my boy! my boy!"

For a few moments we were both unable to speak. The sight of my mother's wasted face caused me again and again to burst into tears; and even when our emotion had subsided, I found that she was so weak that conversation was impossible. It was with great difficulty that she uttered a few words of inquiry respecting my broken arm, and I observed that her eyes were dull and languid. Her head sank back, her eyelids closed, and her face became rigid. I gazed upon her with breathless apprehension. For at least ten minutes Ada and I kept our eyes fixed upon her face. At length, a slight flush mounted to her temples; a smile played upon her lips; her eyes opened, and looking upon me with speechless love, she faintly said:—"NORMAN, DEAR, LOVE THE SAVIOUR; NEVER FORGET YOUR MOTHER; AND, OH! AVOID THE DRINK." It was a last effort. One moment more, and she was dead. I can never picture my agony as the spirit of her who had loved me so well passed away. My heart was broken, a cry of the deepest agony burst from my lips, and I gave myself up to despair.

"My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss."

Three days afterwards a funeral procession might have been seen slowly wending its way to the old churchyard of Burnham. It was the funeral of my mother. As soon as I had regained some degree of composure after her death, I had reproached both Ada and the servants for not letting me see her sooner; but they had continued to hope, they said, that she would soon recover; and they feared that a meeting between us might have been prejudicial to the health of both; their hopes proved illusive, and when at last my mother's illness took a fatal turn, they felt that it was imperative that I should see her; though fearing that the meeting might hasten her end, as, alas! the event proved it did.

My uncle and myself were the principal mourners. The whole population manifested their respect for the memory of the dead; in nearly every house the blinds were drawn down; and when at last the procession reached the churchyard, the crowd was so great that it was with some difficulty that we passed through. I cannot describe the scene. I noticed, however, little Mary Ogden, standing by the path which led to the church, her head bound in bandages, weeping bitterly; and a little further on, I observed Ada standing by the side of her father (whom I soon recognised). His face manifested great sorrow, and when for a moment I raised my eyes to his, he turned away his head and groaned deeply.

The solemn service for the dead was over, the procession had returned, but my grief was so great that I hardly realised the full extent of the rite. When, however, I entered my chamber at home, the thought that I should never again see my mother struck me with overwhelming power; and, regardless of everything, I rushed from the house, and entered a covert of trees at some short distance, that I might, in the quiet of solitude, give full expression to my sorrow.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHTS OF THE DRINK SELLER.

BY EDWARD BUNTLIN.

WHAT are his rights? Let them
be told:

To arm the murderer's hand;
To make the midnight robber bold;
To light the incendiary brand;
To start the starving orphan's tears;
To raise afresh the widow's curse;
To shade the sunset of man's years;
And even make the vilest worse.

To lead the nation's youth astray;
To tempt, to kill, and to destroy;
On human wretchedness to prey;
To cancel every human joy;
To blast each strong and vigorous tree
Which rears aloft its manly crest;
To blacken every destiny,
Which but for him might have been
blest.

His rights! The very fiends of hell
Have rights as good as his to claim!
His rights! No tongue or pen can tell
One half his wrongs or paint his shame.
His rights! It makes grim Satan sneer,
The special pleading of his friends,
In their profound debates, to hear,
While working out his fiendish ends.

By all the glories of the past—
By all our sires have ever done
To make the nation great at last—
The purest, freest 'neath the sun—
Awake, ye people! up and arm,
And battle in this holy cause!
Dispel the drink-fiend's cursed charm,
And call aloud for temperance laws!

TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE HOUSE.

A RECITATION FOR A YOUNG LADY.

I WONDER if any of you were ever blamed for what somebody else did. If not, you have been more fortunate than I. Only last evening, my mother said I brought in such a quantity of tobacco smoke it made her sick, and she wished I would leave the room. Of course, I left. I shouldn't think of staying after that; but this morning I told her all about it.

I had been spending the day at my uncle's, and cousin Tom walked home with me. He smoked all the way, just as though he was doing something very grand; but I knew better, if I am not so old as he is. When we got home, I thought it was only civil to invite him to go in; and what do you think he said? Why, just this. "Thank you, but I must finish my cigar." Now, cousin Tom always takes it upon himself to read me lectures on ladylike looks, ladylike habits, and ladylike manners. My hair must be crimped in the latest style, my teeth should be white as milk, and my lips as red as roses. But he needn't trouble himself any more about my lips; I can take care of them without his assistance.

Cousin Tom tells a great deal about the wine suppers they have in college, and boasts that he can keep a clear head, while others are helped to their rooms.

Perhaps he thinks we girls are impressed by that kind of talk, and I, for one, *am* so much impressed, that I wish to hear no more of it.

If he should see a wrinkle in my collar, he would be sure to speak of it as an unpardonable offence. His collars are always smooth and glossy; his hat is in the last fashion; his gloves are a perfect fit; and his boots are mirrors in which is reflected his handsome face. But he smokes, and chews, and drinks wine; and whoever shall be his *wife* must also be his *servant*.

So we shall part company, and he may look elsewhere for milk-white teeth and rosy lips. My mother will never scold me again for bringing tobacco smoke into the house.

WILLIE'S AN ABSTAINER NOW.

BY T. H. EVANS.

Air—"Will he no' come back again."

WILLIE was a—you can guess,
Doubtless by my telltale cheek,
What that word is, I confess,
I have not the heart to speak.
"Temperance" waved her crystal wand,
O'er his gloom-enshadowed brow,
Nobly did his heart respond,
Willie's an abstainer now.

Every night my aching head,
Sorrow's tear-stained pillow prest;
Every hope, alas! had fled,
From my anguish-stricken breast.
Now earth's soul corroding cares,
Never more can cloud my brow;
Heaven has answered all my prayers,
Willie's an abstainer now.

Jenny used to lay her head,
Near my breaking heart to weep;
Little Tom would cry for bread,
Till he sobbed himself to sleep.
Now, our home's with comfort stored,
Sorrow's left each infant brow;
Every night I thank the Lord,
Willie's an abstainer now.
Hope's bright morn hath dawned at last,
'Mid its care-dispelling gleam,
All the sad, unhappy past,
Seemeth like a troubled dream.
Now I meet life's numerous cares,
With a calm, contented brow;
Heaven hath answered all my prayers,
Willie's an abstainer now.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

AS we look around us, our eyes rest on some bright faces; boys on whom a mother's hope are centered, and for whom fathers have laboured, and are still labouring. We think we would like to read their destiny, to see if the world is to be the worse or better for them; we feel as if we would like to warn them of some rock on which their barks may be foundered. First of all, we would like to warn them against *Intemperance*. And let me tell you, boys, of one who was as educated, intelligent, and as much beloved as any of you—his mother's idol, his father's fondest hope; in one unguarded hour he saw the glass of red wine, drank of it, and fell step by step, till, to-day, he fills the grave of a suicide.

This is no fancy sketch, but truth. We could tell you how the manliness passed from his step, the genial frankness from his brow, and the polished language of his tongue gave place to low, coarse, vulgar oaths and jests of the drunkard. Night after night that mother paced her room in agony and dread,

not knowing what to expect ; whether he would be brought home drunk or spend the night in some low den, or the next morning would find him in the watch-house. Had he never touched the intoxicating draught, he might have attained a prominent position in the circle in which he moved, and undoubtedly would have been an ornament to society.

When a fond mother presses her infant son to her bosom, if she could then lift the veil of futurity, and read on the page of coming years that her son so loved and idolised, would become a victim to intemperance, how great would be the heart-anguish of that mother ! it would be too much for her gentle frame, and in a few months she would sink, as a blighted flower, in the grave. Oh ! touch not the maddening bowl ; drink not at all ; for if you do, it will lead you from virtue to vice. Imagine the consequences which must surely follow. Think of the paternal home and fireside, where you spent your young, innocent life ; the hours of childhood passed within those walls under a mother's guidance and influence, which render them so sacred to memory. Think of that fond, devoted mother ; the gentle, affectionate sister, who may mourn your absence at home ; and perhaps a weeping wife and children. Ah ! never think of forsaking them for the key which unlocks the way to ruin. Remember those tender plants are intrusted to your care, to love and instruct, and lead in the path of virtue. Be careful, then, of the example you set for those "buds of promise." The affairs of our country will one day devolve upon them. May these important truths be deeply impressed on your minds !

EDITORS' CHAT.

 F the large increase of Band of Hope and temperance demonstrations be any sign of the increase and progress of the temperance movement, our friends will doubtless look upon the present summer with intense gratification. In fact, teetotalism seems to have lost its dreaded and obnoxious form with many of its opponents when dressed out with garlands and banners, in our pic-nics and galas, so happy and attractive, and we may add so popular, too. But may we not remind our friends, especially as the summer is closing, that while temperance folks can be very happy in their pleasures, they have also a work to do which must not end in mere outward display. The winter is approaching, and it is highly important that our friends should look up their armour, and see that their organisations are ready for the winter campaign ; for pleasant as the summer is, with all its varied enjoyments, the winter is the seed-time and harvest of our movement.

The schoolroom, the platform, the home visitation, the distribution of good temperance literature, are the means to be employed for building up a lasting temperance work.

What position then is your society in ? Boys and girls, young men and women, members of committee, temperance advocates, Sunday-school teachers, we appeal to you all. Be in earnest. Set about doing something to help on the cause. We want "*ardent spirits*" now, not sluggards. There's work for all, and a particular work for each. We are making great progress, and that should cheer and

encourage us to fight with double energy in a bloodless war to save the children of our country from the drink destroyer's hands.

The Ardwick district of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union held their annual out-door demonstration on Saturday, July 30th. A most brilliant procession was formed, numbering over 2,000 members and friends, and proceeded to Philips' Park, and there spent the remainder of the afternoon in various sports and games. It is reported to have been a very splendid display.

The Hulme and Chorlton district of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union held their annual out-door demonstration, on the occasion of the opening of the Alexandra Park, Saturday, August 6th, which is situated at Moss Side, Hulme. Over 1,700 members and friends joined in the procession, and proceeded to the above Park. It was one of the best demonstrations ever held in the district.

On Saturday, July 16th, the Todmorden Band of Hope Union held their annual out-door demonstration. A large procession (accompanied by a number of friends from the neighbouring districts) was formed, and proceeded to a field in the locality. During the evening addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. Touchstone, Manchester, and T. S. Scarborough, Halifax. Notwithstanding the very disastrous floods which occurred only the week previous, this, we are informed, was one of the most successful demonstrations ever held.

On Wednesday, August 3rd, the members of the Pontefract Band of Hope held their annual out-door gathering. The Wesleyan Band of Hope (but lately formed) joined the procession, and proceeded through the streets of the town singing temperance melodies with good effect, under the direction of Mr. J. N. Crossland. The afternoon was afterwards spent in field games and sports, much to the enjoyment of all friends assembled.

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. Edmund Veal, Adelaide, South Australia, in which he says:—"We have six Bands of Hope here in Adelaide alone, and we hold our annual festivals, which number 800 and upwards of members and friends who join in the procession. We are delighted with 'Onward,' and wish we could be regularly supplied with it."

In connection with the inquiry of a correspondent in our last as to the influence of dancing, we have received a letter from which we make the following extract: "The question introduced by 'An Inquirer,' in his letter, may be answered repeatedly without any good being done. Our Bands of Hope are not formed to promote a love of singing, or dancing, or reciting. There have been all these mixed up with them, and sometimes encouraged. Few societies have yet seen their way to get rid of all, but most have stopped at reciting and music. If these cannot be done without, they may be governed in some sort, but I think that Band of Hope managers need to look more at the proper business of their societies, to make men and women 'sober, grave, temperate,' from the children they influence. The social element is too little introduced into our meetings, and (for our young men) literature and science too much neglected.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN RELATION TO THE WELFARE OF CHILDREN, by the Rev. J. J. Hillocks, London, and published by J. F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row, London, is the title of a small pamphlet in which the author throws the warmth of deep Christian love. We heartily commend it to our readers.

WATER, GLORIOUS WATER.

BY H. J. DALBY.



WATER, which is most essential to our existence, is also a thing of beauty ; in the early morning when the beautiful sun breaks forth in all his splendour, look at the little dewdrop hanging upon the twig of the hawthorn bush, sparkling like a diamond to cheer the heart of the labourer as he goes forth to his daily toil. There it is a thing of beauty ! See it in the summer shower, as the drops come trickling down in crowds, to water the earth and to cause it to bring forth food for man and for beast. There it is a thing of beauty ! Look at it in the hailstorm, see the crystal gems rebound from the earth, as though they were dancing for joy at having been sent on an errand of mercy to man. There it is a thing of beauty ! See it in the crystal snow flakes so purely white, as they fall and rest upon the earth, weaving as it were a large white overcoat for this world of ours, to keep it warm from the nipping blast of the cold easterly winds. There it is a thing of beauty ! Look at it in the hoar frost tracing its many feathery forms upon the window panes, and turning the leaves of the evergreens into glittering jewels. There it is a thing of beauty ! Look at the gushing fountain by the wayside, as it sparkles forth to greet the thirsty traveller plodding along on his weary journey. There it is a thing of beauty ! See it in the silent spring, so cool and refreshing, so calm and bright, reflecting the image of man as though it were a glass mirror. There it is a thing of beauty ! See it in the rippling brook, as it glides along over its pebbly bed reflecting the golden rays of the glorious mid-day sun, until it seems changed into a mass of large silver coins jingling over each other onward to the river. And there it is a thing of beauty ! See it rushing in a torrent down the rapids of the broad river ; listen to its mighty thunder, as it plunges to the depths below, there boiling into a white foam and throwing up its beautiful spray to dance in the sunshine. There it is a thing of majestic splendour ! Look at the white-crested billow as it comes rolling along the broad expanse of the ocean with a noise as though it were roaring a chorus to the whistling of the wind. And there it is a thing of sublime grandeur ! And see it where we may, in all these forms of beauty, it is created so by our Maker, for the happiness and welfare of His poor erring creature, sinful man. Water is a thing of power ; see it when converted into steam in the boiler of the large engine upon the farm, by its power working the machinery that breaks up the ground ready for the sowing of the seed ; and in the harvest time cutting down the golden grain, or thrashing it and separating the wheat from the chaff. There it is made a thing of power. Then stand by the side of the old water mill, and watch the stream as it plunges down upon the steps of the large wheel, causing it to revolve, and so, by the weight of its force, keeping the whole machinery in motion. There it is by nature a thing of power ! Again see it converted into steam, and forcing the large iron horse along the metals of our railway at an almost incredible speed, bearing along the excursion train with its hundreds of happy, smiling holiday makers, or with its numerous

trucks freighted with coal, to make many a fireside bright and happy when the sharp wintry winds are piercing into every corner. There it is made a thing of power. Stand upon the sea shore, and see it forcing the ponderous steamship along; how gallantly she stems the waves towards some distant land, with her valuable cargo from our manufactories, or homeward bound with food and fruit from the sunny isles of the south. There it is made a thing of power! Both as a thing of beauty and of power it is beneficial to man. But look at it in the brewer's vat; see it in the reeking still; look at it in its liquid glass, when the poison bubbles up to its brink, and thus adulterated, no tongue can tell the pain and anguish, the misery and degradation it has caused; no tongue can recount the mischief it has done, by being robbed of its beauty and health-giving power, as created by our Maker. And when we see that sparkling diamond dewdrop, that beautiful summer shower pearl, that lightly dancing hailstone, that pure white crystal snow flake, that frosted glittering ice gem, that wayside gushing fountain, that cool, reflecting spring, and that silvery, rippling brook all robbed of their beauty and poisoned by man, to degrade his fellow lower than the beast—we must speak! And if we could shout it to the four quarters of this globe, we would say to all, use it as a thing of power, take it as a thing of beauty, your Heavenly Father created it—but, never,—no, never, let it contaminate your touch, nor pass the threshold of your lips in connection with that poisonous drug alcohol.

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

BY IVY.

HEAR the cry from thousand voices,
As it peals along the sky;
Every friend of truth rejoices,
Error from their path shall fly.

'Tis of freedom they are telling,
Freedom all the world shall see;
Every clime the anthem swelling
Of the temperance jubilee.

Britain's children, heed the story,
Lend your voices to the strain;
And from Britain's fame and glory
Help to take away the stain.

For your countrymen—your brothers,
To restore a tarnished name;
You, who far before all others,
Freedom as your birthright claim.

In the country boasting dearly
That it does not own a slave,
Sixty thousand drunkards yearly
Sink into a hopeless grave.

They are fettered by a stronger
Chain than ever bondsman wore;
They have had a thralldom longer
Than a negro ever bore.

Powerless to resist temptation,
They are sinking day by day
To a deeper degradation;
Sons of Britain, bid them stay!

For the sake of wives despairing,
For the weepers o'er the slain;
Rouse yourselves to deeds of daring!
Show your British blood again!

For the little children crying
In their homes whence love has fled;
For the wretched drunkard dying,
With his sins upon his head.

For the mothers sadly mourning
Over sons once good and brave,
Who are now—despising warning—
Rushing to a drunkard's grave.

Save them from their shame and madness,
Stay them in their sin and wrong!
Show them all the joy and gladness
Which to abstinence belong.

Serfs have fought for rights and gained
them,
Slaves have held their minds their
own;

And though priestly hands enchained
 them,
 Souls belonged to God alone.
 But they clasp the chain that binds them,
 Though its links are shame and sin;
 And each year returning finds them
 Harder from their bonds to win.
 Bonds they are which last for ever,
 For the warning has been given
 On the sacred page, that never
 Can a drunkard enter heaven.
 Still, with strange infatuation,
 They their king and master own;
 Bow with humble adoration
 Low before his blood-stained throne.
 Though the Drink-king—right disdain-
 ing—
 Binds them heart, and soul, and hand;
 Still fresh tribute he is gaining,
 Still new victories through the land.
 Never chief on history's pages
 Held such broad and boundless sway,
 Never tyrant in the ages—
 Ancient ages passed away.
 Sparing neither age nor station,
 Cursing with a living death;

Scarce a household in the nation
 But has felt his blighting breath.
 Not alone the drunkard calling,
 We would speak a word to all;
 For amidst the thousands falling,
 Who can tell but he may fall.
 Keep your rights as British freemen,
 With a spirit firm and bold;
 Even as the Roman three men
 Kept the bridge in days of old.
 Never better things or higher
 Freedom to our Isle can come;
 Till this great, this dread destroyer
 Far is banished from each home.
 So we bind ourselves together,
 And our watchword is "Abstain,"
 Using each his best endeavour,
 Knowing it is not in vain.
 Even now his power is failing,
 Soon his standard will be furled;
 And for ever right prevailing
 Over might shall rule the world.
 Then the cry shall echo loudly,
 Britain's drink-bound sons are free;
 And each one shall gladly, proudly,
 Hail the temperance jubilee.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY J. YATES.

THERE is a curse pervades the land,
 It may be seen on every hand;
 It ruins many a happy land,—
 It is the Demon, Drink.

It many a happy home destroys,
 And many a man it unemploys:
 It robs its victims of their joys,—
 This cursed Demon, Drink.

It slays its thousands every year,
 And causes many a bitter tear;
 It deals destruction far and near,—
 This cursed Demon, Drink.

It fills the workhouse and the jail,
 And through it many tradesmen fail,
 And then across the ocean sail,—
 Through this accursed Drink.

It robs our happy Sunday-schools,
 It drives our workmen into fools,
 And turns them into Devil's tools,—
 This cursed Demon, Drink.

It takes away our useful grain,
 And steals away the wise man's brain,
 And hundreds have become insane
 Through this accursed Drink.

It leads to every vice and crime;
 Its curse is felt in every clime;
 O let us then be warned in time,
 And shun this cursed Drink.

There is a small but earnest band
 In this our own dear native land,
 Its object—Truth—is sure to stand,
 And drive away the Drink.

It strives to turn the drunkard's life,
 And make him free from care and strife,
 To clothe his children and his wife,
 And make him leave the Drink.

Then join the happy Temperance band,
 Temptations lie on every hand,
 But strive to gain the promised land,—
 And leave the accursed Drink.

MODERATION;

OR,

WHY JOHN ROBERTS SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

(*A Table and two chairs. Enter JOHN ROBERTS and DICK CLYDE.*)

JOHN. You have often asked me, Dick, why I signed the pledge myself, and am always trying to persuade others to do the same. I will now tell you.

DICK. Pray do. I am quite curious to know what could have possibly induced you to become so suddenly a water drinker.

JOHN. I would that there were more water drinkers in the world, for if there were, there would, I am sure, be less misery and crime, and more love and happiness.

DICK. Well, if you can prove to me that there is so much good to be obtained by signing the pledge, I may come over to your side myself.

JOHN (*Joyfully.*) You will! Oh, Dick, I am sure if you do, you will never have cause to repent having done so. But listen to my story, and I am sure you will pity me, and say that I have good reason to battle against the drinking customs of society.

DICK. Well, I am all attention. (*They sit.*)

JOHN. You will remember, Dick, when you left Blackbeech, I was about being married to Maggie Robson.

DICK. Yes, I remember that very well, and was very sorry I could not stay until after that event took place.

JOHN. Well, I was married, and for two years we lived together in our little cottage happy and comfortable. We were not rich, as you know, in worldly goods; but we were contented with our lot in life, and rich in each other's love.

DICK. It was just about this time that I lost sight of you altogether, and did not see or hear from you until I met you here three months ago.

JOHN. At the end of this two years of joy and happiness, I had to go away upon business and did not return for more than a year. I went away with the hope of returning richer, and for that purpose I laboured early and late. After being absent for more than a year, the business I went upon was completed, and you may conceive my eagerness, and with what joy I prepared to return once more to my native place, to Maggie—to the wife whom I loved—ah! far better than life itself, and for whose health and safety I had prayed morning and evening during my absence. I at last arrived at the home where during that two years we had lived so happy. I reached the garden gate where Maggie had always been in the habit of meeting me; but instead of hearing her light, joyous laugh, and feeling her soft arms around me, I met no one at the gate, and found the house darkened and silent. I entered; there was no one in the lower rooms. I passed up-stairs, and saw strange faces in the room, and there, lying on the bed so white and motionless, was my wife—was Maggie—not as when I left her a year

before, young and beautiful, but old and wrinkled ; she had fallen, Dick, a victim to intemperance.

DICK. She was not dead ?

JOHN. No, not quite. She had, however, but a short time to live. I spoke to her. She opened her eyes, and with a cry of such terrible anguish that it haunts me now. She hid her face in the clothes. I implored her to speak to me, and never shall I forget, as long as I live, the story of how she fell. She said that after my departure she had become gradually from the half-pint a drunkard. She implored me not to curse her ; and when I assured her that she had my forgiveness, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, " Oh, John, I did not dare to hope that you would have forgiven me, but now that you have I can die happy, and dare even hope for mercy in heaven." After a pause, she said, " If you would escape the end to which I have brought myself, give up the half-pint, the little drop, for it was that which brought me to what I am." She only spoke once after this, and then she faintly murmured, " Good bye," and with these words on her lips she died.

DICK. Indeed, a sad end. Never did I think that Maggie Robson would have yielded to the tempter, and become a drunkard.

JOHN (*Rises*). Yielded ! She never did yield. No one yields. You begin with the half-pint, and think to go no farther ; but at last you find, as did Maggie, and as thousands have done before, and are doing every day, that the half-pint is not enough to satisfy you, and so you go on little by little until at length you become, almost without your knowledge, a drunkard. Now, Dick, do you not think I have cause to curse the drink ? Do you not think I was right when I signed the pledge ? Had I not done so, I might have become a drunkard ; but I thank God that to-day I am a sober man, and as long as I live I will do my utmost to overthrow that which robbed me of all my heart held dear ; that stole away and brought to an untimely end her whom I had so fondly hoped would have gone with me through the journey of life, and at last have found an honoured grave, instead of that of a despised drunkard. Dick, have I not said enough to persuade you to give up the half-pint ? Have I not shown you the evils arising from moderation ? Sign the pledge at once, you will never repent having done so ; and it will at least keep you from falling a victim to intemperance, and filling a drunkard's grave.

DICK (*Who has risen*). Yes, John, you have said quite enough for me to see that moderation is no cure for intemperance. I will sign the pledge, and help you in your labours in trying to rescue others from intemperance, and preserve those who are not drunkards from the chance of their ever becoming such.

JOHN (*Takes his hand*). Your determination to give up the drink and help me in this noble cause has inspired me with new life ; with you by my side I shall not feel as I have hitherto done, that I am alone in the world ; for although we may gain new friends, our hearts still cling to the old ones who have been tried in the hour of need and have not failed us. Let us begin work at once in this good and glorious cause.

DICK. Yes, let us begin at once, there are plenty who need, as I did, to be warned of their danger by dabbling with strong drink.

JOHN. You are right, Dick, there *are* plenty who need to be warned of the danger they run by supposing they are safe because they drink moderately ; they forget that all the drunkards of a few years hence will have come from the moderate drinkers of to-day ; therefore, you will see, Dick, that the only way to make any progress in this cause is to get the young, as we are doing through our Bands of Hope, and those who drink in moderation, to give it up altogether. (*To the Audience.*) And if there be any here who take their half-pint—any moderate drinkers—let me ask you to give it up, if not for your own sake, for the sake of your poor fallen brothers and sisters who have not the strength you may have to stop at the half-pint.

Then let us all unite,
In this cause so good and grand,
And try with all our might,
To hurl the evil from our land.

(*Exeunt.*)

MARY'S PRAYER.

MARY'S mother had occasion to tell her of her faults. Mary was angry ; and, when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless father and mother, as she was wont to do, she only said, "God bless father."

Her mother took no notice, and Mary went to bed without her good night's kiss. By-and-by she was heard to say, "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do many mothers die and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer ; and clasping her little hands, she cried, "God bless father, and my *dear, kind* mother."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

YES, the good time is coming,
So runneth the song ;
And we children are trying
To help it along.

We're beginning in earnest,
Right here, in our Band,
And our pledge we shall offer
Throughout the broad land.

Do you know what is promised
By taking this pledge ?
Do you know the full import
Of wearing this badge ?

Take the pledge, and we're guarded
By honour and truth ;
Wear the badge, and a halo
Encircles our youth.

While for some there is bondage,
Our lives will be free ;
And a glad, smiling future
Our heritage be.

We shall win in this conflict
With darkness and wrong ;
We have sworn, and our purpose
Is earnest and strong.

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

BY J. G. SAXE.

COME listen awhile to me, my lad;
 Come listen to me for a spell;
 Let that terrible drum
 For a moment be dumb,
 For your uncle is going to tell
 What befel
 A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
 And with beauty uncommonly blest,
 Ere with brandy and wine
 He began to decline,
 And behaved like a person possessed;
 I protest
 The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
 He went to a tavern one night,
 And, drinking too much
 Rum, brandy, and such,
 The chap got exceedingly "tight;"
 And was quite
 What your aunt would entitle a fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
 'Tis a horrible slumber he takes;
 He trembles with fear,
 And acts very queer;

My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
 When he wakes,
 And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;
 A particular caution to all,—
 Though no one can see
 The vipers but he,—
 To hear the poor lunatic bawl,—
 "How they crawl,
 All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my
 lad;
 Next morning he took to his bed;
 And he never got up
 To dine or to sup,
 Though properly physicked and bled;
 And I read,
 Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass,
 my lad,—
 Of the viper concealed in the grass;
 But now, you must know,
 Man's deadliest foe
 Is a snake of a different class.
 Alas!—
 'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

MY BOY!

HAVE a boy, a fair-haired boy,
 The gift of God to me;
 My treasure and my brightest joy
 On earth, is he.

His eyes are blue as heaven above,
 His brow is white as snow;
 His cheeks are faintly tinted, with
 A healthful glow.

When I return from daily toil,
 He smiles with matchless grace;
 And stretches out his little arms
 For my embrace.

And then upon his laughing lips
 I press a loving kiss;
 And feel my heart o'erflowing, with
 A father's bliss.

Yet oh, I often fear lest death
 May snatch away my love;
 Although I know his infant soul
 Would dwell above:

That in the balmy meads of heaven
 Our household flower would bloom,
 And shed on the celestial air
 A sweet perfume.

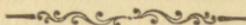
But, if he's spared through lengthened
 years,
 And conquers in the fight,
 A victor's palm he'll grasp, and wear
 A crown of light.

I pray my boy may tread life's paths,
 As Christ, his Saviour, trod;
 And lead his erring fellow-men
 To light and God.

And when his mother dear and I,
 Are seen on earth no more;
 Oh may he strive to join us, on
 A brighter shore.

And who shall paint our rapturous joy,
 Joy without earthly leaven,
 When he we loved below, shall meet
 With us in heaven.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.



(Lively.)

{Music by G. F. ROOT.
{Words by W. HOYLE.

Treble.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Oft I pass where a mer - ry stream-let glides A - long a mos - sy bed,

}	d : d d : t.d' r' : d' : t.l s : s l : l t : t d' : - -
	m : m m : r.m f . f : r . r m : m f : f f : f m : - -
	s : s s : s.s l . l : t . t d' : d' d' : r' r' : r' d' : - -
	d : d d : d.d f . f : f . f m : d f : r s : s, d : - -

I wan - der forth with care - less strides To view its foun - tain head.

}	: s d' : d' d' : t.d' r'.d' : t.l s : s l : l t : t d' : - -
	: s m : m m : m f : r m : m f : f f : f m : - -
	: s s : s s : s l : t d' : d' d : r' r' : r' d' : - -
	: s d : d d : d f : f m : d f : r s : s, d : - -

No spot to me is half so dear, O'er for - est, dale, or

KEY G.

}	^t m.f s : s s : m.s s.f : m.r m : d.r m : m.r d : t,
	s.d.d d : d d : s, s, : s, s, : s, s, : l, s, : s,
	s.d.r m : m m : d.m m.r : d.t, d : m.f s : f m : r
	s.d.d d : d d : d s, : s, d : d d : f, s, : s,

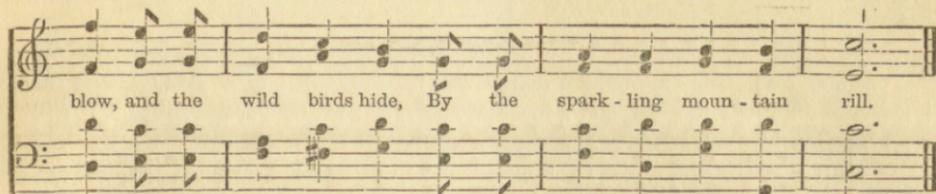
hill, As the lof - ty seat on the moun - tain side, Where the fresh winds

KEY C.

}	d : - d s .s m : s d' : s .s d' : r' m' : s .s l : d'
	s, : - d s .s m : s d' : s .s s : s s : m.m f : s
	m : - d s .s m : s d' : s .s d' : t d' : d' .d' d' : d'
	d : - d s .s m : s d' : s .s m : s d' : d .d f : m.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

(Continued.)



blow, and the wild birds hide, By the spark-ling moun-tain rill.

f' : m' .m	r' : d'	t : s .s	l : l	t : t	d' : - -:
f : s .s	f : l	s : s .s	f : f	s : f	m : - -:
r : d .d	l : d	r : d' .d'	d' : r'	r' : r'	d' : - -:
r : m .m	f : fe	s : m .m	f : r	s : s	d : - -:

When I take my frugal meal,
I drink from the mountain rill;
How happy and content I feel,
No drunkard e'er can tell.
Observing nature's simple laws
I'm blest with rosy health,
With a head that's clear, and a heart that - light,
No pain nor ache from morn till night,
Is better far than wealth.

Of't I sigh for deluded souls,
Who seek the drunkard's cup;
Within their veins a poison rolls,
Which soon will burn them up;

In vain they try a change of air,
In vain the doctor's skill,
They ne'er can live, unless they try
Their glass to fill, like you and I,
From the sparkling mountain rill.
Soon, ah! soon would a thousand ills
Flee from our native land,
Were all to drink from sparkling rills
That flow on every hand;
They're sent to cheer each living thing,
From boundless stores above,
Then shall we God's own gift despise
For cups wherein a mocker lies,
And thus ungrateful prove?

NORMAN GRAY.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 141.)

CHAPTER III.

SAT down at the foot of a large tree, and burying my face in my hands, I wept and wept again.

While I was thus absorbed in grief, my eyes fixed upon the ground, I heard a smothered sob, and a hand was gently placed upon my shoulder, while a trembling voice whispered—"Norman, do not cry."

I raised my eyes, and beheld Ada, who had observed me leave the house, and had followed to comfort me. Her kind tones caused my grief to redouble; and for some moments, therefore, she sat quietly by my side. But when the intensity of my sorrow had subsided from sheer exhaustion, she tenderly administered words of comfort. She asked me to remember that my mother was in heaven; she entreated me to shake off my grief and resolve to meet her there; she hoped I would live for some high and holy purpose; and by reiterated endeavours she at last succeeded in producing in my mind some degree of composure.

Is it to be wondered at that, as years rolled on, I began to take a deep interest in Ada, and to connect her future happiness with my own?

A fortnight after my mother's death, the home of my childhood was broken up, and I went to live with my uncle. He was warm-hearted and genial, and through his constant attention I gradually recovered some degree of cheerfulness. My mode of life, however, was now altogether different. I was left much more to the impulses of my own nature, and the absence of that watchful solicitude to which I had been accustomed, produced in my mind a degree of melancholy to

which, perhaps, I was before naturally predisposed. From the peculiarity of my position, also, being my uncle's heir, I was unaccustomed to mix much with the youths of the village; though for Mary Ogden and her brother Tom I still cherished a warm friendship.

Mary was growing up into a modest and handsome young woman; while Tom, in spite of a few indications of a loose tendency, was generally beloved.

The misfortune which had happened to me, however, had introduced me to a family with whom my future life was to be inseparably connected. The kindness of Ada had made such an impression upon me, that, as time rolled on, my feelings towards her began to assume a shape which it is hard to define, but which nevertheless made me feel that without her life would be a comparative blank. She was tall, slender, and graceful. Her face was the most beautiful I had ever beheld. Large masses of raven hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders; her eyes were large and dark; her brow, spotlessly white, formed a beautiful contrast to the healthful colour of her cheeks; while the proportions of her figure were exquisite. But the adornments of her mind far outshone any mere physical beauty. Her soul was full of compassion, and the expression of every noble, exalted, and chaste feeling woke a responsive echo in her heart.

How beautiful! when lovely grace
To noble thought is joined;
When all the beauties of a face
Are indexed in the mind.

My readers, therefore, will not be surprised when I say that I might often have been seen climbing the hill upon which the farmhouse occupied by Mr. Trevor (Ada's father) stood. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, and Ada and her brother William. William was a year or two older than Ada; in figure and temperament he was the embodiment of a manly young Englishman; yet I saw with deep anxiety that he began to manifest tendencies which threatened to mar his future prospects.

About this time an event occurred which has given a colour to all my future life. I was returning to my uncle's one evening, after having strolled through the woods with Ada, when I observed a crowd collected at the end of the village. Curiosity prompted me to draw near. I soon observed that a gentleman was addressing the people. He was about the middle height; his person was well-proportioned; his face at once commended its owner; a smile seemed for ever playing at the corners of his mouth; and in the address to which the crowd was listening, he seemed to possess the power of completely identifying himself with every part of the subject upon which he was speaking. Now his face would betray the most rollicking jollity, and the audience, catching the contagious spirit, would roar with laughter; at another time, rising to the full dignity of his great subject, his face would assume a look of intense earnestness, while a lofty and overpowering eloquence drew murmurs of the deepest sympathy from the crowd. I was spell-bound. Never before had I heard the great subject of the speaker's discourse so powerfully advocated. He denounced the use of intoxicating drinks; he pourtrayed in forcible language the terrible evils caused by drunkenness; he declared the existence of the liquor traffic to be a blot upon the fame of the

country which it was the duty of all patriots to endeavour to remove; and he ended by an earnest appeal to the people to join the ranks of those who were resolved to overthrow entirely the accursed system. At the conclusion of the address, all were invited to sign the pledge. I had never before considered the subject of total abstinence in its general bearings; though my mother's dying request had prevented me indulging in the use of intoxicating drinks. But no sooner did I see the subject in its full light, than I pushed my way through the crowd, and, to the utter astonishment of many of the villagers, I signed the pledge. I grasped the speaker's hand and heartily thanked him for his address, and was gratified to find that his manner in private conversation was no less engaging than in public speaking. I have always since felt a deep respect for that gentleman. I have watched his subsequent career; I noticed when he became the agent of a great association; and I have continued to see that, owing in a great measure to his indefatigable exertions and great abilities, that association has grown in numbers and power until it now casts every other association into the shade, and until it has formed a network of influence which embraces in its majestic folds nearly every part of the United Kingdom.

My accession to the temperance cause soon became known, and created a great sensation in the village. My uncle good-naturedly bantered me on the subject, though he added that I "had reason enough to hate the drink as long as I lived." The more I reflected upon the subject the more firm I became in my adhesion to the cause, and I resolved with God's help to endeavour to induce all my friends to adopt the abstinence system. I spoke to Ada upon the question, and was glad to find that her ideas harmonised with my own.

The subject, however, caused her to disclose a fact of which I had had previous suspicions. She told me, with tearful accents, that, on several occasions her brother William had come home drunk, and that violent altercations had taken place between him and her father in consequence; though, said Ada, "my father himself sometimes drinks too much, and William retorts, when reproached for his conduct, that my father should first mend his own habits, before setting-up to correct his." Ada further told me that William had formed an attachment for Mary Ogden, and she believed that it was through visiting the "Traveller's Rest" that he had begun to drink to excess.

I was deeply pained on hearing this piece of news. However, I comforted Ada as well as I could, entreated her to hope for the best, and promised to do all in my power to induce William to entirely give up the drink. I felt some difficulty, however, in proceeding in the matter. William was sensitive and high-spirited; and I feared that any allusion to the subject on my part might cause him to resent my interference. On further consideration, therefore, I resolved to see Mary Ogden, with the view of inducing her to prevail on William to give up the drink; hoping to gain from love what might be denied to friendship.

An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. I observed Mary one afternoon walking alone in the higher part of the village. I followed her, and we were soon together. On meeting me, I observed a slight hesitation in her manner, and an absence of that genial frankness to which I had been before accustomed; which I attributed to the fact of her believing that her connection with William

was known to me. However, I determined to break through all reserve, and unbosom myself freely. After some unimportant conversation, I said—

“Mary, have I not always been your friend?”

She blushed deeply, and answered, “You have, always, Mr. Gray.”

“Then, Mary,” I said, “listen to me. I know that William Trevor has begun to pay you attentions; and I have reason to believe that his feelings are returned. Now, Mary, you must desire that your future husband should be sober and well-conducted. But William has on several occasions gone home almost drunk; and I want you to induce him, for your sake, to have nothing to do with the drink.”

“Oh, Mr. Gray,” said Mary, turning pale and weeping bitterly, “what can I do? I hate drink, I hate the trade; I wish my father would leave it, but he will not. The ‘Traveller’s Rest’ is my only home; William comes to see me there, and then he drinks with my father; oh, I wish we were out of the trade.”

“But cannot you ask William not to come to your house,” I inquired.

“I have done so already,” said Mary, “but he laughs at my fears, and assures me there is no danger of his ever becoming a drunkard; besides, he said it would look so dishonourable on his part to meet me clandestinely, instead of coming to our house.”

“Well, Mary,” I said, “something must be done. Cannot you threaten to break off the connection unless he ceases to visit the ‘Traveller’s Rest.’”

“But William is so high-spirited,” replied Mary, “and I fear that if I were to do so, he would never forgive me.”

Poor Mary! I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. Her love for William was so strong that she hesitated to take any decided step, when perhaps only by such action could her lover have been arrested in his downward career. She was one of those weak, patient souls, who in happy times are embodiments of true womanly trust and affection; but who, when difficulties arise, being destitute of that courageous hope which alone commands success, feel there is nothing for them to do but to suffer and to die.

“But, Mary,” I said, “you must make some effort to save William from his folly; think of the future in store for you both unless he gives up drinking; and what nobler action could you perform than to rescue so promising a young man from the fate which seems to threaten him?”

“I will do my best, Mr. Gray,” answered Mary; “but oh, I would give worlds if my father would give up the ‘Traveller’s Rest.’ I believe the task would be easier then. Will *you* speak to William, Mr. Gray? Please do: perhaps *your* remonstrances may have some effect upon him.”

“Very well,” I said, “I will speak to him the first time I see him; and now, Mary, do all you can to keep him out of temptation, and perhaps there may be a bright future in store for you yet.”

I left her with a heavy heart, and felt more deeply than ever before the iniquitous nature of that traffic which a Christian nation still permits to drag down its sons and its daughters (its brightest and its best) to misery and disgrace.

It was not long before I saw William, when I represented to him in the most guarded terms the danger of the course he was pursuing; and it gave me great

joy to find that so far from resenting my advice, as I had feared he would, he frankly acknowledged his error, and promised to be more careful in future.

"Then, William," I said, "sign the pledge, and become an abstainer."

"It looks so childish," he replied, "to sign a paper, as though you could not renounce the drink without doing so, but never fear, Mr. Gray, you will not hear of me being drunk again."

I was compelled to be satisfied with this assurance; but it was not long before I discovered that the most solemn promise of amendment is unreliable so long as licensed temptations to evil are allowed to exist.

(To be continued.)

ANNIVERSARY RECITATION.

BY GEORGE LOMAS, MANCHESTER.

Written for, and recited by, a little girl at St. Catharine's Fourth Annual Tea Party, September 10, 1870.

GOOD evening, friends! How do you do?

How pleased you all appear;
I hope you will enjoy yourselves
As long as you stay here.

We've met to keep a birthday feast,
For time goes rolling by;
Our Band of Hope grows older, friends,
Just as do you and I.

Four years ago it was commenced,
And every other week
We hold a meeting in this room,
All erring ones to seek.

And God has blessed our efforts, friends,
And light our labour made;
Nor let us fail through weaknesses,
Nor sink into the shade.

Yet the great demon, Alcohol,
Goes stalking in the street;
But trust in God and let us strive
This raging fiend to meet.

We need not fear his fiery darts,
Nor aught that he can wield,

If we the pledge and Bible take
To act as sword and shield.

Although I am but seven years old,
For temperance I can do
Some little good, and if you'll try,
By God's help, so will you.

Oh! let us, then, be on our guard,
And straining every nerve
To spread the glorious temperance cause
And from it never swerve.

Then in the coming year, my friends,
Let each one do his best;
Determined till the day is won,
Never at ease to rest.

Oh! hasten, friends, without delay,
To save each falling brother;
So with the Bible in one hand
The pledge book in the other.

Success, then, to our Band of Hope,
And let us watch and pray,
That we may hear the joyful cry,
"Strong drink has passed away."

To the Editor of "Onward."

SIR,—You kindly allowed the pages of "Onward" to be used for an appeal to free the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union from debt; the appeal was successful, and the Executive of the Union are now prepared to work with redoubled energy, and have decided that no effort shall be spared to endeavour to secure for every Sunday-school (at least in Lancashire and Cheshire) the safeguard of a Band of Hope. Now, to accomplish so desirable a

result, the Union must have the aid of at least three good agents, whose appointment will involve a considerable outlay. The Executive have, therefore, decided to hold, in November, a Bazaar, hoping thereby to raise at least £1,000.

My object in writing is to ask our good friends everywhere to help us, for union is strength, and "every little makes a mickle." This was clearly proved by the noble sum raised at the Grand Alliance Bazaar, held in Manchester some years ago, to which contributions were sent from all parts of Great Britain. Our cause is good, our case urgent, and the time short; we look, therefore, for the warm, practical sympathy of all; even the children can help, for we are to have a Band of Hope children's stall. In conclusion, allow me to say that we are very anxious our friends should send us useful goods, such as clothing of every description, household comforts, ironmongery, books, provisions, groceries, &c. As one of the hon. secretaries of the Bazaar, I shall be glad to forward collecting cards, give any additional information, or take charge of any contribution either in money or goods.—Respectfully yours,

43, Market-street, Manchester.

EDWIN BARTON.

P.S.—For further information see advertisement on cover.

We need scarcely say how heartily we concur in the writer's object. The most practical reply to this appeal, however, is contained in the following letter, received from the secretary of a Band of Hope in one of the poorest localities in Manchester. It moreover illustrates what a valuable agency the Band of Hope institution may be made in performing much useful and religious work:—*Ed.*

"Manchester, September 15, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—The committee of our Band of Hope did not feel that they had sufficient strength to do anything in the way of united work for the Bazaar; but at our last committee meeting it was concluded, as we have an excellent sewing class (in connection with our Band of Hope, which meets once every week), that 20s. be devoted to the purchase of material, to be made up by the members according to their capacity. A number of them have entered heartily into the work, and it is really a treat to see the spirit which prevails amongst them, as it seems to give them a great deal of pleasure. There may be other societies where agencies of this sort might be established, and a great deal may be accomplished within the remaining weeks before the Bazaar is held. The 20s. was, of course, paid out of the general fund, and though the financial condition of some societies may not warrant such an outlay, still an effort might be made, and if made judiciously, will, I am persuaded, add not only to the *results* of the Bazaar, but also to the interest taken by many whose energies might thus be usefully called forth in the grand temperance cause. I do not wish to take up any more space, but I will just say that the interest of the sewing class meetings is much increased by the attendance of a number of young men, who come rather later on in the evening and practise melodies for the Band of Hope meetings. This gives a pleasing vanity to the meeting, and relieves any feeling of dulness. Sincerely wishing well to the Bazaar and to the Union, I offer these suggestions in the hope of doing some little good.—I remain, yours very respectfully,

"J. R. B. H."

SMOKING AND SNUFFING.

RECITATION FOR A LITTLE BOY.

BY W. TALBOT.

I'LL never be a smoker, nor fill my nose with snuff,
 Of practices so filthy I've seen and heard enough ;
 Snuff taking it is foolish, and smoking p'raps is worse,
 Some say the pipe's a blessing, but oft it proves a curse ;
 With vile tobacco odour the smoker taints his clothes,
 And with a dirty powder snuff takers spoil the nose.

These appetites degrading through life I will avoid,
 And in examples brighter I'll try to find a guide ;
 No rational enjoyment in such habits can be found,
 For the smoker is a nuisance to non-smoking friends around ;
 He wastes both health and money as puffing on he goes,
 And the snuff taker imposes a tax upon his nose.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE state of progress and prosperity of any movement is the state of its greatest danger, the seeds of decay and final overthrow usually germinate and develop with the growth and success of nearly every great undertaking.

The present position of the Band of Hope movement is no exception, and requires the especial vigilance of those who are constituted its friends and guardians.

Often have we called attention to the imperative need of better and more thorough organisation, and as frequently to the listless indifference and the slovenly manner in which many societies are conducted. But another feature of a still more censurable character is now being developed. There are societies where the chief attraction at their meetings appears to be a bungling attempt at low theatricals, interspersed with the questionable slang of the beer-house. There are certainly "great attractions," "crowded houses," and "special novelties;" but a success founded on such rottenness is as deceitful as it is damaging to the society and the movement.

We have no wish to see our Sunday-schools converted into theatres or our children into "play actors." This can never advance our cause with the religious and thinking community. The "Penny Readings" are an utter failure solely on this account, and a similar course in our Bands of Hope and temperance societies will, undoubtedly, produce the same results. We have already heard the mutterings of the coming storm, and it is our duty to strive to avert the danger. Let us not be misunderstood. Our great object is to train up the young and preserve them in after life in the paths of total abstinence. To do this, we must make our meetings instructive and attractive, and for that purpose we feel that proper recitations, dialogues, and music have not yet received a tithe of the

attention they deserve. We have more faith in a good recitation well said than in a hundred prosy speeches; but in this we do not require to make our children "actors" or "clowns." Care even is required when we adopt the humorous to see that it is not the staple food, but rather the condiment by which the whole is rendered the more tasteful and attractive. If we can only secure the earnest attention of our temperance friends to their danger and duty in this matter, we shall not have spoken in vain.

On Saturday, July 16th, a demonstration took place in connection with the Ramsbottom and Tottington temperance and Band of Hope societies, which, as regards numbers and display, was a decided success. A procession was formed, numbering 1,200 persons, and headed by the Tottington temperance brass band, and which proceeded through the locality to a field kindly lent for the purpose, where, during the evening, a meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. Hoyle, of Tottington, and addressed by the Rev. R. Maden, of Holcombe, and Mr. R. W. Duxbury, of Manchester. We heartily commend the indefatigable efforts of Mr. J. W. Haslam, secretary, in connection with the demonstration, and also the movement in this locality.

On Tuesday, August 23rd, the Barnsley temperance and Band of Hope Union held their annual demonstration and gala. The procession, numbering about 2,000, marched through the principal streets of the town to the grounds of J. Mc-Intosh, Esq., Barnsley, where a meeting was held and addresses delivered by several temperance advocates.

We are much pleased to notice that a very successful Band of Hope demonstration was held at Darlington on Wednesday, August 31, at which about 2,000 children were present. A local paper describes the arrangements as "reflecting great credit on the committee of management." We heartily congratulate them on their success, and trust their past efforts will be again repeated in due course.

On Monday, September 5th, a public meeting was held in the Aquilla Road Schoolroom, St. Helier's, Jersey, and presided over by Mr. Boille. Several addresses were afterwards delivered by a few local gentlemen, in addition to readings, songs, &c.

Our enterprising friend, Mr. W. Drew, reports the commencement of a Band of Hope in connection with the Young Men's Temperance Society, Middlesborough. We have no misgivings as to the success of the society.

We have received an interesting communication from Mr. G. T. Marvil, Leeds, in reference to our remarks in the July Number respecting out-door amusements, &c., which we regret we are unable to give for want of space.

Graham's Temperance Guide for 1871. Mr. G. H. Graham, Kingsley Road, Maidstone, informs us that the volume for 1871 will be reduced to sixpence each, so as to bring it within the reach of all. We would take this opportunity of recommending all secretaries of temperance and Band of Hope societies to apply to Mr. Graham for printed forms, which are intended to be filled in, giving full particulars of the various societies in existence.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONY;

OR, A NON-TEETOTALER ON DRUNKENNESS AND TEMPERANCE.

Extracts from a Paper, read at a Church Conference at Middlesborough, by the Rev. RALPH PROWDE, B.A., Senior Curate of the Halifax Parish Church, formerly Vicar of Ingleby Greenhow.

IN drunkenness we have a vice of the first magnitude: a vice that is not only ruinous in itself, but the parent or else the handmaid of almost all the profligacy and crime in the country. For instance, the Judges of our land tell us that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the crime they have to repress is caused by drunkenness. Workhouse masters bear witness that nine-tenths of the one and a half million of our paupers are the victims of drunkenness. Governors of asylums attribute a large amount of the misery of madness to drunkenness. The Police-courts open to view a pitiable spectacle of wretched homes, and brutalised parents, and sin-trained children—all caused by drunkenness. In short, whether we take counsel of our own experience, or listen to the witness of others, we are forced to the conclusion that drunkenness is the vice of the age and the country.

Turn for a moment to another view, and from the cost of the drinking habits of the people argue the prevalence of the disorder of drunkenness. Two years ago our Government informed that of Austria that in the previous year the people of this country had paid the sum of £88,000,000 for alcoholic drink. Take into account the loss of capital, labour, and profits of the manufacture and trade in liquor. Do not forget that £23,000,000 are drawn yearly into the public exchequer as the duty paid upon drink. Estimate the loss to the national wealth caused by the idleness and incapacity of drunkards, a sum put down at no less than one-sixth of the national earnings. Reckon the cost of police, and prisons, and paupers, so far as they may be justly credited to drunkenness. Now sum up all these items into one great total, and it is found that the annual cost of the drink consumed in this country alone amounts to no less a sum than 150, some say 200, millions of pounds sterling. My Lord Archbishop, this is a vast sum, and is expressive of a vast national loss, and, consequently, of a vast national wretchedness. If a tithe of this sum could be annually saved to this country, and spent in elevating and ennobling us, instead of being spent and wasted as it is in debasing and degrading us, what a store of happiness and strength would be added to our resources, and what a long future of prosperity and pre-eminence among the nations would be guaranteed to us!

But I have said nothing yet of another kind of cost: the price that is paid for drink in the ruin of virtue, the hindrance of the gospel, the perpetuation of vice, and the loss of souls. This is the side of the drink question which will present itself most vividly to a Church Conference. We are bound to remember this awful cost—a cost to be measured not by figures of even fabulous value, but by the heavenly standards of the value of immortals, for whom the precious blood of Christ was the only ransom, the only expression and measure of the *exceeding* greatness of their *INESTIMABLE WORTH*. * * * *

The nation is groaning to be relieved, and all eyes are fixed upon the National

Church. She is buckling on her armour, but as yet she has done nothing equal to the urgency of the nation's curse and her own need. The past has been a mistake: we have trusted to general prescriptions for the cure of universal vice, instead of trying to find out specific remedies for special diseases.

I am pleading for SPECIAL efforts on the part of the Church to diminish drunkenness. The Church must no longer remain neutral with regard to the work of temperance societies. Though I seldom consume alcohol, I am not a member of these societies, but I find it impossible to give them too much countenance, and to speak too highly of what they are and what they have done. Not the least interesting of their operations are their Bands of Hope, armies of young children, the future generation of teetotalers, most of whom accustomed to sobriety from their youth will, we may fairly hope, not depart from it when they are old. Can the Church look drunkenness in the face, and then regard unmoved the noble band of temperance reformers? If it *were* possible, she would have to stand by and see the pick and flower of the nation pass from the hallowing sphere of her influence infallibly and for ever. The Church cannot afford this. Now is the day of her opportunity. I do not see how we can be doing our duty to our Church and country without giving an active support to temperance societies in our various parishes. We can indeed try to press on legislative action, but we must not wait for it; while statesmen are waiting souls are perishing. Let the whole Church arise for their rescue.

THE COLD WATER BAND.

ON, brothers, on! The fight is before you!
Hold to your weapons, stay not your hand!
Steadfastly pushing your conquest right through,
And yielding to none, the Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! Though deep is the shadow,
And foes press around and force you to stand;
Light is beyond, and near is the halo
Of Temperance truth to the Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! Hark ye to the weeping!
The heart-rending cry that rings through the land!
See ye the harvest the enemy's reaping!
Up and be doing, ye Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! and never be beaten!
A breach has been made; let it be manned!
Linger not long, for the hours are fleeting—
Stand to your colours, ye Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! Much good you have done,—
Yet weak is the flame; but let it be fanned,
Till it reach to the poles, and all shall be won,
Swelling the ranks of the Cold Water Band.

On, brothers, on! For glory awaits you,—
Peace smiles around and stretches her hand;
Drink it has fallen, and drunkenness too,
And victory crowns the Cold Water Band.

NORMAN GRAY.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 157.)

CHAPTER IV.

FOR some weeks William Trevor's conduct was all that could be desired. Not only did he avoid drunkenness, but I believe he abstained altogether from the drink. Ada was delighted with the change, and Mary Ogden, whom I one day chanced to meet, thanked me for having spoken to William, and assured me that he had begun a new life. She also told me, with a degree of maidenly bashfulness and reserve which I could not but admire, that they intended shortly to be married; and she rejoiced in the prospect of leaving the "Traveller's Rest," for William, kept out of temptation, would grow stronger in his resolve to lead a sober life, while she herself would be relieved from assisting in a business which she abhorred.

How soon, alas! were these hopeful anticipations, like the too-early buds of spring, to be blasted!

It was not long before I heard that, in an unguarded moment, William was induced to drink at a market town a few miles distant, when he gave up all restraint, and returned home in a state of intoxication. As usual, a scene of violent recrimination took place; and goaded to madness by deserved reproaches, William raised his arm and by one tremendous blow felled his father to the ground. Mrs. Trevor and Ada screamed with fear at this unnatural outrage, and several villagers, being near the house at the time, rushed in and held William until his drunken rage had worn itself away.

The affair soon became noised abroad, and from that day William seemed to be so overcome by shame that he took refuge in deeper and almost continuous dissipation. He carefully avoided meeting me, and though on several occasions I forced myself into his company in order to induce him once more to lead a sober life, he always avoided a recurrence of the subject, and on some pretext or other he would hurriedly leave me.

His conduct deeply distressed all who knew him. Poor Mrs. Trevor was heartbroken, while her husband, too proud to confess his sorrow, bore in his troubled countenance the outward marks of that inward care which was cankering at his heart. Had it not been that Ada, like a ministering angel, had cheered their home by her dutiful love, both Mr. and Mrs. Trevor would have been utterly miserable.

But there was one suffering heart—the heart of Mary Ogden—to whom William's excesses were a death-blow. While her lover's good conduct lasted, she was all sunshine; her heart was full of exuberant hope; but after his sad relapse she gave herself up to despair. This depression of spirits preyed upon her health. Her step became less buoyant; her face, once so rosy, looked wan and pinched;

and a troubled, wandering expression shot from her eyes, which burned with unusual lustre. She had the resolution at last, however, to take a step which surprised me. She felt that self-respect would not allow her to continue a connection with a known—shall I say drunkard? and she communicated her resolve to William. Too proud to manifest how deeply he felt this resolution, William at the parting scene assumed a haughty, careless air, and left Mary abruptly. Thus left to herself, with none, except Ada and myself, to comfort her (for Mary's mother had died when she was young, and her father treated her morosely on account of her known abhorrence of his trade), it became slowly evident that consumption had set in, and was fast hurrying the poor girl to the grave.

With a bleeding heart I often watched her languidly walk through the village, her face so sorrowful that passers-by could hardly fail to be touched with pity. It was not long before she was entirely confined to her room. As she grew weaker she became more and more like my old playmate, and she poured out her heart to me without reserve. She had nothing (she would say) to live for: her lover was a drunkard—she had no mother—her brother Tom had left the village—her father manifested no kindness—and there was no one, except Ada and myself, who took much interest in her welfare. As her body grew weaker her mind shone with greater lustre. I was often astonished at her conversation; it was so lofty, so resigned. She had weaned her heart from the things of earth, and had placed her affections in a country where God wipes away all tears from the eyes, and where sorrow and sighing flee away. She languished for several months, during which I sent her brother Tom constant accounts of her condition. Ada, my beloved Ada, was her greatest friend. She often visited her, and performed those kindly offices which the sick so much require, and Mary would watch her with silent gratitude as she moved about the room. Doctor Jones, also, was constant in his attentions, and he often expressed to me his sorrow at the poor maiden's impending fate,

All this time William was becoming more and more the slave of the drink. I never mentioned his name to Mary, fearing to pain her, but one day she asked me, with a strange light in her eyes, if his habits were improved. Unwilling to communicate sorrowful intelligence, I tried to evade the subject.

"Mr. Gray, Norman," she said, "you must tell me. I have not long to live, and I wish to know before I die." I sadly confessed that William's conduct was worse than ever. Her face became a shade paler, and lifting up her streaming eyes to heaven, she prayed that God might have mercy upon him, and lead him to a better life.

For five weary months Mary lingered. At length, when the spring began to dawn, it was evident that the seal of death was upon her brow, and that the duration of her life might be reckoned, not by years or months, but by days.

It was a wild April day. Early in the morning Ada and I went to see Mary; and it was so evident that the hour of her departure was drawing nigh, that neither of us thought of leaving her. The wind howled around the house; the rain poured down in torrents; not a streak of blue appeared in the sky; everything was dull and cheerless. But within Mary's chamber a scene of peace and love was seen, in striking contrast to the fury of the elements. Never did I

witness a scene more calculated to inspire me with the hope of a glorious immortality. Mary's face shone, like the face of the martyr Stephen, as though it had been the face of an angel. Her eyes were wonderfully expressive, and seemed to catch a radiance from the shores of heaven.

She asked me to read the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, and as she heard these beautiful lines :—

“Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself : that where I am, there ye may be also,”

her countenance assumed a look of ecstasy, and in a sweet, low voice she exclaimed, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee?”

At length she slumbered. For nearly three hours Ada and myself sat by the bedside of the dying girl, almost expecting that she would never wake again. But at length her eyes opened, and she said :—

“Norman, before I die, I should like to see my father, and—” here tears began to trickle down her cheeks—“and—William.”

“I will go and bring them,” I said. I went down stairs and told Mr. Ogden that his daughter was dying and desired to see him. He appeared thunderstruck, not expecting that her end was so near. I then left the house in search of William. But where was he to be found? Since he had become so dissipated he had worked little at the farm, and it was at all times uncertain when he might be seen. However, I directed my steps towards the farm. I had not gone far when I observed a man asleep under a hedge, notwithstanding the rain. ON COMING NEARER, I SAW THAT IT WAS WILLIAM TREVOR. I walked towards him and endeavoured to raise him to his feet, but he was helplessly drunk. Half desperate, I cried :—

“William, Mary's dying ; she wants to see you ; come with me.”

He looked in my eyes with a sluggish expression, and his head sank upon his breast again ; about to sleep.

“Can nothing rouse you?” I exclaimed. “Do you know that the poor girl whom you have been killing by your dissolute habits wants to see you before she dies?”

It was all in vain. My words were lost. Even while I was speaking he had relapsed into a drunken slumber. With a heart full of indignation I retraced my steps to the “Traveller's Rest.” When I entered Mary's room she was speaking to her father. She turned her eyes expectingly towards the door, and when she saw that I was alone a sob broke from her lips. Regaining her composure, she again addressed her father, and begged him to promise that he would give up the drink traffic. For some time he seemed unwilling to yield. But Mary used the most persuasive arguments. She spoke of the misery produced by the trade ; she asked her father no longer to stain his hands by ministering to the ruin of others ; she repeated the text—“What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” ; she told him that if he gave up the house and resolved to live a better life, God would never forsake him ; and at last her father, utterly broken down, exclaimed—“Mary, I will give it up !” and then he added, like the publican in the scripture, “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

“Thank God,” murmured Mary, a smile of satisfaction beaming from her face. Then, turning to Ada, she said—“Ada, dear, will you sing for me the hymn I love so well.” Ada at once complied, and sweetly sang these lines, so appropriate to the occasion that I am tempted to transcribe them :—

When shall come that solemn hour
 In which I yield to death's grim power,
 Though, perchance, by friends forgot,
 I pray *Thee*, Lord, forget me not.
 May Thy smile dispel the gloom
 That shades the threshold of the tomb ;
 And when ends my mortal strife,
 Oh open, Lord, the gates of life.
 As a child, whom fear alarms,
 Seeks safety in its mother's arms,
 So from Satan's wiles I flee,
 To find deliv'rance, Lord, in Thee.
 As a lark upspringing flies,
 To warble in the sunny skies,
 So from earth I long to soar,
 And be with Thee for evermore.
 Lord ! I know that Thou art near ;
 And hark ! the songs of heaven I hear ;—
 To my Father's home I fly ;—
 How sweet, how blissful, thus to die !

Almost as soon as Ada had ceased singing, a knock was heard at the door, and the next moment Tom Ogden, agitated and travel-stained, entered the room. He soon saw how matters stood, and going to his sister's bedside he said, “Mary, I am sorry to see you so ill.”

“I am going home, Tom,” replied Mary. Tears trickled down all our cheeks ; it was strange that she for whom our tears were shed was the most unmoved person in the room. We knelt down, and I prayed that we might all, when our earthly pilgrimage was done, meet in the better land.

When we rose from our knees it was all over. Mary was no more. But a smile still lingered upon her face, and as we gazed upon her not a word was said, but we leaned over her and kissed her brow ; then silently and reverently left the chamber of the dead.

She rests in a quiet corner of the old churchyard. When summer came Ada and I covered her grave with flowers ; often did we visit the hallowed spot ; and many a tear was there shed in memory of one whose happiness was destroyed, and whose life was crushed out by that insatiable demon—*strong drink* !

Richard Ogden, true to his promise to Mary, gave up the house immediately after her death, and I obtained for him a situation as gardener to an acquaintance of my uncle's ; and before Tom returned to the town where he was employed, he assured me that he had left the village because he desired to be free from any participation in the liquor traffic. It appeared that he was in the crowd and heard the address of the gentleman whose eloquence induced me to sign the pledge, and from that hour he resolved to obtain his livelihood in “an honest, straight-forward way.”

There were many persons who desired to open the “Traveller's Rest” once more, but I prevailed upon my uncle to refuse to let the house again for the purpose

of an inn. Burnham thus became a village in which the prohibition of the liquor traffic was enforced, and as a consequence a degree of order and quietness was obtained which contrasted most favourably with the previous state of things.

But though no drink was to be obtained in Burnham, the dissipated found means to indulge their appetites in the immediate villages, where no prohibitory regulation was enforced; and it thus came to pass that William Trevor, the brother of my betrothed, was led to the commission of a crime which threw a shadow over my life from which I shall never emerge; the circumstances of which, with other particulars, I shall recount in the next and concluding chapter of this autobiography.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MASTER AND SERVANT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE devil to Bacchus said one day,
In a scowling, growling, petulant
way,

As he came from earth to hell,
"There's a soul above that I can not
move;

And I've struggled long and well.
He's a manly youth, with an eye of
truth—

A fellow of matchless grace;
And he looks me through with his eye
of blue,

Till I cower before his face.
The very power and strength of heaven
To this young fearless soul were given;
For I've never an art that can reach his
heart,

And I can not snare his feet.
I have wasted days in devising ways;
And now must cry, "Defeat."

And the devil scowled, and grumbled,
and growled,

And beat about with his cane,
Till the demons fled over the burning
waste,

Out of his reach in hurrying haste,
Howling aloud in pain.

Bacchus laughed as he stooped and
quaffed

A burning bumper of wine.
"Why, master," said he, "you soon
shall see

The fellow down at your shrine.
Long ago, if you'd let me know,

We'd had him among our ranks!
And now adieu while I work for you.

Don't hurry about your thanks!
I'm going above; you know they love
The sight of my glowing face.

They call me a *god!* Ho! ho! how odd,
With *this* for my dwelling-place!"

A youth with a dower of manly grace,
A maid with the morning in her face;
And she filleth a goblet full to the brim,
And giveth the bubbling draught to him.
"Drink," she says, and the goblet sways
And shimmers under his eyes.

He tries to speak; but the tongue is weak,
And the words sink into sighs;
For the maid is fair, and she holds him
there

With a spell that he can not flee.
"Drink!" and she sips with her ruby
lips,

"Drink but a draught with me."
And the lovers quaffed while the demons
laughed,

And Bacchus laughed loud and long.
"Ho! ho!" cried he, "what a victory!

Ho, ho, for the soul so strong
That my master was beat, and cried,
'Defeat!'

But wine is a mocker, and love is sweet!"
Bacchus went back, o'er the fiery track,
Into the land below.

And the devil said; "Well, what have
you to tell

Of the thing I want to know?"
And Bacchus, said he, "Why look and
see!

There is your brave, strong youth
Reeling along, with a drunken song
Staining those lips of truth,

My work is done! You must go on
And finish the job I started.

And as long as I stay in your service,
pray
Don't ever get down-hearted!"

TEMPERANCE WORK.

SOLO:

W. F. SHERWIN.

Treble

KEY Δb

Accom

s, .s, | s, :l, :t, | d:m:r | d:-:|t, :-:s, |s, :t, :d | r : f : m |

Its a work of pre-ven-tion and cure, A work for the rich and the

r :-:|d:-:m.f | s : f : m | r : d : t, | l, :-:|d:-:l, |s, : d : m | r : d : t, | d :-:|:-:|

poor; A work that is slow and yet sure; A work that will ev-er en - dure.

CHORUS.—DECLAMATORY STYLE.
With vigour and strong accent.

Then shout for it hear-er and preach-er! Shout for it Mas-ter and

}	s, r : r : r r : d : r m :-: d :-: m : f : s l : s : m
	s, t, : t, : t, t, : l, : t, d :-: s, :-: d : t, : d d : d : d
	s s : s : s s : s : s s :-: m :-: s : s : s f : s : s
	s, s, : s, : s, s, : s, : s, d :-: d :-: s : r : m f : m : d

man! Shout for it schol-ar and teach-er, Praise it wher-ev-

}	r :-: :-: s : s : s f : f : r de :-: r :-: t, : t, : t, t,
	t, :-: :-: d : d : d d : d : ta, l, :-: l, :-: s, : s, : s, s,
	s :-: :-: s : s : s l : l : s m :-: f :-: r : r : r r
	s, :-: :-: m, : m, : m, f, : f, : s, l, :-: r, :-: s, : s, : s, s,

THE LITTLE KITTENS.

TWO little kittens, one stormy night,
 Began to quarrel, and then to fight ;
 One had a ball, and the other had none,
 And that was the way the quarrel begun.

" *I'll* have that ball," said the bigger cat.
 " *You'll* have that ball! We'll see about that."
 " *I will* have that ball," said the elder son.
 " *You shan't* have that ball," said the little one.

I told you before, 'twas a stormy night
 When these two kittens began to fight ;
 The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
 And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
 And the two little kittens had nowhere to go ;
 So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
 While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
 All wet with snow and as cold as ice ;
 For they found it was better, that stormy night,
 To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS.

The above is the title to a shilling book from the Glasgow Scottish Temperance League, by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," "Pilgrim Street," "Alone in London," &c. The touching simplicity and tenderness which has made the author so deservedly popular to our English hearts shines out still more beautiful than ever in this touching story of human woe produced by that monster—strong drink. John Rodney starts life in Liverpool, with good position and bright prospects ; during this period he saves Bessie a poor little flower girl from drowning, at the risk of his own life. Slowly, but surely, the drink fiend fastens upon him, and he sinks to the lowest state of brutal degradation. All his children, save little Nellie, die of want. His once bright and happy wife, after long and patient suffering, follows the little ones, and here ensues a scene which we give in the author's own words—of the horrid, brutalising power of strong drink.



ALL the neighbours said it was a mystery how the Rodneys lived for the next three months, for Rodney was away for days together, only coming home now and then during his sober intervals ; but it was no mystery at all. The wondrous kindness which the poor show to the poor was at work for them. Mrs. Rodney needed little food, and Nelly was always welcome to share the stinted meals in any house near at hand. Every day at dusk Bessie came in, and if she had been lucky in selling her flowers or fruit in the streets, she did not fail to bring some small, cheap dainty with her to

tempt the sick woman's appetite. So the depth of the winter passed by; and the spring drew near, with its Easter week of holiday and gladness.

It was the day before Good Friday, when Rodney was returning, with lagging steps and a heavy heart, to his wretched home, after an absence of several days. Every nerve in his body was jarring, and every limb ached. He could scarcely climb the narrow and steep staircase; and when he reached his door he was obliged to lean against it, breathing hardly after the exertion. It seemed very silent within, awfully still and silent. He listened for Nelly's chatter, or her mother's cough, which had sounded incessantly in his ears before he had left home; but there was no breath or whisper to be heard. Yet the door yielded readily to his touch, and with faint and weary feet he crossed the threshold, to find the room empty.

It was his first impression that it was empty; but when he looked round again with his dim, red eyes, whose sight was failing, they fell upon one awful occupant of the desolate room. Even that one he could not discern all at once, not till he had crossed the floor and laid his hand upon the strange object resting upon the old bed—the poor, rough shell of a coffin which the parish had provided for his wife's burial. She was not in it yet, but lay beyond it, in its shadow; her white, fixed face, very hollow and rigid, at rest upon the pillow, and her wasted hands crossed upon her breasts. The neighbours had furnished their best to dress her for the grave, and a white cap covered her gray hair; while between her hands, on the heart that would beat no more, Bessie had laid a bunch of fresh spring violets.

Rodney sank down on his knees, with his arms stretched over the coffin towards his dead wife. Some of the deep, hard lines had vanished from her face, and an expression of rest and peace had settled upon it, which made her look more like the girl he had loved and married twenty years ago. How happy they had been then! and how truly he had loved her! If any man had told him to what a wretched end he would bring her, he would have asked indignantly, "Am I a dog, that I should do this thing?" The memory of their first years together swept over him like a flood: their pleasant home, of which she had been so proud; their first-born child, and their plans and schemes for his future; the respect in which he had been held by all who knew him; and he had thrown them all away to indulge a shameful sin. And now she was dead; and even if he had the power to break through the hateful chain which fettered him body and soul, he could never make amends to her. He had killed her as surely, but more slowly and cruelly, than if he had stained his hands with her blood. God, if not man, would charge him with her murder.

The twilight came on as he knelt there, and for a few minutes the white features looked whiter and more ghastly before the darkness hid them from him. Then the night fell. It seemed more terrible than ever now—this stillness in the room which was not empty. His mind wandered in bewilderment; he could not fix his thoughts upon one subject for a minute together, not even on his wife, who was lying dead within reach of his hand. His head ached, and his brain was clouded. One dram would set him right again, and give him the courage to seek his neighbours, and inquire after Nelly; but he dared not meet them as he was

He could not bear to meet their accusing eyes, and listen to their rough reproaches, and hear how his wife had died in want, and neglect, and desertion. He must get something to drink, or he should go mad.

There was nothing in the room of any value—he knew that ; yet there was one thing might give him the means of gratifying his quenchless thirst. He knew a man, serving at the counter of one of the nearest spirit-vaults, who had a love for flowers ; and there was the bunch of sweet violets withering in the dead hands of his wife. For a minute or two the miserable drunkard's brain grew steady and clear, and he shuddered at the thought of thus robbing the dead ; but the better moments passed quickly away. The scent of the flowers brought back to his troubled memory the lanes and the hedgerows where he had rambled with her, under the showery and sunny skies of April, to gather violets—so long ago that surely it must have been in some other and happier life, and he must have been another and far better man. How happy the days had been ! No poverty then ; no aching limbs and wandering thoughts. He had believed in God, and loved his fellow-men. Now there was not a cur in the streets that was not a happier and nobler creature than himself.

Still, underneath the surface of these thoughts, his purpose strengthened steadily to exchange the fresh, sweet flowers for one draught of the poison which was destroying him—he knew it—body and soul. But the darkness had grown so dense, that he could not, with all the straining of his bedimmed eyes, trace the white outline of the dead face and hands ; and his skin crept at the thought of touching, with his hot hand, the deathly chill of the corpse. The flowers were there ; but how was he to snatch them away from the frigid grasp which held them without feeling her fingers touch his ? But the pangs of his thirst gathered force from minute to minute, until, overpowered by them, he stretched out his feverish and trembling hands across the coffin in the darkness, and laid them upon the dead hands of his wife.

The cold struck through him with an icy chill that he would never forget, but he would not now fail in his purpose. He loosed the violets from her fingers, and rushed away from the place, not daring to pause for an instant till he had reached the gin-palace where he could sell them.

The sequel to this horribly tragic scene we reserve for our next, at the same time advising our readers to purchase the book.

DO THE WORK OF ONE.

BY IVY.

ONLY one ! That is the reason
 You should strive to do your
 best :
 Never mind your neighbour's duties,
 Do your own and leave the rest.
 You are only one, then ever,
 Ever till your life is done,
 Bravely, earnestly, and kindly,
 Try to do the work of one.

Though your story be not written
 Brightly on the scroll of fame ;
 Though unknown your place of resting,
 And forgotten e'en your name ;
 Yet the world will still be better
 For the life-task you have done,
 If with true and earnest spirit
 You will do the work of one.

As each flower lends some perfume
 To the fragrance of the breeze ;
 As each single note increases
 The bird-music in the trees ;
 So your deeds, though small and simple
 May appear when view'd alone,
 To the cause of good or evil
 Lend an influence of their own.

Though your burden may seem heavy,
 And though none the load can share,
 In your hardest days you only
 Have the cares of one to bear.
 You are only one, then ever,
 Ever till your life is done,
 Bravely, earnestly, and kindly,
 Try to do the work of one.

IT'S NOT RIGHT.

“IT'S not right,” said a little boy, whose mother wished him to go for some whisky ; “you gave me leave to attend the Band of Hope meetings, mother, and there I learned it's not right for me to go for whisky.” “Whist, don't make any more noise about it ; I'll go for it myself,” said the mother. “But mother,” said the boy, “if it's not right for me to go, what way is it right for you to go ?” “Never mind,” said his mother, “I'll just do without it ;” and she did do without it, and there has not been a drop of intoxicating liquor in her house since.

KING ALCOHOL'S LAMP.

BY T. H. EVANS.

Air—“Measure your wants by your means.”

BEFORE I abstained, I knew not what to think,
 My mind was so constantly vexed ;
 Some said “Drink” was good, and others 'twas bad,
 I really felt sorely perplexed,—
 So made up my mind I would not be misled,
 But the promptings of conscience obey—
 Resolved I would try to find out for myself
 In a somewhat original way.

CHORUS.—The lesson I'm anxious my ditty should teach
 Is never on hearsay rely ;
 Whate'er contradictions perplex you through life,
 You can find out the truth if you try.

I tapped at my heart, and young Cupid popped out
 His head from a window above,
 So of course in a trice I asked the advice
 Of this frolicsome monarch of love.
 With eyes flashing fire and cheeks all aglow,
 “Old Bacchus,” said he, “is a scamp !
 The torch of Prince Hymen should never be lit
 By the flame of King Alcohol's lamp.”

I travelled on next to the regions of thought,
 Where all that's untrue is disowned—
 To that princely domain, the seat of the brain,
 Where monarch-like reason's enthroned.
 An answer of warning my question received,
 “Strong drink your best efforts will cramp ;
 Don't travel, I pray, on life's difficult way
 By the light of King Alcohol's lamp.”

That marvellous workshop the stomach I sought,
 The genius presiding drew near;
 Pray tell me, said I, oh! Goddess of Health,
 Is alcohol any use here?
 The answer she gave I shall never forget,
 Her look and her tone thrilled me through;
 "Oh! never let alcohol come here, I pray,
 I shall soon have to leave if you do."

Since love does not need it, nor Goddess of Health,
 The brain its assistance rejects,
 The man who believes the wine cup aids health
 Will never find what he expects.
 The course I wish you, my dear friends, to pursue,
 You'll readily guess when I state,
 The blessings I've gained since the day I abstained
 It would take me all night to relate.

A Child's Idea—Was it Right?

"ERNEST, go and fetch your grandpa a bottle of porter out of the cellar," said an old lady to her grandson of five years of age, who had been well trained by his parents. "I dare not, grandmamma," replied the little fellow, who had never known the taste of intoxicating drink, "it would make me tipsy, and then I should fall down the steps; and, grandpapa, if I were you I would not drink that dirty stuff, I would pour it down the sough, but I'd save the bottles." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

FESTIVE SONG.

BY T. POLLITT.

Written for the Culcheth Sunday-school Band of Hope and Temperance Society.

Tune—"Culcheth."

THIS day we raise our banner high,
 And call the world to see,
 We are determined in our youth
 To set old England free.

No longer shall the demon drink
 Enslave the sons of men,
 If aught that we can do or say
 Will keep them from his den.

Oh, help us Lord in this good work,
 Thy grace we always need,
 Nor let us wait, nor tire, nor rest,
 Nor slacken yet our speed.

Long may our banner proudly wave,
 Long may our cause increase,
 Until the earth on which we live
 Is filled with lasting peace.

Our foe is great in this our day,
 But thou art greater still,
 And can'st o'erthrow thy greatest foe
 And earth with goodness fill.

We'll struggle hard, we'll struggle long,
 To free our native land,
 And say, while looking up to heaven,
 God bless our noble band.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

THE eleventh grand festival of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union was held in the Free Trade Hall, October 15th, and was, as usual, a grand success. The Mayor of Salford occupied the chair. Mr. W. H. Whitehead presided at the great organ, and also gave two songs with marked effect. Very effective addresses were delivered by the Revs. James Bardsley, M.A., F. Kellett, T. T. Lambert, and Messrs. J. H. Raper and Richard Horne. Mr. Charles Darrah, the chairman of the Union, gave a brief statement of its progress and position. Established in 1863, with 10 Bands of Hope, it now comprised 255 societies and 354 voluntary speakers, being the largest organisation of the kind in the United Kingdom. The splendid choir of 400 trained voices sung most effectively under the very able management of Mr. William Hoyle, the hon. secretary. Miss Harman's song "Only at Home" was most effectively given and heartily encored. The whole proceedings must have been deeply gratifying to all the friends of the Union.

On Tuesday, October 17th, the nineteenth annual meeting of the Bradford Band of Hope Union was held in the Lecture Hall of Horton Lane Chapel. Tea was provided at 6-30, to which about 150 persons sat down. Subsequently a public meeting was held, over which the Rev. B. Wood presided. The report for the year stated that there were now 44 societies in connection with the Union, being an increase of 8. The number of members in the Union have been increased by 2,630, the total number now being 10,692. The number of meetings held by the separate societies, independently of the Union Committee, had been 1,176, being an increase of 313 during the year. There was a balance in hand of £231. 13s. 6d. The meeting was afterwards addressed by several local ministers and friends. We are again rejoiced exceedingly to hear of the uninterrupted prosperity of our Bradford friends.

The annual soirée in connection with the Sheffield Sunday-school Band of Hope Union was held on Monday evening, October 17th, in the Temperance Hall, Townhead-street, Sheffield. The Rev. H. H. Wright presided. The annual report was read by Mr. J. Stephens, hon. secretary, which stated that the number of societies was 84, an increase of 14 during the year. The Revs. W. Price, R. Stainton, and others, afterwards addressed the meeting.

On Tuesday, October 4th, the tenth annual tea party and recital of the St. Paul's (Bennett-street) Band of Hope, Manchester, was held, and presided over by J. Rostron, Esq. Tea was provided, to which about 400 sat down. During the year 2,147 pledges had been taken, and it had been the most successful year the Band of Hope ever had. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. W. D. B. Antrobus and J. Bamford.

The annual festival of the Dalton Primitive Methodist Band of Hope was held on Saturday, Oct. 1st, in the schoolroom, Ulverston Road, Dalton. A procession was arranged in the afternoon, and during the evening a public meeting, under the

presidency of W. Wilson, Esq., was held, at which an encouraging report was read, and entertainment given to the members and friends on the occasion.

The second anniversary of the Worksop Band of Hope was held on Tuesday, September 27th, and was presided over by Mr. H. R. Plant. There was a good attendance, and several addresses were delivered during the evening.

The second annual festival of the Providence Christian Brethren Band of Hope was held in Thornton-street schoolroom, Dewsbury, September 17th. The report showed that during the year 31 meetings had been held, with an attendance of 2,977, being an average of 96 to each meeting. Messrs. Crumbleholme, of Bolton, and C. Bentley, of Cleckheaton, afterwards addressed the meeting.

We are pleased to notice the rapid progress of the Band of Hope in connection with the St. Mark's Church at Bolton. On Monday, the 6th of June, the first meeting was held, and since that time the most successful gatherings have been held.

On Saturday, September 10th, St. Catherine's Band of Hope and Temperance Society held their fourth half-yearly tea party and recital in their new schools, Collyhurst Road, Manchester. At three o'clock in the afternoon the members and friends—numbering over 400—assembled at the school and marched in procession round the parish, headed by the Gorton Brass Band. During the evening a selection of vocal and instrumental music was given by several local friends, and also recitations and dialogues by various members of the society. This society is situated in one of the poorest localities in the city, and is doing a great amount of good. It flourishes wonderfully, and is really an example in every sense of the word to all existing organisations of its kind.

Some six months ago a Band of Hope was formed in connection with St. Paul's Church, Walkden, and on Saturday evening, September 10th, the first annual festival took place in the schoolroom. Although only so recently formed the society numbers upwards of 140 members. The Rev. J. Herbert, incumbent of Walkden, occupied the chair. About 300 persons sat down to tea. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, the Revs. A. Haworth and C. N. Keeling, of Manchester, and other local friends. We heartily congratulate our friends on their success so far, and we trust it will be permanent.

The Swinton Band of Hope and Temperance Society held their usual half-yearly tea meeting in the Church Schools on Saturday, September 17th, and at which about 550 persons sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held presided over by the Rev. J. W. B. Laurie, B.A., and was addressed by the Rev. C. N. Keeling, Mr. E. P. Ridgway, of Manchester, and others. The choir rendered very efficient service, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

We have received the fourth annual report of the Jackson's Row Friends' Band of Hope, Manchester, and are much pleased with it. The committee have, during the year, disposed of 2,063 periodicals, being an average of 172 per month. A prosperous sewing class holds its meetings weekly in connection with this society, and during the summer a pleasure excursion to Flixton was arranged for the members and friends.

ERRATUM.—Our readers will please read, "variety" instead of "vanity" in the letter of J. R. B. H. on page-158 of our last issue.

NORMAN GRAY.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from page 167.)

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I had reached my twenty-fifth year, my uncle, who was growing infirm with age, suggested to me that it was about time I thought of becoming settled in life; and as he had known of my intimacy with Ada almost from its commencement, he thought I should obtain her consent to a speedy realisation of our mutual desires. This suggestion was by no means unwelcome, though I had previously hesitated to request Ada to leave a home of which she was the light and joy.

It was accordingly arranged, with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, that in a few months our union should be consummated. We loved each other with a depth of feeling which could not be surpassed, and we both looked forward to the future with the most joyful anticipations.

But no human joy is unmixed with sorrow;

“There’s a drop of gall in man’s purest cup.”

The dissipation of William occasioned us the deepest grief; he had become a confirmed sot; work was distasteful to him; home had no delights; the indulgence of his passion for drink was his continual desire; and it was only with the object of obtaining money that he ever came home. Poor Mr. Trevor had of late become sadly changed. Much of his old spirit had left him, and consequently, for the sake of peace, he often acceded to William’s demands for more money. But sometimes the old fiery spirit would return, when he would refuse to grant his son’s requests; and then there would ensue a scene of recrimination on the one hand, and of brutal insult on the other, which defies description. In the midst of our happiest thoughts, therefore, the remembrance of William often started up like a spectre to mock at our happiness.

However, time rolled on, and in three weeks we were to be married. Little did I then think that the desired union would never take place. Little did I think that a brother’s hand would madly deprive my beloved of life. But I anticipate.

There are moments in our lives when, forgetting all our sources of sorrow and disappointment, we taste the most unalloyed bliss. Such was my state of mind one balmy evening in autumn, when, returning from Ada’s, I thought of the happy future which I believed was in store for me. My steps were light and buoyant, my heart could hardly contain its exhilarating joy; and as I walked along in the bright moonlight, I raised my eyes to the heavens besprinkled with stars, and thanked my Heavenly Father for the numberless blessings which He had bestowed upon me. I reached home and retired to rest, and the happiness of the day communicating itself to the night, my dreams were dreams of pleasure, in which Ada figured conspicuously.

In the midst of these happy slumbers, I was startled by a violent knocking at the door. I instantly awoke, and everything around being remarkably still, I

could hear one of the servants hurriedly run to the door, and without opening it, inquire who was there.

An excited voice answered :—" Tell Mr. Norman to come to Trevor's at once ; be quick ; he must lose no time if he wishes to see Ada alive."

" What is the matter ?" inquired the servant.

" Give him my message and ask no questions," replied the voice ; and I then heard the sound of footsteps retreating from the door.

I instantly sprang out of bed, and hurriedly dressed myself, my heart all the while beating so violently that I could hardly stand. However, I was dressed as soon as the servant knocked at my chamber door to deliver his message, and not waiting to hear him recapitulate what I had already heard, I rushed past him, left the house, and ran quickly towards Trevor's farm. After a while, being exhausted with this violent exertion, I was forced to slacken my speed, and as I did so, I observed a man running towards me. As he came from the direction of the farm, I strode across his path to make inquiries, and the moon beaming upon him at the moment, the pale and haggard face of William Trevor met my view, and I saw to my horror that his hands were stained with blood.

" What has happened, William ?" I eagerly cried, trying to detain him.

" Out of my way !" he hoarsely shouted, and rushing suddenly against me, he hurled me to the ground, and then continued his flight.

I rose up and pursued my way to the farm, full of the most dreadful anticipations, and upon coming near to the house, I distinctly heard the sound of weeping. I hurriedly entered, when a scene presented itself which I can never forget, and which at this moment, twenty years after the event, causes me the deepest grief to relate.

With face pale as death, Ada lay upon a couch, while her parents and the farm servants stood around her. Her breast was exposed, and a stream of blood was slowly oozing from a wound a little below the neck. Horror was upon every countenance.

I uttered an agonized, despairing cry, rushed to her side, knéeled down that I might the more easily speak to her, grasped her hand, and called her by her name.

A slight flutter passed across her eyelids, but no other sign of life was manifest.

" Ada, darling, speak to me," I exclaimed. No answer. She lay perfectly still ; not a muscle moved ; and but for a gentle and hardly observable breathing, we might have supposed her dead. I have often wondered how I was able to preserve some little degree of calmness in the terrible position in which I was placed. I kept my place by Ada's side, looking upon her with painful eagerness ; and impatiently awaiting Dr. Jones's arrival, who I was told had been sent for. At last the rumbling of wheels was heard, and soon after the doctor entered the room. He stooped down and carefully examined the wound. I eagerly watched him, to discern if possible from the expression of his face whether there was any hope ; and I cannot picture my sorrow as I saw a sad despairing expression steal across his features.

At length he rose up, and looking round, he quietly said—" She will never wake again ; internal hæmorrhage has taken place ; she is slowly dying ; I can do nothing for her."

"O Lord," I cried, "have mercy, and spare my beloved."

The doctor looked sternly at me, and said :—"Be silent : nothing can now avail, and for the sake of others, control your emotion."

By a strong effort of the will I mastered myself, and again knelt by Ada's side, determined never to leave her while life lasted. But soon her breathing became more and more indistinct ; a paler shade stole across her face ; and when Mrs. Trevor reached down a small mirror and held it over her lips, it was unmoistened. I grasped her hand—it was cold—and we saw by her sunken and slightly discoloured eyelids that she was dead.

Then ensued a scene, the like of which I hope never again to witness. Mrs. Trevor rushed frantically about, exclaiming, "Ada, Ada, my child, my child. O God, have mercy upon me ; give me my child, my child ;" while Mr. Trevor sat, stupified with sorrow, gazing silently upon the body of his daughter.

Restraining my own emotion, I inquired how the deplorable event had happened, and I learned that William had come home and demanded money. His father refusing to give him any, he had rushed upon him to take it by force ; and in the struggle which took place the drunken wretch seized a knife which was lying on the table, and was about to plunge it into his father's breast, when Ada rushed towards him to seize his murderous arm, but not being quick enough to do so, she herself had received the blow. Ada sank fainting upon the floor, the blood rushing out in torrents ; and William, struck with horror at the crime he had committed, reeled back apparently paralysed. Mrs. Trevor's shrieks roused the farm servants, who slept in an adjoining house, and rushing in, they seized William and endeavoured to detain him, while one of them was despatched for me. While the messenger was away, however, William contrived to overpower his captors, and escape from the house, and it thus happened that I met him in his flight, as already related.

When at last I prepared to return home, the full sense of the awful calamity which had overtaken me presented itself to my mind. A few hours before I had walked along the same path with a heart full of the most joyful anticipations ; now I was overwhelmed with sorrow ; my prospects blasted ; my hopes destroyed ; she whom I had loved so well murdered ; and as these thoughts rushed into my mind, a fainting dizziness came over me, and losing consciousness, I sank upon the ground. How long I remained there I know not ; but on the following morning I found myself at home, a burning fever coursing through my veins ; and no sooner did the remembrance of the night's horrors present itself, than, with a deep groan, I again lapsed into an unconscious state.

Having always been of a strongly nervous temperament, the exciting events already narrated had produced a fever of the brain, and for several months I lingered between life and death ; and when at length I recovered it was to find that all hopes of robust health were destroyed for ever, and I was assured by Dr. Jones that only by the greatest care could I hope to preserve the slightest degree of health.

Thus, with shattered nerves and blasted hopes, I remained a monument of the ravages of the drink, while memory, constantly recurring to the misfortunes of the past, occasioned me the most poignant sorrow.

* * * * *

Twenty years have since passed away. Time has to some extent assuaged my grief; but even now, when I think of my youthful bride, slain by a brother's hand; when I remember poor Mary Ogden's fate, and my mother's untimely end, I cannot forbear to utter a cry of distress, and I am tempted to exclaim, "O Lord, Thou hast dealt hardly with me."

* * * * *

Little more remains to be told. My uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, are all dead. Tom Ogden is a highly prosperous merchant in B—, and Dr. Jones still lives and cheerfully fulfils his duties. Several years after Ada's death, I heard that a person answering to William Trevor's description had died in a public hospital in New York, the victim of his sins; and I believe, from inquiries which I made, that this was really the case.

I am now alone—the last of my race—which is fated to expire in me. Often when I think of the misfortunes which have overtaken me—from no fault of my own—when I consider that my life, which might have been happy and useful, has been one continued series of calamities; and when I remember, too, that the enemy who deprived me of my mother and my bride, still pursues his desolating course, I am ready, like the Israelitish captives of old, to cry "How long, O Lord, how long!"

But from the deepest misfortunes elements of good may be extracted. I remain the bitter and implacable foe of the drink; my wealth, my prayers, and my labours are all directed to the final and irreversible overthrow of the whole system of public temptation and private practice which is criminalising and pauperising our population. This is my object in life. It is the height of my ambition, the summit of my hopes, to do something to accelerate this much to be desired consummation; and I pray to God that, ere my eyes shall close in death, I may be permitted to see my beloved fatherland shake off her fetters and rejoice in the liberty wherewith God shall make her free.

And now, reader, we must part. I have disclosed to thee the innermost recesses of my heart; I have poured into thy ear the story of my misfortunes; but our communion will have been in vain unless it shall lead thee to resolve, with all the powers which God has given thee, to wage an earnest, an unceasing war against the enemy of God and man—*intoxicating drink*. Farewell.

THE END.

ISRAEL'S EXPERIENCE OF FORTY YEARS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

EXOD. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII. NUMB. XX., XXI.

GOD led His people Israel o'er the Red Sea on dry land,
But waves o'erwhelmed with fearful roar proud Pharaoh's warrior band;
Not one remained to tell the fate of Egypt's chosen men,
Daughters and wives might vainly wait to see them home again.

Upon the sea shore dead they lay, whilst in His tender love
The Lord saved Israel that day, His glorious power to prove ;
The song of triumph Moses raised, six hundred thousand men,
With women led by Miriam, praised in glad responsive strain.

“ Sing to the Lord ! ” “ Yea, I will sing, ” “ for His right arm alone
“ Into the sea His foes doth fling, but safely leads His own ; ”
And now He bids them turn away, the desert wild to roam,
To prove if they will Him obey, before He brings them home.

(Home to the land which He had given to Abraham and his seed,
A land which drank the rain from heaven, where flocks and herds might feed ;)

* * * * *

The dreary waste was all around, heated with sun's fierce glare,¹
Whilst on they went three days, but found no water springing there.

For water, young and aged cried, without it none can live,
The cattle too must drink or die, but there was none to give ;
At length appears the welcome sight, of trees and bushes green,
The wanderers' hearts revive, and slight the space that lies between.

Mothers forget their weariness, and hasten to be first,
With babes they press with eagerness to quench their raging thirst ;
But who can paint the gloom that fell when tidings spread around,
That none could drink of Marah's well, so bitter was it found.

Then murmurings arose to heaven : “ What shall we drink ? ” they cried,
To Moses was the answer given, never to prayer denied ;
The Lord showed him a tree, which grew not far from Marah's brink,
Which when into the fount he threw, 'twas sweet, and all could drink.

With water satisfied, they rest refreshed, while God renewed
His promise that they should be blest and be with strength endued,
If they would His commands obey, and hearken to His voice,
Never from what was right to stray, but in His laws rejoice.

* * * * *

And then to Elim's wells they came, beneath the palm trees' shade,
Where waters sweet, God's care proclaim, and all their fears allayed ;
But soon the desert journey, great, their murmuring spirits tried,
They dread that death will be their fate, and roughly Moses chide.

“ Why hast thou brought us here to die, from Egypt's fertile land ?
We faint with thirst, our children cry, and water all demand ; ”
Then God in mercy Moses bade with elders forth to go
Before the people, whilst He made refreshing waters flow.

From Horeb's rock the stream gushed out when touched by Moses' rod,
A stream which followed them about as on for years they trod
The wilderness ; but yet once more the pleasant waters failed,
And God with faithless Israel bore, His love again prevailed.

1 “ Neither shelter nor rest for eye or limb amid torrents of light and heat poured from above on an answering glare below. Add to this the weariness of long summer days of toiling through the loose and scorching soil, with few hours of sleep at night and no rest by day because no shelter, little to eat, and less to drink. If we did not reach the other side before our store of water was exhausted, we were lost for certain.” “ These oases are formed by a slight depression in the desert surface, with a light soil more or less intermingled with sand, and concealing a tolerable supply of moisture. Here, in consequence, bushes and herbs spring up ; in a word, man and beast find the absolutely needful supply.”—PALGRAVE, in *Arabian Deserts*.

To give to all His wandering flock fresh water when they cry,
 Springing again from flinty rock, a plentiful supply ;
 And when at length on Moab's plains " the princes digged a well,"
 The people sang in joyous strains their thankfulness to tell.

* * * * *

Oh ! if through all these forty years in scorching deserts spent,
Pure water calmed their thirsty fears, with *it* they were content ;
 Why should men *now* need wine or ale to cheer their daily life ?
 And why should women love too well the drink which causeth strife ?

No strength it gives, but like a snare unseen, it winds around,
 Until bright youths and maidens fair lost victims oft are found ;
 Then let us all resolve to keep our total abstinence vow,
 So shall we never sadly reap the drunkard's burning brow.

And let us all unite and strive with earnest heart and hand
 To raise the fallen, and to drive intemperance from our land ;
 For God's most holy word declares drunkards shall not go in
 To the blessed home which He prepares for all who conquer sin.

THE EVIL GUEST.

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

Grave lessons are in fables oft-times taught,
 And Truth attends the tale which Fancy tells ;
 So souls which bask in sunshine oft are fraught
 With hidden strength, which error's passion quells.
 And e'en stern, steadfast men, who long have fought,
 Disdain not Fancy's soft, harmonious spells ;
 For oft hath she, their willing servant, wrought,
 And sooth'd them, like the charm of distant bells.
 Truth made the deep foundation of her tale.
 She yet with tragic tones must oft-times warn,
 And speak of twilight and the gath'ring gale ;
 Of wasted days, dark sins, and burial cairn !—
 Learn well the deeper lessons Fancy speaks,
 Ye joyous ones, with wind-toss'd hair and sun-kiss'd cheeks.



LONG years had the mother of Sir Aubrey slept in the silent grave, and now, in the first days of his manhood, there came a holy palmer to his castle, and, handing him the signet of his sire, told a woful tale of battle done on the sandy plains of Palestine ; told of weary knights standing fatigued and hopeless on the hot and barren sands, their hands blistered with battle-toil, their armour hot with the glare of the mid-day sun, their wounds stiff and painful, and strength and life ebbing fast, whilst showers of arrows fell upon their ranks, splintering on helm, cuirass, and shield, or piercing some vulnerable place or joint, and casting the knights writhing in death upon the sands. He told of the rescue of the survivors, and the burial of the dead, amongst whom was the sire of Sir Aubrey.

Great was the grief of the young knight, and the gloomy presence of a great sorrow made itself felt for many days in the castle. But the palmer spoke wise words to the youth, and comforted and consoled him. But one woful day Sir Aubrey fell in with a landless knight, whose tongue was deceit, whose heart was

false, whose life was fruitful of evil, who spake of honour but knew it not, and who loved the revel, the riot, and the wasting of the vassals' substance. Then spake the palmer words of warning, pity, and wisdom ; but the ears of Sir Aubrey listened not, and his soul never accepted the words ; for he chose the folly of riot and revel, and he trod the evening path, though twilight was in the valley and death upon the mountain. One evening there was revel in the castle ; wine was red in the cups, and blood hot in the veins ; blasphemy, scorn, pride, and all uncleanness defiled the lips of the revellers, when the palmer stood before them, rebuked them, and called on Sir Aubrey to stop the revel, speaking of his holy mother and crusading sire, and adjuring him by their example to reform his life and live in honour and respect, that his days might be many, his death peaceful, and his memory revered by the good.

Then stood forth the landless knight, murder in his eye, and a sheathless dagger in his hand. But the palmer cast him from him, as a strong man might serve a puny stripling, and would have spoken to Sir Aubrey yet again ; but the drunken youth cast his drinking cup at the palmer, and bleeding from the cruel blow, sorrowful, and pursued by curses and laughter, the good man left the castle for ever.

Fifteen years passed by, and the palmer stood in a proud city, over which frowned a great castle, and the sight of many churches rejoiced his heart. The streets were crowded with people gaily clothed, and all went in one direction. Silently, in pensive mood, the palmer followed them, nor listened to their conversation. Arrived at the great square, a sad but imposing spectacle revealed itself to his gaze. A huge scaffold was erected, at one end of which stood a gibbet, at the other a block and axe. Halberdiers surrounded this gloomy erection, and, in the midst of his mounted guards and nobles, the monarch of the lands sat on his steed, grief and resolution depicted on his features. In a dizzy maze the palmer looked on the portentous scene, and beheld masked executioners and cowed priests appear on the scaffold, and two pinioned and abject captives were in their midst. The old man viewed the unhappy culprits, and in their haggard, debauched, and evil countenances, on which the pencil of the passions had left its deepest, direst traces, recognised the features of the landless Knight, and the ruined, but once brave and virtuous, Sir Aubrey. Instinctively the old man closed his eyes ; but hemmed in by the crowd, could not escape from that evil spot. His ears were cursed with dreadful sounds, sighs, groans, gurglings, and stifled prayers and curses ; the dreadful thud of the falling axe, and cries of horror from the spectators of the scene. Then all was still : Sir Aubrey's blood streamed on the scaffold, and the landless Knight dangled from the gibbet ; a most horrid sight. And much the good old palmer grieved for those two men, who perished in their sin.

A DEVOTEE of Bacchus was overheard the other night thus addressing his hat, which had fallen from his head : " If I pick you up, I fall ; if I fall, you will not pick me up ; then I leave you ; " and he staggered proudly away.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.



Treble.
 Alto.

KEY F. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work, thro' the morn-ing hours,

Tenor.
 Bass.

}	s : m „f s : s l : - s : - d : d „d d : r m
	m : d „r m : m f : - m : - d : d „d d : t ₁ d
	d : d „d d : d d : - d : - m : m „m m : s s
	d : d „d d : d f ₁ : - d : - d : d „d d : s ₁ d

Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work, 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;

}	s : m „f s : s l : - s : - d : r m : r d
	m : d „r m : m f : - m : - d : d d : t ₁ d
	d : d „d d : d d : - d : - s : l s : f m
	d : d „d d : d f ₁ : - d : - m : f s : s ₁ d

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun,

}	r : r „r r : m f : - m r : - m : m „m m : fe s
	t ₁ : t ₁ „t ₁ t ₁ : d r : - d t ₁ : - d : d „d d : d t ₁
	s : s „s s : s s : - s : - s : s „s m : d r
	s ₁ : s ₁ „s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : - s ₁ : - d : d „d d : l ₁ s ₁

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done,

}	s : m „f s : s l : - s : - d : r m : r d
	m : d „r m : m f : - m : - d : d d : t ₁ d
	d : d „d d : d d : - d : - s : l s : f m
	d : d „d d : d f ₁ : - d : - m : f s : s ₁ d

Work for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon ;
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies :
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY E. LAMPLOUGH.

LAST Christmas Eve, with holly
boughs
We hung the pictured wall;
And red wine shone, and fire-gleams lit
The old baronial hall!
For one was with us, young and brave,
Who might not long abide;
For fortune called him forth, across

The stormy ocean's tide!
But now no holly decks the wall,
No yule-logs brightly shine;
Nor do we pour, with thoughtless glee,
Death-draughts of ruby wine!
For, far across the wild sea wave,
Our lov'd one fills a drunkard's
grave!

The Angel of Temperance.

BY T. H. EVANS.

AIR:—"Ring the Bell, Watchman."

[[For music see page 72 of present volume.]

DOWN from her star-spangled mansion above,
"Temperance" has come on a mission of love;
Here in our midst, like an angel she dwells,
Let us then be merry, boys, and ring, ring the bells!

CHORUS.

Ring the bells, brothers! ring, ring, ring!
Tidings of joy to drink's victims we bring;
Hope for the drunkard wherever he dwells,
Let us, then, be merry, boys, and ring, ring the bells!

Let us away to her crystal retreat,
Chime forth a welcome her presence to greet:
One smile from her all our sadness dispels,
Let us, then, be merry, boys, and ring, ring the bells!

Chorus: Ring the bells, &c.

Hark! hark! there's music afloat on the breeze,
List to the streamlet, the birds, and the trees,
Anthems of joy sweep through woodlands and dells,
Let us, then, be merry, boys, and ring, ring the bells!

Chorus: Ring the bells, &c.

God let us praise, for a flag we've unfurled,
Mottoed with Hope, for a drink-stricken world;
Oh! what a future of joy it foretells,
Let us, then, be merry, boys, and ring, ring the bells!

Chorus: Ring the bells, &c.

How a Band of Hope Boys did his Father's
Heart Good.

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF.

BAND OF HOPE BOYS! you can never tell how much good you may do;
and you may perhaps be doing a great deal when you little think you
are doing anything. I was delighted the other day while talking with a
working man who took the pledge some time ago at my hands, and whose little

boy and girl were both in a Band of Hope which it was my privilege to originate. Shall I tell you what it was that so much delighted me?

The father told me that, a week or two before, he was working in the road near some houses, and his little son was helping him. Both began to be very thirsty, when a good woman from one of the houses came up and asked if the boy would not like to have a piece of jam and bread. The man thanked her for her kind offer; but said they were both going home to dinner directly. At the same time he said that the boy was thirsty, and if the woman would give him a drop of cold tea, he (the father) would be much obliged. The woman told the boy to come with her, and as the house was close at hand the father could hear her ask the boy to drink some cider which she had drawn into a mug. The man told me that he was afraid lest his boy would take it, and he was just going to throw down his spade and run to him, when he heard the boy speak out, "No, thank you, ma'am, I'm a teetotaler!" Looking at me, with his face all radiant with smiles and his eyes full of tears at the same time, the father said, "You can't think, sir, how much good it did me, to hear him say that."

Now boys, and girls too, stand firm to your pledge, and, like the little fellow I have been telling you about, you may be the means of doing somebody's heart good.

Reclaimed by his Child.

BY CHAS. R. GRIFFITHS.

CHARACTERS: JAMES BARRETT (*a drunkard*); NELLY BARRETT (*his daughter*).

NELLY. I do wish father would come; he said this morning he would be sure to come straight home, but I fear he is staying at the public-house. How can father act as he does, when he looks at dear mother and sees her so sick and weak? Hark! I thought I heard his footstep! Yes; 'tis he at last! I will speak to him again, and try to persuade him to give up the drink. (*Enter JAMES BARRETT.*) Oh, father, I have been watching for you such a long time.

JAMES. You had no business to be watching for me; I suppose I can come home when I choose?

NELLY. But, father, you said you would be sure to come home soon to-night.

JAMES. Well, I know I did, and so I intended to have done, but I met some one, and—well, I couldn't get home before. (*Going.*)

NELLY. Stop, father, I want to speak to you. Do not be angry with me for what I am going to say.

JAMES. Well, what is it? Be quick, for I have no time to lose. I have somewhere else to go.

NELLY. Why are you so fond of going to the alehouse? Why will you spend the money there that we want so badly at home?

JAMES. Do you forget to whom you are talking? I shall do as I please with my own, without asking you.

NELLY. But, father, is it right for you to waste your money—?

JAMES. Waste my money! What do you mean? Do I not receive something in return for it?

NELLY. Yes, you do receive something in return; something that robs *you* of your reason, and *us* of your love; something that is slowly, but surely, sending you to a drunkard's grave. Oh, father, think before it is too late what a terrible course you are pursuing; think of the disgrace you are bringing upon us all! Father, do—*do* give up the drink; sign the pledge at once, and then you will be safe, and we may again be happy and respected.

JAMES. I cannot listen to you any more now. I will speak to you some other time. I—

NELLY. No, father, listen to me now; let me persuade you to have done with the drink for ever. Think how happy we were, and what a comfortable home we had before you took to drink; think of mother, who is so ill, and who will probably die for want of those things which might be got with the money you spend at the alehouse—and without which the doctor says she cannot get well again: think of what the end must be if you do not give up the drink—of the misery and shame that must follow! Will you not sign the pledge, father! Which will you choose, love and happiness at home, or ruin and disgrace at the alehouse?

JAMES. My child! my own darling Nelly, your pleading shall not be in vain. I will sign the pledge, I will give up the drink, and will do my best to make the future atone for the past. Can you forgive me, Nelly, for the suffering and sorrow I have caused you?

NELLY. Oh, father, forgive you! Yes. The happiness of this moment has almost blotted out the past from my memory.

JAMES. Heaven bless you, Nelly! But let us go to your mother, and you must plead for me, that *she* may forgive me also.

NELLY. Now you look again like the kind, good father you were before you were betrayed by the drink; and I am sure when mother knows you have for ever given it up she will gladly forgive the past, for the future will now be bright and happy; our home will again be as it once was; and you will be saved from a drunkard's grave.

BANDS OF HOPE v. THE DRAMA.

BY W. HALL, JUN.

IT is the duty of every friend of the Band of Hope movement to watch with jealous eye anything which is likely to exert a baneful influence upon the young. This is said to be a sensational age; and whilst we are thus compelled, in order to secure the attention of the young, to use every legitimate attraction at our meetings, still we ought not to introduce anything in our entertainments likely to create a desire for low theatres and music halls. There are some temperance publications I have seen which contain very trashy catches, dialogues, and recitations. At the head of these pieces there is usually placed a

description of the attire in which the reciter should appear. Where these directions are followed out, evil results often ensue. Some Band of Hope members when their services have been refused, have become dissatisfied and left the society. Others, again, have joined "nigger" parties; whilst some have even appeared at free-and-easys connected with public-houses.

Measures ought to be taken to stop this evil at once. Let Band of Hope conductors impress upon the children the fact that they are asked to recite or to sing, *not* to exhibit themselves in a variety of dresses, but to help on the great and good cause we have so much at heart. A strict supervision should take place, and there should be a firm refusal of those recitations which have a demoralising influence upon both reciters and hearers. We must not permit our Bands of Hope to become nurseries for the singing saloon and public-house. We are fighting against evil, and must take care that we do not by any means foster it. Only those pieces should be allowed which have a temperance or moral bearing; and the result will be that our meetings will become more beneficial, a higher moral tone will pervade our societies, and the movement will make more real and lasting progress.

Too Social! Too Generous!

BY THE REV. W. M. BLACKBURN.

"He possessed talents which, if properly directed, would have given him a conspicuous position in society. But, alas! we fear he was *too* social, loved his companions *'too* well, and fell a victim to his intrinsically *generous* qualities."

TONGUE of humanity! give a soft name
To a love for the cup, and to lust in its shame.
The drunkard was only "too social," and fell!
The libertine loved his companions "too well!"

Call deadliest vice but a social frivolity,
And looseness of morals a "generous" quality!
Respectable sin, then, may strut in the street,
And he will have honour who can't keep his feet.

Too social! too generous! Artful excuse
For treading down talent in basest abuse.
Oh! better not name him at all than belie
All virtue and verity by such a sigh;
For charity loveth the truth, and is brave
To tell it, if aught need be said o'er a grave.

Ah! had he been social enough with the good,
And stout against sin with the temperate stood;
Been generous, too, with the gifts of his God,
And left shining marks on the path that he trod,
No flatterers then would have laid him to rest
With a shaft of keen irony fixed in his breast.

Too social! with wife worse than widowed for years?
Too generous! to little ones begging in tears?
Bequeathed he a bliss for the hearth and the hall?
Left he an investment in wealth or in wall?

Gave he to the poor till he'd nothing to spare?
And did he indulge in good nature too far?

Go! gather his earnings, thou comfortless wife;
He wasted his substance in riotous life;
Go! beg, little fatherless ones, at the bar—
'Twas the bank for his savings, he paid them at par;
And if men revile you, and scorn you, and curse,
Think, "he was too social!" Ah, call him not worse.

Weave robe of charity, gild it with gall,
Broaden the heavy black fringe of his pall;
Let it be thought he had goodness supreme,
And died by extending it to an extreme!
"Too social! too generous!" write on the stone;
Turn vices to praises, and let him alone!

NELLY'S DARK DAYS.

(Continued from page 172.)

RODNEY had not left the house many minutes when Bessie Dingle entered it, shading with her hand a candle which she had borrowed from a neighbour. She stepped softly across the room, and looked down with tearful eyes upon her friend's corpse. The hands had been disturbed, and the flowers were gone Bessie started back for an instant with terror, but guessing instinctively what had happened, and whither the miserable man had gone, without hesitation she drew her shawl over her head and ran down the street in the direction he had taken.

She had to peep into three or four gin-palaces before she found him, lolling against the counter, and slowly draining the last few drops of the dram he had bought. There were not many customers yet in the place, for it was still early in the night; and the man behind the counter was fastening into his button-hole the bunch of violets, with their delicate white blossoms, and the broad green leaf behind them. Bessie did not pause in her hurried steps, and she threw herself half across the counter, speaking in clear and eager tones.

"You don't know where those vi'lets come from," she cried; "he's taken 'em out of the hands of his poor dead wife, where I put 'em only this afternoon, because she loved 'em so, and I thought they'd be buried with her. I think she knows what he's done, I do. Her face is gone sadder—ever so—since I saw it this afternoon; for he's stolen the posy from her, I tell you, and she lying dead?"

Bessie's voice faltered with her eagerness and grief, and the people present gathered about her and Rodney, listening with curious and awed faces, while the purchaser of the flowers laid them down quickly upon the counter.

"Dead!" he exclaimed; "come straight from a dead woman to me!"

"Ay!" said Bessie, "straight! And she loving him so to the very last, telling me when she could hardly speak, 'Take care of him, take care of him!' And he goes and robs her of the only thing I could give her. That's what you make

of a man," she continued, more and more eagerly; "you give him drink till there isn't a brute beast as bad; and he was a kind man to begin with, I can tell you."

"It's his own fault, my girl," said the man, in a pacifying tone; "he comes here of his own accord. We don't force him to come."

"But you do all you can to 'tice him in," answered Bessie; "if it wasn't standing here so handy, and bright, and pleasant, he wouldn't come in. There's something wrong somewhere, or Mr. Rodney 'ud never be like that, or do such a thing as that, I know. Look at him! And when I was a little girl he jumped into the river after me, and saved my life."

She pointed towards him as he was trying to slink away through the ring that encircled them, bowing his head with a terrified and hang-dog look. The little crowd was beginning to sneer and hiss at him, but Bessie drew his hand through her own strong, young arm, and faced them with flashing eyes and a glance of indignation, before which they were silent.

"You're just as bad, every one of you," she cried; "you take the bread out of your children's mouths, and that's as bad as stealin' vi'lets from your poor, dead wife. It doesn't do her any real harm, but you starve, and pinch, and cheat little children, and it harms them ev'ry day they live. None of you have any call to throw stones at him."

She thrust her way through them, and was leading Rodney to the door, when the man behind the counter called to her to take away the flowers.

"Do you think I'd take 'em from such a place as this?" she asked, more vehemently than before. "Could I go and put 'em back into her poor, dead hands, after he'd bought a glass o' gin with 'em? No, no; keep 'em, and carry 'em home with you, and tell everybody you see what your customers will do for drink. I'd sooner cut my fingers off than touch them again."

The courage her agitation had given her was well-nigh spent now, and she was glad to get Rodney out of the place. She trembled almost as much as he did, and the tears rained down her face. She did not try to speak to him until Rodney began to talk to her in a whimpering and querulous voice.

"Hush!" she said, "hush! Don't go to say you couldn't help it, and she loving you so to the very last minute of her life. 'If he'd only pray to God to help him!' she said. And then, just before she was going away, she said, 'Bessie, you must take care of him and Nelly.' And I'm going to do it, Mr. Rodney. You saved me once, and I'm going to try to save you now, if God'll only help me. It shan't be for want of praying to Him, I promise you. Oh! if you'd only give it up now at once before you get worse and worse."

"I can't be any worse," moaned the drunkard.

"Not much, may be," said Bessie frankly; "you went and stole Nelly's doll for drink, and now you've stole the vi'lets. But you might be dead, and that's worse. And every day you're only getting nearer it, and if you go on drinking you're sure to die pretty soon. Perhaps, if you go on as you are, you'll be dead in a very little while."

"I wish I was dead," he groaned.

"Why!" exclaimed Bessie, in a tone of astonishment; "and then you could never undo the harm you've done to poor little Nelly, that you love so, I know,

spite of all. If you'd only think of Nelly, and think of God—I don't know much about God, you used to know more than me; but I've a feeling as if He really does care for us all, every one of us, and you, when you're drunk even. If you'd only think of Him and little Nelly, you wouldn't get drunk again, I'm sure."

"I never will again, Bessie; I never will again," he repeated fervently. And he continued saying it over and over again, till they reached the gallery at the top of the staircase. Bessie drew him aside as he was about to turn into his own room.

"No," she said, "you couldn't bear to stay in there alone all night; it 'ud be too much for you. Mrs. Simpson, as is taking care of Nelly, 'll let you sit up by her fire; and I'll go and stay in your house. I'm not afeard at all. She loved us all so—you, and Nelly, and me. We're going to bury her in the morning, and I'd like to sit up with her the last night of all."

Before long Rodney was seated by his neighbour's fire, in a silent and very sorrowful mood, with Nelly leaning against him, her arm round his neck, and her cheek pressed against his. He was quite sober now, and his spirit was filled with bitter grief, and a sense of intolerable degradation. He loathed and abhorred himself—cursed his own sin and the greed of the people who lived upon it. If the owners of these places of temptation—members of Christian churches some of them—could hear the deep, unutterable curses breathed against them, their souls would be ready to die within them for their own sin and the terrible shame of it.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

 We close our FIFTH VOLUME OF "ONWARD" there closes upon us another year, another volume of life's history, written, alas! with the blood and tears of myriads of earth's mortals. We stand appalled at the horrible carnage which for many months has deluged with blood one of the fairest, yet one of the most iniquitous countries of Europe. And the blood-red arm is uplifted still. We are led sometimes almost to forget, as we watch the bloody strife, that another demon equally as cruel and insatiate as war is on our shores and in our midst, the deadly enemy of our country's weal. In opposing this foe, we and our fellow-soldiers of the temperance army are engaged. And we know that our five years' work has not been in vain; but, rather, looking upon the past we are led still to adopt our own unflinching motto, ONWARD!!

The second annual tea meeting of the St. George's Wesleyan Band of Hope, East London, held on Monday, October 24th, was a great success. The Rev. R. Woodfin occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. Tabraham and G. Maunder, and Captain Williams. The report read by Mr. F. H. Brent, the hon. secretary, stated that 120 names had been enrolled during the year, including six Sunday-school teachers. As another result of the society's operations, some of the Band of Hope members have joined the church, and others have connected themselves with the Sunday-school. A choir of 100 children, under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Craze, sang a number of temperance melodies. Prizes were afterwards distributed for good attendance and Biblical research.

The Spalding Total Abstinence Society has lately issued its annual report, which [is a very encouraging] one. The efforts of the society have been more successful during the past year than in any previous one. A mutual improvement society, held weekly, has been the means of strengthening the cause to a great extent. The Band of Hope is well attended by the youth of both sexes. The receipts for the year have been £34. 8s. 9d.; the expenditure £34. 14s.

St. Paul's Band of Hope, Brunswick-street.—On Thursday evening, November 3rd, the members of this society gave their first concert, the Rector presiding. There was a very large attendance, the receipts being over £15, which are to be devoted towards the purchase of a piano.

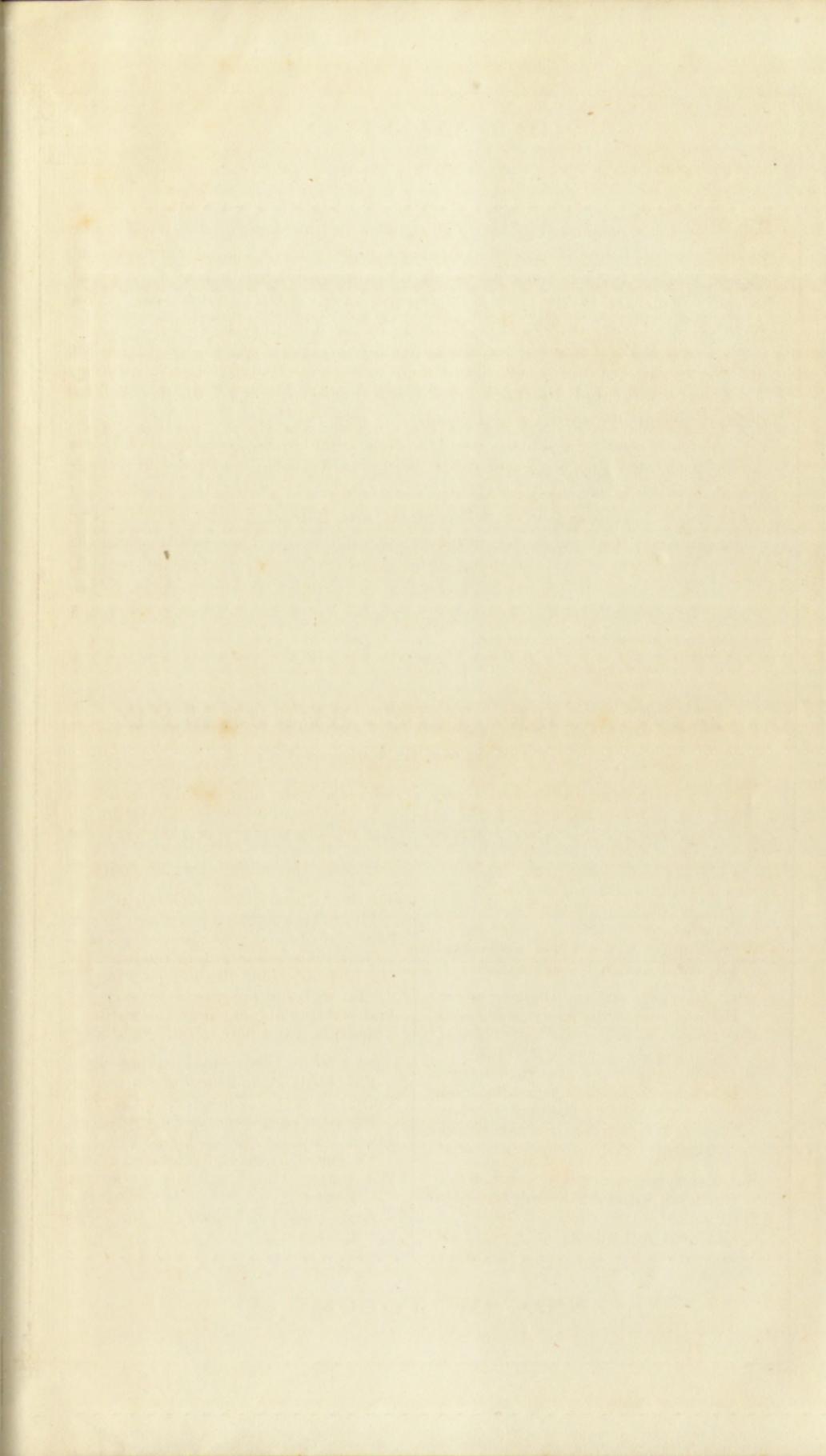
The annual meeting and tea party of the New Islington Wesleyan Band of Hope was held October 29th, over which Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus for the eighth year presided. The musical and recitational programme was all that the most critical could desire. Addresses were delivered by several local friends, including the Rev. William Hutton, B.A., rector of St. Philip's. This society presents valuable evidence of the importance of the Band of Hope to the Sabbath-school, in practical fruits such as must be convincing to any fair and honest mind. One feature was very pleasing. A penny bank connected with the society contained over £60 of the members' savings.

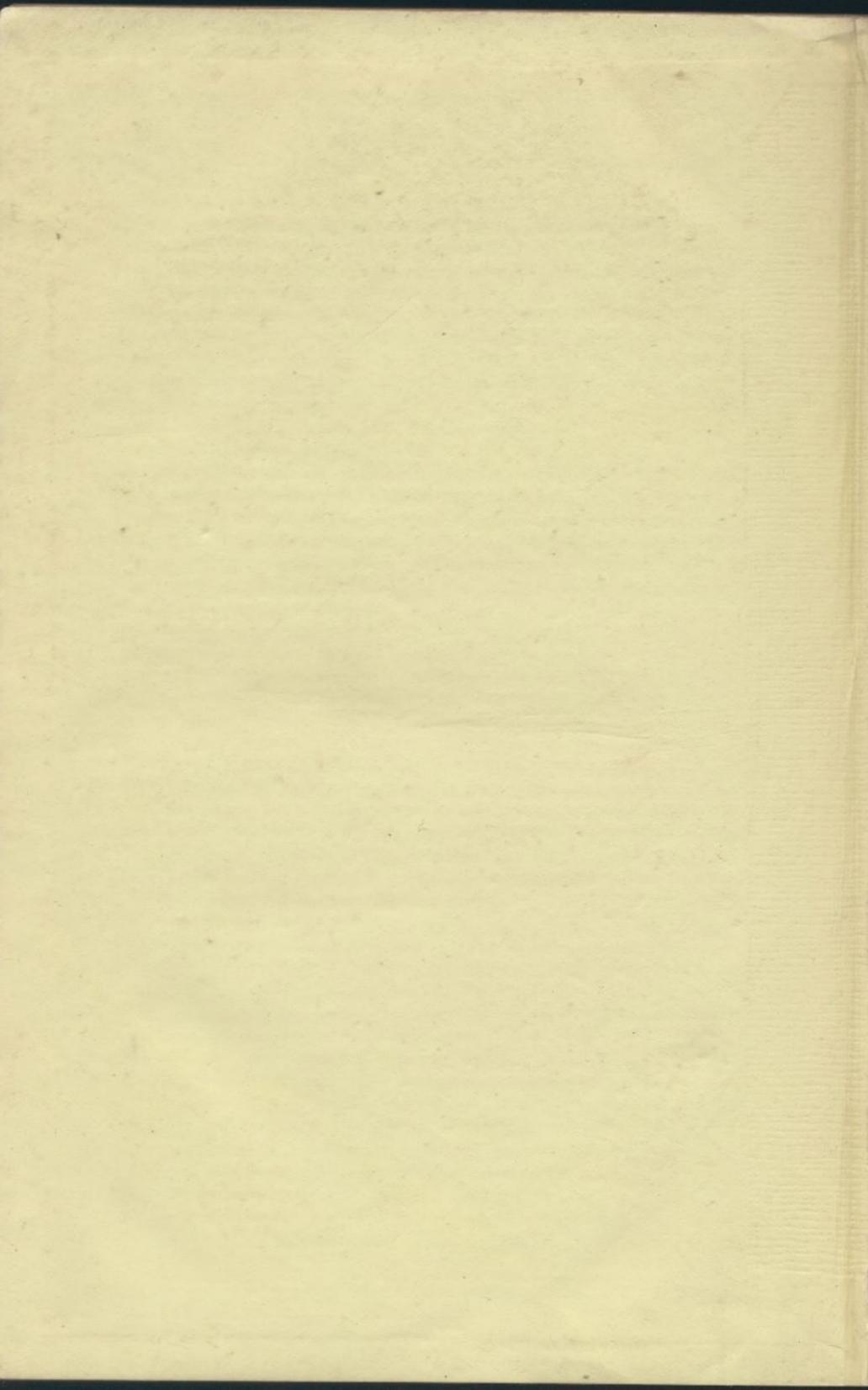
HYMN OF THE REFORMED.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

CAPTIVES to sin, and sunk in shame,
To all a loathing and a pest,
With shattered health and blighted
name,
Alike un blessing and un bless'd :
Demons who made our homes a hell,
Where passions howled like fiends
below,
With all the crimes and shames that swell
The catalogue of human woe :
Such were we—and could men be worse ?
Friends from our pathway turned aside,
Foes muttered in our ear their curse,
And children saw us to deride !
Before us yawned the drunkard's grave,
Curtained in midnight's starless gloom :
Who from its greedy jaws could save,
Who snatch us from the drunkard's
doom ?
Such were we—victims of despair !
For hope with folded wing had died !
Hell moved to meet us, and the air
Quivered with shouts of fiends, who
cried—

“ Ah ! ha ! and have ye fallen thus ?
Ye who exulted in your strength,
Hurled from your heights, have ye, like
us,
Become the spoiler's prey at length ? ”
But this is past ! the woe, the tears,
The fiery weight on heart and brain,
The anguish and the shame of years—
Only their memory doth remain !
The serpent's bite, the adder's sting,
Pass with the poison-cup away ;
And waters bubbling from the spring,
Sparkling and pure, our thirst allay !
Lord God of Hosts ! to Thee belong
Thanksgiving and the voice of praise ;
Thine eye beheld, Thine arm was strong
The drunkard from the pit to raise !
Saved from our vice, to life restored,
To homes, to wives, to children given :
We praise Thee for Thy goodness,
Lord !
And pray, oh ! lead us to Thy
heaven !





P. DOW & SON
Binders,
160 Aldersgate St
LONDON.

