ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1897

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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.

ONWARD:

AN ILLUSTRATED, TEMPERANCE & FAMILY

+ + MAGAZINE. + +

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A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE TEETH OF THE TEMPEST.

IT was Christmas time. For weeks the inhabitants of the quaint little village of Glen Nowan, situated in the bend of one of England's most western bays, had been preparing for the celebration of the Nativity event; and in the little chapel under the hill the choir had been practising the anthem, "Unto us a Child is born," and had so far advanced in their practise as to be fairly confident of a successful rendering of the same on the morning of Christmas Day.

But, alas, when Christmas morning came, the members of the choir were scattered along the coast engaged in other work.

The wind, which had been howling from nor'-nor'-east, with rain and sleet and snow, making it difficult for the vessels which were beating into the bay under close reefed canvas to come to an anchorage under the lee of Saint Aubyns, suddenly veered round to the sou'-sou'-west, and blew such a hurricane that the oldest inhabitant declared he had never known the like before.

From the morning of Christmas Eve until the midnight of Christmas Day the gale raged with a violence that was terrific, so that when on Christmas morning the great sun, struggling to maintain its rights, managed for a moment to look out from behind a heavy cloud-bank, it was to see a coast-line strewed with the wreckage of the previous night; and many a hardy but tender-hearted fisherman was heard to say, whilst in the act of rendering assistance to the drowning and the dead, "'Ow can es sing on such a day as this?" and the result was seen in an empty chapel, but a crowded coast.

By the time, however, that noon of Christmas day was reached, the wind had lulled a little; and, though the sky had a forbidding look, the old fishermen were hoping, nevertheless, for a quiet night. But, alas, as the shadows of the evening fell, the wind, like a lion greedy of its prey, began to howl out of its lair; and long before the darkness had settled down upon that little Western world, the hurricane had leaped out of its cavern, and was lashing the tumultuous waters of the great Atlantic into a seething, surging hell.

Again men's hearts were failing them for fear; and of the intrepid inhabitants along that rock-bound coast there was scarcely one who had not some serious misgivings as to what the night might bring forth.

Seated in her cottage was poor Phyllis Tregelles, a lonely but brave woman, whose husband had been drowned at sea, and whose boy, her only child, had also met with the same sad fate. Beside her, on her table, lay her Bible, which she had been reading by the aid of a dim light from a candle, her solitary "dip," which was fast burning itself out in its socket. She had just finished

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her portion of scripture for the evening, and was dwelling upon the words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," when she was aroused by a fearful gust of wind, which, raging around her cottage, seemed as if it would raze it to the ground. The memory of a great sorrow hung heavily upon her heart, and the hurricane of the night did but intensify her woe.

"'Ell es let loose!" she exclaimed, "but the Lord reigneth; and 'E who holds the winds in 'Is fists, and the waaters in the 'ollow o' 'Is 'ands, can keep from every 'arm to-night."

But she had no sooner uttered the words than another gust, of still greater force, hurled itself at her cottage door, shrieked in at her casement, roared down her chimney, and threatened to wrench every bolt out of its socket and every door off its hinges, and paralysed her for a moment in her attempt to pray.



At length she exclaimed, "Lord, and what can poor Phyllis do?" And, wringing her clasped hands, she lifted them to heaven and cried, "Oh, ef I cud but saave somebody's child to-night."

Startled by the quick but heavy tread of a fisherman as he passed her cottage door, she sprang to her feet with the remark, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts;" and, flinging a rag of a shawl across her shoulders, she sallied forth in the darkness, and strode in the very teeth of the tempest until she had reached the cliff. Pausing for a moment to get her breath she heard the voice of the fisherman, who was leaning against the corner of a cottage which abutted on the sea, straining his eyes to their uttermost if haply he might catch sight of something that was passing in that storm-swept bay.

"Law, Sam," she exclaimed, as she recognised the voice, "es et thee? Ednt et a hawful night?"

Startled for a moment by the question, and surprised at the sight of poor Phyllis, or rather at the sound of the well-known voice, for the night was so dark that they could scarcely see, Sam replied,

"Iss, Phyl, ets a hawful night, sure 'nough; never knawed a wust. And I'm terribly afeared there'll be more wrecks in the bay."

The words had no sooner escaped the lips of old Sam than Phyllis shouted, "Look! look!" and immediately two pairs of eyes were fixed upon a red rocket leaping into the darkened heavens as out of the seething sea.

"God 'elp us, Sam! There's a vessel in distress; we must go," said Phyllis.

"Go where?" asked Sam, in surprise.

"Go where! Why, go to the 'elp o' those poor drownin' things. Where's the punt, Sam? Where's the punt?"

"Down under the shoot."

"And the oars?"

"Up in the cellar."

"Fetch 'em, Sam, fetch 'em; there ednt a minute to lose. I'll go and caal Jem Penberthy, 'e's a good fella; 'e'll come, and God 'elping us, Sam, we'll pull to that there wreck, we will."

Quick as the lightning's flash, both went their way—Sam to fetch the oars, and Phyllis to wake up young Jem Penberthy, who had gone to bed for the night. In a trice all three were under the cliff, and having launched their boat were pushing out of the Cove in their perilous adventure to save some at least of the poor ship-wrecked crew.

Skirting the coast under the shelter of the headland, as far

as Pelay, a little to the windward of the wreck—for the ship running for the harbour had struck upon a sunken rock just off that point—both Sam and Penberthy bent their bodies to their oars and pulled for the ship, pulled until the sweat-drops stood like beads upon their brows, whilst Phyllis, gripping the tiller in her hand, steered straight as an arrow for its mark.

Getting within sound of a call, the full-lunged Penberthy bellowed, "Ship ahoy!" when all three held their breath for a moment, if haply they might catch the sound of a reply, which never came.

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" again roared the great stentorian voice of Penberthy, but they heard only the shrieking of the tempest, and saw only the sweeping of the sea, as, striking against the sides of the great ship, it hurled itself in thunder on the deck.

"Lor-a-mercy, Jem, we be too late; they be all drownded," exclaimed Sam, in a most piteous tone.

Just then a flash of lightning lit up the cruel scene, and the quick eye of Phyllis perceived leaning over the taffrail of the barque what appeared like the form of a man, whilst amid a lull in the tempest they each one of them caught a faint but piercing cry.

"Pull, boys, pull!" shrieked Phyllis in a very agony of delight, "there's somebody alive."

And the two noble fellows again bent their bodies to their oars, whilst Phyllis steered the fragile little punt under the lee of the great ship; and young Penberthy, planting his foot upon the gunwale of the boat, sprang like a greyhound upon the deck of the sinking ship, and with a knife cut the rope which bound a woman with a baby at her breast. Grasping the infant from the all but palsied hands of the mother, he leaned over the bulwarks, and shouting, "Look out, Sam. Catch!" flung a helpless little infant into the arms of the old fisherman.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Sam, "why, et's a child. 'Ere, Phyllis, thee taake the baby, my dear, and I'll go and 'elp Jem to get the poor mawther into the punt."

And Phyllis, with all the instincts of a woman, took the infant in her arms, and, tucking it under the corner of her dripping shawl, began to hush its cries to rest.

In the meantime, Jem Penberthy had raised the all but exhausted mother on to her feet, and resting her upon the bulwarks of the sinking ship, waited for a favourable opportunity, when, aided by Sam, he might lodge her safely in the little punt.

"Now!" shouted Penberthy, as the great ship gave a lurch to leeward, and the two brave fellows struggled hard to get her into the boat, but in vain; for, falling between the ship and the punt, she sank like a stone into the sea, and they saw her no more.

Hurrying along the deck of the vessel, Jem Penberthy strove with all his might to render assistance to others, but without success. Clutching a seaman who was sadly crushed by the falling of one of the ship's spars, he struggled hard to get him into the boat, but the task was too great; and, hearing the frantic appeals of old Sam, "Quick, Jem, quick! For God's sake, quick, or we shaal be drownded every one," he rushed along the deck, and leaping from his perilous position into the punt, was just in time to escape from being sucked into the vortex with the sinking ship, when the two heroic men sprang to their oars and pulled for the shore.

News of the adventure in the meantime had aroused the inhabitants of that end of the village from whence the rescuers had sallied forth to their noble work, for old Sam's wife and young Penberthy's mother had spread the intelligence, to the consternation of all. And as the bronzed and weatherbeaten fishermen, with their wives and a few of their children, crowded together upon the cliff, straining their eyes in the attempt to pierce the darkness, if haply they might see the coming boat, the hardiest and most heroic of the lot shook his head significantly and said, "No punt can live en such a say!"

Hour after hour passed away, and the anxious watchers stood huddled together, longing for a turn in the tide of events. At length the suspense was broken by the cry of an old fisherman, "Look, boys; look! What's that? Your eyes es stronger nor mine—es it the punt?"

"Iss, iss, et's the punt—thank God, et's the punt!" shouted a score of voices at once. And seeing she was making for the Cove under the "shoot," they moved *en masse* for the west, in order that they might lend a helping hand to the noble men.

"Poor things!" said the sympathetic villagers, "what a time of et they've 'ad. And to think they risked their lives en such a storm. Iss, old Sam and young Jem Penberthy es 'eroes, they es."

Presently there was a pause, a pause which not even the hurricane dared for a moment disturb. But when, rounding the ledge of rocks which jutted out from the Cove, the crowd saw the little cockle-shell of a boat steer straight for the shore, they sent up such a shout that the tempest could not drown; whilst a few of the more impatient fishermen, leaping into the sea, laid hold of the gunwale of the punt before she had scraped her keel upon the shingle, and with strong hands helped by loving hearts pulled her high and dry on to the beach.

"Hullo, Sam!" shouted old Peter Penleaven, as he looked into the stern of the boat, "what haave ee 'ere?" for a woman sat like a statue with the tiller in her hand.

"Phyllis!" coolly answered Sam.

"Phyllis! Phyllis who? Never Phyllis Tregelles, Sam?"

"The very saame, yer 'onour," chimed in young Jem Penberthy. "And but for Phyllis we shud all haave been drownded, we shud."

"Phyllis! Phyllis!" shouted the excited little crowd; and they pressed forward to gaze upon the woman who had dared the sea on such a night.

"Stand back!" roared out young Jem Penberthy, "or by Jove I'll give every one o' ee the rope's end, I will What on earth do ee 'spect to see? Why, you haave all o' ee seed Phyllis afore, haaven't ee? Shud think the sight o' Phyllis es good for sore eyes. Stand back, I say, and let the poor thing get out." And then, with

a tenderness that was touching, he said, "Now, Phyllis, let me 'elp ee, my dear."

But Phyllis heard not the voice of Penberthy, and sat on in the stern of the punt.

"Why, she's dead!" exclaimed Peter Penleaven, as he saw her as rigid as a stone, grasping the tiller in her right hand, and with her left holding a bundle to her breast. And the good, kind-hearted old fisherman stooped to raise her in his big brawny arms.

"Taake keer o' the child, Peter, taake keer o' the child," roared out Penberthy.

"Child! child! whose child?" asked the curious and excited crowd.

"Why, 'er own, to be sure, whose else shud it be," said old Sam. And with the remark he hastened to relieve her of her precious charge.

"No, Sam, no!" faintly whispered Phyllis Tregelles, who was recovering from her swoon. "You haave maany childern, Sam; I haaven't one. 'E'll 'elp to fill the plaace o' my poor dear little Joey. Don't ee taake 'n from me, Sam—don't ee." And with that the poor overwrought woman burst into tears.

"Let 'er cry, Sam—let the poor thing cry; tears will do her good," said Peter Penleaven.

And reverently they waited until the fountain of her tears was dry. Then, assisted by old Sam and young Jem Penberthy, she crawled up the Cove to her cottage on the cliff, where, exhausted by the tax upon her strength, she fell fainting on the floor. Raising her in their arms, a few of the women bore her tenderly to her chamber and laid her upon her bed, and as they placed the baby by her side they said, "Ess-fye, Phyllis Tregelles, you've got your Chrestmas cur'l, sure 'nough—'Unto us a Child is born.'"

(*To be continued.*)

Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"CAVENDO TUTUS."



THIS is the motto of the Dukes of Devonshire. The meaning of it is "*Safe by being cautious.*"

The family name of the Devonshires is Cavendish. Their history goes a long way back. We read of a Sir John Cavendish who was Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in 1366, and in 1380 was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

A son of this Sir John was an esquire of the king's house (Richard II.), and the *Peerage* tells us it was this Cavendish who actually put an end to Wat Tyler's Rebellion by slaying the leader, "for William Walworth, Mayor of London, having arrested him (Tyler), he furiously struck the mayor with his dagger, but being armed, hurt him not; whereupon the mayor, drawing his baselard, grievously wounded him twice or thrice, even unto death. For which service Cavendish was knighted in Smithfield, and had a grant of £40 per annum from the king."

When the motto of the house was first used cannot be exactly ascertained, but it is interesting to note that there is an intended play upon words by the Cavendishes adopting for their device "*Cavendo Tutus.*"

The words remind us of an ancient story, as old as the "Arabian Nights" tales; perhaps it is one of them:

There was a certain fisherman, advanced in age, who had a wife and three children all dependent upon him for their support. One day he went forth, as was his custom, to the seashore. With him he took a basket and net. He was only allowed to cast his net four times a day. Three efforts had been made and not a single fish lay in his basket. So he made his last throw with considerable anxiety, for four mouths at home would remain empty if he took them no supper.

He cast his net, and waited until it was motionless in the water.

When he drew together the strings, the fisherman found the net far too heavy for him to manage it in the ordinary way. So he took the end of the cord, knocked a stake into the shore, and tied the cord to it. The fisherman then stripped himself, dived round the net, and continued to pull until he drew it out.

The weight of his catch made the man rejoice. He dressed hurriedly, for he was anxious to examine the net and satisfy himself as to the value of his possession.

The net contained no fish. There was only a huge bottle having its neck closed with a stopper covered with lead bearing a very curious impression. The fisher took a knife from his pocket, and picked at the lead till he had extracted the stopper from the bottle. He then shook the bottle well, that its contents might pour out; but there came forth from it nothing but smoke, which ascended towards the sky, and spread over the face of the earth. At which the fisherman wondered exceedingly.

After a little while, the smoke collected together and was condensed. It then became agitated and gradually assumed the form of a strange creature, whose head was in the clouds, while his feet rested upon the ground.

The new-comer was a genii. His head was like a dome; his hands were like winnowing forks; his legs like the masts of a ship; his mouth resembled a cavern; his teeth were larger than gravestones; his nostrils like trumpets, and his eyes were like lamps.

When the old fisherman beheld this extraordinary creature he was almost frightened to death, for he knew not what might happen. Presently the genii spoke to the fisherman in a fashion that did not make the poor fellow feel any more comfortable.

"It is decreed that whoever should liberate me must die. I can only suffer thee to choose in what manner thou wouldst prefer to die."

The poor fisherman in his fright implored the genii, saying:

"Would not gratitude cause thee to pardon me for liberating thee?"

The creature apparently knew but little about gratitude, for he answered:

"It is because thou hast let me out of my prison that I am going to slay thee."

Possibly, more with the idea of gaining time than from curiosity, the fisherman asked:

"What is thy history, and what is thy tale, and what was the cause of thy imprisonment in the bottle?"

Time was gained, certainly, for it took the genii a long while to tell the story how he had been imprisoned in that bottle as a spirit for centuries.

The history was told at last, and it concluded with the stern demand repeated once more, that the fisherman should at once choose how he would die.

"Before I make up my mind," said the fisherman, "will you answer me one question?"

"Yes! ask and be brief."

The fisherman then said: "How could you be confined in that bottle? It will not contain thy hand or thy foot, how then can it contain thy whole body?"

"Dost thou not believe that I was in it?" said the genii.

The fisherman answered: "I will never believe it until I see thee in it."

Upon this the creature shook, and became converted again into smoke, which rose to the sky and then became condensed, when it entered the bottle little by little, until it was all enclosed. The fisherman then hastily snatched the leaden stopper, and having replaced it in the mouth of the bottle, he called out:

"Now, choose in what manner *thou* wilt die. I will assuredly throw thee here into the sea, and build me a house on this spot, and whosoever shall come here, I will prevent his fishing in this place, so that you shall never again set foot on dry land. I will give everybody warning that there is a spirit contained in a bottle, and that if any person should liberate him, immediate death awaits him."

There is a bottle to-day, sometimes sealed and ornamented with fanciful designs bearing various attractive names. Men and women who break the seal and liberate the spirit find that death is upon them, in one form or other, but they rarely have the choice which was given to the fisherman, as to *how* they shall die.

The fisherman was fortunate in escaping his threatened death. Nobody else could be sure of being similarly fortunate. The only safe way is to have no dealings with that bottle.

"Whoso is deceived thereby is not wise!"

And there is one more thing we have to do. It is our duty to take our stand by the place of danger, and do everything possible to prevent others from taking up that bottle and liberating the spirit which is certain to spread death and destruction wherever it goes.

Safety depends upon *caution*. So it is worth while to remember the two Latin words so freely inscribed upon Chatsworth House—*Cavendo tutus*.

Talks with Little Folks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

No. I.—(Introduction) BONES.

I AM anxious during this year to have a little talk every month with the readers of this magazine. These talks will enable me to say something to you about the wonderful manner in which your body is made, and at the same time I shall be able to point out how the happiness, usefulness, prosperity and length of life of the body is assisted by abstaining from all drinks containing a poison called alcohol, and how alcohol injures the body in a great variety of ways. I shall try to be very simple, and if any hard words come in our path I shall try to explain them, so that you may thoroughly understand what I wish to teach you.

Before we go any further, I must give you the meaning of three words, they are Health, Physiology, and Pathology. When we say that our bodies are healthy we mean that they are perfect, or whole; this word comes from a Saxon word *hal*, which means *whole*. If we can see properly then we say the eyes are healthy, because they are perfect, or whole, and are able to do their work; if, however, the eyes are so imperfect that the sight is injured then we say the eyes are unhealthy, they cannot do the work they are intended to carry out.

When we talk about *physiology*, we are speaking of the various parts of any living body when they are in a healthy state. This word is made up of two Greek words—*physis*, meaning nature, and *logos*, a talk or conversation on any particular subject; you know this word *logos*, because you have had it pointed out to you in *geology*, a talk about the earth, and in *zoology*, a talk about animals.

When we speak of *pathology*, we are thinking of the body when it is not healthy; this word comes also from two Greek words—*pathos*, meaning suffering, and *logos*, as already explained, meaning a talk or conversation.

You see, then, that during the course of our twelve talks I shall have to speak often of the

perfect or healthy body, or of physiology, and also of the imperfect or unhealthy body, or of pathology.

Now every part of the body is influenced by every other part, so that every part has to work for the common good of all. If one part is unhealthy then the other parts must suffer in consequence; thus, if the eyes cannot see, then the feet are sure to stumble; if the teeth cannot bite the food well, then the stomach cannot digest or make the food soft. One part of the body cannot be injured without other parts suffering at the same time.

I need hardly say anything to you about our duty to do all we can to keep the body healthy; to be guilty of neglecting our own body is just as much a sin as to be guilty of refusing food to a man dying of hunger. Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of Moses, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." The wages we get for taking proper care of our body are power to do our daily work, and happiness in the doing of it. Once we neglect to do this, then our wages are stopped and we get punishment. What would you think of the boy who poured ink into the works of his watch, or cut holes in the pneumatic tube of his bicycle? You would say that such a boy should never have a watch, and he ought never to ride a bicycle.

Such actions as these are but trifles compared to the folly of placing those things in the mouth which injure the body.

It is because I wish you never to put alcohol into your mouth that I desire you to pay attention to these little talks.

You have, no doubt, often heard the body compared to a machine. You have a working model of a steam engine; you light the fire; the water in the boiler is soon heated; the steam forces its way along the pipes; the piston rod moves; round goes the wheel; your machine is doing its work—it is alive. Your model is only alive when it is warm; when it is cold it is dead and useless. The body is like a machine, it has joints which must be moved; the arms and legs can only move when the body is warm; when it becomes cold the body lies still and can do nothing, we say then that the body is dead. The warmth of the body comes from a fire as real as the fire which produced the steam in your model, only the fire burns in all parts of the body; and though there is no flame it is a true fire, for fuel is burned up in the body just as coal is burned up in a stove. The machine will not go unless we have fuel to make steam; we also must eat the right kind of food, or we shall not be able to do our work.

You know that a house is made of various kinds of material; the walls are made of bricks or of stone; the floors of timber; there is a door by which we can get into the house, and windows through which we can look out into the street. It is just the same with the body; we have here many kinds of material—bone, flesh, brain, and blood. When a house wears away it has to be repaired, and the proper kinds of material must be used. So with the body, it is always wearing away, and as fast as it wears away, if we eat the right kind of food, it is built up again.

The story of the construction of this marvellous house in which the soul lives is so full of interest, and takes so long to learn, that it is only very little I can tell you.

Before I close this introductory talk, I want to say something to you about the skeleton—this is the frame-work on which the fleshy parts of the body rest, or which form bony cages to protect the most important parts of the body. Let us see what the word skeleton means. It comes from a Greek word, *skeletos*, and means *dried up*. When the softer parts of the body are dried up we have left behind the bones, and these we call the skeleton.

Some day, when you go into the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum, you will see some skeletons which are the remains of mummies, human bodies which were preserved many hundreds of years ago; the soft parts of the body are all gone, the skeleton remains.

The skeleton is made up of a great many bones, of various shapes, and fitting into each other by different kinds of joints. Altogether there are about 250 bones in a human body. I shall be able during our talks to tell you the names of some of the bones. I want you to learn now that the bones are made up of two kinds of material; these are named *animal* and *mineral*. To understand this let us perform two simple experiments.

Experiment 1.—Suppose you have got from the butcher's two similar bones; you scrape off all the meat and sinews, and then place one of the bones on the top of a clear red fire. After a short time you take it off carefully, you must not drop it or it will break. You notice at once that the bone is much lighter and more brittle than when you put it on the fire; if when you placed it on the fire it weighed three ounces, it now only weighs two ounces, the animal matter weighing one ounce has been burned away.

Experiment 2.—To prepare the other bone, so as to show the animal matter, you must soak it for some days in muriatic acid, or, as it is often called, hydrochloric acid or spirits of salt. You must always use these acids under the direction of an adult person who understands them. This acid is made from common salt and sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. When you take the bone out of the acid you find that it is no longer hard, like bone; you can twist it about in any direction. The acid has taken out of the bone the mineral matter, only the animal matter remains. The three ounce bone now only weighs one ounce.

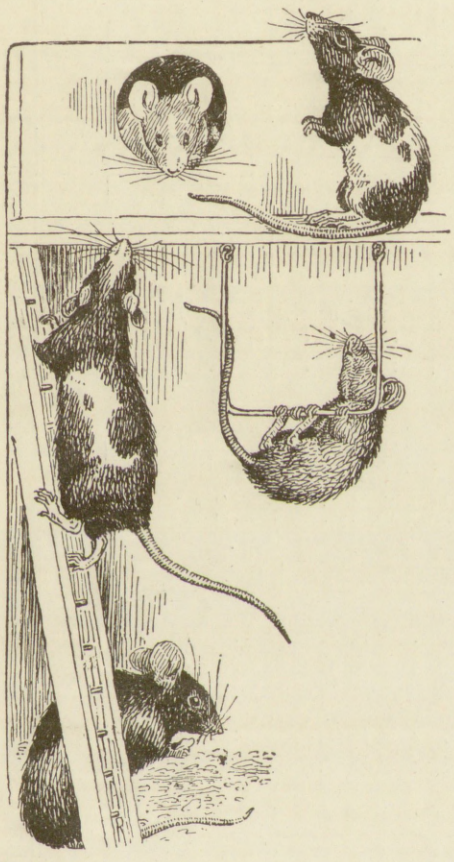
To make the bones grow we must eat food containing the proper quantity of mineral matter. Some children have bandy or bow legs; this is because their bones have too much animal matter and too little mineral matter; they must eat food containing plenty of mineral matter.

Now learn this lesson: *Intoxicating drinks do not contain enough mineral matter to make the bones grow.* Milk, eggs, oatmeal and cheese have plenty of mineral matter. Children should take plenty of oatmeal and milk. If, therefore, we spend our money in the purchase of the right kind of food, we shall get the very substances we require to make the bones grow; this we can never get if, instead, we buy intoxicating drinks.

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

No. I.—WHITE MICE.



THE very idea of *keeping mice*, the most revolting, disgusting creatures under the sun! Why of *all things* I should like to *get rid of* once and for ever, it is a mouse, whether it be white, or black or grey!"

I fancy I can hear this indignant rush of language coming from the lips of some dear boy's "big sister," in whose mind the two words "mouse" and "scream" are bound up together in one inseparable bundle! Many a plucky woman who can sit up, night after night, to watch over a sick child until strong men all round her are completely knocked through, will go into fits and hysterics at the sight of "a poor little mouse." But surely not a *white* mouse? Yes, even when our dear little friend has a jacket like snow, and eyes like rubies, even when his gentle, confiding spirit causes him to show no fear at the sight of a row of six or eight "bits of boys" standing like ogres and giants before his cage, looking big enough and mischievous enough to pull his tail off, or snip his whiskers down to the roots—even *then* there *are* those who look upon "our wee white mouse" in no friendly mood, but would fain exterminate him on the spot.

But oh, listen to me, listen to *me*. I hold a brief for this dear little quadruped, and, although it is many years since I had one in my possession, yet such is my love for him that there is always in my inmost soul a yearning, hankering feeling, which, when expressed in words, would be, "I really *must* begin keeping white mice again."

Now, I will suppose that every boy who reads these lines will instantly say, "I think *I* should like to keep mice, too," and I imagine you with a shilling in your pocket, and a mouse-crave in your very bones.

HOW ARE YOU TO BEGIN?

Well, first turn that nimble shilling into four "mouses." You can get them at any of the live-stock shops in London, and if you haven't any opportunity of going to get them yourself you can come round Aunt Dinah, who lives "somewhere in the East End," and ask her to forget her mouse-hatred for once, and to buy them for you, and send them down in a little box by rail (they must not be sent by post). Before they reach you

HAVE A STRONG BOX READY,

not *less* than a raisin box, a tea chest is much better; those miserable little pill boxes which mice are generally put into are perfectly *cruel*, and, besides, you can never see the dear little beasts properly in so small a compass. If you can have a

GOOD SIZED PANE OF GLASS

along the *top* of the front of the box it adds to the interest of keeping your pets, because you can see them so well at all times. Fasten up inside the big box three or four small wooden boxes, strong ones, about the size of a slate pencil box, and bore a little hole in each, about as big round as a half-penny, and fill them with very fine hay or cotton wool, make a little ladder to go up to each box, and it is one of the prettiest sights possible to see them run up and down it. Have a strong door on the *other* half of your front of the big box, and see that all parts are well protected by tacking tin on to them, or you will find "mousey" wont be long before he finds his way out.

FEED THEM WITH BREAD AND MILK, AND OATS,

and, *occasionally*, a little barley meal. Keep the floor *well* scattered down with plenty of sawdust, and

CLEAN THEM OUT REGULARLY.

They need never smell unpleasant if you do this. You will find them tricky and really charming little creatures. One very attractive little dodge I used to have was this. I had a piece of wood about half as long again as a pencil-case, and I bored it out hollow and then made circular holes through the shell which communicated with the inside. The mice used to creep up this "hollow post" when it was fastened in the cage in an upright position, and it was a most funny sight to see a lot of them sticking their heads out of the little holes as they went up inside the post. Always

BEWARE OF CATS,

for *they like mice*. Did you know that? My last word is, if you want a sweet little companion, the *white mouse* will suit you.

MEN OF PURPOSE!

Words from "The Prize Reciter." (*Copyright.*) *Music by* THOS. PALMER.

Boldly.

1. Men of pur - pose! sound the toc - sin For the fray,.... for the fray;
2. Lo! the wait - ing ground is read - y For your toil,.... for your toil;

Key G. *Boldly.*

s_1	:-.s_1	|d	:s_1	|d	:-.d	|m	:d	*f* s	:-.s	|s	:—	—	:—	|—	:—
s_1	:-.s_1	|d	:s_1	|d	:-.d	|m	:d	:	|	:	|	d	:-.d	|t_1	:—
3. Foe-men strong with				roar an	rat - tle			Flock a - round,..				flock a - round;			
4. Men of pur - pose!				sound the toc - sin				For the fray,....				for the fray;			
s_1	:-.s_1	|d	:s_1	|d	:-.d	|m	:d	:	|	:	|	s	:-.m	|r	:—
s_1	:-.s_1	|d	:s_1	|d	:-.d	|m	:d	:	|	:	|	m	:-.d	|s_1	:—

mf *f*

Men of cour - age, raise the war - cry— Lead the way, lead the way!
Men of pur - pose, firm and stea - dy, Break the soil, break the soil!

mf l	:s	|f	:m	|r	:m	|f	:r	*f* m	:-.f	|s	:—	|m	:-.r	|d	:—
r	:m	|t_1	:d	|t_1	:d	|t_1	:t_1	d	:-.r	|m	:—	|d	:-.t_1	|d	:—
Sol - diers in the				com - ing bat - tle,				Stand your ground,				stand your ground!			
Men of cour - age,				shout the war - cry—				Lead the way,				lead the way!			
f	:m	|s	:s	|s	:s	|s	:s	s	:-.s	|s	:—	s	:-.f	|m	:—
t_1	:d	|r	:d	|f	:m	|r	:s_1	d	:-.d	|d	:—	s_1	:-.s_1	|d	:—

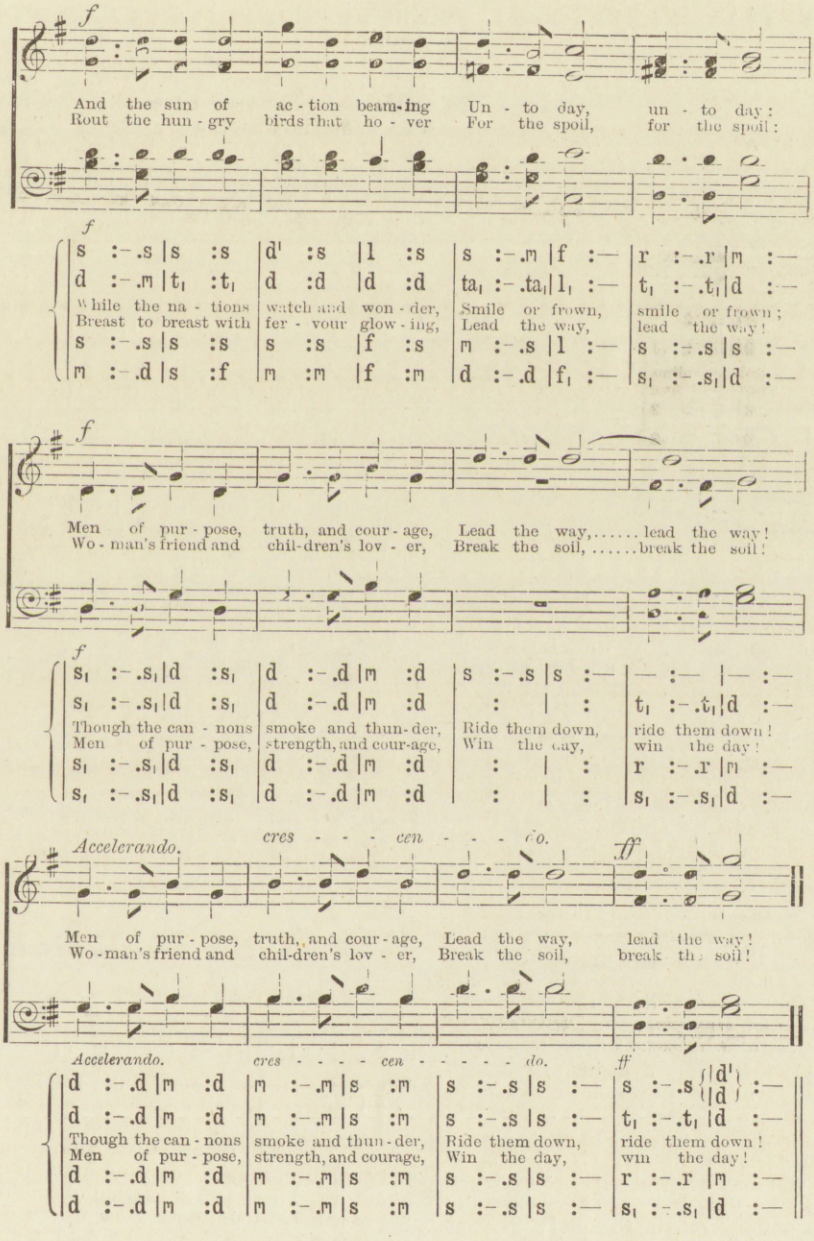
mp *cres.*

Through the dark - some fo - rest stream - ing, Lo! the dawn of thought is gleam - ing,
Thick - ly sow the good seed o - ver; Straight and true the fur - rows cov - er;

mp f	:m	|f	:m	|r	:d	|t_1	:l_1	*cres.* s_1	:s_1	|l_1	:t_1	|d	:r	|m	:f
r	:de	|r	:d	|s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:t_1	|d	:t_1
No time now to				halt or blun - der,				Cleave their gleaming				ranks a - sun - der,			
Hand in hand with				strength out - go - ing,				Heart to heart with				love o'er - flow - ing,			
s	:s	|s	:s	|f	:m	|r	:f	m	:t_1	|d	:r	|m	:s	|s	:s
s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	|t_1	:d	|s_1	:s_1	s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	|m	:r	|d	:r



MEN OF PURPOSE!



Proverb Series.

(SHORT STORIES ILLUSTRATING HOMELY PROVERBS)

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

"NO PAINS, NO GAINS."



PATRICK MURPHY and John Walker were schoolmates; they had gone to the same school since they were boys, and, when they were growing up, had entered college together; but there was one great difference between them, and it was this—Patrick was painstaking and industrious, not very clever, whilst John was clever and careless, often idle.

Years ago, when they were little lads of nine and ten, a member of Parliament had given away the prizes at the school they attended, and both of them had gained one—John by his natural aptitude and quickness, and Patrick by his dogged perseverance and "sticking at it." The gentleman said many kindly words to the boys as each one walked forward to receive the much-coveted prize, but it was the five minutes' talk he gave them after all the clapping and excitement had subsided that made a deep impression on Patrick, who never forgot it.

"Look here, lads," he said, "I don't know any of you, but I know one thing by experience, which is the best school in which we can learn anything, and that is, if you want to succeed in life you must *take pains* to do so; there is an old proverb which says, very truly, 'No pains, no gains.' Now, you may be very quick at learning, but unless you stick to it and work very carefully you will make nothing out in the end; all your cleverness will go for nothing. Some one has said, 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' Now, I am not a clever man; I am the son of a poor widow who could not afford to send me to a school such as you are at, but I was a very persevering boy, and I made up my mind that I would some day, if God gave me health and strength, stand as member for the town in which I was born, and you see I have accomplished my desire, but it has been by *working hard* ever since I was nine years old. Never think you are too young to take pains; the gains will come, though you may have to wait years for them."

It was some years since these words were spoken; but the Irish lad, Patrick, treasured them in his heart, and worked harder than most of his college companions, by whom he was considered an old "slow coach;" but when degree day came it was the "slow coach" who took more honours than any of the brilliant and clever students, and every one was amazed, and wondered how it was, and, after all was over, they crowded round Patrick to congratulate him on his great ability and cleverness.

"Sure it's not just ability and cleverness at all, at all," replied he in his Irish brogue; "it's just plodding perseverence and painstaking. I'm very slow at learning, but I can take pains, and that's the secret of success."

* * * * * * *

"All the luck in this life seems to be with some people; I wish a little would come my way; I'm tired drudging away in this office. Here I am, over 30, and yet the manager says he can't promote me, I am so careless; that I have plenty of ability, but that I don't take pains."

The speaker was our old friend John Walker, and he was talking to Patrick Murphy, who was now second master in a large grammar school.

"Will you be offended, Jack, if an old schoolfellow gives you a word of advice?"

"No, Pat; why should I?"

"Well, the manager is right; you do things too quickly; you are clever, and you think therefore that you can 'rush' a thing through; but, Jack, it doesn't do, old fellow. Begin now, before it is too late, to take pains!"

John Walker was a sensible man, and when he looked back on his life he knew that he had never taken *real* pains to do or gain anything; and though it was very hard beginning so late in life, he made up his mind to act differently.

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

No. I.—IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD.

THERE is something fascinating and attractive on a cold winter's day about a glass of hot steaming grog, and even the liquor in its ordinary condition, with its fiery nature, has a certain amount of charm about it. There is a sensation of comfort, a feeling of satisfaction, and a glow of warmth, all of which are very welcome on a cold day, but all of which are not only delusive but dangerous.

"What is the good of talking to me," says one; "I take a glass of grog and it warms me. I know it, because I feel it." That is just where the delusion comes in. Feelings are not always trustworthy, and this is specially a case where faith in them may easily be misplaced.

The sensations of warmth and of cold are only on the surface of the body; the temperature

within, if the body is healthy, is always the same.

It is unpleasant to feel too hot, and equally unpleasant to feel too cold. How can we remedy this feeling of cold? Exercise and food will soon send the rich stream of life-giving blood round the body, bringing with it not only a sensation of warmth, but real heat itself. "Ah," the drinker says, "that is just what alcohol does for me, for I can feel myself getting warmer and warmer every minute after taking a glass." Once again the delusion comes in, for the body is really colder, although there is this feeling of warmth.

Let us try to understand this. Heat is always escaping from the surface of the body, and yet there is no change of temperature within. There must be some method, then, of the body being able to produce heat at exactly the same rate at which it is escaping. It does not matter whether we are in the Arctic regions or at the Tropics, the heat of the healthy body does not vary.

This supply of warmth is obtained from the heat-giving foods and the oxygen of the air.

When a fire burns, it is using up air, to convert the carbon of the coal into carbonic acid gas, and in doing this, heat is produced.

The starches, sugars and fats contain carbon; these foods are digested, and enter the blood stream, but the blood also absorbs oxygen from the air, whilst it is passing through the lungs, and as the blood containing both carbonaceous material and oxygen passes into muscular tissue the burning up of the heat-giving foods takes place. The analogy between the burning fire and our bodies is a close one. The work being done is the same in kind, but the rate is different. Oxygen is used up, and carbonic acid gas produced, and at the same time heat is evolved. If hard work is being done, and too much heat is produced, then it escapes more quickly through the pores of the skin, and the water that has been carried off with it appears in the form of perspiration.

Let us learn two facts here, and they will help us to understand later on that alcohol cannot keep out the cold, but is really a cold producer.

Every adult doing a fair amount of work requires 22·859 ounces of solid dry food every day; this is made up as follows:—

Heat Formers.	Albuminous	4·587
	Fat	2·964
	Starch and Sugar	14·250
	Salts	1·058
		22·859

So necessary are these heat-giving foods, that out of 22·859 ounces, 17·214 ounces must consist of them. Now let us learn the other fact about the necessary oxygen to use up the carbon in these heat formers.

	Air Breathed In.	Air Breathed Out.
Oxygen	20·8	16·44
Carbonic acid gas	·04	4·4
Nitrogen	79·16	79·16
	100·00	100·00

From this it will be seen that we breathe out 110 times more carbonic acid gas than we breathe in. Bearing these facts in mind, let us look at the evidence that alcohol cannot keep the cold out, but that it produces a loss of heat.

FIRST.—Experiments have shown that under the influence of alcohol there is less carbonic acid gas produced, and therefore there must have been less heat produced too.

So long ago as November, 1813, Dr. Prout made a series of experiments proving this point, the details of one of which we give:—

Time.	Quantity of Carbonic Acid Gas given out.	Conditions.
11-40 A.M.	4·4 per cent.	Before taking wine
12-10 ,,	3·0 ,,	5 minutes after taking wine.
1-25 P.M.	3·10 ,,	
3-0 ,,	3·0 ,,	20 minutes after a walk and dinner.
3-30 ,,	3·10 ,,	
3-55 ,,	3·0 ,,	10 minutes after taking half a pint of wine.
4-30 ,,	2·70 ,,	
5-0 ,,	2·90 ,,	
8-5 ,,	3·30 ,,	
9-30 ,,	4·4 ,,	Standard resumed 5¾ hours after taking the half pint of wine.

Here the fact is shown that for nearly six hours the heat-producing power was reduced by the action of alcohol.

SECONDLY.—Medical testimony in support of the deduction of Dr. Prout's experiment:

Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.—"It is placed beyond the range of controversy that alcohol instead of being a producer of heat in those who consume it, is a depressor. There is no physiological truth better established than this one—that strong drink taken into the body reduces temperature."

The physiological reason why alcohol gives a feeling of warmth and yet the person is really colder, is as follows: There is less oxygen in the blood, and a more rapid escape of heat. Alcohol has a narcotising effect upon the nerves controlling the blood vessels, they become dilated, the skin appears flushed and red, and, owing to the influx of blood it feels warm, but this dilation of the blood vessels exposes a greater surface, consequently there is a rapid escape of heat, and the chilled blood quickly passing on soon reduces the temperature of the interior of the body.

Doubtless many thousands of people take the first steps to an early grave under the delusion that alcohol supplies the heat and the force that can *only* be supplied by good foods.

NOTE.—A series of simple experiments, illustrating the properties of starches, sugars, and fats as heat-forming foods, will be found in "Temperance Science Lessons." Published at the "Onward" Office; price 6d.

THE HISTORY OF A NEW-YEAR'S CARD.

By Uncle Ben.

IN a small house of a London suburb there lived a respectable family in poor and quiet circumstances. They had seen better days, but the father took to drink and lost one good situation after another. When he had no longer any character on which he could secure employment he became an agent for coals on commission ; the wife gave a few music lessons, and the eldest daughter, Lelia, tried to teach painting, but she could find few paying pupils. One day, seeing an advertisement for Xmas and New-Year's cards, and a prize offered for the best set of a dozen, and also for the best design for a special New-Year Card, she competed, and was fortunate enough to get what she thought a handsome money prize for the set of twelve, an order to do a gross of the set, and to send as many more designs as she was able, with the offer of fairly good remuneration, for which she was most devoutly thankful.

To fulfil this order Lelia worked very hard and did her best, and improved in her power of design. One card particularly pleased the firm for which she worked ; it was that of a little child asleep, a bright angel kissing the slumberer awake, and bearing on a scroll these words: "Peace I leave with you." The sun was rising gloriously in a misty winter morning over a snowy little landscape.

The card was sent to a West End fancy shop, where it was exposed in the window with many others, and admired by careless passers by who thought very little about where it came from, or who had painted and designed it with so much taste and skill.

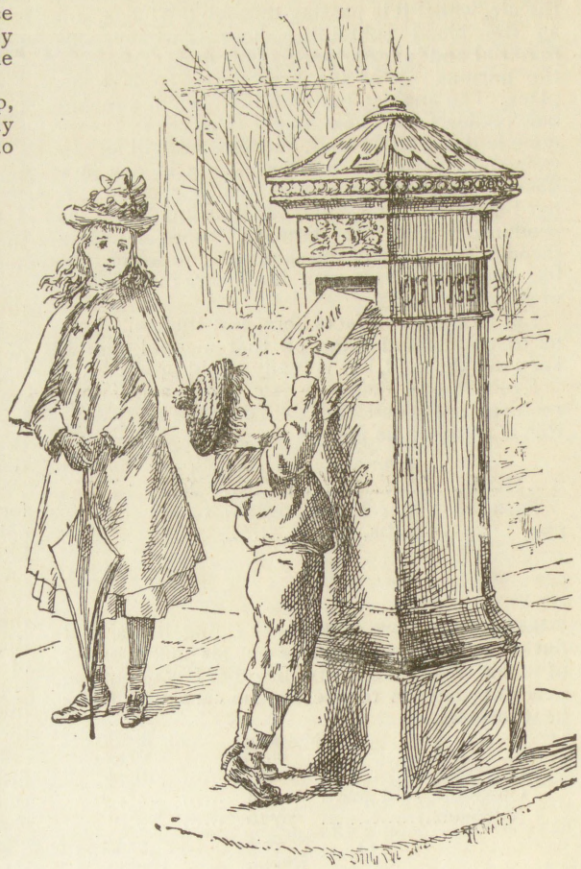
A lady making purchases for this season of the year took a fancy to it, and, with some others, brought it home and showed it to her children, who were delighted when they saw it and exclaimed it would be the very one to send to Cousin Cordelia, who was very poorly in bed with bronchitis.

So, on New Year's Eve, Tim and Lois went out to post it to Cordelia. Tim dropped it safely in the pillar box, wondering what Cordelia would think of it the next morning. It was sorted with thousands of other letters and postal communications, and finally was delivered by the postman at the right address. When the letters were brought up to Cordelia they were opened for her by her mother, and when this one was seen from Cousins Lois and Tim she was very pleased, and, after looking them all over and over again, she exclaimed, " It is by far the prettiest of all I have had."

This card, with its message of peace was treasured by Cordelia, who did not get better. She lingered on in much weakness and weariness until inflamation of the lungs was added to the prolonged bronchitis. When she could no longer play any games, or even look at books, her cards still pleased her, and this one continued her favourite even to the end. She had it with her on the evening before she passed away, and when she became unconscious it was by her pillow, and before God's silent angel gave her the kiss of peace it was the last thing she seemed to take any notice of. Cordelia's mother and Lois and Tim's father were brother and sister. The aunt and uncle learnt with much satisfaction that the New-Year's card had been so valued.

After Cordelia had gone to heaven her father and mother treasured all her possessions for some time, until they thought it would do more good if they were to give away the things that belonged to her; and as there was a bazaar for their church, in which Cordelia felt much interest, and, if she had lived, would have taken an active part, the parents determined to collect all her cards, which had been saved from the time when she was quite a baby, and paste them in a book to be sold at the stall.

Into this book of cards the New-Year's one of peace was placed on a page by itself at the end. When the bazaar came off the book was bought by a gentleman as a picture book to amuse a baby. He bought it because he did not know what to buy, not for any special reason, but simply thought it would do. However, when he took it home he found, as he feared, that it was like taking coals to Newcastle, for already baby



had more picture books than she knew what to do with, and her mother said it was a pity to have so many nice things and make no proper use of them, so she suggested that it would be best to send the book just as it was to one of the London Hospitals, and this was done.

It was not long after the arrival of the book in the Hospital that a little lad came into the men's ward with hip disease, who had to be strapped to a board for most of the day and night. It was a terrible ordeal for a restless, active, growing child, but the dreadful monotony was brightened by his being shown the card book, and no picture gave the young sufferer more pleasure than that of the bright angel bringing peace to the sleeping child. The boy used to say, "I think that angel is going to come to me and make me well."

When the boy did begin to get better, and was allowed to sit up a little, the picture book of cards was his constant companion. Before he was well enough to leave, but able to move about the ward a little, there came in a bad case of a man who, while in a state of intoxication, had been run over and seriously hurt; he suffered great pain, but one of the conditions of his possible recovery was that he should keep perfectly still. The boy knew from experience how hard this was, and showed great interest in the man's case. One day he took the picture book to show the man the cards, and especially pointed out his favourite one and said,

"You see I had to lie without moving, like this little chap, but the angel came to me, and now I am better."

The man, as he looked at it, seemed especially interested and said,

"I have seen it before; my daughter did it."

"Did she?" said the boy. "Has she ever seen an angel."

"I don't think so, but when she comes to see me you had better ask her. I need the angel of patience," groaned the man.

"Well, if you were to ask God perhaps He would send it."

On visiting day Lelia came to see her father, as her mother was not well enough to come. She seemed very anxious and sad. For some time father and daughter talked together in low tones, and then Lelia looking round and seeing the lad she beckoned him to come. The man said,

"This is my daughter that did the card you like."

"Will you show it me?" asked Lelia.

When the boy brought it he said,

"Please, maam, did you ever see this angel?"

"No, the only angel I ever saw is my mother; but I believe they are about us if we could see them."

"I have often dreamed of this one," said the lad, "and I believe it's come and made me better."

"I am very glad of that," responded Lelia.

"I have asked God to make No. 32 better, and to send him the angel he wants."

And the angel of healing came, the accident proved a blessing; the stay in the Hospital broke the power and spell of strong drink. The father became a changed man, and when he was better returned home, never again to be quite strong and well, but henceforth to be a blessing in the home he had done so much to ruin, and to learn that God can send the ministry of the peace of Christ by human hands, and make His gospel still a saving power, even in the storms of life.



A SMILING FACE.

DOES anyone like a drizzling rain
As much as a sunny sky?
Does anyone turn to a frowning face
If a pleasanter one is nigh?
Oh, give us all the look that springs
From a kindly nature's face,
We do not care if he's dark or fair,
The boy with a smiling face.

Does anyone like a lowering cloud
As much as the shining light?
Does a peevish word have the power to please
Like a laugh that is sweet and bright?
Oh, the girl that is gloomy with fretful scowls,
Though she dresses in silk and lace,
Has never such art to charm the heart
As the girl with the smiling face.

Dear boys and girls, remember this:
You are apt to meet with loss,
No matter what thing you undertake,
When you're sullen, and sour, and cross.
Dear girls and boys, I would say it thrice,
'Twill help you in every case,
If you'd win success and the world would bless,
Always wear a smiling face.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

A MAN who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time. and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

Recreative Science for Young People.

By Ruth B. Yates.

No. I.—THE FIRST PAPERMAKER.

THE first papermaker. Perhaps some of you picture a grave Egyptian carefully pressing and preparing for writing purposes the papyrus or paper-rush, or perhaps in some lesson-book, read long ago, you gained the information that the first paper-mill was erected by a German, at Dartford, in Kent, A.D. 1538.

But *our* little papermaker made that useful article many hundreds of years before *men* dreamed of such a thing, and made it as well as his descendants make it to-day.

You have all seen this wonderfully clever little fellow, and some of you have screamed and fled away from him, and others have tried to kill him; yet he is very handsome with his slender waist and dress of brown and gold. "Only a wasp," you say in a tone of disgust. Yes, only a wasp; and perhaps I did not entertain a much higher opinion of wasps, until I was spending a holiday in one of the most beautiful spots of beautiful Warwickshire, when I joined a party who were going out to secure a wasp's nest, for the busy marauders had been making sad havoc amongst the raspberries and currants. One of the gardeners had tracked the wasps, as they returned laden with spoil, to their home, and watched them disappear into a hole under one of the trees in the park. He marked the spot and reported the fact.

So about 11 o'clock at night we set out with lanterns on our strange quest. The head gardener went first with some stupefying potion which he placed over the hole and set fire to, telling us to stand back. His assistants had brought spades and an immense bucket. In a few minutes he knelt and placed his ear to the ground; then he said: "It is all right; they are asleep." We clustered round, holding the lanterns whilst the gardeners dug a hole about a yard wide and the same depth.

Suddenly one of them said, "Ah, here it is!" and, proceeding very cautiously, they at last unearthed entire a huge nest, and placed it in the horse bucket.

I was very curious to examine it, and the next morning I had an opportunity of doing so to my heart's content, the wasps having been destroyed. It was so big it more than filled the bucket—in fact, the men had broken the nest by forcing it in.

It was shaped something like a pear, and, strangest thing of all, was made entirely of lightish brown paper, tough and strong. Inside were layer after layer of almost countless hexagonal or six-sided cells, fitting beautifully into each other, and all made of paper a little finer than the outside walls. Almost every cell contained a grub, whose fat little body just filled its nursery, and which the hens and chickens afterwards gobbled up eagerly.

How do these wasps make their paper houses, you ask. It is not very easy to find them at work, for these modest little workmen shun prying eyes, and it was a long time before their mode of working was discovered.

Every colony of wasps is founded by a single female who has survived the cruel winter—which has destroyed the rest of her compeers—and is aroused into action by the sunshine of spring. She looks for a good place to make her home. If she can find a hole made in the hedgerow by a field mouse, so much the better; but if not, she sets to work and makes one.

She digs the earth with her strong jaws, or mandibles, as they are called, and pushes it out as she goes forward, until she has made a winding passage about two feet long, just wide enough to admit herself. Then she makes a room, digging away until it is between one and two feet wide. Having dug the foundation, she is ready to commence building operations.

If she comes across some paper made by man she will not disdain to use it, but, generally, she makes her own. She settles on some post or old rails, and gnaws small fibres of the wet, rotted wood with her saw-like jaws, kneads it into a sort of paste or papier-machè, and, rolling it into a ball, carries it off to her chamber. There she unrolls her little ball, and, walking backwards, spreads it out with her mandibles, tongue, and feet, mixing it with a glutinous substance the while, until it is almost as thin as tissue paper. With this she commences to line the roof, for she builds downwards. But as you may easily guess, so thin a sheet of paper would not prevent the earth from falling in and spoiling all her labour, so she spreads one layer after another until it is about two inches thick.

When the ceiling is finished, the industrious lonely queen begins to make a number of tiny rooms or cells suspended from the roof. She builds them in a circle, but the cells are all six-sided, and no human architect could contrive so wonderfully that not one atom of space be wasted, and yet all the cells be just the right size. When she has finished a few, she deposits in them some eggs of working wasps, and fixes them so firmly to the sides of the cells by means of a sort of glue, that it is not easy to detach them.

By-and-bye they hatch, and then the hard-working little mother runs from cell to cell, feeding her babies continually until another change takes place, which, in common with all insects they undergo. They remain in a state of apparent lifelessness for a few days, and then issue forth, no longer grubs, but perfect wasps.

Fortunately, they do not require much education, but in a few hours are helping their untiring mother to build more cells, and feed other grubs which have just been hatched.

Some of them are females, and these, in their turn, deposit eggs, and so the family rapidly increases, and the building goes on energetically until, by the end of summer, a single wasp's nest will often contain sixteen thousand cells.

Such a large family needs a great deal of providing for, so while some are engaged in building, others feed the young, or go out in parties in search of food. The sugar in a grocer's shop, a butcher's stall, or fruit trees are happy hunting

grounds, and, though they spoil a few currants or raspberries, yet they save infinitely more by destroying the insects that would blight all. A bluebottle fly is a specially dainty morsel.

When a wasp comes home laden with food, he is at once surrounded by those who have been working at home. To each of these he gives a portion of what he has brought, and they in turn distribute to the young, varying the quantity according to the age of the larva or grub.

Notwithstanding all the care and labour bestowed upon a nest, it is in use only one year. It is almost deserted in winter, and entirely abandoned in spring, when the new queen sets out to seek a home for herself, and then not a single wasp is to be found in that nest which contained the teeming population of the previous summer.

Wasps, like some other things, get a far worse character than they deserve. True, they have stings, which constitute their only weapon of defence, but they are peaceably disposed, and will not attack those who look at them quietly or treat them gently; but begin to use them roughly and drive them out, and at once out comes his sword, and Mr. Wasp defends himself to the best of his ability.

I have been speaking only of the common wasps who build their nests in the earth. Different species choose different places; but in every case the nest is made of strong tissue paper.

If, in this little sketch and those which follow, I succeed in inducing you to recognise God's infinite power and wisdom as displayed in some of the wonders which surround us, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.



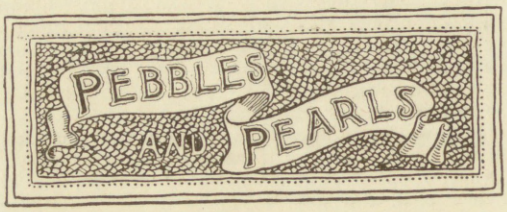
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

WHAT is the song that the robin is singing,
Up in the boughs of the skeleton trees?
What is the greeting the wild winds are flinging,
Over the bosoms of lands and of seas?
Only the words that so often have broken
The hard, icy pillars of coldness and pride;
Only the sweet words, so tenderly spoken,
By friends that are near us, and friends that have died,
Ah! dear, common greeting, we love so to hear,
A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!

See, the soft light in the distant skies dawning!
As up from the shadows the New Year doth spring,
To fly like a sprite on the wings of the morning,
And knock at the doors of the peasant and king.
Ah! tell me, my little ones, how shall we greet him,
This dear, baby stranger, who taps at each door?
Shall we bravely and earnestly hasten to meet him,
With hearts that are steadfast, and souls that are pure?
Oh! make this young fairy, that draweth so near,
A Happy New Year! A Noble New Year!

With gifts for all people, his dear arms are laden;
Such a bundle of treasures, such wonderful store,
For the bright, laughing lad, and the wee, winsome maiden,
And the mothers and fathers the whole country o'er.
Then, onward, my children, and crown him with glory;
Make sacred his record, make spotless his days,
Till, in ages unborn, men shall read of his story,
With hearts full of honour, and tongues full of praise.
Then put on your armour, the stranger is here!
A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!



BEER is never as flat as the man who drinks it

A VERY good proof that water is elastic is that it stretches from Pole to Pole.

OF 611 paupere in the Edinburgh poorhouse, not one was an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

THE tramp-master of a large Yorkshire workhouse recently stated that he had enquired of each of the 8,000 to 9,000 tramps who had come before him, and among them had not found one abstainer.

THE ABSTAINER SCORES.

THE difference between the man who drinks and the man who does not is seen the plainest in case of a wound. It has been proved over and over again in the hospitals, in the case of cuts, that there is from twenty-five to forty days' difference in the healing in favour of the cold-water patient. In eight cases out of ten, where a beer-drinker is cut or shot, he has a tussle with erysipelas or gangrene.

THE working class expenditure on strong drink is estimated at £100,000,000 each year; their loss owing to their earning power being lessened by drinking, is estimated at £75,000,000 each year, and their additional loss in not being able to lay out their money to the best advantage is estimated at £33,000,000 each year. This is a total of £200,000,000 each year. And this, or something like it, is the amount that the working classes waste through drink each year.

JIMMY BROWN ON ART.

ART is almost as useful as history or arithmetic, and we ought all to learn it, so that we can make beautiful things and elevate our minds. Art is done with mud in the first place. The art man takes a large chunk of mud, and squeezes it until it is like a beautiful man or woman, or wild bull, and then he takes a marble gravestone and cuts it with a chisel until it is exactly like the piece of mud. If you want a solid photograph of yourself made out of marble, the art man covers your face with mud, and when it gets hard he takes it off, and the inside of it is just like a mould, so that he can fill it full of melted marble, which will be an exact photograph of you as soon as it gets cool.

THERE is some good in every one, and some happiness to be found everywhere.

"BEN," said a father, "I'm busy just now, but as soon as I get time I mean to flog you."
"Don't hurry yourself, papa; I can wait."

"WHAT'S this I hear you are going to do, Jennie?" said one young woman to another.
"Well, Maggie, I'm just going to marry that farm over there, and live with the little chap on it."

THE BEST WAY.

IF I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me;
That makes two ugly faces
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick
Unless I go away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh.
You'd say if you could see him
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces,
I tell you, all the while.
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

Review.

INEBRIETY: ITS SOURCE, PREVENTION, AND CURE (by C. Follen Palmer).—A valuable contribution to the study of Inebriety, dealing psychologically and physically with the deterioration of the nervous, mental organisation of the inebriate. Students will find it a very useful guide to the consideration of contracted and predisposed inebriety. We are glad to notice abstinence from stimulants and narcotics insisted upon as essential to the rehabilitation of will power.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—International Juvenile Templar—Irish Templar, &c.

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No contribution received and accepted for insertion in "Onward," will be paid for unless agreed to in writing when accepted. Contributors must state if, and at what rate, remuneration is required. The Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts sent voluntarily, but if accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes they will be returned if unsuitable.

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A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

SAVED FROM THE SURGING SEA.

THE next morning was as serene as a summer's day. Save for the wreckage along the coast, no one would have thought there had been such a storm the previous night. The sun shone out of a sky of cloudless blue, and, like a tired titan, the ocean rested peacefully in its spacious bed, reflecting back the glory of the gorgeous heavens.

The centre of attraction, at least to the villagers, was not so much on sea, as on land. It was in the cottage of poor Phyllis, where she and her motherless babe were fast asleep; for the exhausting labours of the night had resulted in her protracting her sleep far into the morning. And when at length she woke, and her eyes rested on the baby by her side, it was to meet the smiling face of the infant, reminding her, as she said, of the words, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"My beauty!" she exclaimed, as at the sight of the infant all the mother leaped into her heart. Then lifting the baby in her arms, never dreaming of her possession being challenged by any person upon earth, she prayed that she might have grace to train him in the way in which he should go.

One by one in the morning the neighbours looked in to see her, and to have a peep at the baby; and not until someone incidentally referred to her heroic act of the previous night, had it occurred to her that she had done more than the most commonplace sort of thing.

"Law, my dear!" she remarked, "if you saw that there great rocket rush up into the sky as I did laast night, and knawed that somebody's bairn was bein' drownded in that there great, hungry, howlin' say, why you wud haave done just as I ded, iss, and a bra' passle more."

"Well, Phyllis, my dear, and what are ee goin' to do wi' the baby?" asked Nanny Polcrean.

"Do with en, Nanny? Why, keep'n to be sure. Findings 'avings, you knaw," she said, with a suppressed sort of smile.

"Keep the child!" exclaimed Nanny, lifting her hands in surprise. "You b'aint a goin' to do et surely, Phyllis, are ee? Why, thee caan'st 'ardly keep thyself."

"Ess—fye, I be. I'm goin' to keep the child sure 'nough—leastways until some one o' 'is own kith and kin do come and claim en. Then I shaal haave to give'n up, I s'pose. Why, et es as easy for my dear Faather en 'Eaven to give bread for two mouths as et es for one; and 'E haave never sent a mouth yet that 'E cudn't fill."

Then hugging the baby to her breast, she declared, "Iss, mawther, es goin' to keep ee, my beauty! Thee'lt taake the plaace o' my poor little Joey," and her lip quivered as she spoke, and the tears gushed into her eyes as she thought of her own dear boy who was drowned.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Nanny Polcrean. "And thee'st actually a goin' to keep the child, and thee'st 'ardly a crust to keep thi self?"

"Ah, but Nanny, thee'st forget," said Phyllis, "that a crust in the 'and o' God will go a bra' long waay to feed a baabe. Iss, my dear, et's somethin' like those five baarley loaves and two little fishes what we do read of en the Bible—there'll be enough and to spare. No, no, Nanny, I ednt goin' to give up the child, I ednt, 'cause I've only got a crust. I shaal trust the dear Lord to send a bit more bread, and ef 'E caan't

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do et, well then, I'll just crack my crust in two, and I'll give the biggest bit to the boy."

"Well, well, Phyllis Tregelles, I never knawed such a thing en all my born days afore, I never ded. Why, et es like trespassin' 'pon providence, et es."

"Trespassin' 'pon providence, Nanny! I wish thee wu'st caal things by their right naames. Et's trustin' 'Ev'n, I say. Iss now, and I'm goin' to trust 'E who haave said, 'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive.' And 'E haave never failed poor Phyllis yet; no, nor 'E never will."

"Aw, my dear, that's all very well," interjected Nanny, "and I shud be the very laast to object to thy keepin' the child, ef I cud only see that thee 'ast 'nough and to spaare."

"'Blessed are those that haave not seen, and yet haave b'lieved!'" responded Phyllis. "Ah, Nanny, a crust soaked en a drop o' milk will go a bra' long way to fillin' a bas'n wi' bread." Then casting her eyes upon the little waif on her lap, she said, "God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!" whereupon the child crowed so pleasantly in her face, that even Nanny Polcrean was constrained to confess, with a touch of superstition in her tones, "That's a good sign, that es."



Now news of the rescue of the child having been circulated in the village, the canny little seaport could talk of nothing else but the heroic three; and from the neighbouring towns, into which the news had spread, there came quite a number of visitors, just to see this new Grace Darling of the west, in the person of poor Phyllis Tregelles, who, with old Sam and young Penberthy, had rescued a baby from a barque that with all hands on board had foundered in the bay.

And amongst those who came to pay their respects to poor Phyllis was the Mayor, a man who to his many excellent qualities added that of a kind and generous heart.

"Allow me, my good woman," commenced his Right Worshipful the Mayor, "to congratulate you on your noble deed of last night. You have done honour to your sex and to your town. We are all right proud of you, my good woman; and if there is anything I can do for you, I shall be most happy to render you any service in my power. But now—about the baby. What are you going to do with the child?"

"Keep'n, sur," timidly said Phyllis. "There es nothin' wrong, sur, in that, es et?"

"No, none whatever," replied the Mayor; "at least until he is claimed. But have you duly considered all that is involved in keeping the child?"

"Iss, I think I haave, please yer 'onour."

"And in the event of its being claimed, say by any of its friends, you would be willing to give him up, of course?"

"Iss, s'pose I shud. Though to tell ee the truth, sur, ef there es anybody goin' to claim en, I wish they'd do it to once, for it wud be like tearin' the flesh off Phyllis Tregelles' bones, it wud, to give 'n up arter a bit."

"Law, sur," she continued, "there ednt nobody that'll ever claim 'e. For dedn't we see 'is dear mawther sink like a stone into the say last night? And 'is faather, iss, I s'pose 'e wer drownded afore we cud get near'n to 'elp en, poor man! Law, sur, et wer hawful to see that great ship sink afore our eyes, and not a livin' soul cud es saave 'cept this 'ere child. You don't think, do ee, sur, there is anythin' wrong in the way o' my keepin' this 'ere baby, for don't ee see, sur, 'e do take the plaace o' my poor little Joey, 'e do? And you do

knaw me Maaster Mayor, and ee knawed my faather afore me, what lived out on old Brysway, and ee knawed my dear 'usband, what got drownded a few winters ago in the boat what went down off the Longships in a gaale just like that there one o' laast night; and ee do knaw, sur, I wud'nt keep a pin's point what b'long to anybody else. But this 'ere child, sur, law, I do feel a'ready as ef I caant give the dear little beauty up. Dont ee see, sur, et es just like this 'ere, 'e fits 'zackly into the plaace o' my dear little Joey, what got drownded in the raace o' the Lizard, when they was goin' up to Plymouth to catch 'errings laast Christmas, 'zackly twelve months ago."

"Yes, yes," said the Mayor, "but supposing in the event of the ship's name being discovered, the friends of the deceased were to put in their claim for the child, of course you would not hesitate to give him up?"

"No, sur, s'pose I shud'nt," said Phyllis in a hesitating way. "But to tell ee the truth, sur, et wud be brav' and 'ard;" and she kissed the child with so much affection that even the Mayor was for a moment overcome. At length he asked—

"Have you nothing whereby to identify the child? No mark upon his clothes, or anything else?"

"Lor, bless ee, sur, iss, I've got this 'ere." And she handed the Mayor a small photographic group, which she had found firmly pinned to one of the under garments of the babe.

"Ah! hem," said the Mayor, glancing thoughtfully from the group to the babe, "yes, the child sure enough. And I suppose this must be the Mother—poor thing! But what a handsome face. How refined and lady-like she looks. And the man—meant for the captain I should think. But what a bloated look. Must have been a hard drinker I should say, and ——"

But the Mayor pulled himself up with the remark: "Yes, it's a good rule—say nothing but good of the dead." Then handing back the group, he remarked, "Keep it safe, keep it safe. It may be of service some day, we never know." And then with a warm shake of the hand, as he lodged a bit of gold in her palm, he wished her "Good-bye."

Day after day for a week and more visitors called at the cottage to see the child, some leaving a trifle behind them in the way of help, and others contenting themselves with a simple "God bless you!"—that, and no more.

But as waters wear away the stones, so time takes off the edge of all the novelties of life; and so it came to pass that eventually poor Phyllis was left to herself to do her best for the babe.

Months passed away, and years, and the babe having grown into a big bouncing boy, the strain upon Phyllis Tregelles was sometimes so great that she scarcely knew what to do to provide him with bread.

Now and again there was a suggestion from which her whole soul recoiled—that she should seek help from the parish.

"What! parish pay for the child!" she would exclaim. "Why, I wud raather work the flesh off my bones than ask for parish pay for 'e. 'E taakes the plaace o' my Joey. And to think o' my Joey comin' on to the parish. No, never! Never, I say!"

Still, as the years rolled by, and the wants of the boy increased, Phyllis found it very hard to keep the wolf from the door. Many a time had she spent her last penny for bread. And then there came a day when she had not even a crust to supply the wants of her hungry boy.

What should she do? She had never been reduced to such a state before But her simple faith sustaining her, she said, "'E haave never failed me yet, and 'E never will." So grasping the child by the hand, she said, "Joey, my dear, Mawther do waant ee up stairs, she do;" and the little obedient lad followed her up into her chamber, where falling upon her knees she implored God to send her "a bit o' bread for the saake o' the starvin' boy."

At length the hungry but patient little fellow looking up into her face said, "Mother, s'pose you tell the Lord to stop our hunger for a bit. That would be almost as good as giving us bread, would'nt it, Mother? And He have got such a lot o' poor people to attend to, I s'pect. Tell Him, Mother, that you and your Joey don't mind waiting for a bit if He is busy. Perhaps our turn ednt come, but it will come by-and-bye."

Poor Phyllis! The words of her starving but patient boy touched her to the heart, and she said, "Iss, Joey, our turn will come by-and-bye."

"It will, Mother, it will!" exclaimed the boy.

"By-and-bye," murmured Phyllis to herself. "Iss, but 'ow long will it be before by-and-bye?" She could wait well enough, but how could the child! Better he had been drowned at sea than that he should starve in her house.

Such were the thoughts passing through the mind of Phyllis Tregelles; but all at once there rushed into her soul, "'E haave never failed me yet and 'E never will." Then, as her eye fell upon the upturned face of her boy, she exclaimed, "Bless ee my beauty! Iss, we will wait the Lord's time, we will; it'll come by-and-bye." But as she noticed the pinched face of her hungry boy, starving in her house, she felt she could bear it no longer, but rushing into the presence of her God, her great heart broke out into an exceeding bitter cry, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and she became at once a living embodiment of that beautiful expression,

> "With Thee conversing, we forget
> All time, and toil, and care."

"Mother! Mother!" said Joey, as he pulled again and again at her gown, "there's somebody knocking at the door." And with that she arose calmly and quietly from her knees, and descended to the kitchen, followed by the hungry but patient little lad. Proceeding to the door she received this note from the hand of a messenger of an unknown friend:

"Will Mrs. Tregelles kindly accept the accompanying gifts—bread, butter, and tea, with a small joint of beef?"

"There Mother!" shouted little Joey, his handsome face radiant with delight, "did'nt I tell ee our turn would come by-and-bye."

(To be continued.)



By permission. *Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.*

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

PATRON OF THE BAND OF HOPE JUBILEE MOVEMENT, 1897.

The Band of Hope Jubilee.

FIFTY years ago there was no Band of Hope. The name, even, was unknown. Juvenile Temperance Societies there were, as from the inception of the Temperance reformation Joseph Livesey and the early pioneers felt that, to make real progress in weaning the people from their drinking habits, they must

BEGIN WITH THE CHILDREN,

get them pledged against intoxicating liquors and grounded in the principles and practice of teetotalism. So, among others, we hear of a Youths' Temperance Society in 1832 at Paisley, and a Juvenile Total Abstinence Association at Dumfries in 1837. This latter society was founded and actively carried on by S. Welsh, a lad seven years of age.

In the year 1847, however, there came to this country an Irish lady,

MRS. ANN JANE CARLILE,

whose beautiful life of kindly deeds had been the means, under God, of bringing gladness into the hearts and homes of thousands. Left a widow early in life, and having an income sufficient to enable her to live in comparative comfort, this good woman devoted her energies to work among the poor, needy, and outcast of Dublin.

One day, when on a visit to the Newgate Gaol in that city, her tender heart was much affected by the sight of a ten-year-old girl, weeping bitterly as she talked through the prison-grating with a dissolute mother. All the love of Mrs. Carlile's nature went out to the

BAREFOOTED, RAGGED CHILD,

and she asked, "Would you like to live with me?" There was no doubt about the girl's answer, and, the mother giving consent, little Mary, for such was her name, was taken home to be fed, clothed, and trained to a useful and honourable life. Up to this time, Mrs. Carlile, though strongly impressed by the evils arising through strong drink, was not an abstainer. As was the almost universal custom of the day, she took a little, *for her health's sake*, and kept whisky and wine for her friends. A bottle of whisky was one day accidentally broken by a servant, and the contents ran along the oilcloth on the hall floor. Instantly

LITTLE MARY THREW HERSELF UPON THE FLOOR,

and, in the presence of Mrs. Carlile's daughter, commenced lapping the liquor with the relish of one accustomed to its flavour. This greatly shocked Mrs. Carlile, who, without herself signing the pledge, did all she could to wean Mary from the fell snare.

The following year, when again paying a visit to Newgate prison, Mrs. Carlile found forty women who, one after the other, attributed their downfall to whisky-drinking. These she advised, when discharged from gaol, to join the local Temperance Society, whereupon one of them archly retorted: "Thrue for ye, Mum, the *whisky* brought us here; but you can afford to drink *wine* and we cannot!" This decided her, and on the following Tuesday

MRS. CARLILE SIGNED THE TEETOTAL PLEDGE,

and then induced Mary to follow her example. Nor did she rest content with this, but despite the strenuous opposition at that time offered to women workers, she founded several societies and addressed large public meetings with beneficent results. Her fame soon spread abroad, and, ultimately, she was persuaded to visit England to conduct a crusade among the Scotch and English children.

In the summer of 1847, the Leeds Temperance Society invited her to give addresses in Sunday schools, day schools and factories. It was while doing this work she met the

REV. JABEZ TUNNICLIFF,

a gentleman who but shortly before had been called to a young man, formerly a scholar and teacher in his Sunday school, who had come to an untimely end through strong drink, and who on his death-bed had pleaded: "Oh! I want you, if you think it worth while to say anything about me when I'm gone, to *warn young people against the first glass*." This so deeply impressed Mr. Tunnicliff that he determined to lose no time in carrying out the dying man's wishes, and so, while Mrs. Carlile was in Leeds, he organized a girls' meeting. Then it was the Band of Hope movement was originated, and its most appropriate name given to it by Mrs. Carlile, who said, "Oh, my friend, is it not a cheering sight to see all these dear children? It is in the young people I have placed my chief hopes for the furtherance of the cause so dear to my heart, and I think we ought to call this juvenile meeting

'THE BAND OF HOPE.'"

To this Mr. Tunnicliff assented. The name was retained, and so was originated the society which has already been of untold blessing, and yet will be of even greater blessing, not only to this country but other countries too.

The first public gathering of boys and girls, and what may be considered the

FIRST BAND OF HOPE,

followed the meeting just referred to, and was held in the

SOUTH PARADE SCHOOL, LEEDS, NOV. 9, 1847,

when over 300 children were present at a tea, and, at a meeting which followed, 200 children signed the pledge. For this gathering the Rev. J. Tunnicliff wrote the first Band of Hope song, which the children sang. The second verse of it reads:—

The Band of Hope shall be our name,
The Temperance star our guide;
We will not know the drunkard's shame—
The drunkard's drink avoid.
Cold water cannot do us harm,
Strong drink may bring us woe,
So we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago.

The name soon caught on. "Bands of Hope"

increased and multiplied, and now fifty years after instead of one Band of Hope there are twenty-two thousands, with nearly three million abstaining members.

With the Jews the fiftieth years were years of great rejoicings. Prisoners were set at liberty, debts were forgiven, and quarrels and enmities forgotten. When the fiftieth year dawned silver trumpets heralded it, the people in great joy embraced each other, and in their delight exclaimed,

"THE JUBILEE IS COME!"

The year 1897 is the Band of Hope Jubilee—a glad, happy year for us all; a time of great rejoicing, in which all will desire to share.

In 1887, when the Queen reached her jubilee, bonfires were lighted, processions organised, and public holidays proclaimed, amid universal acclamation. The Jubilee of the Band of Hope must be equally well celebrated. How is it to be done? By setting prisoners free from drink, by making happiness more likely, by getting one million more Band of Hope members. For this purpose, on October 16th, it is proposed that in every town, every village, and every hamlet, the homes shall be visited, and fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers invited to join the Temperance army. Further, it is proposed to extend the work done by the Band of Hope, and for this purpose, and the building of a National Memorial Hall in London, a sum of £25,000 is to be raised. Public festivals, sermons, and addresses will also be arranged in every town to proclaim the Jubilee of the Band of Hope, and to increase Temperance work generally. These proposals are part of the National Jubilee Celebration proposed by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

In addition to these, the various local Band of Hope organisations are arranging to worthily

CELEBRATE THE JUBILEE.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, we learn, as its own celebration, besides arranging for visits to homes, Sunday School addresses, sermons, and festivals, has set out to raise £6,000, £1,000 of which it will give to the National Jubilee Fund, retaining £5,000 to further develop Temperance work in day schools.

WHO WILL HELP?

Everybody is wanted to help. All who are members—all who have been members of the Bands of Hope—rich and poor alike! For to-day, as when Mrs. Carlile went to Newgate prison, there are enormous misery, sin, and shame, which will continue until strong drink be banished from the lives and homes of the people. The work of the Band of Hope is to train up the children without the taste of and desire for the drink, and to help them to sober, godly, useful lives.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

(who in the Jubilee year will celebrate the longest reign of an English Sovereign) sets a noble example by according her special patronage to the Jubilee efforts. Who will follow her lead, and help the Band of Hope movement—the children's movement—the most hopeful movement of the age?

Popular Delusions.

BY W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

"IT HELPS ME TO DO HARD WORK."



WHAT a splendid character beer and ale and many other intoxicating liquors possess. The carpenter, the mason. the bricklayer—indeed all kinds of men who do hard work are frequently saying, "I must have a little to drink, it helps me to do my hard work," or perhaps they vary it by saying, "I can't do my

HARD WORK WITHOUT BEER."

We have to consider, then, whether this good character is true or false. It is one thing to have a good character, it is another thing to show that the character is a true one.

"The Wolf," so says the fable, "put on the sheep's skin, so that, looking like a sheep, he could get into the flock and there work destruction." Perhaps some old sheep in the flock said, when he saw the wolf approaching, "Hullo! what is this? It looks like a sheep, and yet surely it cannot be one." And then some of the younger sheep may have cried, "Oh, what a bother! Any one can see that it is a sheep and nothing else. Don't drive him away." And it was only when it was too late that they found out his true character.

The character of a thing is not altered by what men say about it. If I call a black thing white, it does not lessen the blackness one iota, and if all the world should call the black thing white, it would not lessen the blackness one bit. So that if we can prove that intoxicating liquors do not possess the substances that people want in order to make them strong, and help them to endure hard work, it will not matter how well men may speak of these drinks, the fact will remain that they are mistaken, and are believing in a

POPULAR DELUSION.

They may be quite honest in their belief, but that, even, does not alter the fact that, if these drinks do not contain certain substances, they cannot be strength-givers.

Now, of all strong drinks, ales and beers contain the largest proportion of nourishment, so that if we could take a sample of one of these and analyse it, we should see exactly what the amount of nutritious matter was, and as wines have less, and spirits still less, it will follow that they are less nourishing than the particular drinks before us.

WHAT IS THERE IN A HALF-A-PINT OF BEER?

Instead of examining the beer by itself, it will be best for us to look at it in contrast with bread and with milk. These two are typical natural foods, and they contain all the substances necessary for keeping our bodies in good health.

Constituents.	Beer 1 pint.	Bread 1 pound	Milk 1 pint.
	Weight in grains. 20 oz. to pint equals 8,750 grains.	Weight in grains. 16 oz. to 1lb. equals 7,000 grains.	Weight in grains. 20 oz. to pint equals 8,750 grains.
Water	7507·5	2590·0	7525·0
Albumenoid (Muscle forming)	43·75	567·0	358·75
Sugar } *Heat giving*	43·75	252·0	455·0
Fat } *Heat giving*	none	112·0	341·25
Alcohol	630·0	none	none
Mineral matter (Bone forming)	17·5	161·0	70·0
Refuse (No value)	507·5	none	none
Starch (Heat giving)	none	3318·0	none
	8750·0	7000·0	8750·0

What is it that enables a man to do hard work? It is muscular power. What part of our food can build up muscle tissue? The albumenoids containing nitrogen, together with the heat-givers, but the heat-givers cannot supply muscle tissue without the nitrogenous matters. The pint of beer will be found to contain a total of nutriment, that is, muscle makers and heat givers, of 87½ grains, compared with 4,249 grains of nutriment in the bread, and 1,155 grains of nutriment in the milk.

We can now see that the nourishing qualities of strong drink are extremely small, and that they can in no sense take the place of a food. The great chemist Liebig made the assertion "*that there was more nourishment in the amount of meal that could lie upon the point of a table knife than in nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer.*" The Bavarian beer is a much thinner and lighter beer than those made in this country, and

CONSISTS PRINCIPALLY OF ALCOHOL,

water, and the flavouring of hops, so that the somewhat startling statement of Liebig is probably very near the truth. We cannot obtain from a substance that which it does not contain, and if we can (as our table does) prove that the nourishment in strong drink is very small, then all the assertions to the contrary are valueless.

HOW HARD WORK IS DONE.

In every revolution of an engine some part of it is worn away, but the amount is so infinitesimal that it cannot possibly be measured. In time, however, the engine is quite worn out. Something of the same kind goes on in the body. Every motion of the body is caused by muscular power, and in working on in any form of exercise the muscle, like the engine, is wearing out. That is the reason we get tired, and need food and rest in order to bring the muscles up to their proper strength again. The engine does not get tired, but goes on wearing itself out. The muscles get tired, and are renewed by food and rest continuously until last of all old age comes, and they cannot then be built up as fast as they are wearing out, and so finally they cannot work any longer. Does not the alcohol in strong drink prevent waste, and thus assist muscular power? No, for experiment has proved that muscle becomes less capable of contraction when alcohol has been taken than when free from it. Sir B. W. Richardson carried out a series of experiments, using the muscles of freshly killed animals, and in every case the contractility was lessened by small quantities of alcohol.

EXPERIENCE OF HARD WORKERS.

Who are the men who do their utmost to develop muscular power? The athletes. We shall find that many of the foremost amongst them have been abstainers, or extremely abstemious men.

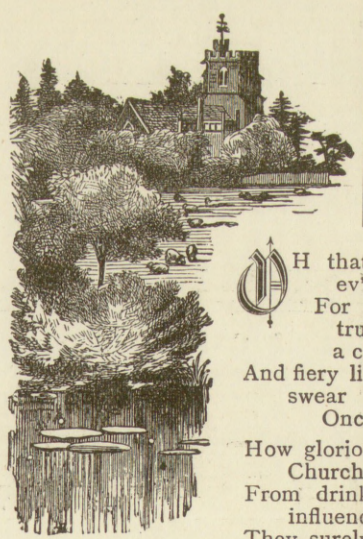
Weston—who walked 5,000 miles in 100 days, a feat characterised by Dr. Blyth as "the greatest recorded labour, considering its continuity, ever undertaken by a human being without injury"—was a teetotaler.

Hanlon, the great champion sculler, was an abstainer; Absolon, the famous veteran cricketer, has been an abstainer for over forty years; and the instances might be multiplied almost without number.

Alcohol gives a false feeling of strength and energy, but its real work is that of a narcotiser—that is, a sender-to-sleep. Good food and proper rest are the supplies from which alone real strength is gained.

ONCE AND FOR ALL.

By Beresford Adams.



OH that the people ev'rywhere
For Temperance truth would have a care,
And fiery liquors all forswear
Once and for all.

How glorious would the Churches be
From drink's degrading influence free;
They surely then would mighty be
Once and for all.

Oh that each one would now abstain
And never, never drink again;
This would the drink-power soon restrain
Once and for all.

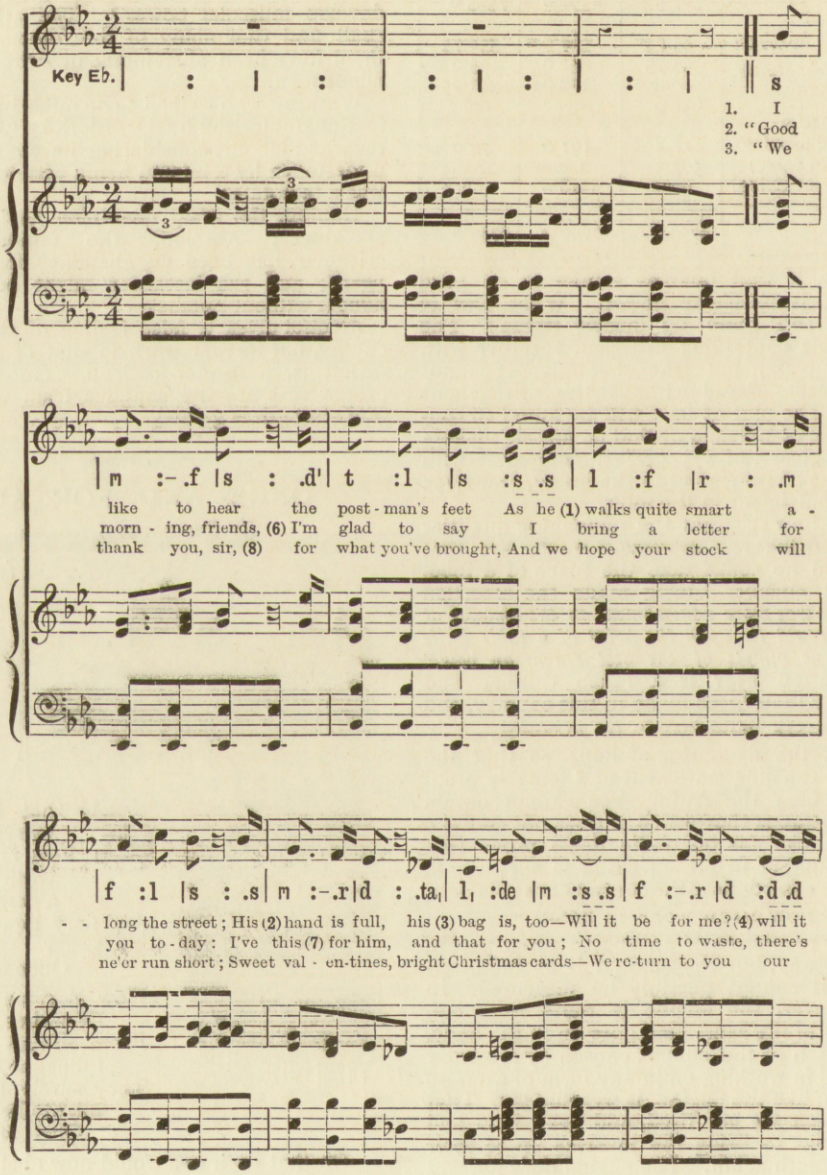
Then let us work and fight and pray
To hasten on the glorious day,
When strong drink shall be put away
Once and for all.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Action Song.

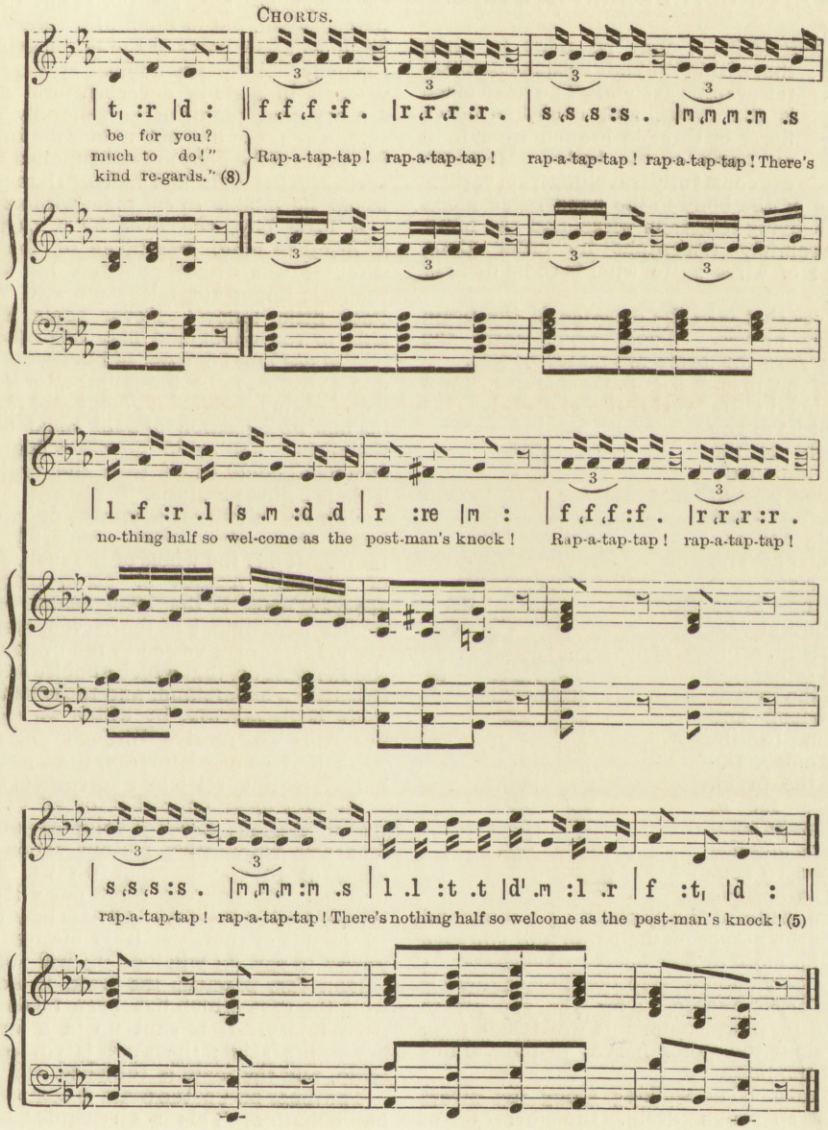
Copyright.]

Words and Music by J. GEORGE TOLTON.



THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

CHORUS.



(1) Mark time with feet briskly. (2) Hold out hands. (3) Place hands to sides, as if bag were there. (4) Point to self, and then point away. (5) The postman should knock distinctly in the rhythm just sung; second verse should be sung as Solo by boy in costume. (6) Bows to all. (7) "This" in left hand; "that" in right. (8) All bow to postman.

Recreative Science for Young People.

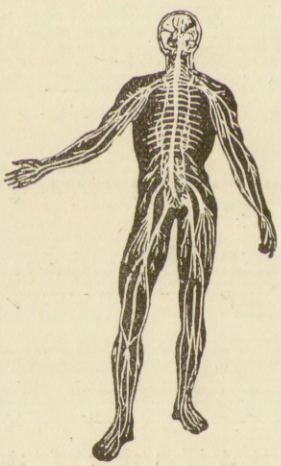
By Ruth B. Yates.

No. II.—LIVING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

PERHAPS it may be news to some that within the body exists a complete telegraphic system. The head office is the brain, and countless nerve fibres or threads branch from it to all parts of the body. Messages are constantly travelling from various parts of the body to the head office along these living telegraph wires, and the brain immediately telegraphs its order along another set of wires as to what is to be done in each case.

The nerves that take the message *to* the brain are sensory nerves. Those which carry the commands *from* the brain are motor nerves.

Suppose you meet a friend, it seems the most natural thing in the world to smile and shake hands; but have you ever thought of the wonderful and delicate machinery set in motion before even that simple act can be performed? The nerves of sight convey to the brain your pleasure at seeing your friend, while the nerves of hearing catch up the words of your friend and flash them to the same head office. Immediately the brain, by another set of nerves, issues its commands to the muscles of your face to contract, and so a smile is produced, while at the same time a command is issued to the nerves of the hand, and you give your friend a more or less hearty handshake. I hope it is a good, honest grip that means there is an honest heart behind it; for you can please yourself as to what commands are issued from the brain along the motor nerves to the various muscles of the body.



For instance, if in walking along the street you pass an open drain, the nerves of smell very speedily convey the disagreeable sensation to the brain, and the brain at once issues orders to the muscles of the legs, causing them to contract and hurry away from the dangerous spot. But if you choose, you can compel the brain to disregard the message which travels along the sensory nerves, and so expose yourself to risk of fever. You say you would not be so foolish.

I feel like moralising here, but will refrain, for this is a scrap from the enchanting tale book of science, not a sermon. Just let me say though: avoid bad books as you would bad smells—both are dangerous; and bad companions as you would hot cinders. How *very* speedily the telegraphic message flies to the brain, bearing its sensation of pain, and back comes the order to the hand to drop the burning, stinging cinder.

I think you will have learned by this time that sensations are felt, not (as seems to us) in the part affected, but in the brain. Nerve fibres are really so many parts of the brain extending into the body. A certain number of these fibres, enveloped in a gauzy covering, form a nerve. A sensory and motor nerve generally run side by side, each sending out numerous branches. A few parts of the body are not supplied with nerves, such are the hair and nails. If they were you would be unable to cut them without pain.

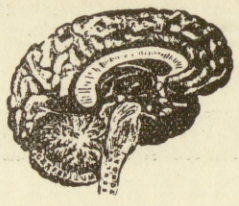
A little boy, run over by a cart driven by a drunken man, was taken to the Infirmary, when it was discovered that his spinal cord, the most important telegraph wire, was injured. Poor little fellow! Never again would he be able to run about and play like other boys, for all the use had gone out of his legs. Why? He had no feeling in his lower limbs, for the telegraph wires were broken. Though you ran a pin into his foot no sensation of pain could be carried to the brain; nor could he move his legs, for no command could travel from the brain to them. This is called paralysis.

Now let us talk for a minute or two about the head office—that most wonderful organ, the brain. It fills the whole of the skull, and consists of separate masses of nerve matter. Each separate mass is the head centre of some particular department of the nervous system. There are many powers vested in the brain. There is the Intellect, that which enables us to think and to learn, to understand, and to remember. Then there is Sensation, by which we mean the impressions we receive through our five senses. After that comes Emotion, the power of loving, hating, fearing, rejoicing, sorrowing, &c.

Perhaps most important of all is The Will, that mysterious power of voluntary action, which makes us responsible for our actions, as it enables us to choose what we will do or leave undone. No one can force our will; even God Himself will not do so. Others may persuade us to do this or that, but it is always in our *own* power to say "I will" or "I will not."

How very precious the brain is we may judge from the care which has been taken to shield it from injury. It is shut up in a strong box of bone—the skull; the skull is covered with the scalp, and the scalp is thatched with hair.

The inner part of the brain is composed of white nerve matter. This is surrounded by a pinkish grey nerve substance about ⅛ of an inch thick.



The three principle masses which comprise the brain are:—

1. Cerebrum, or Brain Proper.
2. Cerebellum, or Lesser Brain.
3. Medulla Oblongata.

That part of the brain in which lodge the Will, Intellect, and Emotions

is called the cerebrum, and is remarkable for being closely folded. It is supposed the more numerous the folds, the more vigorous the brain power.

Sometimes a softening of the cerebrum takes place, and this destroys the intellect, and the sufferer gradually becomes idiotic or insane.

The cerebrum, too, is affected by intoxicating drinks, and thus the person intoxicated partly or wholly loses his or her ordinary intellectual power, and sometimes consciousness. Alcohol, thus acting upon the brain, is, without doubt, a most frequent cause of insanity.

The cerebellum lies beneath the back part of the cerebrum. It is supposed to regulate the actions of the muscles, and is a sort of assistant to the will.

The medulla oblongata is situated just at the top of the spinal cord, under the cerebellum, and is supposed to be the seat of sensation.

I have only touched on the subject of the brain and the nervous system, but I hope enough has been said to arouse a desire to know more of the wonders of our own bodies.

THE KEEPSAKE.

By Uncle Ben.

HELLO, Bill Rodgers, where did you get that brolly from?"

"Come along, Tommy, and I'll tell yer."

"There ain't room for two under that windy broken tent."

"Yes, there's lodgings to let for two single gents like you and me, Tommy,"

"As this here snowy day I am out of a job I might as well come and do the toff with yer, so give us yer arm and we'll do it in style."



No sooner had the arms been linked and the umbrella adjusted to cover both, than the two youths were met by another pal who accosted them with rough language.

"Well, you two blooming swells, where did you buy your gamp?"

"There, that's what I wants to know," said Tommy with a broad grin.

"Now I'll tell you how I came into the property," replied Bill. "I was on the loaf just now when I seed a gent who'd been keepin' his birthday; the pavement weren't wide enough for him, and the snow made it a bit slippy; it was fine to see how the gent spread 'isself about. Presently down he came, and as he was a tall 'un and carried his brolly high, it came down with him, and a good whop it was. The brolly got broke, and the gent was too drunk to get up without help. I tried to get him up but he sprawled about like a clown in a pantomime, and I laughed fit to split myself. When he did get on his legs again he was mighty perlite. I knocked the snow off his things, and I gave him his broken brolly. My eye! you should have seen him, he looked as if he did not know it, and said, 'Do you think a gentleman like me can carry a thing like that?' Then he became fine and give it me with a bow, saying, 'I'll make you a present of it, my good lad; take it as a keepsake from me.' So I takes it with another bow and says, 'Do you think a sober gent like me can carry a thing like that? Everybody will think *I* have been drunk;' and off I walks and meets Tommy."

"So here we are with this crazy umbrella; it looks as if it had a drop too much, only fit for the hospital or lock-up," said Tommy.

"I'll tell you what to do with your keepsake. Take it to knife-grinder George; he'll give you some coppers if the stick's all right," said the pal.

With a broad grin, off the youths marched to realise what the keepsake would fetch. When the knife-grinder heard the story he only offered them a low price for the article. At length, after much banter, the broken brolly was parted with for a few pence, and the knife-grinder remarked, "Better a broken umbrella than a broken head; but chaps who take drink make broken hearts, and the best keepsake for you two is to sign the pledge, and *keep* it for the *sake* of the old umbrella and the gent whose fall should be your warning."

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

NELLY! I think I see a tiny piece of braid hanging from the bottom of your frock," said Mrs. Merton to her daughter, a little girl of ten or eleven years of age, who had just returned from school.

"No, mother; you are mistaken. It is only a piece of thread that wants cutting off," replied Nelly, somewhat rudely. Then off she ran, throwing her books on the table, and her hat and gloves on the first convenient chair that came in her way.

Her mother sighed as she watched her out of the room, and if Nelly could have read her mother's thoughts, she would certainly not have been as careless and headstrong, for she did not intend to give pain, but the habit of carelessness made her selfish. This is very often the case with careless people. They never think of the trouble and anxiety they give others by their habits.

"I am not going to begin stitching this bit of braid now, even if there is a bit; but I quite think mother's mistaken. I shan't look any way. I want to get to my drawing; I do love it so." Thus thought Nelly, as she went to the room where she and her sisters and brothers usually learnt their lessons. She did not put away her drawing-board and pencils till the tea bell rang, and then she hurried and scrambled in a fashion that very much upset her methodical elder sisters.

What was that little noise as of something tearing as she rose in haste from her chair? Oh, nothing! Only the chair creaking on the floor.

Next morning off went Nelly to school in a rush as usual, and before she arrived almost breathless at the school door she had realised painfully that the braid *was* off her dress, for she had caught her foot in it, and thrown herself down, and all her books had been scattered in the mud.

"I wish I had done as mother told me," she said, half crying, as she picked up the dirty exercises; but there was no time to begin mending then, so she tried to make the best of her mud-bespattered things, and took her place in the class, feeling hot, dirty, and uncomfortable—all for want of just *one* stitch.

She was not yet at the end of her troubles, however. The girls, seeing the untidy state she was in, had lent her pins to pin up the piece of hanging braid. During the history class Nelly quite forgot about these pins, when suddenly she felt something give her a terrible scratch on the leg, and she shrieked out—

"Oh! there's a cat underneath the table, and it has scratched me."

At this, the whole class was in an uproar, and the girls all jumped from their chairs to drive out the intruder, but no pussy was to be seen, though they searched every likely corner in the room.

Before the search was over, Nelly remembered the pins, but she felt too ashamed to say anything, so with a very severe look from the teacher she took her place again silently with the rest of the scholars. During the play hour the offending piece of braid received another wrench, and Nelly, in her anger, in trying to pull it off tore a large rent in the dress, which was new for the winter.

When this happened she burst into tears of mortification and anger. The girls gathered round her, and said sympathisingly:

"You seem to be in the way of bad luck to-day, Nelly; how is it?"

"It is all this horrid braid," she replied, giving it another tug.

At this juncture the gong sounded, and all had to return to the school-room. Nelly went home with a heavy heart, thinking how cross her mother would be, and rightly, too, about the tear in her new dress, which was not an accident, but the result of her own wilful disobedience and carelessness.

She slipped in very quietly, but as she went upstairs the pins again scratched her very badly, and turning round angrily to pull them out, she over-balanced herself, and fell to the bottom. Her cries soon brought her mother to her assistance, who picked her up and carried her to the couch in the dining-room. Blood was flowing freely from her legs, several of the pins having been pushed into her by the fall, but, fortunately, she was not seriouly hurt, though much shaken and bruised.

In the evening when she was lying quietly in bed, Mrs. Merton had a long talk with her little daughter about the bad habit she had formed of not doing a thing at the time it was needed. "You know, Nelly, dear," she said, "that old proverb, 'A stitch in time saves nine,' does not mean literal stitches always, it means that needless trouble often comes through people neglecting to do just what wants doing at the right time. You little thought last evening that because you did not put that stitch in your braid, the result would be so disastrous. I hope, my child, that this will be a lesson you will never forget. If so, you will not be sorry it has been so severe. I know I shall not."

The week following, when Nelly was sitting mending the tear in her dress, instead of going with her sisters to a party to which she also had been invited, she resolved that no garment of hers should ever again need so many stitches, when, in the first instance, one or two were all that had been necessary. It took Nelly the whole of a week's play-time to mend her dress neatly, whereas five minutes would have been all that was required to stitch on the little piece of braid.

Things are getting on. The Archbishop of Canterbury and seven other Bishops are teetotallers. No Bishop now drinks like a lord.

Talks with Little Folks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

II.—THE MUSCLES.



WE spoke in our last talk of the body as a machine, and the materials of which our bones are composed, when you learned that alcoholic drinks cannot make the bones grow, because they do not contain enough mineral matter. The bones are of various shapes; some are long and hollow, like those of the arm and the leg; others are flat, like the bones of the skull; some are rounded like a hoop. The ribs are of this shape. They form a kind of cage to protect the heart and the lungs. The bones are joined together in such a manner as to allow them to move one upon the other; thus we have hinge joints, like those of the knee and the elbow; ball and socket joints, seen in the shoulder and the hip; some bones are joined by cartilages, we see this in the ribs. This word *cartilage* comes from the Greek word *chondros*, meaning *gristle*. You know what this means, for you have often seen pieces of gristle in your meat. If you look on the head of a young baby you will see that the bones fit into each other by edges, which look like teeth fitting into each other. These are called *sutures*, from a Latin word *suo*, which means *to sew*. Indeed, one might easily mistake the sutures for stitches.

Some day you may have an opportunity of examining a skeleton. Do not be afraid to do so, for then you will be able to see the different kinds of bones, and so learn much more than you can by only reading books. If you examine the skeleton carefully you will certainly learn that no matter how you may try, you will never be able to make the skeleton stand up without support; if you leave go of the skeleton, or take away all support from it, down it will fall at once. Why are we able to stand up without support? Because our bones are covered with red flesh, which we call muscle. Lift up the arm of the skeleton, let it go, and it falls immediately. You say it does so because the skeleton has no life. This is true, but when the skeleton was a living body it was covered with pullies which enabled it to carry out the various movements of the body. These pullies are the muscles. Before we go any further let us find out the meaning of the word *muscle*. It comes to us from a Latin word, *musculus*, meaning a *little mouse*. It is so named because the mouse is a little animal which hides itself. The Greek word for muscle is *mys* from the verb *myo*, to hide. The word muscle is used because the threads or fibres, of which the muscles are composed, are *hidden* in a sheath or covering of skin.

Indeed, the bones, muscles, and all the wonderful organs of the body are covered up out of sight by the smooth covering we call the skin. In truth we have two skins. The outer or top skin is called the *epidermis*. This is explained by the Greek words *epi*, meaning upon, and *derma*, meaning skin; the under or lower skin is simply called the *dermis*. In the epidermis there are no blood vessels or nerves, so that if this skin is cut we feel no pain, neither do we see any blood. I have seen a boy push a needle through the hard skin on the top of his finger. He felt no pain, because he had only pierced the epidermis. If he had gone a little lower and pierced the true skin or dermis he would have felt pain, and a little drop of red blood would have come out to tell the boy that the needle had broken some of the fine blood vessels which are so numerous in the skin.

Could we take off our skins, like we can the skin of a dead rabbit, we should see very many muscles, some of them, of course, much larger than others. Altogether there are about 300.

Some of these muscles are called *voluntary*, that is, we can move them by our own wills; some are *involuntary*, because they go on doing their work day and night without our taking any interest in what they are doing.

If you place your right hand on that part of the left arm which is nearest to the shoulder, and then lift up the front part of the left arm, you will feel something swell up under your hand. This is the voluntary muscle, which we call the *biceps* muscle. It is so called because it has two strings or tendons which fasten it to the shoulder, the word *biceps* coming from the Latin words *bis*, meaning *two*, and *caput*, meaning *head*. This is a voluntary muscle, because you can make it do its work by simply willing that it shall do so, but it will not do its work if you do not will it, and show you will it by raising or lowering the arm.

Now, if you please, place your hand on the centre of your chest, and you will feel something beating. This, you know, is the heart. The heart is an involuntary muscle. Your heart commenced to beat when you were born, and it will continue to beat till death closes your eyes. You have not to will that it should beat, it will go on quietly doing its work till that work is finished.

Now if you could see the biceps muscle at work, you would see that when your arm was lying flat on the table the muscle was long and thin, when you lifted the front part of the arm the muscle became thicker in the centre and shorter in length, and that as it got thicker and shorter it lifted up the forearm. This thickening and shortening we call CONTRACTION.

Experiment 3.—Here are two ordinary pieces of firewood. On the bottom one at the end there is a little peg, which fits into a hole in the top one. You see at the other end, around the two pieces of wood, I have an elastic band. When I pull open the two pieces of wood the band stretches and gets thinner. I leave go of the top piece of wood, the band gets thicker and shorter, and, as it does so, it pulls the two pieces of wood together. We say the elastic band *contracts*. All the muscles of the body, whether voluntary or involuntary, contract, and only do their work well when they contract properly.

Suppose now with a sharp knife we take off the sheath from the biceps muscle, we find that the one bundle is composed of a number of bundles, each smaller bundle being covered with a sheath. If we could examine a small part of one of these under the microscope we should find that it was composed of a number of fibres or threads, and that each fibre is elastic like an elastic band. The muscle we are examining being a voluntary muscle, its fibres are beautifully marked or striped; if it were an involuntary muscle it would be plain and not striped. The heart, however, contains both striped and plain muscles.

Of course, I cannot tell you in one little talk all I should like you to know about the muscles. In future talks we shall learn that the muscles work by the aid of the nerves, and that they grow and are nourished by the blood.

Experiment 4.—We cannot very well perform this experiment ourselves, but we can imagine that we are seeing it performed.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson some years ago wished to find out if muscular contraction really was injured by alcohol. He procured a frog, and fastened a tiny weight to one of its legs, just too heavy for the frog to lift. Then he sent an electric shock through the muscle of the leg, the muscle contracted, and lifted the weight. Alcohol was now given to the frog. The muscle became weak, and would not contract so well; alcohol had robbed the frog's muscle of the power of contraction.

After these experiments the learned doctor made the following important statement:—*I have found that alcohol weakens muscular contraction, and lessens the time during which contraction can continue active.*

Now I want you to learn what appears to be a contradiction, the more you work the muscles the more they wear away, and yet the larger they grow. This means that if, like the blacksmith, you use the muscles of the arm much, then those muscles will grow larger; if you cycle much, then the muscles of the calves will grow. All this depends on exercising the muscles properly, and eating the right kind of food. The muscles are always wearing away, and it is only by eating proper food that the muscles are kept in good order.

Alcohol prevents food building up the muscles.

We must remember also that the muscles have to be constantly cleansed of impurities. *Alcohol hinders the purification of the muscles.*

Sir Andrew Clarke, senior physician at the London Hospital, says:—*I am bound to say that for all honest work alcohol never helped a human soul, never! never!!*

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

No. II.—RABBITS.



OH dear me! What a task lies before me! The idea of trying to squeeze a talk about rabbits into a page, or even into a whole book! It would take a book as big as a dictionary to get it in, even if I "boiled it down" till it was only a particle of what I wanted to say.

Rabbits! Every boy dreams of rabbits, and *craves* for rabbits as he craves for mince-pies on Christmas day, or oranges at Midsummer.

And why shouldn't he? If ever there was a gentle little spirit encased in a fairy form you have it in our

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND BUNNY,

and any boy who says "I hate rabbits" ought to be put in a glass case, and exhibited in Barnum's museum. In this little "confab" I cannot enter into the merits and de-merits of the many varieties of this most exquisite little pet. In the eyes of some, the pretty "Angora" is "crowned king;" to others, the big Belgian hare, or the mighty "lop," carry the palm. Others, again, would not go into ecstacies over anything but the "silver grey," and so on through all the list. But *my* heart goes forth to one special kind, and whatever may be said about it, I would hold up both hands and both legs for it, and I don't think there is anything inside a rabbit skin to compare with it. I mean the sweet, *snowy* Himalayan. I have three or four hutches of these "gems" at the present time, and not a single human being has ever looked at them yet, so far as I am aware, without exclamations of delight. Their spotless jackets, *not* fluffy to catch the dust, but firm and well "fixed" on their bodies; their jet-black ears, set in pearly-white heads, like bits of ebony in a snow drift; their gentle expressions, their lovely rounded bodies, so symmetrical and "dapper," and so devoid of anything gaunt or *gauche*, make everybody fall in love with them

AT FIRST SIGHT.

Yes, boys, keep rabbits and *keep Himalayans!* But perhaps there are boys reading this who have never kept a pet, not even a rabbit, so let me give you just a few wrinkles. If you go in for rabbits, there are six golden rules:—

1st Keep them dry and warm.
2nd Avoid much green food.
3rd Give them fresh water daily.
4th Let them have room to kick up their heels.
5th Feed them regularly.
6th Give them enough to eat, but *not too much.*

Any big box will do for a house for them, but be *sure* it doesn't let the wet in. Cover it *well*

over with roofing felt, and see that no drops trickle in at the nail holes. The sleeping room should not be less than 2 feet square, and the living room ought to be 5 feet long *at least*. There is nothing like *exercise* to keep rabbits healthy. The door of the living room should be mainly of wire netting, letting in *plenty* of air. The sleeping apartments must be very close-fitting and warm, there being plenty of ventilation from the hole that bunny pops in and out at, providing one or two gimlet holes are bored near the roof. Sweet hay is the best bedding. There will be a continual nibbling going on by day and night, for our little friend thinks nothing of getting up in the middle of the night and eating up his bed, bolster, mattress and all.

The living room must be littered down daily with saw-dust, and cleaned out at least twice a week.

For food you will find nothing better than a mixture of oats, barley meal and toppings in equal proportions. Very likely you will discover that your pets will delight in throwing their food about and wasting it. The best way of stopping this is to fix a jar (a wide-mouthed jam jar) in one corner for the water, and another in the opposite corner for the food. They can't get these out, and thus they will get into frugal habits and not be wasteful as they are apt to be if they have troughs to eat out of. Be sure and give them *some* green food every day, but not very much. If any *little* rabbits are born, don't look at them for a week, or else their mamma will eat one for breakfast perhaps, and *possibly* another for dinner! I daren't say any more for I have taken up all my space, but whatever you *don't* do, be sure to *do this*—

KEEP HIMALAYAN RABBITS.



IT was just a wee birdie high up in the eaves,
Where there never was rustle of branches or leaves;
On its throne in the slates, like a proud, little king,
It whistled, and chirped, with the rain in its wing.

Not a glimmer of gold met its pretty, bright eyes,
When it turned them at morn to the dull, winter skies;
Not a patch of green grass in the long, narrow street,
That was muddy, and dark, with the tramping of feet.

Yet this little bird sang just as blithe and as gay,
As a lark o'er the fields on a warm summer day,
And its eyes gleamed as brightly through cold, drizzling showers,
As the eyes of the wild bird, through garlands of flowers.

And it never complained when the fogs gathered thick,
But perched on its nest, on the top of a brick;
It kept itself warm in its little brown coat,
And still tried to chirp, with the mists in its throat.

For this wee, happy birdie that sung in the eaves,
Where there never was rustle of branches or leaves,
Had a warm, sunny heart, that was joyous and gay,
No matter how dark, or how stormy the day.

Right under the eaves, in a small, dreary room,
That was e'en in the summer-time shadowed with gloom,
Dwelt a little, lame girl, with a sweet, patient face,
And a heart that was teeming with beauty and grace.

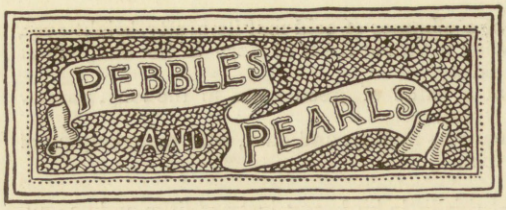
Every morn from her bed in the attic she heard
The musical chirp of the wee, happy bird,
And her homely face brightened with joy pure and strong,
As she lifted her voice in a quaint childish song.

For such wonderful fancies, such bright, glowing dreams
Of fair, sweeping meadows, and soft, laughing streams,
Of blossoming branches, by scented winds stirred,
Were called into life by the song of the bird.

The floors of the attic no longer were seen;
But—were covered with grasses, all graceful and green;
And the smoke-blackened ceiling was lifted away
To let in the smile of a perfect June day.

And the child was no longer a waif, poor and lame,
But, in the wild flight of her fancy became
A beautiful princess, most wealthy and fair,
With flowers in her bosom, and gems in her hair.

Lo, the heart of the child grew as light in her breast,
As the heart of the birdie, away in its nest,
And no matter how dark or how stormy the weather,
The two little creatures kept singing together.



FUNNY! Men on the "loose" get "tight."

Do noble deeds. *Not* dream them all day long.

LOVE is the sunlight of life.

THE world delivered from Alcohol would be an earthly Paradise.

"WHY do you worry me so with your bill?"
Tailor: "Oh, I'm merely doing unto others as I have been dunned by."



OLD MEMORIES.

LITTLE GIRL: Gran'pa says he remembers when the snow was so deep it was up to his waist.
LITTLE BOY: When?
"Oh, ever so long ago!"
"May be it was when he was a little baby."

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Feb. 13, 1826.—First American Temperance Society formed.
" 17, 1871.—London Temperance Hospital started.
" 18, 1886.—The Temperance Orator, J. B. Gough, died.
" 21, 1830.—First ENGLISH Temperance Society established.
" 26, 1886.—William Hoyle, the statistician, died.
" 27, 1893.—Local Veto Bill introduced into the House of Commons.

To expect an impossibility is madness.

"THERE's danger in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more, there is danger in touching."

THE following reason for her son's absence from school was recently sent by a mother to his teacher: "Kepatomtogotaturing" (kept at home to go taturing, *i.e.*, getting potatoes).

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, the other day, "does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a good flogging every day, and says I merit two!"

RATHER ROUGH ON HIM.—Tramp: "Spare a copper, sir; I'm trying to get home to my poor old mother in the country. She hasn't seen my face for five years." Gentleman: "Very likely not. Why don't you wash it?"

"OH, yes," said one, "Bertha is charming. She has but one fault. She worries herself terribly at times."
"Ah, but she has a greater fault still," said the other; "she is so unselfish."
"Unselfish! A fault?"
"Why, certainly; she worries not only herself, but others, too."

THINK about yourself—about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*—and then to *you* nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.—*Kingsley.*

FOUR GOOD REASONS.—"I have tried both ways. I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits. I am hale because I use no ale. I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. I have these four reasons for continuing to be a total abstainer:—First, my health is stronger; secondly, my head is clearer; thirdly, my heart is lighter; fourthly, my purse is heavier."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

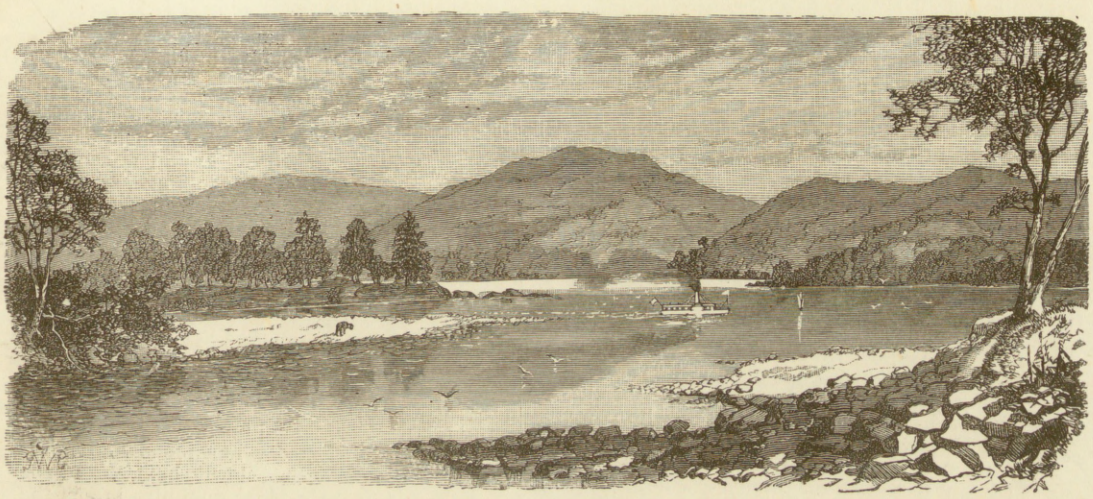
A LITTLE WHILE.

We are only here for a little while,
A little while at the best;
We are only here for a tear and a smile—
And then comes rest:
Rest, rest, perfect rest,
On our Heavenly Father's breast.

We are only here for a moment brief,
A moment brief at the best;
We wither away like a fading leaf—
And then comes rest:
Rest, rest, beauteous rest,
On our Heavenly Father's breast.

We are only here for a fleeting hour,
A fleeting hour at the best;
We pass away as an April shower—
And then comes rest:
Rest, rest, holy rest,
On our Heavenly Father's breast.

—*Osburn Blackburn.*



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

A BIT O' LARNIN'.

NOW, to the honour of Phyllis Tregelles be it said, she was not so much concerned about bread as she was about brains; and though hitherto she had not been able to send Joey to school, yet she was exceedingly anxious that he should have "a bit o' larnin' as well as the rest o' the boys."

But what could she do? She was poor. The most she could hope for was to keep him in bread until he was old enough to earn for himself. Then there was the question of clothes; that was a difficulty that increased as he grew. But she consoled herself with the thought that though his garments might be coarse they should always be clean; and she resolved that come what would, he should never be in rags, though the mending of his clothes might necessitate the use of her needle long after he was sound asleep in bed. But "the bit o' larnin'," how could she manage that? At length she näively added to herself, "But 'e's a boy that wud pay for a bit o' schoolin', 'e wud;" and all at once her great heart leaped into her little mouth, when she unconsciously exclaimed, "Iss, and 'e shaal haave et too, 'e shaal."

"Have what?" asked Joey, as he stopped from his task of making pot-hooks on a broken bit of slate, which had belonged to her other Joey, and which she had treasured so carefully on the top-most shelf in her cupboard—"have what, mother?"

But Phyllis was so busy with her mental arithmetic, and so carefully considering the ways and means, that she did not even hear the voice of her boy, but said to herself, "Iss and I'll send 'n to school ef I go wi'out my daily bread myself."

"Send who to school?" asked the persistent little lad, as he looked up from his slate, with a world of wonder in his large and lustrous eyes.

"Why, send thee!" she exclaimed. "Wud ee like to go?"

"I should, mother, I should!" shouted the boy, springing to his feet half mad with delight. "And oh, mother, when I get a great big man—and that won't be long—I'll pay ee back all my schooling do cost, iss and a thousand times more."

"God bless ee, my lovely, God bless ee" said Phyllis, as the great tears gushed into her eyes. "And iss," she continued, "mawther will send ee to school, she will, ef she do staarve 'erself to pay the pence." Whereupon, as an expression of his gratitude, the boy flung his arms around her neck, whilst she sobbed aloud, thinking of that other Joey, whom she used to send to school, but who was now beyond all need of human tuition.

Now it must be confessed that school accommodation in the village was somewhat scarce in those days, and the tuition, in the expressive vernacular of the West, was "no great shakes." So that many of the children had to pick up their learning as their fathers did their fish, as best they could.

The question of a free education had never so much as entered the minds of the villagers; and the most sanguine old fisherman had not the sagacity to see, nor the audacity to foretell, that the time was not distant when Board Schools would be established along the hill-side, and that from them would go forth a constant stream of young men and maidens, who should become the pride and boast of that little sea-side community.

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Huddled away in one of the corners of the most out of the way streets was an infant school, kept by one old Susan, the cobbler's wife, who, whilst her husband hammered away on his lap-stone, did her level best to beat into the minds of the children the letters of the alphabet; and who would sometimes resort to the very questionable proceeding of calling the ghost of old "Bucca," who was said to be always in waiting on the stairs, by way of frightening the "little varmints" into silence; a mode of procedure she would stoutly defend by saying, "Aw, my dear, it maakes 'em as quiat that ee can hear their little 'earts beat."

Then there was a so-called seminary for girls, kept by a self-sacrificing old spinster, who vowed she would never marry a man lest he should insist upon her giving up her school; and who was content to toil on for the general good of the villagers, and who, to her eternal honour be it said, succeeded in securing the affection of her pupils, that to this day they will speak to their children of "dear old Miss Jenkins, who used to keep a school over t'other side;" and will point with pardonable pride to the "samplers" suspended on their cottage walls, as specimens of the excellent needle work wrought at her school in the good old days.

But perhaps the most important of the three village schools was the one situated on the wharf, within sight and sound of the sea, at the end of a long, narrow, gutter kind of court, with no outlet but at the mouth, and whose western windows looked out upon the sand, with its ever shifting scene of sea and sun. This was kept by a lame, left-handed man, but with a wrist of tremendous strength, who could wield a cane with any man in the West, and who was known in the village vernacular as "Tommy Knoey." He was a good penman, a doubtful arithmetician, a questionable grammarian, but a strict disciplinarian; and who with all his eccentricities had this quality at least, that he was a fine expounder of his faith, and did not hesitate to give practical proof of his belief, that to spare the rod is to spoil the child; and who, as he laid the cane across the backs of his pupils, was accustomed to avow that it should never be said of him that he was indifferent to their health or behaviour. And to this day they, or rather those of them who are yet alive, declare that they need nothing more on the coldest winter day to make them hot, than the memory of that cane, which the dear old lame left-handed master was accustomed to lay across their backs with the most provoking precision.

Now it was to the latter of these schools that Phyllis Tregelles decided, after much consideration, to send her boy. And when the memorable morning came, and he stood in his clean but coarse suit of clothes, ready to start, she felt all at once such a fearful lunge in the chest, just in the region of the heart, that she had a secret sort of misgiving as to whether she ought to send him just then. Yes, he might be of service to her in the house. And supposing she were to faint, what should she do? But struggling with her feelings as best she could, she resolved that, after all, in the interests of the boy, it was better he should go. And so after many and many a kiss, whilst he, with all the excitement of a child, was in a hurry to leave, she accompanied him to the door, and saw him off. And when he had turned the corner of the cliff, and was out of sight, she crept back into her cottage, saying to herself:

"Straange et es Why, I didn't knaw until now 'ow much I loved 'n. Part wi' ee! No, not for the world. Come who will, they shaant haave 'e. Iss, I ded say to the Mayor the mornin' arter 'e wer' saaved that I wud give 'n up. But, law, I did'nt knaw 'ow much I loved 'n then. Iss, 'e haave took the plaace o' my poor little Joey, 'e haave, and I waan't part wi' 'n to nobody, I waan't"

At length she resumed her work in the house. But the morning was so long; she had never known the time to go so slowly before, and she felt inclined to put the clock on a bit—in fact she had actually given the hand a whizz. Many a time during the morning she had gone to the door "just to see ef Joey es comin'." And long before the hour of noon she had her scanty table spread for dinner.

"Waant 'e ever come? What es amiss? Law, what es the matter?" were questions she asked times without number that morning; but to neither of which could she get anything like a satisfactory reply.

But when she had worked herself up almost into a frenzy of excitement, and was about to put on her bonnet and go in search of her Joey, she was relieved by the clear, ringing voice as the boy came bounding in at the door, "Mother, I'm come!"

"Are ee, my dear? Oh, I'm brav' and glad to see ee. Why, I thought ee wud never come. But what haave kept ee so long, my dear?"

"Long, mother! why, I never knowed the time to go so fast in all my life afore. Is denner ready? I've got to go back to school again at two, and it is now nearly half-past twelve, and I don't want to be late, mother, I don't."

"In a trice they were seated at the table, and, grace being said, that scanty meal became a sumptuous repast in the mouths of those grateful two. And, as the mother's eyes rested upon her boy, and she saw with what relish he was partaking of that plain but wholesome meal, the words leaped to her lips, "A contented mind is a continual feast."

That week, the first of school life, to her so long, to the boy so short, passed away pleasantly enough. And when Sunday came, and Joey made reference to his returning to school on the following day, the mother's hand stole quietly to her side, and felt in the pocket of her dress in search of the pence wherewith to pay the fee, and when she found that she had just more than enough, she said to herself, "Thank God, there is another week sure."

That Sabbath was a happy day to poor Phyllis. And when in the evening she took up her Bible and read her portion for the night, it was, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," after which she retired to rest, without one distracting thought of the morrow.

In the morning the boy tripped merrily to school as before; and, standing in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sunshine of a delightful summer's day, Phyllis followed him as lovingly, though not with a heart as perturbed as the week before.

"Ess-fye! the dear Lord haave bin brav'n good to me and mine," she said, as the boy passed out of sight. "And oh, ef I can only manage to keep'n to school through the winter, 'e'll be able to read and write like the rest. Iss, and I will try and do that ef I go wi'out a crust myself." And so seeking comfort from these and other thoughts, she whiled away the hours of the morning, and was amazed when she found that the dinner hour had almost arrived.

"Law, bless me, the time do go so fast," she said. "Iss, Joey will be comin' soon. Well, I never. There, that's twelve o'clock, and denner edn't ready." But she soon bestirred herself, and in a very few minutes the scanty table was spread, and she awaiting the arrival of her boy.

"Lor-a-mercy!" she exclaimed as she looked up at the clock, and found it was half-past twelve. "And Joey edn't come! 'Ope 'e edn't kept in." And then, after another pause, she said, "O my! why et's nearly a quarter to one;" and putting on her bonnet, she went in search of her lad.

"Haave ee seed my Joey?" she asked as she passed along the cliff. And when at last she caught sight of him on the sand, her heart leaped with a real sense of relief.

Yes, there he was, not idling away his time, but earning an honest penny, or, as he afterwards playfully put it to his mother, "earning his bread by the sweat of his brow." For said he, "I was in a regular stew, do ee know. But then I thought perhaps Mr. Morlaise will give me a penny, and so I posed for a picture. But that was a hard-earned penny, and no mistake, mother, for I knowed you would be waiting for me, and I was brav' and sorry I can tell ee."

The fact was, an artist who was at work on the sands, sketching the boats in the bay, happening to look up from his easel for a moment, caught sight of the boy as he was returning from school, and was so impressed with his appearance that he could not resist the inclination to take just a sketch of the lad.

"What a handsome face!" he said to himself. And as the boy raised his hat, he remarked, "And what a splendid head! Why I would give anything to make a sketch of that boy." Then as there flashed before the eyes of the artist a picture that would produce a thousand pounds and more, he almost involuntarily exclaimed, "Stop, my little lad!" when the boy's face flushed a rich red crimson as he caught the all but peremptory command.

"Good heavens!" said the artist, as he saw the colour spring to the cheeks of the lordly little fellow. "Why, I would give all I possess to reproduce such a tint as that."



Then in a coaxing kind of way he said,

"Now, my little hero, stand erect like a man;" when, in an instant, he flung himself into position, and with a hauteur which is seldom seen in one so young, he stood erect like a lord, and every inch a king—a pose which was an inspiration to the very soul of the painter.

On looking up from his easel he saw Phyllis Tregelles standing by his side, to whom he said,

"Do you know this fellow? Is he your child? Why, you have a fortune in the lad. Would you kindly let him come to my studio, so that I may complete the sketch I have made? I will make it worth your while if you would." And placing a half-a-crown in the palm of the boy's hand, and with many apologies to Phyllis for detaining him so long, he bade them "Good morning," and so left the sands.

(To be continued).

Talks with Little Folks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

III.—THE FOOD WE EAT.



THERE was a time when you, my readers, were smaller in size and lighter in weight than you are now. When you were very young you had to be carried about; then wheeled in a perambulator; but now you can walk alone, without assistance.

If I ask you why you are so independent, you reply that you have now grown up and are able to take care of yourself. Yes, this is true, but what made you grow? How is it you are so much taller and stronger than you were this time last year? Think for a moment, how do the flowers grow? They have to be fed with food. If with a microscope you examine a leaf; say, of a lilac bush, you will find that there are thousands of little mouths in the leaf. Each one of these takes food out of the air. In the air there is a small quantity of a gas called carbonic acid gas. This is made up of a gas called oxygen and a solid substance called carbon, which the plant takes to build up its body. Besides this, it obtains all manner of substances from the earth.

You are like a plant; you must have food, and that food must become liquid before it can help to build up your body.

Every moment of your life some part of your

BODY IS WASTING AWAY;

your body is always giving out from the lungs and the skin the solid carbon, the liquid water, and also heat; so that it would be true to say that you begin to die the moment you begin to live, Your body is made up of a number of substances. and as these substances pass out of the body, if the same kind of substances were not put into the body to make up for the loss, the body would waste away.

All the many things in the world are made up of one or more substances called *elements*, of which there are about seventy in all. An element is a substance consisting of only one kind of matter; thus, out of iron we can get nothing but iron, but out of water we can get two gases, one called hydrogen and the other called oxygen. The human body is chiefly made up of four of these elements—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon.

Oxygen is so named because many years ago it was thought that none of the substances called acids could exist without it. These acids are said to be sharp, that is, biting. For example, nitric acid

WILL EAT INTO COPPER AND STEEL;

the Greek word *oxys*, meaning sharp, was used for this element, and so we got the word oxygen. It is an invisible gas, we cannot smell it, we cannot taste it; but it would kill us if we breathed it pure, that is without any mixture of nitrogen. Although it will not burn itself, it has great burning powers; it will ignite a spark, and will cause a flame to burn very brilliantly.

Experiment 5.—Here is some black powder, it is called oxygen mixture, which can be bought at the chemist's; it contains much oxygen. To make the oxygen come off, heat the powder. To do this, place some of this powder into a glass tube, hold the tube with this paper band in the flame of a spirit lamp. In a few minutes the powder gets hot, and the oxygen comes off. You cannot see it, but can prove that it is really coming off, for if you plunge a smouldering splinter of wood into the tube the spark on the end of it instantly bursts into a flame, and burns very brilliantly. Though it will not burn itself, oxygen has power to burn up other substances.

In the air, to lessen its burning powers, there is mixed with oxygen an invisible gas, nitrogen. Instead of causing substances to burn, this gas will instantly put out any flame that is placed in it.

Experiment 6.—To prove this, some water can be poured into a saucer, and on the top a little china cup floated. Into the cup place a small piece of a substance named *phosphorus*, light it, and instantly place into the saucer a bell jar, and over the top of the jar a piece of glass. How brightly the phosphorus burns! When it goes out the jar is full of white smoke, but in a short time it becomes quite clear. What has happened? The phosphorus has burned up the oxygen in the air, and left behind the nitrogen. Thus you see when a lighted taper is placed into the nitrogen it goes out instantly. You had better not attempt this experiment until you are older, or you may get a very dangerous burn.

Hydrogen is another invisible gas; this name is given from the Greek word *hydor*, meaning water, because there is much of this in water.

Experiment 7.—Take a tallow candle, light it, and let it burn a few minutes; then, having blown it out, you see a tall column of smoke part of this is carbon, but part of it is hydrogen. Put a lighted taper into the smoke, it burns with a flame which runs down to the wick and lights the candle. It is hydrogen which burns, and not the carbon or the oxygen which compose part of the smoke.

I shall have more to say about the carbon in

another Talk. But now I want you to remember that as the body is constantly losing these four elements—

OXYGEN, NITROGEN, HYDROGEN, CARBON—

we must supply the body with these substances to make up the loss, or it will certainly waste away.

All foods are usually divided into two classes, one having much nitrogen being called nitrogenous, the other having much carbon being called carbonaceous.

You must understand that although the nitrogen of the air does not build up the body, yet when it is united to other substances it is a flesh-forming food; the carbon is burned up in the body, and so helps to make the body warm.

Thus, if I eat a slice of bread and butter, I eat a food containing nitrogen to make my flesh grow, and I also eat fat, which contains a quantity of carbon, and so my body is warmed; so also when I drink milk I have all the substances necessary to build up my body, as you know you yourself when a little baby lived on nothing else but milk for some months.

The body, therefore, wants plenty of water, plenty of nitrogen, and plenty of carbon. If we ask the question, Can we obtain what the body wants from alcohol, the answer is No. Pure alcohol contains no nitrogen, it robs the body of water, and it contains very little carbon. The small quantity of nourishing matter to be found in intoxicating drinks is not at all worth the money the drinks cost. Remember

ONE PENNYWORTH OF BREAD
SUPPORTS THE BODY MORE THAN
TWO SHILLINGS WORTH OF BEER.

BETTER EAT AN EGG THAN DRINK A GLASS OF WINE.

AN ENEMY TO STEAL AWAY BRAINS.

THAT drink is an enemy which "men put into their mouths to steal away their brains," is as true to-day as when Shakespeare penned Cassio's famous declaration.

"On the 1st of January, 1896," says J. Holt Schooling, in a recent issue of *Pearson's Magazine*, "in the United Kingdom there were

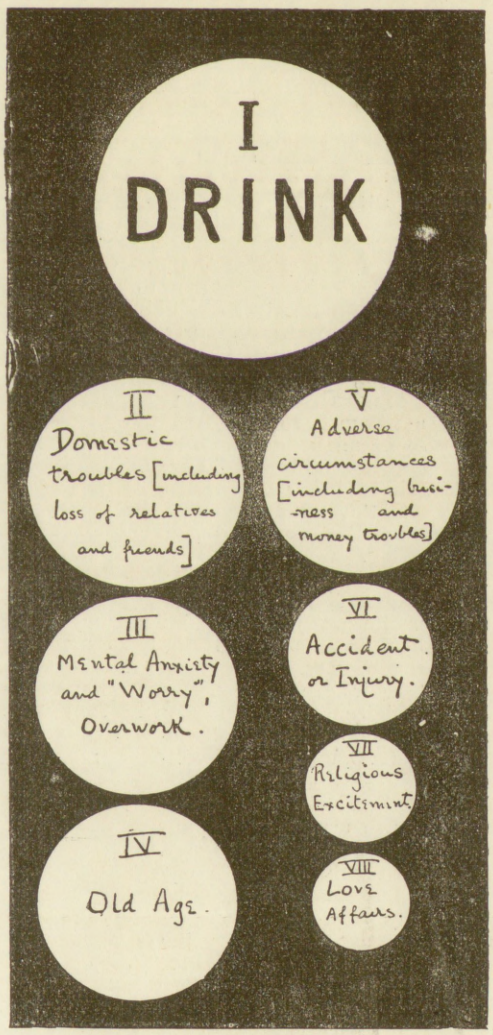
128,900 LUNATICS,"

and, unfortunately, the number is increasing.

The eight chief causes of insanity he gives as follows:

Causes.	Proportion of Lunatics per 100.
Love affairs	3·2
Religious excitement	4·0
Accident	6·5
Adverse circumstances	13·0
Old age	13·2
Mental anxiety...	13·4
Domestic troubles	15·1
DRINK	31·6

A glance at the accompanying diagram, which we are enabled to insert by the kindness of the editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, will set forth the comparisons even more clearly, unmistakeably declaring that drink is an easy first in the producing causes of insanity.



No wonder the writer adds:

"DRINKS SENDS MAD NEARLY ONE THIRD

of all the persons who become insane from any of these eight leading causes; and its force is more than twice as strong as any one of the other seven leading causes."

The Band of Hope Jubilee.

MORE ABOUT THE FIRST BAND OF HOPE.

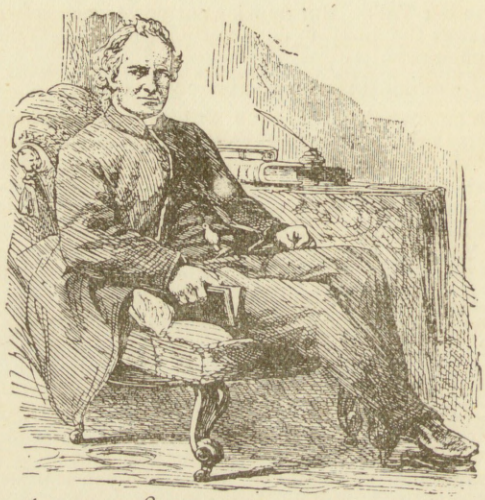


WILLIAM MARSH.

COLWYN BAY, on the North Wales coast, is one of those delightful places to which the toil-worn denizen of the city longs to retire, after years of incessant labour, to spend life's eventide in peace, amid scenes of great natural beauty, where flowers are ever in bloom, and where the rigour of winter and the heat of summer are practically unknown. Here, enjoying some of that well-earned repose which befits the closing years of a life of storm and stress, of remarkable activity, and of great devotion to his fellows, shall we find William Marsh, the kindly loveable Quaker gentleman, whose portrait heads this sketch. A teacher in the Rev. J. Tunnicliff's Sunday School, at that gentleman's suggestion—although long a teetotaler in practice—Mr. Marsh, in August, 1847, signed the pledge, in order that he might aid the Temperance movement among the children. So it came about that in addition to being a member of the Leeds Temperance Society he became a member of the Committee which arranged the first Band of Hope meeting.

Says he:—"A frequent visitor to the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff, before and after 1847, I well remember him preparing the first melody for a meeting held previous to the large tea meeting, November 9th, 1847, to keep the children from the fair." Fairs even now are not always suitable for children. In days gone by they were places of viciousness and debauchery of a painful and revolting type.

The first Band of Hope meeting was a grand success. The children were full of life and enthusiasm. "Eat!" says our friend, "they ate as though, by a prolonged fast, they had prepared themselves to get the full value for the threepence paid for admission; and when their stomachs were crammed some of them used their pockets, as a reserve for stowing away what good things were left." When the meal was over they broke into snatches of song; and then, after a thoughtful, earnest, inspiriting address from Mr. Tunnicliff, whose delight at the happy sight



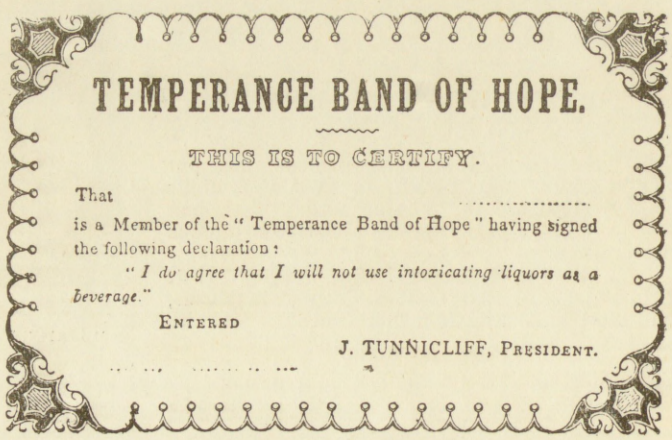
before him was unbounded—led by George Mitchell, who is still living, and a teetotaler—two hundred of them signed the pledge and became entitled to the

FIRST BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE CARD,

a facsimile of which we give below.

This remarkable work completed, other pithy addresses were given, melodies were taught, and the young Temperance recruits—the first company in the mighty Band of Hope army—united in singing the melody "Come all dear Children," a copy of which we give on the next page.

Immediately the meeting closed, further work was undertaken. "It was decided to try how best to manage the whole town (Leeds). So the Committee divided the town into districts, and over each district appointed a superintendent, to whom the children who had signed the pledge



TEMPERANCE BAND OF HOPE.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY.

That .....

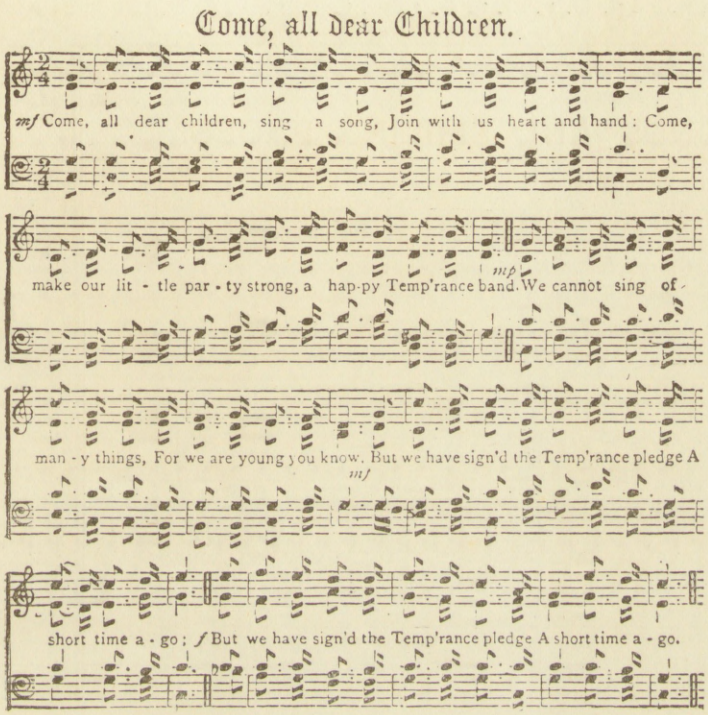
is a Member of the "Temperance Band of Hope" having signed the following declaration:

"I do agree that I will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

ENTERED

J. TUNNICLIFF, PRESIDENT.

THE FIRST BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.



MELODY SUNG AT THE FIRST BAND OF HOPE GATHERING.

paper could go for a pledge card, for which a halfpenny was charged; each superintendent keeping a record of the name, age, address and date of signing of all who thus became abstainers."

So energetically was this work done that Bands of Hope became necessary in other parts of the town; there being formed no less than thirteen in conjunction with the first Band of Hope—the Belgrave, Call Lane, Cross Mill Street, East Parade, Edgar Street, Mechanic's Institute, Oxford Place, Park Caroline Street, Queen Street, Salem, School Street, Spitalfields, Tabernacle Bands of Hope. "These held monthly meetings, and once a quarter met for a united gathering in the parent society's rooms, to encourage and emulate one another, to hear addresses from Mr. Tunnicliff and others, and to learn the melodies included in that capital little book—which lies before me as I write—the "Melodies for the Temperance Band of Hope," Leeds selection.

As our readers are aware, in some parts of the country Youths' Temperance Societies existed before Bands of Hope. The one at Leeds continued as a separate organization for three or four years after the Band of Hope commenced; but eventually these societies amalgamated, when a second and prettier pledge card was issued as here shown. In 1854, with a view to inculcating habits of thrift as well as sobriety, a

LEEDS BAND OF HOPE PENNY SAVINGS BANK

was formed, our friend, Mr. Marsh, being for several years a director.

Surely in this, the Jubilee year of the Band of Hope, when every facility is afforded to promote the movement, when means far more ample than in 1847 are to hand for use in the work, the example of the first society in its systematic visitation, in the energy and enthusiasm of its members, in the missionary spirit which pervaded the workers, in the provision made by speech, song, and bank for direct instruction in Temperance and thrift, will be followed by every worker in this the most effective of Temperance agencies of this country and age. It is impossible to overestimate the many blessings which have been showered upon our nation through Bands of Hope, even with the present limitations. Notwithstanding the remarkable progress the movement has made there are still outside any Temperance organization

SEVEN MILLION CHILDREN

of school age. If these can but be reached and brought within the Temperance fold, to be trained in childhood unto a sober and Godly manhood, surely a brighter day must dawn upon our beloved land, and the drink evil be no longer the menace it is to-day.

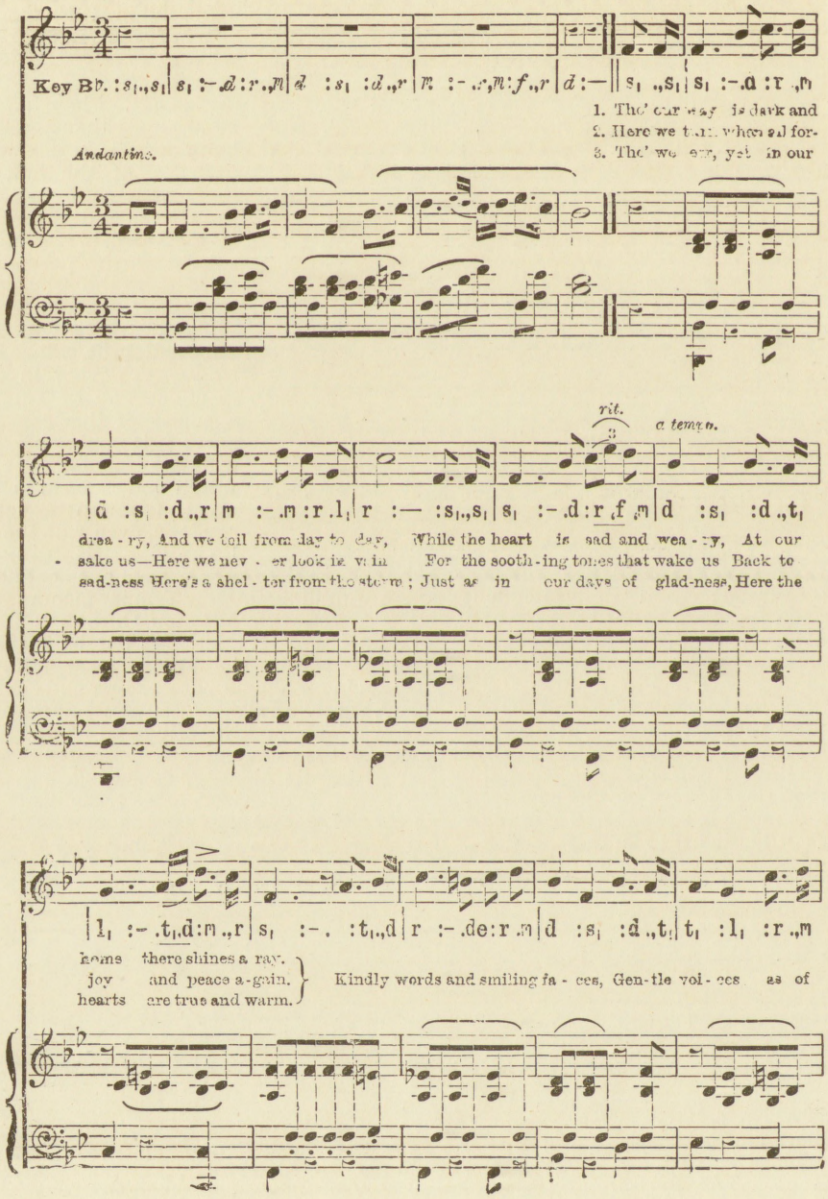
From Alcohol's ensnaring,
From Drinkdom's tyranny,
Let's work to save companions
In this year of Jubilee.



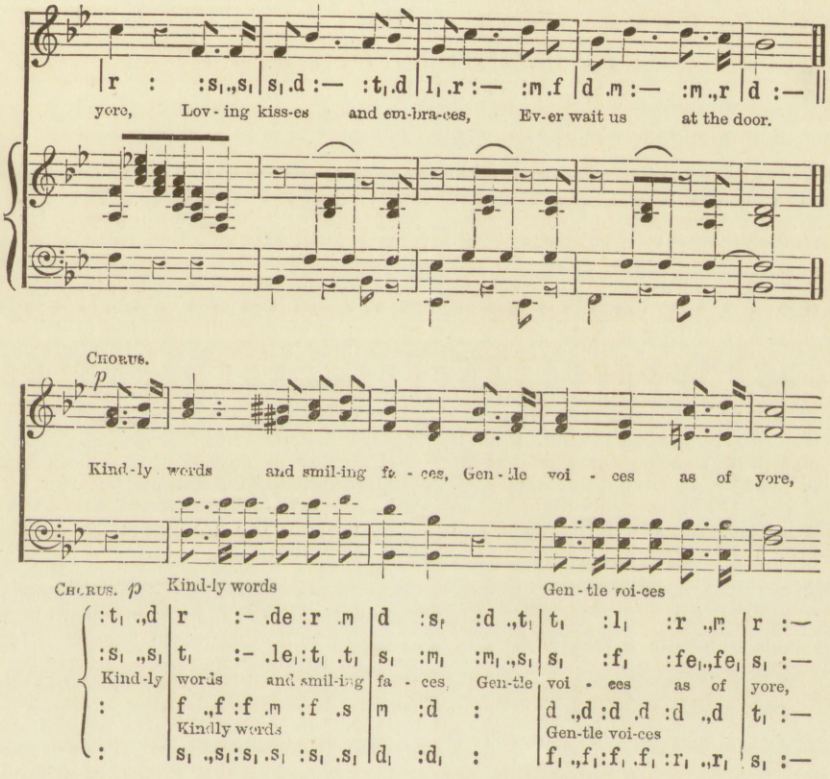
THE SECOND BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE CARD.

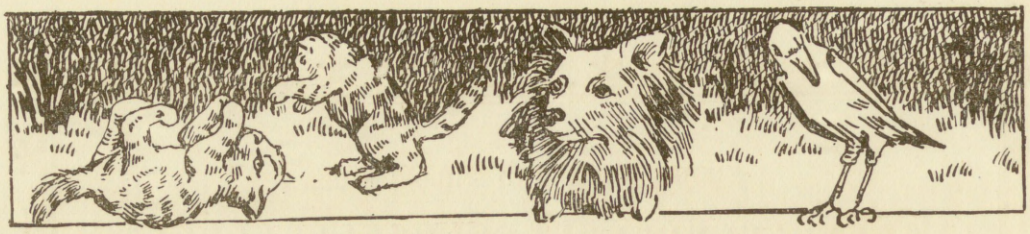
KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

Words by G. Cooper. *Music by* J. R. Thomas.



KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.



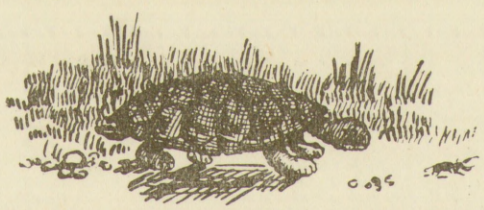


Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

III.—TORTOISES.

THIS month we are going to talk about a very funny pet. I am reminded of a story which I once read, and which runs somewhat as follows:—A lady was travelling with a lap dog, a monkey, and two pet tortoises. When the ticket-collector came up to the door of the carriage to clip her ticket he asked her whether she had taken one for the dog, and one for the monkey. She said, "Certainly *not* for the monkey, but here is the dog's ticket." A shock-headed porter, standing near, remarked, "Coorse she orter took a dawg's ticket for the monkey." The lady indignantly replied, "Of course *not*; you will be wanting a dog's ticket for these tortoises next." At which the porter remarked, "Oh no, Mum, we shouldn't be so hunreasonable as that; you see, dogs *is* dogs, and monkeys is dogs; but tortyses are *hinsects*."



Well, we won't *say* that a tortoise *is* an insect but, to tell the truth, I have looked at cheese mites through a microscope sometimes, and they have a considerable amount of resemblance to a lot of tortoises crawling about. Now, how about tortoises as pets? Are they nice creatures to keep? Do they cost much? Where can they be got? How long do they live? What ought they to be fed on? Have I ever kept them? What a lot of questions to be sure. Be quiet, and I will tell you all about it. Any day in the year a tortoise can be bought at Leadenhall Market, or in one of the streets near by. The cost varies from 6d. to 2/-; and when once you have got one he will probably live till he is as old as you are if you take care of him. At the present moment I have got a dear old pet tortoise named Jeroboam, and my talk to-day shall be about him, and you will see, from what I tell you, how easy it is to manage a "hinsect" of this kind.

The summer is Jeroboam's time of rejoicing. He just revels in it. My garden is walled in, and there is, therefore, no temptation for him to wander away, even if he felt so disposed; but I think Jerry knows too well how to look after "number one" to want to stray away, if he had the chance. He knows on which side his bread is buttered. He walks about all day and finds his own living—a bit of grass, a weed, or a flower keeps him as happy as a sand-boy. He is so tame that he will take a bit of green stuff out of our hands, and munch it up with as much pleasure as a navvy shows over a pork-pie. His favourite snack is a bit of honeysuckle, or a sprig of wallflower; and he will open his mouth as wide as a big thimble when he has a bit offered to him.

He very much likes having his neck rubbed, and will put his head out of his shell till his neck is nearly as long as my finger, while the "grateful, comforting" sensation is going on.

He loves a bath, and it would be perfect cruelty to keep him without one, for he likes to "duck" two or three times a day. A big pie-dish, let into the ground, makes a good bathing place for him.

As winter approaches he gets rather lazy and stiff in his joints, and drags himself about as though he felt his shell a burden to him. About November he begins to burrow a hole in the ground, to make himself a winter bed; for in the winter he will hybernate, as it is called, and remain dormant until spring.

It is not a good plan to let him stay in the garden during the winter. If the ground is very soft he would get down a good depth into it, and it sometimes has happened that gardeners have dug into favourite tortoises when spring came, and have killed or terribly injured them; and sometimes these harmless old "Jeroboams" will only just bury the lower parts of their bodies, and then when the frost comes they are chilled through and die. My plan is to bring my Jerry indoors. He does not always spend his winters in exactly the same way though. Last year he lived in the kitchen, and used occasionally to take a walk round, but I don't think he quite profited by his winter sleep in this way, so he is enjoying the present winter in a big box full of sawdust, and he is well covered over, and allowed to sleep without being stirred up to exhibit himself. He will be all the better when spring comes for this unbroken rest. When he has finished his winter's "snoozing" he is always very thin, but he soon drinks himself fat. How thirsty he is, to be sure, when he wakes up! but he knows *what* to drink. Adam's ale is the "strong drink" which soon restores him to vigour again.

Many people have an objection to tortoises, but I am not made that way. I think for a quaint, harmless, weird, old-time pet, there's nothing to beat him. Get one!

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

"A LITTLE AIDS DIGESTION."



"I MUST have a little drop for my digestion" is one of the most common excuses offered for the use of strong drink. "Oh yes," says Mrs. Lucas, "I admit that strong drink is perhaps the greatest cause of evil, both physical and moral, and I wouldn't do anything in the world to encourage drinking, especially amongst young men and young women." "Why, then, do you not become an abstainer and sign the pledge," we ask, "and throw yourself heartily into Temperance work?" "I can't do that," is the reply, "I am obliged to take just a little to help my digestion."

Now, a curious thing about this action on the part of Mrs. Lucas is, that she does suffer from indigestion, and that she does feel better for the glass or two of ale or wine that she drinks.

Let us look into this, and, if possible, find out the reason, and we shall see that digestion is not aided but really hindered by the use of alcohol.

Relief can sometimes be purchased too dearly. Cases are not at all uncommon of persons using chloral, or cocaine, or morphia to allay pain, and to obtain relief from suffering, but, in doing so, they often wreck themselves both physically and mentally, and even end their lives prematurely. Alcohol acts in a similar way, but in a lesser degree.

One of the most complicated and wonderful processes of the human body is that of digestion. Its object is the conversion of all food into a liquid condition, so that it may be absorbed into the blood, for it is only such food as can enter the blood stream that can render any service in building up bone, muscle and nerve, and in supplying the necessary warmth to the body.

Thus it is not the quantity of food we eat, but the amount we digest that does us good. Simple, wholesome foods, and plenty of open-air exercise are the best aids to digestion, and the best preventives of indigestion.

Digestion really begins in the mouth, where, as we chew it, our food becomes mixed with saliva. This liquid contains an active principle called ptyalin, which has the power of changing starch into sugar. One part of ptyalin can change 2,000 parts of starch into sugar. Starch is insoluble, sugar is soluble. Hence the reason for this change.

The food mixed with saliva passes into the stomach, where it comes into contact with gastric juice. This contains an active principle called pepsin, which has the power of attacking the nitrogenous and gelatinous parts of food, and converting them into soluble peptones. The food now broken down by the saliva and the gastric juice passes on to the intestines, where it is brought into contact with the bile juice and the pancreatic juice. These act on the fats and any remaining portions, and thus ensure the complete digestion, as far as possible, of the food. Such is a very simple outline of the process. The question now arises – can alcohol help this work, or does it hinder it?

Many physiologists adopt the view that alcohol increases the flow of gastric juice, and that therefore food must be more rapidly digested. This latter, however, is merely inference, and is not supported by investigation. Alcohol precipitates the pepsin from gastric juice, and thus deteriorates its quality; so that even if there is more of the juice itself, it is poorer in quality and is not so capable of doing its proper work.

Sir Wm. Roberts, in his "Dietetics of Dyspepsia," pp. 40 to 45, goes into this question very thoroughly. He found that five per cent. of sherry was injurious, and so was ten per cent. of Burton ale. Dr. Ridge, referring to this, says: "It may be taken as proved beyond contradiction that alcohol does not accelerate the chemical process of digestion, and above a very small amount actually retards it."

The investigations of Sir Wm. Roberts confirm those of Dr. H. Munroe, as stated in the following table:—

Finely-Minced Meat was placed in three bottles, together with Gastric Juice from the stomach of a calf. Water was added to the first bottle, Alcohol to the second, and Pale Ale to the third. The temperature was maintained at 100 degrees, and the contents churned in imitation of the movements of the stomach. The following were the results:—

Finely-Minced Beef.	4th Hour.	8th Hour.	10th Hour.
Gastric Juice and Water.	Digesting and Separating.	Broken up into Shreds	Dissolved like Soup.
Gastric Juice and Alcohol.	Slightly Opaque; Beef Unchanged.	Beef still Unchanged.	Beef Solid. Pepsine Precipitated.
Gastric Juice and Pale Ale.	Cloudy, with Fur on Beef.	Beef Partly Loosened.	No Digestion. Pepsine Precipitated.

That alcohol has a hardening effect upon food, which is therefore less liable to digestion, has also been shown by Dr. Beddoes in his well-known experiments on dogs. "Two young puppies were taken from the same litter; both were fed alike, and to one was then given three drachms of alcohol with one of water. After five hours both were killed, and it was found that the stomach of the one that had the alcohol was twice as full as that of the other which had no alcohol; the bits of flesh were firm and angular, while without alcohol they had become much softer."

All this goes to show the true character of

alcohol. In small doses it is proved that it lessens the power of the digestive processes; but, owing to its action as a paralyzer of sensation, the drinker is rendered less conscious of the morbid condition of his stomach. He feels relief simply because sensation is deadened, and not because food is more rapidly digested. We may be quite sure the idea that alcohol helps digestion is one of the popular delusions that requires to be dispelled.

RECREATIVE SCIENCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Ruth B. Yates.

III.—PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

FROM my earliest days it has been a favourite pastime to sit in the twilight, weaving fanciful stories from the pictures seen in the glowing embers; and I am just as fond of it now as ever. So I want the readers of this Magazine to draw their chairs closer round the hearth, before the lamps are lighted, and vie with each other in finding wonders in the fiery picture gallery.

As I sat gazing into the fire to-night I got such a peep into wonderland that I will try and describe to you what I saw.

An immense forest, stretched away in the distance as far as the eye could reach. And such a forest! It grew and increased until the room disappeared. In imagination I stepped into

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD

and saw this great forest, composed of strange trees that grew a million years ago.

Such trees they were, too—perfect giants. Some of them resembled the pine trees of which our ships' masts are made, but their trunks were beautifully fluted columns, fourteen times as high as the tallest man you have ever seen. These trees were called Sigillarias.

Amongst them grew immense plants which towered aloft like factory chimneys. Their stems were covered with scales, like pine cones are, and they had needle-like leaves, resembling the fir which we often mix with the holly for Christmas decoration. These stems were two yards thick, yet the plant bore a strong resemblance to the humble club mosses that grow amongst the heather on our English downs. These, too, have a long, hard name in keeping with their enormous size; they are called Lepidodendrons.

Another beautiful tree that grew in this vast forest

SEEMED VERY FAMILIAR

to me, except for its size. It had a stem about half a yard thick that grew straight for a little way and was then surrounded by a coronal of green leaves that spread out all round, like the sun's rays do in pictures. From the centre of this coronal the stem rose again slighter, thinner, until another coronal was formed, then up it went again, and so on, tapering as it rose, until it reached the height of forty feet. These strange reed-like plants are Calamites, and are just like the horsetails which every child knows so well. Often have I wandered by the side of the ditch in a country lane and plucked the calamites that grew about a foot high in order to pull apart the hollow stem at each tiny coronal that I might make chimney pots of them, for each part fits beautifully into the other, and when separated leaves a serrated edge.

Then I saw beautiful tree ferns, such as we often see in hothouses, but vastly taller and thicker and grander, looking like mighty giants of creation with their long, straight trunks and wide umbrellas of richly cut leaves spread out right at the top, high above the ground.

In all this wonderful forest there was no sound of birds singing or bees humming; all was

STILL, SILENT, AND AWFUL;

but I saw something moving in the damp, marshy ground at the foot of the trees. I looked, and behold! there was an enormous frog, so big that I might have mistaken him for a lion but for his shape and the way in which he jumped, just like the little frogs that croak round our ponds to-day.

He had scarcely disappeared when, from amongst the thick clusters of graceful ferns that grew in the shadow of the taller trees, there glided a great serpent that made me tremble to look at him, he was of such monstrous size. But swiftly and silently from among the fern clumps came a more terrible monster, a great scaly crocodile, which, opening his terrific jaws, rushed upon the serpent and finally gulped down the struggling, writhing reptile.

"Ah," you may say, "that is only a fairy tale." Not so, my friends, it is a plain, honest description of

WHERE THE COAL CAME FROM,

for it was in those old forests the trees gathered up the sunbeams that they give out to us to-day when we make a fire of coal.

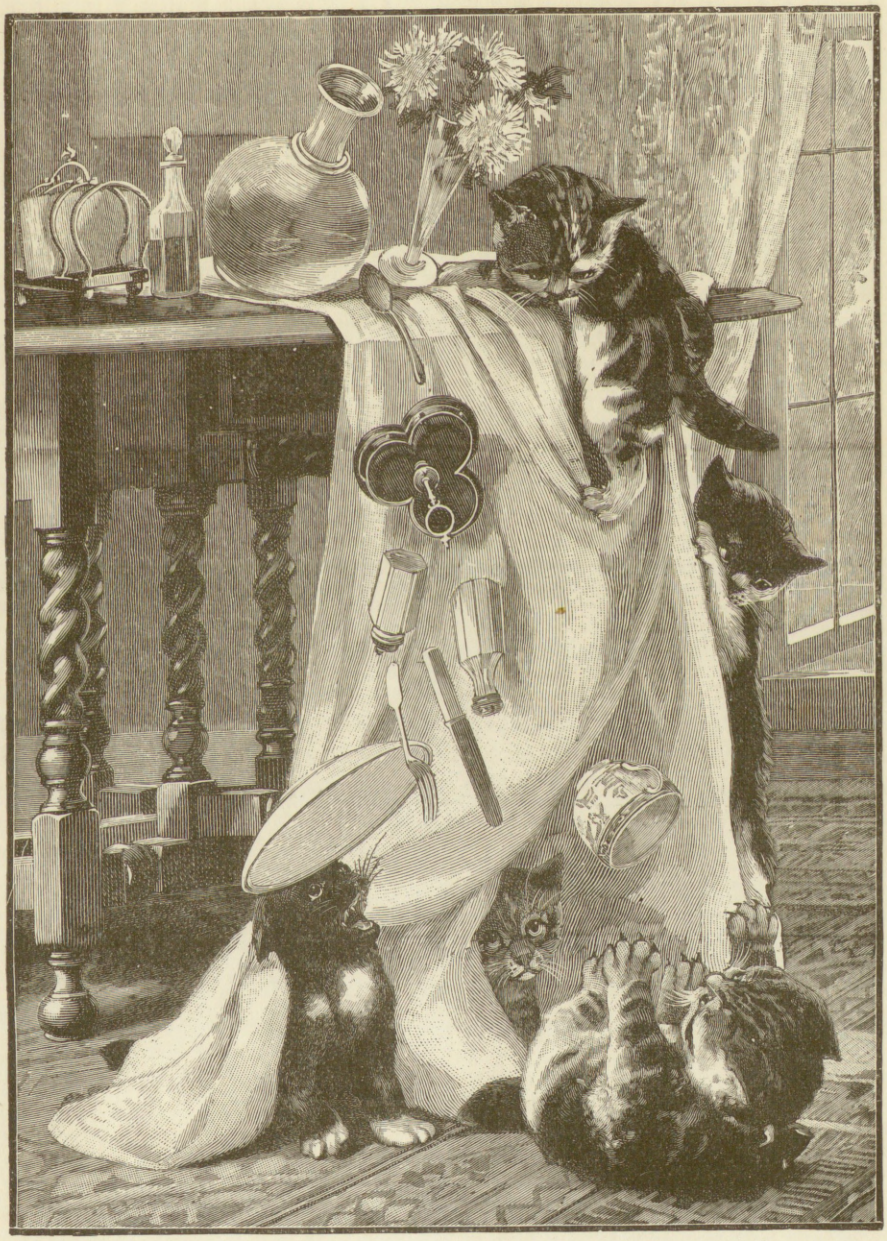
How strange and wonderful is the process by which those great green trees have been turned into a hard, black mineral.

If we had been asked to give our opinion of them as they grew, we should have said these forest giants were of no use except to look at, for they bore no fruit and their trunks were too soft and spongy to be used as timber, and too wet and pithy even to be burned as fuel. But God knows better than we do; He was carefully preparing the coal that should warm our homes, carry on our manufactories, and produce gas to light our houses and streets, and also—what seems to me stranger still—from which should be obtained the brightest and most beautiful dyes we possess, in all the lovely colours of the rainbow. For if you wear a bright mauve ribbon or a bright blue silk tie dyed with coal-tar colours you are just reproducing some of the sunbeams that shone a million years ago upon those mighty forests that I saw in the pictures in the fire.

MISCHIEF THAT BEGAN IN PLAY.

By Uncle Ben.

ONCE upon a time there were five little kittens called Boss, Floss, Doss, Moss, and Loss; they were as pretty as kittens could be, and as full of play as they were soft and hungry.



Always getting into trouble, or coming out of mischief, they were often threatened with being sent away, but were too young to leave their mother. However, their conduct became so exasperating that their doom was sealed, and they were exiled to different homes as presents to friends, who it was hoped would value their playful and cheerful dispositions.

Boss was the most black, both by nature and appearance; he had a white spot on his breast, but hardly a bright feature in his character; he was the ringleader of all the crew for sport. He

would pull the tails of his sisters, and tumble over them, and stir them up to every kind of game kittens could play. Their banishment was brought about in this wise:

One morning a member of the family not being very well did not come down with the rest, so the breakfast things were laid on a side table ready for the late comer; and here the five kittens waited, amusing themselves as best they could, climbing up the legs of chairs and tables and curtains, until at last Boss reached the white cloth. Then, one after another, the kittens set their claws in it until Moss got very near the top, with Loss and Doss after her; whereupon the cloth began to move, to their united joy. They were getting a ride for nothing. It moved very slowly at first until it got nearer the carpet, when Boss and Floss hung on, bringing the cloth over quickly and all things on it. Boss and Floss were soon on the floor; Boss received a crack on his head from a saucer, Loss fell on her back and a cup on the top of her; then down came the flower vase and water bottle, drenching them, and the cloth burying them. They mewed and fissed and swore fearfully, for the pepper box fell upon them.

It was a terrible sight to see those wicked kittens amidst the broken crockery, all rolled up in the wet cloth. Very miserable and forlorn they looked when turned out into the warm sunshine in the garden, to think over their sins and get dry.

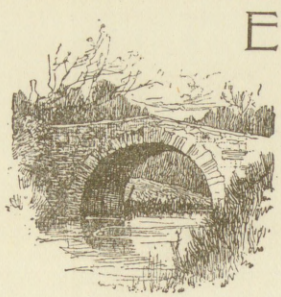
After this judgment was passed that the house could no longer put up with such conduct, and the next day those naughty kittens were banished, each one to different homes, as presents to friends, with love and best wishes for their receivers.

Beware lest innocent play become mischief, for it is very easy for sport to end in disaster.

"A STILL TONGUE MAKES A WISE HEAD."

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



ELSIE PERKINS was a very nice girl—kind-hearted, affectionate, full of life, and a general favourite amongst her companions. But alas! Elsie had one very grave fault, that went a long way towards spoiling her good qualities; she talked far too much; and, consequently, she said a great deal that she ought not to have said, and caused much mischief by repeating things she heard, which were never intended for her ears. Somehow or other, she never could help telling the first person she met all she knew.

Silly little Elsie! She never once thought of the old proverb, "A still tongue makes a wise head."

I am afraid Elsie Perkins is not the only person who does not think of this old saying. There are many grown-up people who would be both happier and wiser, if, before they repeat what they hear, they would think of this true proverb.

One day, when returning from school, Elsie overheard part of a conversation between two ladies—only part, mind you, but this was sufficient—and she told her nurse when she reached home that "Margaret Howden had stolen a purse." Now the whole of the sentence ran thus, "It is as absurd to say that Mrs. Taylor did not pay her bills as to say that

MARGARET HOWDEN HAD STOLEN A PURSE;

one is as credible as the other." A very different statement from that which Elsie repeated.

Margaret Howden was a dressmaker, recently started in business for herself; a hard-working, conscientious girl, with a widowed mother dependent upon her earnings, who was doing her utmost to make her business a success, and so far had been much encouraged.

Elsie little thought of the harm she was doing when she repeated those few words to her nurse, who told them to the first friend she met. This friend repeated them rather differently, and added a little colouring, like this: "Do you know it is not safe to send materials to Miss Howden to be made up; I *hear* she stole something." So the story went round, first one then another getting hold of it, until it began to damage the little dressmaker, and her customers became fewer and fewer. She could not understand it, and wondered why Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Heathcote, and other ladies who used to come to her, never came now; they had always seemed so satisfied.

Poor Miss Howden! Little did she guess that Elsie's tongue had done all the mischief.

One day, when Mrs. Perkins went to see Miss Howden about a dress, she noticed how ill and troubled she looked; so she asked what was the matter. The poor girl was so thankful to have some one to speak to about her loss of customers, that she told her how many ladies had left her, and when they passed her in the street never even looked at her. "I cannot make it out all, for they were so satisfied with all I did, and said they would recommend me." She finished with a sort of sob in her voice.

"Perhaps some one has been saying things that are not true," suggested Mrs. Perkins.

"But what could they say?"

"Ah! that we don't know; but still I will try and find out if I can."

"Thank you; I shall indeed be grateful, because of my dear mother—she has worried so."

When Mrs. Perkins returned home the first thing she did was to ask her nurse if she had heard anything against Miss Howden's character, and, if so, when?

Nurse was rather taken aback, for she also gossiped too much, but she replied:

"Oh! yes, ma'am; didn't you know that she's not honest?"

"*Not honest!*" replied Mrs. Perkins, sharply. "What do you mean? So, in my house, the poor

creature is being injured by scandal, is she?"

"Well, ma'am," said nurse, now rather frightened, "Miss Elsie told me Miss Howden had stolen a purse."

"Miss Elsie said so?" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins in astonishment. "My daughter said it?"

"Yes, ma'am; you can ask her."

"And you have repeated this to every one you know, I suppose; you are a true mischief-maker, and have already done incalculable harm."

Nurse began to cry. "I never thought I was doing any harm by telling what Miss Elsie said."

"Oh! nurse, don't you know that the wisest and kindest thing when you hear anything bad about anyone is to keep your tongue still? It may not be true—as it is not, I feel sure, in this case. Sometimes you can never undo the mischief that a too-chattering tongue does."

At this moment Elsie returned from school, and seeing her mother's grave face, and nurse with her apron to her eyes, felt frightened, and wondered what was the matter.

"Elsie," said her mother, "who told you that Miss Howden had stolen a purse?"

"Nobody, mother; I heard a lady say so in the street as I passed her."

"But you only heard a few words of the sentence as you passed; you do not know the end or the beginning of it. Do you remember who it was that said it?"

"Yes, mother, the lady who lives at the corner of Tatton-street, but I don't know her name."

"Never mind that now; you must come right away there with me. I am indeed grieved to think that my little Elsie's tongue has already proved such a mischievous one."

"Why, what have I done?" sobbed Elsie.

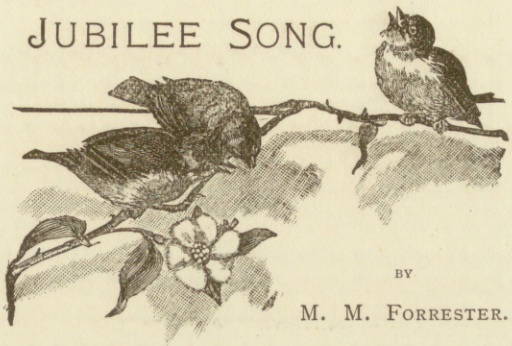
"Done? You have been the means of almost ruining Miss Howden's business; people think she is dishonest, and therefore will not employ her."

Arrived at the house, Mrs. Perkins explained her errand as briefly as possible, and the lady, who was very courteous and kind, tried to recall the conversation on that eventful afternoon, and told them what led up to the remark, which was made merely to show that the statements of a certain person were as incredible of belief as would be the statement that "Mrs. Taylor did not pay her bills or that Miss Howden had stolen a purse."

Poor Elsie! how bitterly she regretted her ready tongue; and when her mother insisted on going next to Miss Howden's, she felt she should sink through the floor. With many tears and protestations that this would be a lesson for life, and that never again would she repeat what she heard, Elsie left, promising to try and undo as much of the mischief as she could; and Mrs. Perkins herself went round amongst all her friends and acquaintances, and soon Margaret Howden had more work than she could get through, and had to engage apprentices.

But neither Elsie nor her nurse ever forgot that lesson, and oftentimes when tempted to repeat a thing, the thought of Miss Howden prevented them, and they remembered the truth of the proverb that "A still tongue makes a wise head."

JUBILEE SONG.



BY

M. M. FORRESTER.

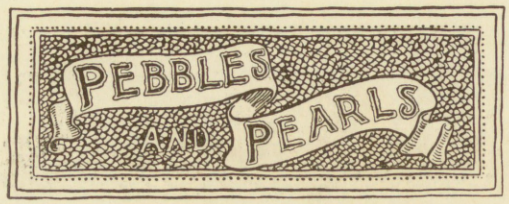
NOT 'midst the music of silver bells clashing,
Ringing and swinging in churches and towers;
Not in the glory of bright banners flashing,
Nor arches triumphant, or garlands of flowers;
Not in a blaze of light,
Dazzling the mortal sight,
Nor 'midst loud shouting on land and on sea;
Not to the cannons' roar,
Booming from shore to shore,
Cometh our Jubilee!

But to the song that the children are singing,
As shoulder to shoulder they're marching along,
And in the glory of hopes that are springing
From out their fair ranks, joyous, steady and strong;
'Midst the soft light of eyes,
Brighter than summer skies,
To beatings of hearts from all sinfulness free,
To marching of little feet,
Treading a path most sweet,
Cometh our Jubilee!

Back to the year when our flag was first planted
High on the hillside of Temperance and Truth
Glance we to-day—Ah! how brave and undaunted
That first little army of valour and youth!
Long years have passed away,
And on that hill to-day
Still floats our banner, most glorious and free;
While in a happy band,
Round it the children stand,
Hailing our Jubilee!

Higher still, and higher; Oh, ye dear little fingers,
Raise up that banner in triumph to day!
Sacred its folds, for around them still lingers
The glory of noble hearts, long passed away.
Children, your voices raise!
Loud be your hymn of praise!
The bright gleam of hope in your faces we see;
God make us brave and strong!
God speed our cause along!
God bless our Jubilee!

"Ninety per cent. of crime in the army is through drink."—*Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley.*



SLEIGHT of hand has been defined by a bachelor as refusing an offer of marriage.

"WHAT blessings children are!" remarked the parish clerk, as he pocketed the christening fee.

To be happy is the true instinct of human nature.

"A LIE which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
A lie which is all a lie can be met and fought with outright;
A lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight." —*Tennyson.*



LITTLE MISS MUGGS (haughtily): My sister never goes out without a chaperon.

Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully): My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister.

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Mar. 2, 1791.—John Wesley died.
„ 8, 1864.—First Permissive Bill introduced into House of Commons.
„ 15, 1815.—The Philosopher of the Temperance movement, Dr. F. R. Lees, was born.
„ 23, 1832.—The Preston Temperance Society adopted Teetotalism.
„ 30, 1887.—The Native Races Committee was established.

HEARKEN to the warnings of conscience if you would not feel its wounds.

IF a man could have half his wishes he would double his troubles.

DENMARK has one hundred thousand abstainers, four hundred of whom are teachers.

To acquire a habit it must be slowly built up. To get rid of a habit it must be blown up.—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

"MY son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

NOT for our looks, but for our deeds
Shall we be prized;
The purest, truest hearts on earth
Are oft disguised
"'Neath homely faces, yet one knows
By its sweet breath where blooms the rose."

WESTON, the teetotal pedestrian, whose great walking tour made him the wonder of the world, is still living, and, although over sixty years of age, performed last Christmas the notable feat of covering 103 miles in 24 hours.

"How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked the first man. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born."

SHE spoke with half regretful sigh
Of other girls' expenses,
And held their folly up to scorn
In all the moods and tenses.

And when he'd gone, to her papa
She went straightway, and pleaded
For just one five-pound note the more
To get the gown she needed.

RECOLLECTING A BILL.—A certain linen-draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavoured to remind him that she had paid when he called some time ago. He declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance, on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did not recollect it." To which the lady replied, "I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not *re-collect* it."

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.—A prize was offered recently by a paper for the best answer to the question, "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received: Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit. A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is mother. The only spot on earth where faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity. The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great. The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and you grumble most. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.



A Western Waif.

By "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TONGUE IS A FIRE.

IT would be difficult to decide which of that group of three was the happiest as they left the sands—the boy, who as soon as he felt the pressure of the silver on the palm of his hand, felt also a rush of excitement which thrilled him through and through; or poor Phyllis, whose motherly instincts were aroused to the highest pitch; or the artist himself, who was so full of his newly-found treasure in the wonderful pose of that boy, that from the sands to his studio he could think or talk of nothing else.

Perhaps, all things considered, the pleasure of the artist was the most profound, though it must be confessed that that of the boy's was the most pronounced; and it was interesting to watch how, ever and anon, the mobile face of the artist would relax into a smile whilst he would declare, in the most emphatic way, that he saw in the head of that handsome little lad both fortune and fame.

He was thoroughly perplexed in his endeavour to account for the fact that he had never noticed that marvellous head and face before; and how in the world it was that his fellow artists, who were so far superior to himself, had also missed that splendid head, was a mystery he could not solve. Yes, he was indeed in luck's way, and, God helping him, he would spare no pains in making that subject worthy of his choice and name.

Oh, how happy he felt; and how that one little circumstance—the sight of that boy—had changed the tone and temper of his life. He could not tell how it was, but he had never seen the country look so charming as it did that day. Yes, he had always admired the glories of that unrivalled bay—its crescent shape, its waters of deep indigo blue, with the two great peninsulas stretching out their giant arms, as if they would clasp the great Atlantic in their warm embrace; but he declared, with an emphasis that was almost embarrassing, that he had never seen anything in his life to equal it that morning. His fingers literally itched to make a sketch. But no, he would resist the temptation; for there in his portfolio were the outlines of a picture that would wake the wonder of the world—a painting that would surpass even his most daring dreams. And so he trudged up the hill that morning in less than one half the time he was accustomed to take to reach his home.

"Well, love," said his wife, as she met him tripping up the garden-path, "what is the meaning of this? I thought you intended being out the whole live-long day, and here you are back to your bonnie little wife by noon. And how pleased you look. Why, one would think you had transferred to canvas the choicest bit in creation. Of course, it is for immediate inspection." And so saying, she seized the portfolio, and was in the act of spreading it open, that she might the better see this marvellous production, when he said excitedly—

"Be careful, Loo! be careful! It is *par excellence* of all my productions. It is literally the most enchanting face I have ever seen. And the head! Why it is magnificent—simply magnificent! And he has all the hauteur of a lord, has that boy. And to think he is nothing more than the child of a poor fisherman! Why, had he been the son of a prince, I should not have been surprised. Certainly he has all the manners of an aristocrat. I don't know how it is, but nature must have made a mistake somehow: meant for royalty, but left till called for at the cottage of a

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fisherman! For do you know, he is actually poor Phyllis Tregelles's child, the poor old thing you saw the other day trudging along with that cow-all of fish, which you said was load enough to break the back of a donkey. She lives, I believe, somewhere about the 'Bowdge,' if you know where that is, for really I don't. But never mind. You shall see the boy for yourself. I have engaged him to come and sit for me in the studio; and if you don't bless your stars at the sight of that lad, my name is not Montague Morlaise—that's all."

"Well, never mind the boy," she exclaimed, "let me look at the sketch." And with that she opened the portfolio, and said, "Pooh! I see nothing in that."

"Nothing in that!" he replied. "Well, Loo, you must indeed be as blind as a bat. Why, look at those lines! See the shape of that head! Mark the contour of that face! Look! look!" he exclaimed, intensely excited, "what lovely tints!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed his wife in his face. "Now I have caught you at last. Tints, eh! And this a pencil sketch! Oh, Montague, Montague, imagination again. Yes, love, as I have often told you before, you bring so much to your subject, you do indeed. Your beauty is in your brush, and not in the boy. Yes, beauty is in the eye of my excited old husband, and not in the face of that ragamuffin little fisher lad. As some one has truly said, 'Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye.' Never mind; we shall see. The boy is coming, you say; then when does he come? And how often will you require him to sit? And the question of remuneration, what about that? He is only a poor fisherman's son, you say. Oh, then, you will have him on the cheap; there is satisfaction in that. Well, well, let him come. A few pence for the boy, and many pounds for ourselves—that's convenient all round."



"Mercenary! mercenary!" muttered the artist, with a significant shake of the head. And then, as with the vision of a great future before him, he exclaimed, "Oh, if the gods will but guide my brush I will immortalise the lad; and, like Rubens, and Rembrandt, and Turner, I will produce a picture that shall perpetuate my name to the very end of the world."

For a moment husband and wife faced one another in silence; she smitten speechless by the keenness of reproof, and he lost in the glamour of a great and glorious thought—a name that should never die. Then both parted for a time—he to his studio, to revel in the luxury of labour, and she to the daily duties of domestic life.

When Mrs. Morlaise had returned to her boudoir she remarked silently to herself, "Yes, my husband is an ambitious man, and never shall it be said that I, Lucretia Marrianne Morlaise, stopped him in his great career. He has set his soul upon being a distinguished artist, and a distinguished artist he shall be. He certainly has the faculty of finding out what others fail to see; and he throws so much soul into his subjects that, as both the critics and the crowd declare, he makes the most common-place bit of scenery a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Weeks passed away, and the impression made upon her mind that morning never left her for a moment. Yes, life was indeed worth living; and she saw in the near future the fulfilment of her fondest dreams, the realisation of her highest hopes.

Busy one morning in her conservatory, comparing the exotics, which had all the advantage of culture and care with the flowers in the garden, exposed to all kinds of climatic conditions, and soliloquising thereupon, she found her attention was arrested

by a lad in coarse but clean attire wending his way up the garden path, and making direct for the front door. So stepping just outside the conservatory she shouted across the lawn, "Nothing to give, my boy; hasten away!"

Raising his hat the boy replied, "Beg pardon, Ma'am, I'm not begging; I have called to see Mr. Morlaise."

Now it so happened that the artist's wife had forgotten all about the lad, and it did not occur to her even then that she was face to face with the boy who had so excited her husband that he had "almost sent him into fits," as she said. But she remarked to herself, "He has good manners, has that boy. And what a little aristocrat he is! Aye, and what a lovely face!"

And so that she might have a better view of the boy she drew near to the little fellow, until she felt, as she afterwards expressed it, that she was standing in the presence of a thorough little "lord in duck." Struck with his appearance, and especially as he stood with all the ease and grace of a gentleman, she enquired,

"And whose little boy are you?"

To which he replied, "I am Phyllis Tregelles' son; and please, Ma'am, as it is Saturday, and no schooling to-day, I have come to see Mr. Morlaise, who wants me to pose for a picture."

"To do what?" she enquired, not comprehending the meaning of his words.

"To pose for a picture Ma'am."

In a moment it flashed across her mind, "Why, surely, this is that boy of whom Montague spoke." And so carefully eyeing him from head to heel, she said, "He has all the manners of a gentleman; and what a beautiful boy; and what an eye he has." Then calling her daughter she said,

"Marjorie, love, take this young gentleman across to the studio; he wants to see papa."

"Well, Loo," said the artist, as they sat together in the evening, "and what did you think of my prodigy—Tregelles? Of course," he dryly observed, and with a wicked twinkle in his eye, "you could see nothing in him!"

"Indeed, Montague," she remarked, "you are a tease—a perfect tease. I verily believe you would get the prize in the teasing profession. And if you could only paint as well as you can persecute," she added, with a touch of sarcasm in her tone, "then you would speedily become a master in your art. Still, love, if it will please you, I am free to confess that I am greatly impressed with the boy. You have not exaggerated an iota. He is really a handsome lad."

"I am delighted!" interjected Montague Morlaise: "delighted, that, for once at least in his life, your excited and purblind old husband is in agreement with your ladyship's judgment and taste. Loo! I tell you what, there is something more than a fortune—there is fame in the head of that boy, at least for me."

"Oh, Montague," she affirmed, "I am so glad of that. Fame we can wait for, but it is money I want. 'Cash! cash!' is the never ceasing cry of your importunate little wife. Like the horse-leech, my love, I am ever saying, 'Give! give!' For do you know, Montague, that our darling Marjorie's education is costing us so much, and I do want her to be a cultured young lady, fit for any society, and clever, just like you."

"Yes, yes," replied the artist, "but I want to know your candid opinion respecting Tregelles."

Well, Montague, as you have laid stress upon my candid opinion, it is this—that whilst he is unquestionably a most handsome, and I had almost said—yes, and I may as well say it—an aristocratic lad, he is, nevertheless a puzzle to your short-sighted little wife."

"How is that, Loo; how is that?"

"Well, I cannot understand, for instance, how a boy, who is only the son of a poor fisherman should have all the manners of a gentleman. Or, in other words, if I must speak plainly on the point, how poor Phyllis Tregelles should have such a child. You have no secret misgivings, have you, love?"

"No, Loo, none; none, I tell you, none! But surely you don't mean to insinuate that all plain-looking babies are dropped at poor people's doors."

"No, no, Montague, I don't mean that for a moment."

"Then, what on earth, Loo, do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this: I cannot for the life of me undertand how a poor fisher-boy should have all the airs of an aristocrat. Why, when I saw that boy march by the side of our Marjorie, as she took him across to you in the studio, I could not help saying to myself, 'Every inch a gentleman. Yes, and a fit companion for my own dear child.' But, Montague," and she paused a most emphatic pause, "that boy will require the most careful handling, or else—— well, perhaps I had better not say what I mean."

"O yes, dear, by all means say on."

"Well, then, I mean this: that boy has the making of a good man, or a great demon.

"Steady, Loo; steady! You do put it strongly. Talk of my exaggeration; why, I am blest if I can get within a league of my wife."

"Yes, but I mean what I say. That boy will be a blessing or a curse, or perhaps both. Have you noticed his eye? Why, there is a very hell in that orb. Yes, and let us hope a very heaven too, as you say. But did you notice the passion that lurked about the eye? Were you not struck with the quiet but strong determination expressed in the lines around his mouth? And, good heavens, when I think of what that boy is capable of becoming I do not envy the person who has the bringing of him up. Montague, if you have any influence with his mother, I beseech you, for God's sake, exert it, or that boy will be lost; I had almost said—damned!"

"Why, Loo! Loo! what on earth can you mean? You are more than usually strong in your tongue, and you allow your language to run away with your better self; just as Samson's old foxes did with their fire-brands. And the tongue is a fire, Loo; the tongue is a fire. But do you know that that boy's mother is a Methodist—a guarantee they say for everything that is good."

"Methodist or no Methodist, that woman has her work cut out, and it will take her all her time to train that boy. Nothing less than the grace of God can save that lad from perdition."

(To be continued.)

Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"FESTINA LENTE."

EMILY and Maud were sisters; though one would not have guessed it by looking at them. In appearance they had nothing in common. Emily was short, Maud was tall. Emily fair, and her hair was very light auburn, though unfriendly girls gave it another name. Maud was dark, with hair and eyes to match. Emily was tall and slender; Maud was the reverse. People who do not use very choice English called her dumpy.

The sisters' voices, too, made the same contrast. Emily was a high soprano, not over strong; Maud was a deep-chested contralto, rather proud of her lower notes.

This contrast did not detract from the harmony of the music the sisters made; it enhanced it. Nor did the physical differences tend to mar the happiness of their home. In their love for their mother they were in perfect unison.

"There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home."

Emily and Maud had intellectual sympathies. They read the same books, and discussed them together. They were too young to possess much classic lore, so when they came across the phrase "*Festina lente*" they were brought to a full stop. But Mrs. Mosley was able to help them. So together they broke in upon her.

"We want information, mother. We have found a motto—*Festina lente*, and it is Greek to us."

"No, my children, it is only Latin."

"That is no easier, for to us Latin is like Greek."

"Not quite, for had it been Greek you would not have made out the characters, and so could not have quoted the words."

"We should like to know all you can tell us about it, mother."



"*Festina Lente* is the motto of several noble families; the Onslows, of Surrey, and one or two other English nobles. But it is most especially the device of several Irish Nobles—the Plunketts. There is the Earl of Fingall, of Killeen Castle, County Meath; and Baron Louth, of County Louth; and Baron Rathmore, of County Dublin. All these are Plunketts, and are of very ancient nobility. The family is of Danish origin, but its settlement in these realms is so remote that nothing certain can be ascertained as to the precise period. We know that there were Plunketts at Meath in the eleventh century."

"Yes, mother; all that is very interesting history, but what do the mysterious words mean?"

"*Festina lente*, my children, means '*Make haste slowly*.'"

"How funny!" and the girls laughed heartily at the apparent contradiction of the phrase.

"Make haste slowly! How can one both make haste and be slow?"

"It is a piece of good advice, nevertheless. As you grow older your experience will confirm its wisdom. I once read a little story that puts the truth very well. I will tell it you, as you may not have heard it before." Mrs. Mosley then told her daughters the following interesting little parable:—

"How long have you been here?" asked a fresh-looking young poplar, that grew in a hedgerow, of a spreading oak not far off.

"I don't exactly know," said the oak; "somewhere about a hundred years, I suppose."

"A hundred years! and no taller than that! Why, I was only planted last spring twelvemonth, and I am nearly as tall as you are now."

"Yes, I think you are," said the oak.

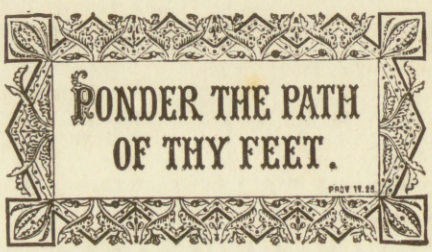
"You must have wasted a lot of time," remarked the poplar.

"That depends on what time is given us for."

"Well! I suppose there's no doubt it is given us for growing," said the poplar, as she bent her head to the evening breeze, and scornfully fluttered her pale green leaves.

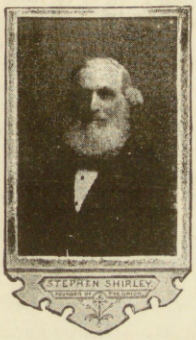
"True! friend; but you seem to forget that there is more than one way of growing, as you would soon find if you came to measure my trunk round and compare it with yours. Not to mention how deep down and how extended are my roots. If a banner pole were wanted they might take you; though I doubt it, for, from the the way you are bending now, I question if you could stand in a gale of wind; but if people were looking for timber for a man-of-war I know pretty well which of us would be chosen."

The force of the lesson was so obvious that the sisters had no further question to ask, nor comment to make. For some time after they were very thoughtful. It is not likely that Maud and Emily Mosley will ever forget the valuable advice of the Latin motto—*Festina lente*—Make haste slowly.



Called Home.

THE LATE MR. STEPHEN SHIRLEY.



IT is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. Stephen Shirley, the founder of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who passed away at his residence at Hendon, on the night of Wednesday, Feb. 24th, after a severe attack of pneumonia, followed by other serious complications.

Like so many leading workers, Mr. Shirley was a native of the provinces, having been born in Buckinghamshire, in April, 1820. His parents removed to London soon after his birth, and at the age of 12, he was left fatherless in the great city. His early life under these circumstances was one of much stress and conflict, well and nobly sustained. Whilst still young, however, he found a position in a leading London firm, in connection with which he discharged duties continually increasing in responsibility for considerably over 40 years.

Mr. Shirley became identified with the Temperance movement so long ago as 1840, and in 1855 took the step with which his name will ever be chiefly associated. In May of that year, he convened at his own residence, a gathering of the most active Band of Hope workers in the metropolis, and at this meeting it was decided to form a Band of Hope Union. The new organisation was vigorously worked, the committee consisting of busy men, who met for the transaction of the Society's affairs at six o'clock in the morning. It is, therefore, no wonder that the work grew rapidly, until it developed into the present institution with its wide-spread influence, many departments of effort, and nearly three millions of members and workers.

During the early years of the Society's existence, Mr. Shirley's house was its home, and his time and thought were freely devoted to the promotion of its interests. He long held the position of Chairman of the Union's Committee, only vacating that office in May, 1892, and continuing to discharge until the end his duties as a member of that body.

Mr. Shirley was a writer as well as a speaker. He was the author of a capital little book addressed to working men, and entitled "Our National Sinews."

It is a matter of deep sorrow to his friends, that Mr. Shirley was not spared to take part in the Jubilee Celebration of the Movement, which owes so much to his early activities, and in the success of which he so heartily and deservedly rejoiced.

Recreative Science for Young People.

BY RUTH B. YATES.

IV.—OYSTERS GROWING ON TREES.

"WELL," I can fancy some reader saying, "Surely you do not expect us to believe that oysters were ever found upon trees?"

We shall see by-and-bye. I was very much interested not long ago in watching an acorn grow. The acorn was placed in a tiny bulb-glass, and in a very short time silvery-white threads began to appear from the bottom of the acorn. These were the first beginnings of the root which shot downwards as the fresh green leaves sprang upwards. Small as the little acorn was, and fine and thread-like as were the tender roots, yet, if placed in suitable surroundings—that is, planted in the earth—the plant would grow and grow until in the course of years it became a mighty oak with great, thick, gnarled, spreading roots, able to defy storms and tempests. In the case of the oak and most other trees the roots act very much in the same way as a ship's anchor, chaining the tree to its own particular spot of ground, and acting as balance to the weight of trunk and branches; but there are many curious exceptions to this rule.

"But what about the oysters?"

Oh, we're coming to that now. Away in the East and West Indies there grows a tree by the sea-shore which is literally covered with oysters, not imitation ones, but real live oysters. This curious tree is called the Mangrove tree, and its root formation is very strange indeed. The whole plant is not only kept upright, and held firmly, but is in reality supported by its roots. The entire tree is suspended in mid-air by a scaffolding or framework of roots, which frequently protrude into the sea, and are covered with oysters, so that in this case oysters are really found growing on a tree.

Another curious tree is the Pandamus—a tropical palm—which has tufts of roots springing from the bends of its branches, and descending to the earth. The effect is that of a number of archways, the branches being bent and chained down by the roots.

A somewhat similar tree is the wonderful Banyan, or Indian fig-tree. If a banyan is planted and grows up, throwing its branches over a house, yielding grateful shelter from the scorching rays of the tropical sun, by-and-bye roots run down from the ends of the branches, and form fresh stems, from which other branches spring, and these in their turn send down fresh trunks, and so they keep on constantly increasing and spreading until the house is situated in the centre of a banyan grove, roofed over with a

covering of spreading branches, and surrounded with avenues of tall, straight trunks.

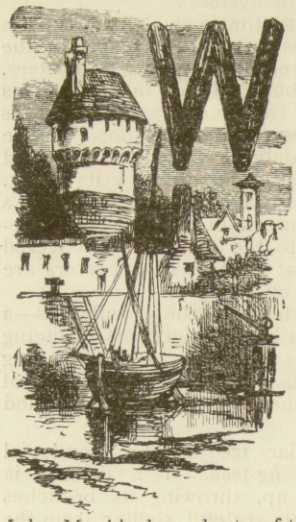
What a beautiful picture this is of the influence of kind words and loving actions. When you do a good deed you sow a seed that—like the Indian fig—will go on blessing others, and you cannot tell how far its influence will reach.

Roots act as mouths to the tree, enabling it to obtain nourishment. Even the plant roots seem to have been endowed with an instinct in seeking proper nourishment, akin to that found in the animal world.

The root of some plants is a reservoir of various kinds of nutrition ready formed, such as starch, gum or jelly; upon this the young stems will feed. The potato is a familiar instance of this. Even when removed from its native soil the young sprouts will issue from the eyes of the potato, and grow to a considerable height with no other nourishment than that which they derive from the potato or root. Many of the roots we use for food belong to this class. The humble potato reminds us, too, that the root often performs the part of parent by preserving through the cold winter the future plant as buds or eyes. There the embryo plants lie, snug and safe, until the milder weather comes, and the earth becomes soft again after the frost. Then the tender little sprouts come forth, pushing their way upward until they reach the surface and revel in the welcome sunshine.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,
Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



"WHAT a fine-looking young man Selina Adams walks out with now-a-days," said Mary Dawson to the girl who worked the next machine to hers, in a large dress-making establishment.

The girl thus addressed, Eleanor Dean, made no reply, merely gave a contemptuous grunt.

"Tastes differ; some folks are easily taken with a bit of outside show, Mary, and John Meakin has plenty of that."

"You know him, then? Come, Eleanor, tell us what you know," replied Mary, her curiosity now thoroughly aroused.

"I have nothing to say either for or against him; there's no fear but John will blow his own trumpet loud enough."

"Any way, you don't care much about him?"

"I don't," replied Eleanor shortly.

The John Meakin referred to was a very attractive looking young man, handsome, tall and with good manners; he seldom failed to make a favourable impression, especially with those who only look on the outside. He was clerk in a lawyer's office, but, somehow, to the surprise of most people, he never had his salary much raised, nor did he get promoted. This he attributed partly to a want of astuteness in his employers, and partly to his own modesty in not asking for an advance; right down in his inner consciousness he knew that his services were not worth more to the firm than he was receiving. Many girls were very much taken with him, and he had paid his addresses to several, saying in an off-hand way, he "wanted to see which was the best."

At one time he had been attentive to Eleanor Dean, but she felt instinctively that John Meakin had not those sterling qualities that go to make a thoroughly good, honourable, and straightforward character. Perhaps she was a little piqued at first that he had so easily taken offence at what she had said, but in reality she was glad that he had ceased to pay her any attention.

Weeks and months went by, and Selina Adams had accepted John Meakin as her lover. Eleanor Dean was also engaged to a man who had few outward attractions, but was an earnest, good fellow, and gradually advancing in his business, that of a joiner, and was soon to be made manager over the whole shop.

"Fancy Eleanor Dean throwing over such a handsome fellow as John Meakin for that insignificant little George Daniels, and a joiner, too," remarked Mary Dawson one day to a shrewd old aunt of hers, with whom she was spending her holiday.

"Thinking about, my dear! She was thinking of the truth of the old proverb, I should say, 'All is not gold that glitters.' I have no doubt, from what you have told me, that this John is a showy young man and very taking, and that George is quite the opposite. Your friend shows her common sense, my dear. I think any girl who marries George Daniels will be fortunate; but I should rather pity the one who marries John Meakin."

Mary Dawson thought a good deal about her old aunt's words, and resolved not to be taken with appearance only.

Seven years have passed away and Eleanor Daniels has not had reason to repent her marriage; in fact she thinks George the cleverest man and best husband to be found in the whole town, and he thinks no woman equals his Eleanor. Selina Meakin found out before she had been married very long that her husband's good qualities were mostly on the surface; and though she bravely does her best, and strives to hide from the world her disappointment, the lesson she tries to impress constantly on all young people is, "Not to be taken with the outward appearance of things, but to test them; and in so doing to remember the old proverb, 'All is not gold that glitters.'"



Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

MONKEYS.

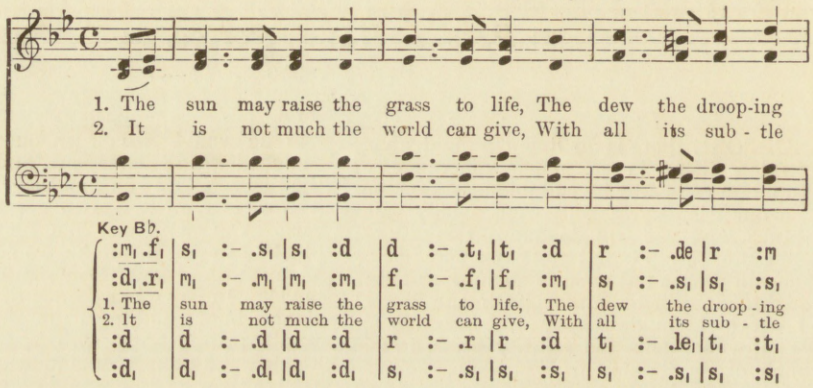
I SUPPOSE there is no living animal about which there is so much difference of opinion regarding its suitableness as a pet as our friend "Jacko." Ask a lady what she thinks, and she will do one of two things; she will either lift up both hands and scream, or else she will proceed at once to go into ecstasies of delight. It will be either "Oh the horrid little beasts! I wouldn't have one near me for worlds; it would make me faint, I *know*, to feel the touch of its clammy little fingers;" or else it will be, "Of all things in the universe that I should love to have it is a *monkey*." Now when doctors disagree it is best to use your common sense, and choose your own course; and when ladies differ it is best to try both sides and then you will *know*. Well, I have tried both sides. For many years I lived in melancholy sadness without a monkey; and then I became the lucky possessor of "dear old Jimmy." Although it is a quarter of a century since he gave up trying to live (and oh how *hard* poor monkeys *do* try to live in this unsuitable climate), I cannot write his name without a tear coming up at the back of my eyeball. I can't help thinking that if I shut my eyes up tight just now I should be able to squeeze one out. *Poor* Jimmy; he was a true and faithful piece of humanity—I feel as though I *must* say "humanity," but as it might hurt somebody's feelings (somebody who doesn't believe in Darwin), I won't write it. But surely Jimmy as nearly approached a human being as he *could* under the circumstances. He was given to me by a soldier who, alas, died of the awful *delirium tremens*—the drunkard's scourge. Oh! that he had remembered that pure water is God's *only* beverage for man and beast, for fish and fowl, and "for every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

I was not long in making friends with Jimmy, and I soon got used to his little ways; and he *had* some "little ways" I can tell you. He used to sit in the kitchen, chained up to the fender, and watch the puddings being composed. I feel like the man who said once in my hearing, "He could spake if he liked, only he's afraid if he did they'd send him to run o' herrands." It really seemed as though he *understood* how to make a pudding, although he never *said* so. And how he would watch the pudding maker; and when her back was turned he would be on the table like winking and grab a handful of flour or paste, and sit and appear quite *innocent* if anybody looked at him for an explanation of his tricks. If his chain were loosened he would caper about with delight, and he would often rush out of the house and scamper up the water pipe, and be on the top of the house before you could say "Jack Robinson." And what a job it was to get him down, to be sure. You might call him till you were almost black in the face, but he would just grin at you as much as to say, "Come on up here and fetch me!" Jimmy was a feeder of a not *at all* particular kind; nothing came amiss to him. He would pick a bone with as much relish as he would eat an apple or a nut. Summer was his festive time, and he would play "high jinks" in the hot sun, and *almost* talk about the high trees of India in which he once loved to caper. But winter meant misery to him, for however careful we were he felt the cold very much; and one night he was sitting in his cage, with his blanket round him, and he forgot to tuck his tail in, so Jack Frost came and froze it hard, so that when I came down stairs poor Jimmie had a tail like a poker. It dropped off, and he was never quite well afterwards, and he would sit and nurse the little bit of tail he had left as tenderly as though it were a baby. He died in the spring, and his sorrows were over; and, much as I missed him, I was rather glad to think he wouldn't suffer any more. I kept his two hands and feet preserved in *alcohol*—the stuff people say makes meat soft and digestible inside their bodies,—and if ever you come to see me I will show you these twenty bits of *busy*-ness, and you will find that they are as hard as bones, for alcohol is a flesh *hardener* and not a help to make it tender. I daresay you will never be able to keep a monkey; they cost about £1 each, and that is out of the reach of most boys, but if you *can*, take my recommendation and go in for one.

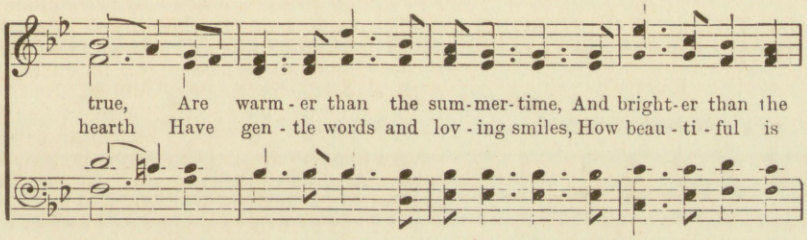
Dr. Nansen, in his thrilling book—"The first Crossing of Greenland," says: "It is often supposed that, even though spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken upon an expedition for medicinal purposes. I would readily acknowledge this if anyone could show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this is done I shall maintain that this pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to abolish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessaries for a Arctic expedition." The doctor acted on this principle so far as ardent spirits are concerned during his late marvellous expedition, and has returned with practically a clean bill of health for himself and his crew.

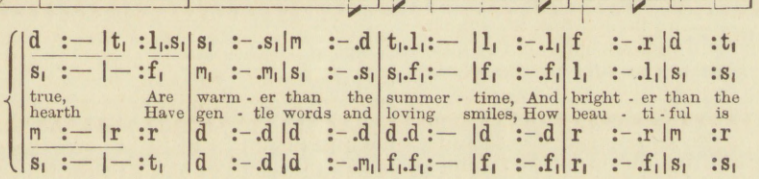
GENTLE WORDS.

Arranged by ENAL LEVARGE.



GENTLE WORDS.





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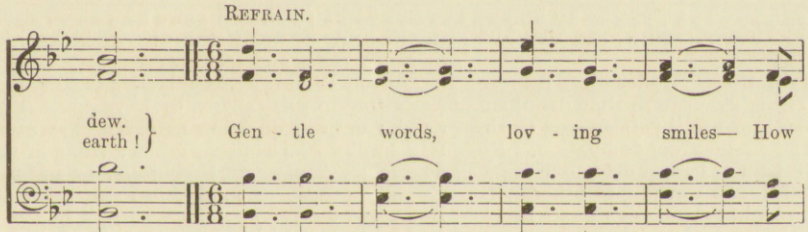

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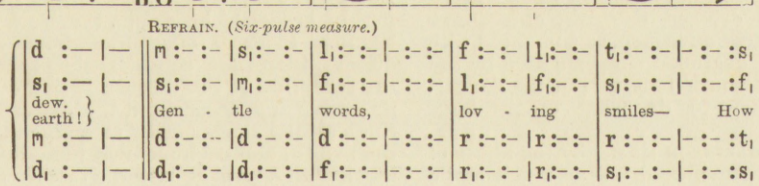
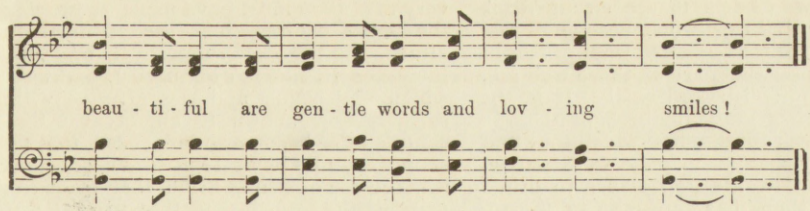
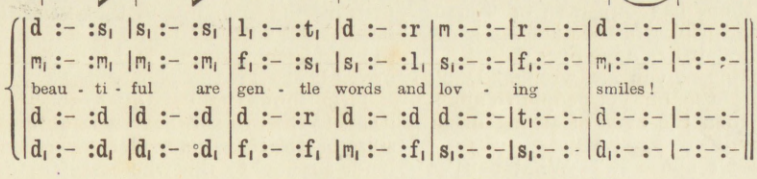






Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.



"'TIS THE ABUSE, AND NOT THE USE OF STRONG DRINK, THAT CAUSES EVIL."

"No one hates drunkenness more than I do." said Mr. Tompkinson, "but what fools some people are, they can't take a little and be content, they must abuse a good thing, and that's where all the mischief comes in. That is the root of the whole evil."

There is one very complete answer to this, and it is, that if we never use strong drink we certainly shall never abuse it. But this is not Mr. Tompkinson's idea. What he wants is that people should use just a little and never exceed that little. In this, however, he is seeking an impossibility. Use grows so often into abuse that the two things are inseparable.

Someone has said that "Moderation is more dangerous to the rising generation than drunkenness," and in a certain sense this has some truth. Drunkenness carries its own condemnation. No one can speak in favour of it, and every one turns from it, and in itself it is a warning to others. It says in effect, "See what strong drink can do!"

The moderate drinker, however, only shows the alluring and seductive side, as compared with the horrible and degraded side exhibited by the drunkard; hence youth fails to see the danger, and is led to try to do what others have done.

What Mr. Tompkinson means by the abuse of drink is that a man may drink as much as he likes so long as he don't show that he is drunk. There are three objections to this.

First. Those who begin to use strong drink have no certainty that they won't become drunkards. It is of no use talking about want of manliness and stability on the part of those who fall, and to call them foolish and weak. It is the drink itself that has gradually brought them to the foolish and weak condition in which they find themselves. Very many who once were strong, and good, and manly, are now slaves to drink. What certainty, then, has any man or woman that one day strong drink will not gain the same mastery over them as it has done over others?

No, Mr. Tompkinson, you are wrong. Don't trouble about the abuse, but get people to abandon its use, and then the evils of strong drink shall be done away.

"Use it, but don't abuse it." What can be more dangerous than such advice, for every one that does abuse it began by trying to follow that advice; and when we remember that drunkards are numbered by hundreds of thousands, we can see how widespread the mischief is.

Second. The use of strong drink in small quantities is itself an abuse. Strong drink has no place within the human body. It does no good. It serves no useful purpose, and in the majority of cases does harm. Why use it at all? There is no reason why it should be used. It is a matter of custom and appetite and habit, but there is no positive reason why it should be used. To use arsenic or strychnine every day, in the same way, would be an abuse of those substances, and no one could be found to defend such a use. Everyone would say, "Give up such a practice, for nothing but harm can come of it." Precisely the same reasoning applies in regard to alcohol. It is a drug, a poison, a narcotic. And, like all other known poisons, its work in the healthy body is always one of harmfulness, the degree of which is increased by the amount taken.

The healthy body is always resisting disease and sickness, hence it remains healthy; but supposing conditions are set up which just render the body a little below the level of good health, then the body at once becomes more liable to sickness, more ready to develop disease. Strong drink sets up such a condition. Instead of enabling the body better to repel sickness, it renders it more capable of receiving it, and thus becomes the ally of ill health, and in many cases an early grave.

Third. When a man is drunk, he is said, according to this fallacy, to have abused strong drink; but the question now arises, when is a man drunk? Drunkenness is a thing of varying degrees. A man may be jolly, or he may be stupidly drunk, or mad drunk, or dead drunk. But when did he begin to be drunk? Long before he is seen to be drunk, the work had been begun. In cases of fever, and many forms of disease, there is a considerable period between the reception of the disease into the body and its visible appearance, but the disease has been there all the time, busily at work, undermining the health, and each moment rendering the body less healthy, until at last the disease is seen and known to all around.

It is much the same with strong drink. The very first glass must have made some attack on the nerve centres, the second furthers that attack, and the third supports it, and the fourth increases it, and so on until the drunkenness which had begun and was growing within unseen, is now known to all, because the nerve centres have become so influenced that the man cannot help its being seen. We see then, that it is the use of strong drink that leads to all the evils arising from it, and that its evil work has not to wait until such time as a man can be said to have become drunk and thus abused it. The use of it at all is the abuse.

The moderate use of strong drink does harm to the drinker, but he is able to go on in spite of it. It is this moderate use however that lends support to the whole system of drinking, that leads the young to begin its use, that leads others to continue it, and that cloaks over the awful vices and evils attendant upon strong drink with a glamour of respectability and patronage without which the drink traffic could not survive a single month.

The Band of Hope Jubilee.

TO GET A MILLION MORE.

SEVEN, eight, nine hundred years ago, it was a great thing to be a knight. The doughty deeds by knights in defence of the helpless, in the rescue of the imprisoned, still fill us with pride.



The training of a knight began when a boy was eight years old. He had to learn to be very brave, to be a defender and helper of women and children, of all who were oppressed and down trodden, and of all who were too weak to fight for themselves. He had to be kind as well as brave, and pure and faithful. From eight to twenty-one the boy was thus trained, and then if he acquitted himself well, with solemn ceremony, he was made a knight "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George;" and, mounted on his good horse, with sword and two-pointed flag bearing his crest and motto, he rode forth, ready to do battle for "God and Home."

Boys, aye, and girls too, *and* men and women, are wanted to-day to go out, as the knights of old did, to do battle with the forces of evil, to be brave, bold and loyal, to show themselves "true knights of Temperance," ready to fight against strong drink in a bloodless warfare, taking with them the sword of the pledge from all intoxicating drinks as the weapon with which to vanquish drink.

The Band of Hope movement is a great army for the training of such knights to wage continuous war with the enemy of our race, the enemy of heart and home—STRONG DRINK.

The knights of old gathered round them companies of men who rallied to their standard, wore the knight's badge, followed him wherever he went, fought by and with him, and recruited for their knight, persuading their fellowmen to join his service, and to promote his cause.

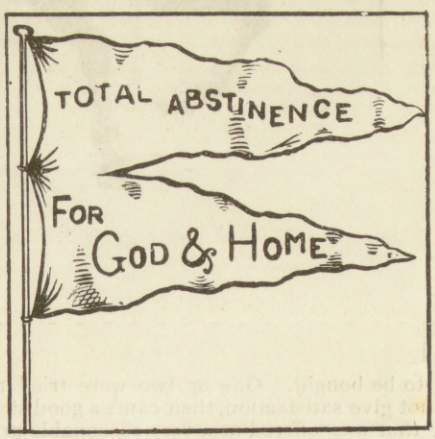
This is just what is wanted from all Band of Hope workers and members during the Jubilee year—to work to get at least

ONE MILLION NEW MEMBERS.

On the 16th of October, 1897, an effort is to be made to visit every home in Great Britain and Ireland to get the consent of the adults living therein to the attendance of the children at the Band of Hope, and to get their pledges as well. Not many girls and women could go to the wars of old, like Jeanne d'Arc, and fight as did the knights. In the Band of Hope Jubilee campaign, however, they can enrol themselves, and, like the lady in our picture can do as good a work as any knight for God and home. For, alas! strong drink is the greatest foe to the work of the Sunday schools and the churches, a terrible source of unhappiness, misery, destitution and crime, a very scourge of home, while every adherent gained will be one more help towards the happiness, well-being, and good conduct of our nation.

Workers are wanted everywhere to help to make our Homeland happier and brighter by the overthrow of its enemy. Who then will enrol themselves? Who will take the Temperance knights' two-pointed banner,—"Total Abstinence; for





God and Home"—and start out now to get one member more? For

If every present member
Persuades but one, you see,
We shall add beyond a million
In this year of Jubilee.

A GLASS OF WINE REFUSED.

By Uncle Ben.

ARTHUR and Cassy King belonged to a quiet, respectable family, none of whom were abstainers, but they had an aunt who came sometimes to stay with them who took a deep interest in all Temperance work and was an earnest teetotaler. During one of her visits it happened that a fresh horse had to be bought. One or two were tried that did not give satisfaction, then came a good strong cob, that was offered at a very reasonable price. Mr. King drove it in the dog-cart and found it to go very well; a little inclined to shy, but capable of good work, and a fast trotter that did not require much whip. Mr. King said "there was something about the horse he did not like," and their man, who understood horses well, said that he did not think it very sweet tempered, and would not do for ladies to drive. The son, Arthur, was anxious to try it before anything was decided, and as he had been accustomed to horses all his life, his father said, "Well, Arthur, have it put into the chaise this afternoon and take your aunt and sister to see old Whistler—he's as good a judge of horses as I know—and hear what he says."

So in the afternoon the three started in the four-wheeler for a long country drive to see farmer Whistler. As they set off Mr. King said to Arthur, "You'll be very careful; keep a steady rein, and your eye upon his ears."



The drive out was very pleasant, and the horse went fairly well, except starting and shying a little at dark objects by the roadside. When they got to the farm Mr. Whistler asked the ladies in. Then he thoroughly inspected the horse, and, with Arthur, drove up and down to try his pace.

Farmer Whistler gave his opinion: "He's sound in wind and limb, but I don't like the look

of him. I would not trust him; he 's cheap, but I would not have him. I am sure he 's not to be relied on. You want a steady horse; this cob is full of uncertainty. Tell your father it 's not the horse for him."

When they came back for the ladies nothing would do but Arthur most go in and have some refreshment, while one of the farm men held the horse. Arthur went with Mr. Whistler, who was one of the jolly old farmers that loved his pipe and glass. He poured out a glass of wine for Arthur, and insisted on his drinking it. Arthur seldom took any intoxicating drink, which his aunt knew; and just as he was about to take it she said, "Please don't, Arthur, for my sake;" and appealing very earnestly to the farmer she said, "Don't tempt him; he 's better without it. I am nervous, and if Arthur takes that I shall walk back"

Mr. Whistler laughed and said, "I don't want to tempt the lad, but it 'll do him good and put some spirit in him, and give some pluck if the horse misbehaves himself."

Arthur put down the glass and said, "Aunt's a teetotaler, and if it makes her feel more safe with me I won't take it."

A great relief came into her face as she said, "Thank you. Arthur has plenty of pluck, and I feel safe with him if he doesn't touch the wine."

So the wine was left, and they said "Good-bye." When they came out the man said, "Your new 'oss be a bit fidgety, Master Arthur; he dunna like standing, but he looks like a goer."

On the return journey Arthur drove very carefully and kept a firm hand on the reins, and it was well he did, for about halfway home, as they turned a corner suddenly, they came on a man wheeling a barrow with a sack. The horse looked for one instant, bent down his head, and swerved round violently. Arthur checked it and prevented an upset, but the horse plunged and shook himself as if to free himself from the harness, and then leapt till he lifted the chaise on to its hind wheels, kicked up his heels, and bolted like a mad creature. Everything seemed to fly around them; they rushed through the air at such a pace that Arthur could hardly get his breath, and then his hat blew off. But he was quite cool, and held on the reins like a man, put his foot on the front seat to give him more purchase, and bent back, pulling with all his might. He felt a thrill of excitement at the fearful rate they were going, but did not lose his presence of mind, and said to the others quite cheerfully, "Keep calm and sit still." On they rushed, down an incline of the road that narrowed at the bottom, round a bend, where he saw a cart slowly moving up the hill before them. If he could safely get by, all might be well. He shouted as loud as he could. At length the man heard, and turned the cart right into a hedge, and by great skill they flew by, only grazing the wheel splasher. On the brute galloped. It seemed as if the wheels only touched the ground every now and then, until the long hill began to tell upon the horse. Snorting, panting, foaming, and sweating, it began to slacken its furious pace, and Arthur said, "It's all right now, he has spent himself."

The horse was very restive and uneasy the rest of the way, so that they finally arrived at home, very thankful to be back safe and sound with only the loss of Arthur's hat, after a most exciting drive, with the horse covered with foam and trembling in every limb.

The aunt, was loud in her praise of Arthur, and most grateful to him for not taking the wine, which was doubtless the cause that no accident happened. If Arthur had been unsteady in mind, nerve, or hand, nothing could have saved them from smashing into the cart or hedge.

The horse was returned to its owner uninjured, and the deliverance was permanently commemorated by Arthur becoming an abstainer.

"TWO AT PARBAR."

WHY "two at Parbar"? The order of the king was "for Parbar Westward, four at the Causeway and two at Parbar." What is the meaning of this strange command?

David appointed 24,000 Levites to oversee the work of the House of the Lord, 4,000 of whom were to be the guard of the Temple, 212 were watchmen or sentinels. There were four gates facing the four quarters of the heavens. On the west side was the city, and the west gate was the nearest approach from the busy life of the city to the sacred life of the Temple. On this side also was the "refuse gate," and beyond, at the extreme precincts, that is Parbar, were placed four guards at the causeway and two at Parbar itself, the farthest point from the Holy of Holies.

Parbar meant the precincts, or that point where the life of the city touched the suburb frontier of the Temple wall.

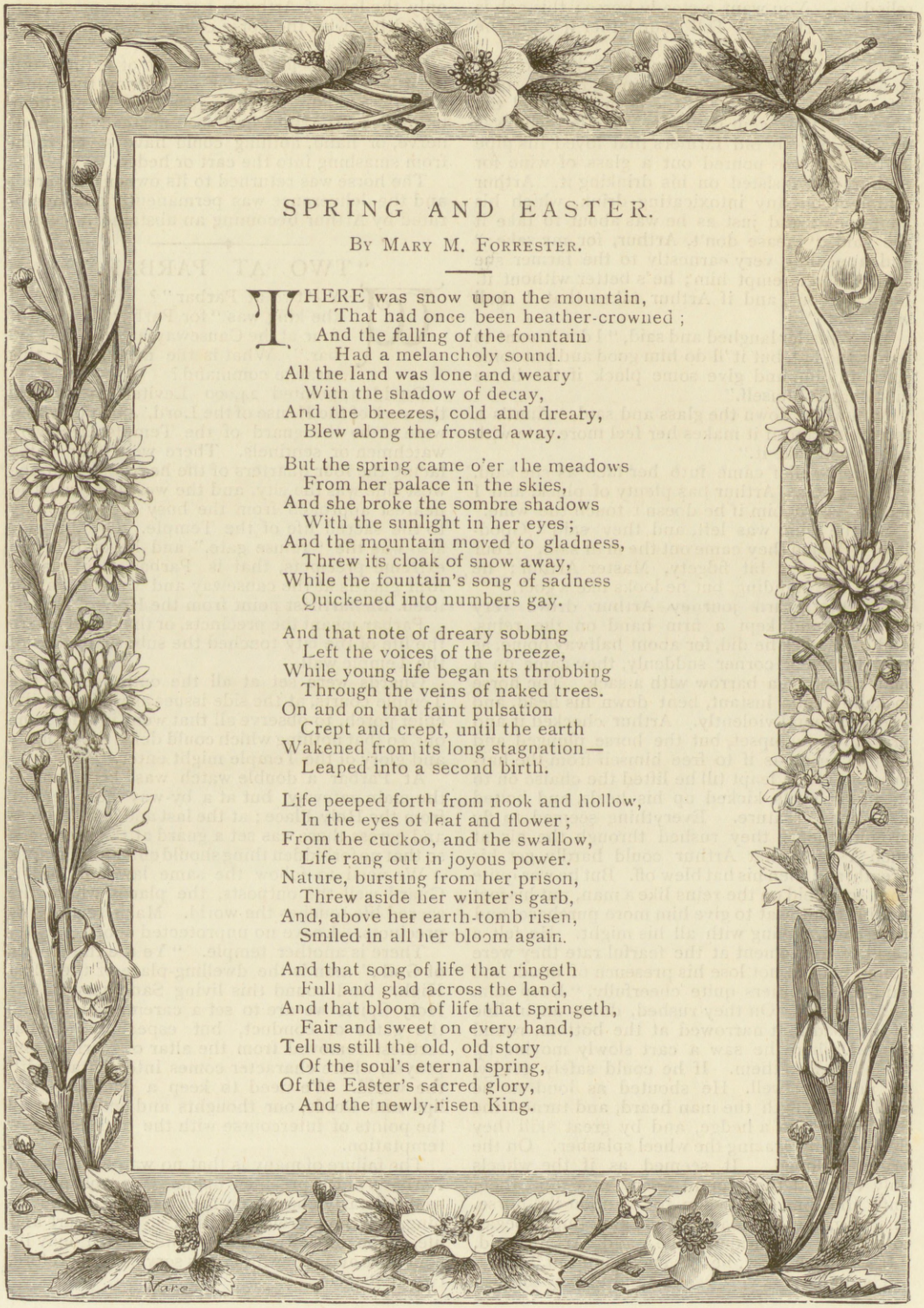
Guards were set at all the entrances to the Temple courts, at the side issues as well as at the chief porch, to observe all that went in and came out, so that nothing which could defile the sanctity and glory of the Temple might enter.

At Parbar a double watch was kept, not at the main gateway, but at a by-way most remote from the Holy Place; at the last and least ingress and egress there was set a guard at the precincts, so that no forbidden thing should enter the Temple.

We need to follow the same law and order. Guard well the outposts, the places where the sacred life touches the world. Make secure the precincts. Leave no unprotected spots.

There is another temple. "Ye are the temple of God;" man is the dwelling-place of the Most High. And round this living Sanctuary of the Holy Spirit we are to set a careful watch at all the gates of conduct, but especially at that furthest removed from the altar of sacrifice and prayer, where character comes into contact with the world. We need to keep a guard on our lips and words, our thoughts and actions, at all the points of intercourse with the outside life of temptation.

The failure of many is that no watch was set at Parbar: at the precincts of life. We must put the sentinel early enough on the beat, at the beginning, on the extreme frontier, so that heart and life, home and city, church and nation may be kept pure and sober for God's service. Therefore, two at Parbar.



SPRING AND EASTER.

By Mary M. Forrester.

THERE was snow upon the mountain,
That had once been heather-crowned;
And the falling of the fountain
Had a melancholy sound.
All the land was lone and weary
With the shadow of decay,
And the breezes, cold and dreary,
Blew along the frosted away.

But the spring came o'er the meadows
From her palace in the skies,
And she broke the sombre shadows
With the sunlight in her eyes;
And the mountain moved to gladness,
Threw its cloak of snow away,
While the fountain's song of sadness
Quickened into numbers gay.

And that note of dreary sobbing
Left the voices of the breeze,
While young life began its throbbing
Through the veins of naked trees.
On and on that faint pulsation
Crept and crept, until the earth
Wakened from its long stagnation—
Leaped into a second birth.

Life peeped forth from nook and hollow,
In the eyes of leaf and flower;
From the cuckoo, and the swallow,
Life rang out in joyous power.
Nature, bursting from her prison,
Threw aside her winter's garb,
And, above her earth-tomb risen,
Smiled in all her bloom again.

And that song of life that ringeth
Full and glad across the land,
And that bloom of life that springeth,
Fair and sweet on every hand,
Tell us still the old, old story
Of the soul's eternal spring,
Of the Easter's sacred glory,
And the newly-risen King.

Talks with Little Folks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

IV.—HOW FOOD BECOMES BLOOD.



ALREADY I have told you that every particle of food must be softened and become a kind of soft liquid paste before it can become blood, for it is the blood which carries the softened food to all parts of the body, and thus provides for the building up and repairing of the house we live in. The bread, meat and vegetables we eat are, more or less, hard when on our plates. A wonderful change must take place in them before they can become blood. Let us see how this takes place; and at the same time we will endeavour to find out if alcohol will help or hinder this softening of our food.

It is right that before placing any food in the mouth we should cut it up into small pieces; this cutting is completed in the mouth, where we have thirty-two little knives called teeth, all arranged and ready to do their important work. We turn the food about with the tongue, and it gets rolled up into a small ball, ready to slip down the food pipe into the stomach. If we were to examine a piece of bread, or any food containing starch, after it had been thus treated in the mouth, we should discover that a great change had taken place in it; we should find that nearly all the starch had been changed into sugar.

What, therefore, happens to food in the mouth? As soon as we place food in the mouth, out of some little tubes which are placed behind the lower jaw bone, and some others in the tongue, comes a fluid we call *saliva*, or, as it is often called, *spittle*. This has the power to change the starchy parts of food into sugar. Starch cannot be dissolved in the stomach; but when the saliva has done its work the sugar can easily soak through the walls of the stomach, and so get into the blood.

Experiment 8.—Here is some wheat flour; we may say roughly that it consists of *starch* and a thick sticky substance we call *gluten*. We place a little of the flour into a small muslin bag, then tie up loosely the mouth of the bag; put the bag into some cold water, and squeeze it about for a short time. How milky in appearance the water becomes. This is because the starch is coming out of the flour, the sticky gluten. You see the starch sinks to the bottom of the water—it is not dissolved; place a little of it on your tongue, it tastes sweet, because the saliva changes it into sugar.

Remember that saliva contains no alcohol.

The food, having been acted upon by the saliva, now falls slowly down the food pipe, and makes its way into the stomach. This is wonderfully constructed; it is really four bags in one. Look at this; it is a piece of food we call tripe; it is the prepared stomach of an ox or a sheep. You see what a number of depressions there are in it. As soon as food enters the stomach, out of these little pits comes another fluid, called *gastric juice*, which acts upon the lean part of meat, cheese, eggs, and other matters.

In the stomach food is turned about, and when thoroughly mixed with the gastric juice becomes quite soft, so that it is able to find its way into the blood.

Now when the food has been long enough in the stomach, that which has not already soaked through the walls of the stomach into the blood-vessels passes out of a little gate into the first part of the intestines, called the *duodenum*.

The fatty parts of foods have now to be acted upon, for they pass out of the stomach unsoftened. You have sometimes for dinner a very tasty dish called liver and bacon, and you have seen the livers of sheep and oxen hanging up in the butcher's shop The liver provides a bitter, greenish fluid, called *bile*. This is nearly all water, and contains no alcohol. The bile is poured into the twelve-inch piece of the intestines, and acts upon the fatty parts of our food, breaking up the fat into very small fragments.

There is still something else to be done; some starchy matters may have escaped, so another fluid comes into the *duodenum* from that part of the body called the pancreas, this is the *pancreatic juice*, and contains ninety-eight parts of water out of the hundred, and no alcohol. To make the softening of our food quite complete, a fluid comes out of the walls ot the intestines which acts upon all kinds of food, and so softens any which may have escaped.

I have no time to tell all the wonderful story by which the food in the intestines finds its way into the blood. You must, however, understand that the red blood which comes out of your finger when you cut it is really the food you have eaten after it has undergone the change we call *digestion*. In a few words, digestion means the separating from the foods we eat that part which is useful in building up the body from that which is not useful. Learn this, and never forget it: The Digestive Fluids are nearly all Water, and contain no Alcohol.

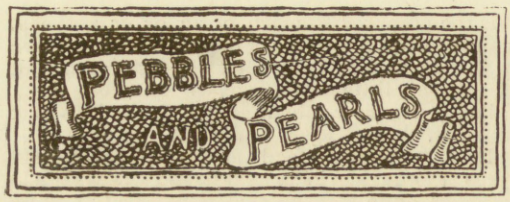
Now we must try to answer the question whether alcohol will help us to get our food softened. Alcohol softens some substances, but it hardens all substances fit for food.

Experiment 9.—Ask your mother to give you two pieces of steak about an inch square. Place one in water, and the other in alcohol. In a few days you will find the water softens the meat; the alcohol makes the steak as hard as leather.

Experiment 10.—Place some sugar in water, and some in alcohol; the water dissolves the sugar, the alcohol makes it quite hard.

Experiment 11.—Get an egg, crack it, and place the white part (the albumen) half into water, and half in alcohol; stir up, and you will see that the alcohol makes the albumen into a thick clot; the water makes it thinner and softer. In all these experiments you can use methylated spirits, which is a cheap kind of alcohol.

Water is the best drink to soften food, and alcohol the worst.



WELL begun is half done.

GOOD thoughts are blessed guests.

THE better class of working people prefer living where there are no public-houses.

GOD'S almanac has but one day—that is, To-day.
Satan's almanac has but one day—that is, To-morrow.

"I DID not send for you to tune my piano," said Mrs. Selfly to the tuner.
"No, madam, but your next door neighbour sent me."

"WHY on earth do you come here trying to damage the only trade that flourishes?" said a maltster to a Band of Hope lecturer. "Because," was the reply, "it is the flourishing of that trade which prevents any prosperity among the rest."



"JACK, what are you doing there?"
"Only making trousers for orphan boys, mother!"

Notable Events in our Calendar.

April 6.—Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday Schools, died, 1811.
,, 10.—Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, signed the pledge, 1838.
,, 21.—British Women's Temperance Association formed, 1876.
,, 27.—British Medical Temperance Association formed, 1876.
,, 29.—Young Abstainers' Union originated, 1880.

A LIFE of industry is the most cheerful situation in which a man can be placed.

No moderate users of alcohol; then no Intemperance.

MOTHER: I gave you a penny yesterday to be good, and to-day you are just as bad as can be.
WILLIE: Yes; I'm trying to show that you got your money's worth yesterday.

What it means.

PUBLIC HOUSE.
PUBLIC PEST.
PUBLIC POVERTY.

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
But the slips are more certain to follow
If the cup meets the lip, and the lip takes the sip,
That goes just ahead of the swallow.

"VAT!" said the collector for a little German band, "you no gif nodding for dot moosic?"
"Not a cent," replied the citizen, with emphasis.
"Den we blay some more, dot's all!" threatened the collector, and the citizen hastily paid up.

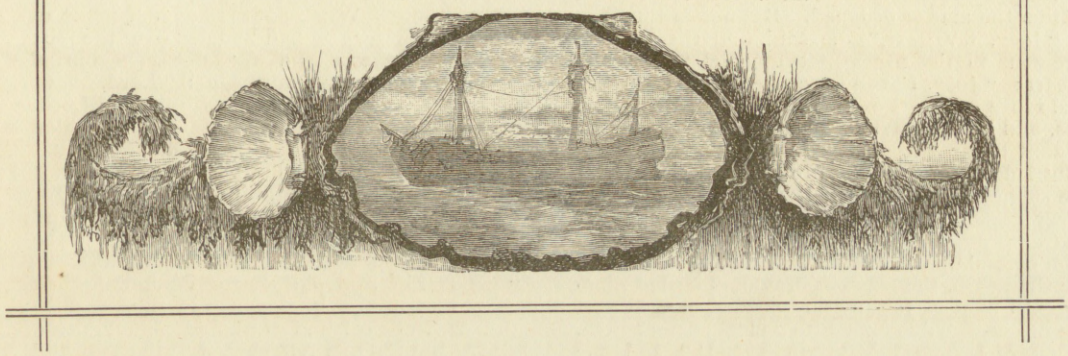
THE smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each raindrop makes some floweret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.
—*C. Mackay.*

"Is not prevention better than cure? What about the rising generation? How about our children? Are there not such things as Bands of Hope? Thank God! there are. 'Bend the bough when it is young.' Is not that good? Is it not worth while being a total abstainer that we may encourage these little ones in Christ never to begin to touch?"—*Bishop of Gloucester.*

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.—"If, in spite of arguments which daily gain in overwhelming cogency, any one tells me that alcohol in moderation is harmless, it is still no more a special duty of mine to drink it than it is to feed, for instance, on Ravalenta Arabica. If I prove that to millions of human beings it is not only deleterious, but deadly, I say that to them, and to those that wish to save and help them, it is no more a creature of God than laudanum or strychnine."—*Canon Farrar.*

THE DRINK BILL FOR 1896

is **£148,972,230**, equal to **£3 15s. 6d.** per head, or **£18 17s. 6d.** per family of five persons. When it is remembered that over one-fourth of the population are too young to expend anything on intoxicating liquors, and that there are millions who abstain altogether, it will be seen how great must be the expenditure of large numbers of people; an expenditure entailing much misery and poverty, bringing oftentimes ruin upon the spender and those dependent upon him or her.



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

WORDS whispered in secret are sometimes proclaimed upon the housetop. And so it came to pass that, years after the event, it was told to poor Phyllis what Mrs. Montague Morlaise had once said.

Now Phyllis was proud of being a Methodist, as was her father before her, and she coveted no higher distinction than that her boy should be a right down good representative of his mother's religion. Still, she was far too sensible a woman to imagine that goodness was a hereditary gift, or that her example was a guarantee of grace in her adopted son; and so she crystallized her opinion in the simple but significant expression: "Mrs. Morlaise es right, she es, and nothin' but the graace o' God can saave the boy."

And specially was she confirmed in this belief by the most painful experience of the last few years; for, in spite of all that she could do or say, Joey had betrayed signs of a growing indifference to everything that was good. Still, she spared no pains in her endeavours to train him in the way in which he should go; sometimes most pathetically expressing the hope, that after much tribulation he would enter the kingdom.

"That anchor 'olds!" she would say; and in the wildest and most wayward period of the lad's life, she clung to the promises of the Bible, and never suffered herself to doubt the fidelity of God.

Still, she was anxious, exceedingly so, and her anxiety would sometimes betray itself in her face, at other times in her speech, and at all times in her acts. For now that Joey had emerged out of boyhood into youth, and was disposed to resent all interference with his rights, she was almost crushed with a sense of responsibility, and would have even despaired but for the grace that sustained her in her most trying hour.

Indulging, as she sometimes did, in a rather rigid introspection of self, she would often press the question upon her attention, as to whether she had held the reins too tight, or been too exacting in her demands, or made religion a repulsive rather than an attractive thing. And sometimes, with a poignancy that was painful, she would probe herself with the question, "Haave I set a bad example afore my poor 'igh tempered boy?" So, like a ship in the trough of a troubled sea, poor Phyllis became the victim of her own hard thoughts, until it was pitiable to see the anxious look upon her haggard face.

At length she resolved she would have a plain and pointed talk with Joey.

So on her return from class one evening, where, after the manner of the Methodists, she had been for religious exercises of a helpful kind, she found him by the fireside reading "a nasty novel," as she said. Divesting herself of her shawl, and hanging her bonnet on a peg, she sat herself down to a supper of dry bread, moistened in the absence of butter with a cup of cold tea, in which he declined to join because of his interest in his book. The meal being over, she reached her Bible from the shelf, saying, "Joey, my dear, we'll haave prayer now;" for to the honour of Phyllis Tregelles be it said, she never omitted being priestess in her own house.

"No, not yet," he replied; "I am just in the middle of the most exciting chapter in the book."

"What is the book about, Joey?"

"O, something you wouldn't care to know, and if you did you wouldn't like it."

"Wudn't like et! Why, I like everything that es good for my boy. And, surely, Joey wudn't wish to read what edn't fit for 'is mawther's eyes, wud ee, my dear?"

"Oh, it is fit enough for a young fellow like me, though it edn't good enough, perhaps, for an old woman like you."

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"And why edn't et, my dear?"

But Joey was not ready with his reply, and would rather the matter dropped. But not so Phyllis.

"Joey, my dear," she said, and there was a tremour in the tones that touched him to the heart; "Joey, I'm so concerned about ee, I am. I do love ee so. I praayed for ee when a baby, iss, and I am praayin' for ee still. And mawther waant never cease to praay for ee, she waant. But I do miss ee so down to chaapel. Caant heer ee sing as I used to do. Law, 'ow I ded like to heer ee singin' our glorious hymns. Iss, and I do miss ee so goin' down the laane; but when I'm comin' up the laane in the dark, I do so miss ee then. Oh, the laane es brav' and 'ard to climb when I haavn't Joey's arm to lean 'pon. Waant ee never go wi' mawther to chaapel agen? Oh, Joey, ef I shud miss ee in 'eaven!" and she sobbed upon Joey's neck like a child.

"For God's sake, mother, don't ee cry. Scold me, if you will—thrash me with a rope's end, if you like—iss, pray for me until you are hoarse, but, for God's sake, don't cry. I can stand anything but tears—your tears—they hurt me so!"

For a moment it seemed as if Phyllis had conquered her all but incorrigible boy, for, stroking her face as tenderly as he used to do, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother! mother! I will be good; yes, for your sake, I will." And then, springing to his feet, as if struggling with a passion that was too strong for him, he said: "But it is so confoundedly hard! Why didn't God make it more easy for a fellow to do right. When I would do good, evil is present with me. Oh, mother! mother! I am doomed to be lost!" And, mad with excitement, he rushed out of the house, and was seen no more for the night.

Poor Phyllis! She stood aghast for a moment. Then, groping her way to the door, she called out in the darkness: "Joey! Joey! Oh, do come back!" But there was no response to her appeal, save the sound of the retreating footsteps, which fell upon her ear like the knell of death.

Her scheme had failed. The avalanche had fallen, and she was almost crushed beneath its weight. Despair brooded over her distracted mind, and she knew not what to do. She had attempted to win Joey to Christ; but, alas! she had only succeeded in driving him from home. She whipped herself with scorpions until her heart was sore. What a mess she had made of the matter! How she had bungled over the job! Then, flinging herself on her knees, she buried her face in her hands, and said: "Lord, haave mercy on a fool! I thought I cud saave'n, Lord, but I caan't. Oh, do taake my poor, self-willed Joey into Thy 'ands, Lord, and do for'n what poor, foolish Phyllis caan't."

And so for the whole of that live-long night, Phyllis Tregelles pleaded with God for Joey; and when the neighbours crept into her cottage in the morning, they found her still upon her knees.

"Eh dear!" said old Nanny Polcrean, when she heard the sad intelligence of the previous night. "Eh dear! and to think et should come to this. But did'nt I tell 'er et wer' like temptin' providence to keep that there boy? No, I don't blaame 'er for saavin' of un, I don't; but I do for keepin' of un, I do. And what do that there



proud a rag-a-muffin rascal keer 'bout she? And 'e 's goin' 'bout carrin' es 'ead so 'igh and mighty, as ef 'e was the biggest lord in creation. Lor-a-mercy! ef 'e wer' my boy I wud tear un to shivereens afore 'e shud do so. But, then, I told Phyllis, what et wud all come to; and now she's maade 'er bed she must lie 'pon un, Is'pose.

"But," she continued, "I do blaame that there Maaster Morlaise, I do, for maakin' so much of un. Why that there pictur' haave turned es brains. 'E haavn't bin the saame boy never since, 'e haavn't. Why, there's a bra' lot o' our own boys, boys born'd in Glen-Nowan, a bra' lot better lookin' than 'e, although Maaster Morlaise do say e' never seed such a 'andsome faace afore. ''Andsome es what 'andsome does,' I say.

"And they do say," she remarked again, "that 'e's arter our artist's dear little maid—that 'e's courtin' 'er. Oh, the g'eat bufflehead! And 'e do think 'e can haave 'er, too, 'cause of 'is curly 'ead and purty faace. Well, well, she must be a bra' little fool, must Maaster Morlaise's little maid, ef she do think anythin' 'bout 'e. Why, my maid Molly shudn't haave un, not ef 'e wer' dipped in diamonds, she shudn't. But there, et wud be a bra' good job for Phyllis ef she cud get quits o' 'e; though I shudn't like our artist's dear little maid to be tied up to such a fool. But there, Phyllis haave maade 'er bed, and she must lie 'pon un, I s'pose."

"Well, I never, Nanny," said old Peter Penleaven, when she stopped to take breath, "thee'st got what they caals the 'gift o' the gab.' Iss, thee'st got tongue 'nough for a thousand. Why, to heer thee chatter like an old magpie wi' a sore 'ead, one wud think there edn't a grain o' good in that poor boy."

"Nor there edn't, Peter Penleaven, nor there edn't! What dost thee knaw 'bout un? A grain o' good, dost a say, Peter? Why, 'e's like a bad fermade, good for nothin' I tell ee."

"Well, well, there is no stoppin' o' thy tongue, Nanny. Talk o' bein' dry in the mouth, Nanny! thy tongue sweats like a furz bush on a dewy mornin'. But give the devil es due, I say; the boy edn't so bad as thee'rt maakin' out, and I shudn't be s'prised ef 'e shud maake a parson yet. Phyllis haave ben prayin' for un all night, and ef she don't beat the devil, my name edn't Peter Penleaven; there now, that's what I say."

For the whole of that live-long day the naturally-quiet little village of Glen-Nowan was in a seething excitement, the one topic of conversation—"that blackguard Tregelles."

Again the day deepened into night, and long after every one in the village had retired to rest, Phyllis was pondering the pages of her Bible, and awaiting her prodigal's return. She sat with her cottage door ajar, "for," said she, "'e shaal see 'e edn't shut out, 'e shaal." At length, as the clock was striking twelve, she heard his well-known footsteps coming up the street, and in another moment he was staggering across the threshold of her little home.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his mother's haggard face, "blinds down again old woman, and not a blessed bit o' sunshine to greet the prodigal's return. By jove, if that old fellow in the Gospel don't beat you into fits, for he did go out to meet his good-for-nothing rascal of a son, but here is my old Methody mother brooding over her blessed old Bible, and haven't so much as a smile to greet her scapegrace of a boy. 'Pon my word, if I wouldn't sacrifice myself to have a smile from my mother."

"Wud ee, my dear?" replied Phyllis.

"Upon my word I would. But I say, my good mother, you look as if you had the weight of the world upon your shoulder. What are ee thinkin' about?"

"Thinkin' 'bout my poor Joey."

"And a blessed good subject, too, and no mistake. But what about me? Too bad for the grace of God to reach, eh, old woman?"

"No, Joey, no. The graace o' God can reach ee, iss, and saave ee too. And your poor old mawther don't cease to pray for ee, mornin', noon and night."

"Pray for me! Why God Almighty can't save a wretch like me. No, no, that old Bible of yours is right: 'From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness.' Oh, if mine were only badness of the heart I wouldn't mind, but it is badness in the blood; aye, God forgive me, it is badness in the very bone." And, drivelling drunkard as he was, he sobbed like a child.

Presently he asked, as with a spasm of pain,

"Mother, was my father a drunkard? Did I inherit the taste of drink from him? S'pose I am a chip off the old block, and so there is nothing before me but to burn for ever and ever in hell."

"No, never! never!" said Phyllis, almost frantic at the thought.

"Yes, mother, yes, I say, I am a lost soul!"

"A lost soul! No, never, never shall it be said that Phyllis Tregelles's boy es lost. But, then—I forget—you are not mine."

"Not yours! not yours!" And he fixed his blood-shot eye on her, and said, "Not yours! Then, for God's sake, whose am I? Surely you don't mean to say that I have sold myself, body and soul, to the devil!"

For a moment there was an awful pause. Then, as she realised that her words, which she fain would have recalled as soon as they had escaped her lips, had been misunderstood, and were being used to carry conviction to the heart of a sinner, she felt profoundly thankful, and said,

"Joey, my dear, shaall we pray?"

They both knelt amid the sobs of the youth, who cried, "Lord, save me, or I'm lost, for I have sold myself, both body and soul, to the devil."

It was far into the small hours of the morning, when a coastguard, going his round, happened to see a light in Phyllis's cottage, and the shadow of outstretched arms on the kitchen window blind, and, fearing something was wrong, crept up to the cottage door, when he was surprised to hear poor Phyllis pleading in agony for her boy, and saying, "Lord, saave my poor Joey, saave 'n Lord; and de 'Ee saave 'n now."

(To be continued.)

"INTEMPERANCE is the mightiest of all forces that clog the progress of good."—*C. Buxton, M.P.*

The Band of Hope Jubilee.

"THE HOPE OF THE RACE IS THE CHILD."

JELD. JAMES WOOD, LL.D., J.P., is one of the best known public men in the North of England, if not in the whole country. A man keenly interested in all religious and philanthropic movements; a prominent municipal worker, who for four times was Mayor of Southport; a sometime member of the Lancashire County Council, Magistrate, and an earnest advocate of social and Temperance reform, Dr. Wood is no stay-at-home arm-chair disposer of the many and perplexing problems which baffle and disgust politician, philanthropist and patriot. Dr. Wood is a worker whose utterances, characteristic of his unbounded energy and devotion, command the earnest consideration of the thoughtful. When delivering the following address on March 27th, 1897, to the Council of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, he aroused an enthusiasm for the work among the young such as we would wish could be got into these pages to enthuse all who read to work for and among the children—the Hope the Race.



Said he: "It is an important task which is laid upon me. The Band of Hope is the innermost circle of the Temperance reformation, and this meeting of representatives from various Unions of Band of Hope workers is the innermost circle of the Band of Hope movement.

"Looking at past efforts for Temperance reform, I see there have been 400 years of tinkering with the licensing question, and it is not reformed yet; indeed we might go further back still to the days of King Edgar, who enacted that there should be no drinking during church hours, and that priests should abstain from its use while engaged in their holy toil.

"It was also enacted in Cromwell's time that men who were caught drunk should be compelled to walk in beer casks with holes cut out for their arms and head. If drunkards were compelled to do so to-day there would be many more barrels required than are now to be found.

"We have been trying as a country, through our licensing laws, to tempt people to drink, and also to show them how to stop drinking at the right moment, but it has been all a delusion, we have not managed it yet.

"Great reformations and deliverances have been attempted and accomplished in the lifetime of single men. John Howard started and saw carried through a great reform in the state of the prisons of Europe. Wilberforce agitated and the slave traffic ceased in the West Indies, but this drink business has baffled the efforts of many generations of workers.

"The trade still defies the church and the nation; and, after all our efforts, we are further from victory *in a legislative sense*—mark, I say in a *legislative* sense—than ever before in our lifetime.

"The United Kingdom Alliance has been at work since 1853. We have 57 different Temperance organisations, with hundreds of societies in each. In Manchester alone there are nineteen different organisations, but the traffic is not controlled yet.

"We have tried for Sunday Closing, but have not got it yet. I was in the lobby and saw that monster roll of 1,138,600 signatures, quarter of a mile in length, presented to the House of Commons in 1887 by the women of England. It was so great that it could scarcely be got into the doors, but, notwithstanding, we have not got Sunday Closing yet.

"In twelve years 41,660 petitions, containing nearly 7,000,000 signatures, have been sent up in favour of Sunday Closing; and, in the year 1892, 11 County Councils, 38 Town Councils, 123 Boards of Guardians, 375 School Boards, and 60,000 public meetings had petitioned for it, but we have not got it yet.

"On the 10th of February I sat with the Methodist Conference Temperance Committee, at Derby, which sent telegrams to various M.P.'s and members of the Government, on behalf of 10,000 Methodist Churches, praying them to vote for the Bill; but a telegram was received in reply:—

"'Badly defeated. Bill lost by 206 against 149; majority 57 against the Bill.'

"And we have not got Sunday Closing yet!

"Two years ago we had a Government who

introduced a practical measure. Sir William Harcourt nailed his colours to the mast, and was prepared to carry through that grand piece of legislation—the Liquor Traffic Local Control Bill. But just when the Bill seemed within measurable distance of becoming law, the Government retired from office on a very trivial matter, and threw the whole business to the winds.

"It was often said we were too extreme, but last year all sections of teetotalers agreed to follow the lead of the Church of England, and on 7th February, eleven Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church of England approached Lord Salisbury on the matter of Temperance legislation. He said, "The question is not a novel one, nor is it one that attracts the Government! Good morning." And he bowed the Bishops out. Priceless opportunities of dealing with social questions had thus passed away, and now Imperial affairs of the first magnitude had come to the front; and, amidst the break up of Turkey, the hurrying of Ambassadors, the shrieks of Armenians and the shouts of the Greeks, the Temperance question, in its political aspects, has, I fear, been laid aside for years to come.

"The question is, what shall we do now? How shall we accomplish the work of temperance reform?

"Have all our efforts been in vain? No!

"I don't want to be misunderstood. I don't say that all efforts of a political or public character should be abandoned. I don't say our past efforts have been all in vain. But I am sure we are shut up to a more excellent way: and, as Nansen thought, and gallantly proved, the only practical way to the North Pole was not to go against wind and tide and be driven back before masses of ice and a resistless current, but to get behind it and moor yourself to a floe and let it carry you across, so I say, "Get behind the current!" Secure the young: bring them up in habits of Temperance—teach them morally and scientifically—train them, watch over them, and in one or two generations the public-houses will shut up themselves. So that in view of the difficulty of getting any effective legislation, we must work with increasing ardour for the saving of the children. This is why I attach so much importance and take such a passionate interest in the objects set forth in the Jubilee Scheme—the million more pledges, the increased Temperance teaching in day schools, &c. What a grand thing to see 50,000 visitors at work going through the homes of the country, interesting parents in the work of the Bands of Hope, and securing attendance for the children and also their pledges. There are now three million children members of Bands of Hope, but there are seven millions not united with us. If our country is to be saved from the curse of intemperance we must do it by our influence with the children. A great responsibility rests upon us. The drink bill of last year was 149 millions, or 6½ millions in advance of the previous year.

"We are told that drinking amongst women is increasing, that betting and gambling are increasing, that the spread of pernicious literature is increasing. Who will save us from these evils? It will be no child's play, but a solemn work demanding both our consciences and our hearts. It is a serious business—no less than a hand-to-hand encounter with the world, the flesh, and the devil! So I ask again, "Who will save us?" Will Government or the House of Lords? No! Will the politicians or the Parliament? No! Will County Councils or Town Councils? No! Will the magistrates or the police? No! (although the magistrates have practically done more than anybody else by reducing the number of public-houses). Will petitions or pamphlets save us? No! if the country is to be saved from the grip of this gigantic power, *we* must do it! and we must do it by means of the children. Get them to sign the pledge, encourage them, defend them, save them—and then there will be not only a generation of total-abstainers, but an army of youthful, hopeful, energetic workers in the Temperance cause.

"'We herald a day that is coming,
As fair as when Eden first smiled:
As the hope of the earth is the spring-time,
So the hope of the race is the child!'"

Dr. Wood concluded his address by moving the following resolution, adopted unanimously, which we insert as a specimen that local workers might adopt in other centres after altering the resolution to suit local needs:—

"This Council strongly urges every Band of Hope and Band of Hope Union in Lancashire and Cheshire to seize the opportunities presented by the celebration of the Band of Hope Jubilee, 1897, to extend the membership and increase the efficiency of the movement; and especially to take part in the effort to gain at least a million more members by the visitation of all homes, and to aid in raising the Jubilee fund of £6,000 for the continuance and extension of the Schools Scientific Temperance Education Scheme, and other purposes."

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

"THE FAULT IS IN THE DRINKER AND NOT IN THE DRINK."



The Author.

STRONG drink has a splendid character as far as reputation goes. Men believe in it, and will therefore cast the blame for mischief done on anything but strong drink itself. No one can shut his eyes to the enormous evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquor. The misery, the crime, the squalid dirt and wretchedness; the poverty, ill-health, and unhappiness; the disease and death, that all follow in its train are apparent to every one. But, it is argued, all these evils are not due to the drink itself but to the drinker.

There is a sense in which inanimate objects cannot be said to cause harm. In this case, for instance, strong drink has no power or volition of itself to enter a man's mouth, and pass down his throat, and do him an injury whether he will or not.

THE DRINKER MUST BEAR SOME SHARE IN THE BLAME.

The argument in common use is, "Strong drink is a very good thing. It gives a man life, vigour and energy. Of course, if he takes too much it upsets him, but that's his fault. Why doesn't he take enough and then leave it alone? It would be all right then."

It is in this argument that the fallacy lies. Strong drink contains alcohol, and it is the nature of alcohol to narcotise and benumb; to weaken perception, and to reduce will power, so that the drinker has not the power, in many cases, to take strong drink or leave it as he chooses. In vast numbers of cases he has no choice in the matter. There are thousands of men and women every week who essay to have a glass of beer, but who do not leave off drinking until they are incapable of drinking any more.

It is in the nature of the drink itself that the causes for such a result must be sought. The same cannot be said of any other beverages whatever. Their qualities may be good, bad or indifferent, but, as a rule, the drinker is content to satisfy his thirst, and to refresh himself and to pass on. The difference between the two classes of drink is found in the fact that the one contains alcohol, and the others are free from it.

There is a class of drugs that specially

REDUCE THE POWER OF CONTROL,

such as morphia, chloral, cocaine. These all act on the nerve centres, and however pleasurable a sensation their use may bring, the user invariably becomes a slave to them, and the wrecking of moral and physical power is a result. The cry, therefore, is, "Avoid them, they are dangerous. Have nothing to do with them." The same may be said of alcohol, for it is a drug of a similar class. We do not say of morphia and chloral and cocaine that the fault is in the user, we say that it is

THE STUFF ITSELF DOES THE MISCHIEF,

and therefore should not be used at all.

These substances all create a craving for themselves, that becomes insatiable, which is only temporarily lulled by the action of the drug itself; and, when the narcotic effect has passed away, awakens with redoubled vigour, demanding more and more. Alcohol acts in a very similar way, and can claim hundreds of thousands of victims, whose only pleasure in life is found in drinking.

It is this alluring, fascinating, pleasurable side to the drink which renders it so dangerous. The narcotic power benumbs sensation; thus pain is not so acutely felt. It benumbs perception; thus moral rectitude is easily departed from. It gives a false glamour to surroundings; thus men do not see the dangerous path they are treading until too late. There are

NUMBERS WHO START LIFE WITH AN INHERENT LIKING FOR STRONG DRINK.

So powerful for evil is alcohol that it is not only the drinkers themselves who suffer, but their children often have the alcoholic liking derived from their parents so strongly developed, that if they once begin to use it they are certain to become slaves to it. In these cases it is the first taste that awakens the desire, and the descent from moderation to drunkenness is exceedingly rapid. Not all who use strong drink become drunkards. It is not the majority of those who use strong drink become drunkards, but it is quite certain that all who use intoxicants run considerable danger, for every class of society has contributed its quota to those who have fallen under its influence.

It may be said that all such have been weak men, irresolute and wanting in decision and firmness; men of no stamina or backbone. Such is not the case; but even if it were, we should find that in many cases it was alcohol that first made them weak and irresolute. It is

IN THE DRINK THE DANGER LIES,

and not so much in the drinker. No man has ever been cured of drunkenness but by abstinence, and no one has ever been made a drunkard excepting by strong drink.

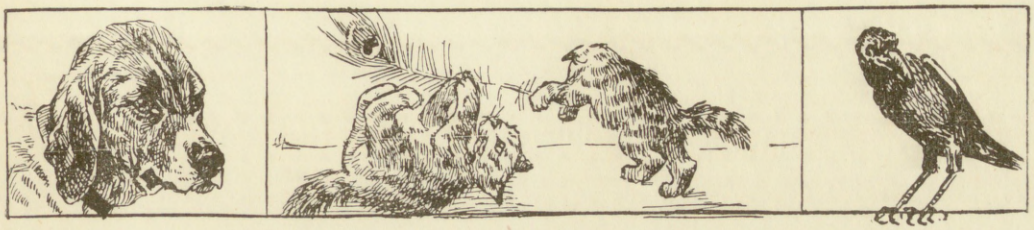
The danger of using strong drink is especially great in the case of young men and young women just entering on life, before the character has developed and the will has become strong. It is amongst these that alcohol achieves his easiest victories, and works the largest amount of mischief.

If all men and women could start in life absolutely free from any hereditary liking for alcohol, and they could then be free from its power and influence until they had reached, say, thirty years of age, and then began to use it, the possibilities are that they might go on without ever committing excesses, although such is the nature and power of alcohol that probably even under those conditions many would fall. We cannot, then, be surprised at the immense numbers who, year by year, succumb under present conditions.

The only remedy is to avoid the use of strong drink altogether; and this is quite an easy thing to do if we begin whilst young. An old temperance proverb says, "Where there's drink there's danger." Let us never forget it.

Some will say that they are strong; they will never give way, they are masters of themselves; that others may have been fools, but they know better." All this has been said thousands upon thousands of times, and yet many of those who boasted the loudest are deepest in the mire to-day.

THE DANGER IS IN THE DRINK ITSELF, AND THE ONLY SAFE COURSE IS TO LEAVE IT ALONE.



Pets I Have Petted.

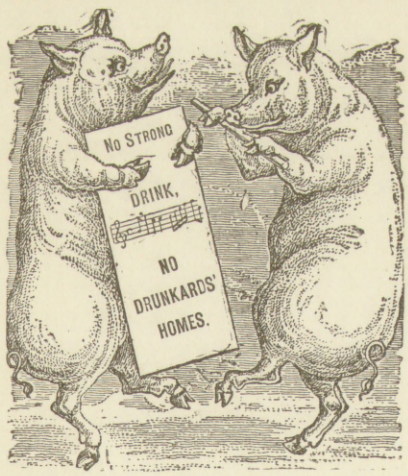
By Go-Ahead.

V.—PIGS.

"A PET pig! Ah!" you will say, "Now you are *joking!* Nobody would ever dream of petting a pig!"

Well, to tell you the truth, my dear young readers, I am not very keen on recommending a pig for a pet, but I *have* kept a pet pig, and there is more to be said for piggy than might be imagined. Still, it is perhaps more for the sake of having a word to say for "our friend the pig," and to give him a good character, than for the sake of trying to induce anyone to keep him for a pet, that I am writing about him to-day.

Poor, dear, old, squeaking, *obstinate* piggy, he is not so black as he is painted after all. Like every other animal, he has his good points, and the pig you may have seen wallowing in the black mud



of a filthy pigstye is not at all a fair representative of pig-dom. He hasn't had a chance, and he has therefore not cultivated his better virtues. You often hear people say, "as dirty as a pig!" This is a gross calumny on him. He *isn't* a dirty beast; give him a chance to keep clean and he will do it. If he is supplied with enough straw or litter of any kind to make it possible for him to exhibit the virtue of cleanliness, he will do so, and it is only when he is kept systematically wet and dirty and badly supplied with bedding that the pigstye gets into that odorous condition which would cause those in search of a pet to choose him last of all the candidates for that honoured post.

Just think, too, of what he has to go through! The "ringing" of his nose is quite enough to make him regard man ever after as his most barbarous enemy. But does he? Oh, no! he comes confidingly up to the rails of his prison, and gives vent to good humoured grunts as soon as he sees a biped approach it.

What a valuable beast he is! It's all very well to call him "a horrid pig" in his life time, but who (except a rigid vegetarian) would turn contemptuously away from a slice of his ham, or a savoury sausage from his loins? And how few remember that well nigh every piece of cake they eat, and every luscious apple turnover, depends for its shortness and delicacy upon the help of our grunting quadruped, the pig! I once took it into my head that I would *pet* a pig, and I did, but *never again!* Don't imagine that it was because it was a repulsive pet, nothing of the kind; it was a cleanly beast, and I helped it by scrubbing it occasionally (and didn't it just enjoy *that!*) until it was as white as a schoolboy's Sunday collar. But my reason for not being anxious to repeat my experiment may be found in my foregoing remarks about his nice *taste* after he had quitted this mortal sphere! He got *so* tame, and would run to meet me, and seemed so pleased to hear my voice, that when the day came for him to meet the man in the blue smock, I felt like a murderer!

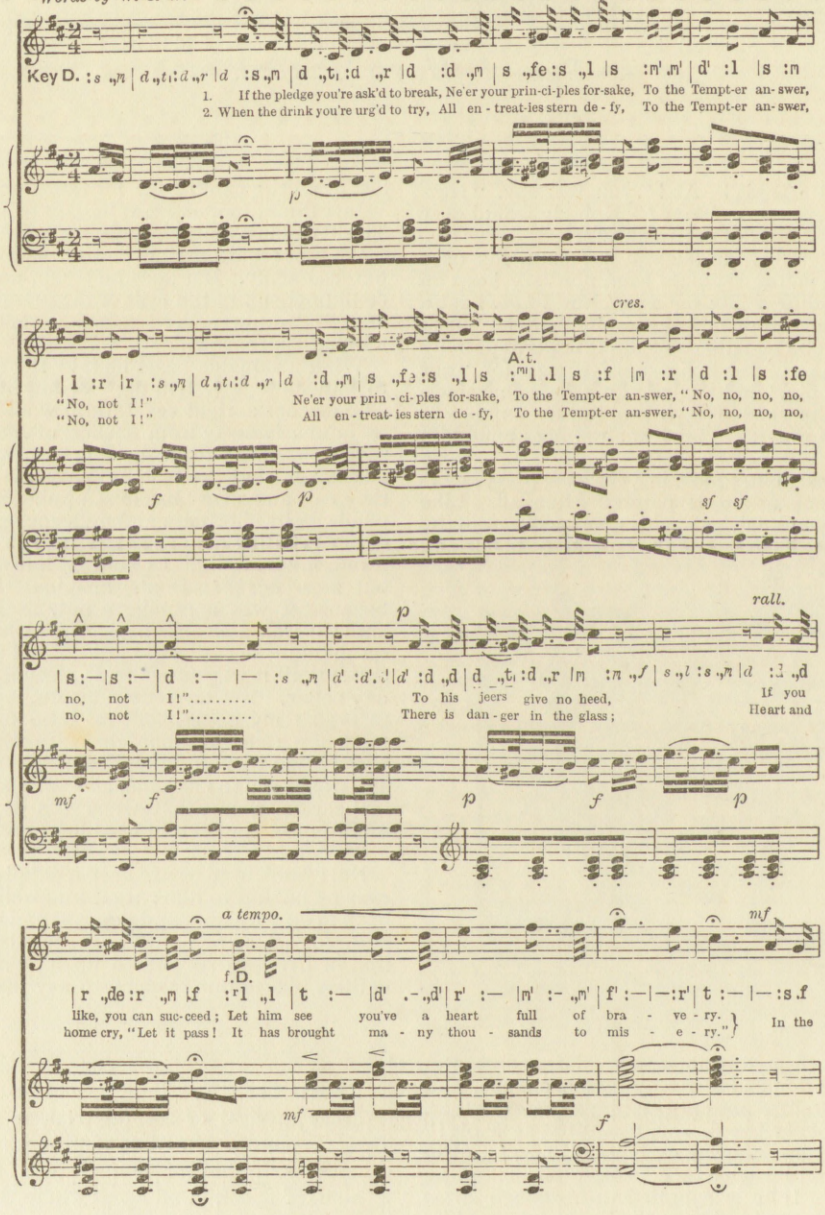
No, I won't urge you to keep a pet pig; but don't ever be unkind to him; treat him well if ever you have to do with him, and you will find him a good-natured, harmless lump, whose evident satisfaction in living to be offered up for your comfort entitles him to due respect, to say the least of it.

ENDURANCE, the power to sustain great physical or mental trial, is lessened by Alcohol. In trials of strength, in work under extremes of temperature, in every kind of sport, in all cases where the power of endurance is necessary,

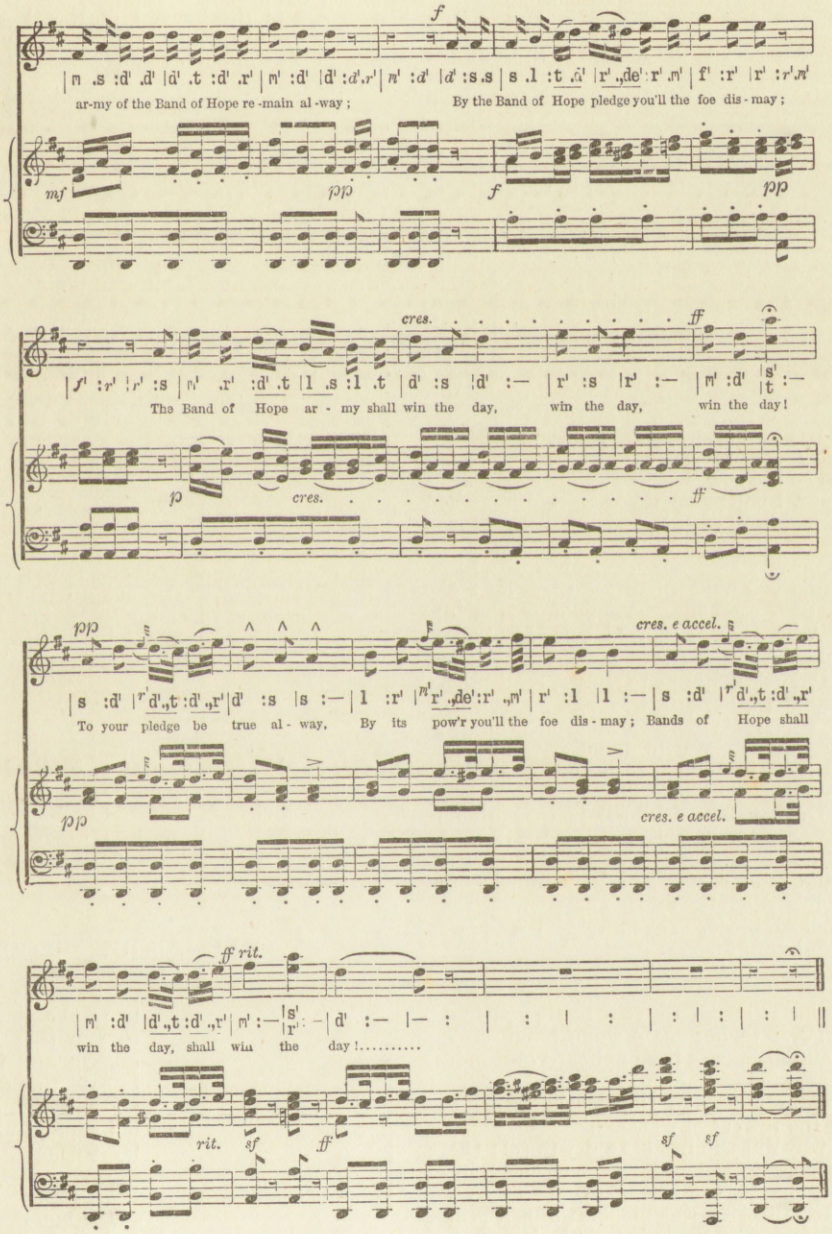
Alcohol is an Enemy best kept out of the Body.

BANDS OF HOPE SHALL WIN THE DAY.

Words by W. C. W. *Tune*—"Dashing White Sergeant."



BANDS OF HOPE SHALL WIN THE DAY.



"A BAD WORKMAN QUARRELS WITH HIS TOOLS."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



"WHAT a bad pen this is, so scratchy," said George Graham, a clerk in the warehouse of Messrs. Comer Brothers.

"I did not find it so," remarked Edward Martin, his next neighbour, who sat diligently adding up long rows of figures; "and I used it this morning."

"Then you can use it again," snappishly retorted George, throwing the offending pen across to his fellow-clerk.

"All right, I will; and if you have not spoiled it by your bad way of using it, I am sure I can manage very well with it."

"My bad way! What do you mean?"

"Only that you hold it badly. Bless me! you need not be so touchy. You know the old proverb, 'A bad workman, &c.' I need not quote it in full, need I?"

"Please yourself," replied George, really angry by this time. Perhaps it was just as well that one of the principals of the firm came round at this moment to ask Martin about packing some goods and so the conversation was abruptly terminated.

George Graham was inclined to be both idle and careless; consequently, what he did was never well done. According to his own version, however, the fault rested not with himself, but with the tools provided for his use, which were always crooked, blunt, broken, or bad some way or other, and unfit for use.

* * * * * * * *

"Mary, these glasses are very badly polished," said Mrs. Percy to her maid when looking over the silver and glasses in her cupboard one morning.

"Oh! please, ma'am, the leather was too small, and the towel too wet."

"Then, why did you not get a dry towel; there are plenty?"

Mary was silent; she had no excuse to give.

Soon after this she was blackleading a grate, and finding fault with brushes and blacklead.

"No one could make a grate bright with such brushes, and the blacklead is *not* the best, whatever the man declared when you bought it."

"Here, get out of the way," replied cook, sharply, "I'm *tired* to death of hearing you grumble; there's never a brush, nor a broom, nor a duster, nor a towel, fit to use in this house according to you. I reckon I'll soon make that grate shine, and with those brushes, too."

So she did, and Mary, standing by, felt ashamed of her useless, idle grumbling.

* * * * * * * *

"Harry, go and dig that bit of garden over; the piece at the back, I mean. I want to sow some seeds this year," said a busy, hard-working man to his son one evening.

Harry obeyed, but in less than ten minutes was back again, saying: "That spade is not large enough; I shan't get it done if I work for a week."

"I wondered if you could do it without returning to find fault with your tools," replied his father. "It is always the same, Harry. Whatever you are told to do, you grumble at the instruments with which it has to be done. My boy, remember this, in nine cases out of ten, where people find fault with their tools (I do not mean merely garden tools) it is because they are *bad workmen*, and do not know how to handle them, and therefore lay the blame anywhere but on the right persons—themselves. Now, I want my lad to be one who can conquer difficulties; not one of the weak, grumbling sort who never find anything right, but a strong, brave, and patient workman."

Harry profited by his father's advice, and, when he set to work in real earnest, found little fault with the spade.

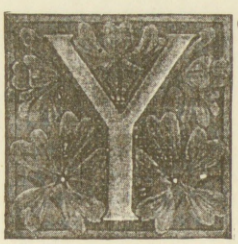
George, Mary, and Harry are types of people who are unfortunately to be found everywhere, bad workmen or workwomen, who try to lay the blame on anyone or anything but themselves. Let us see to it that we are not of these grumblers.

Talks with Little Folks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

V.—ALL ABOUT BLOOD.



YOU have by this time learned enough to prove to you that bones and muscle are injured by intoxicating drinks. You know that alcohol does not supply mineral matter to make the bones grow, and it prevents the proper contraction of the muscles.

In speaking about the muscles we learned they were constantly wearing away. This may also be said of every part of the body. We begin to die as soon as we begin to live, and should soon be numbered with the dead if we did not take means to make good that which has wasted away. There is only one way of doing this—by eating

the right kind of food. Intoxicating drinks are

VALUELESS AS FOOD.

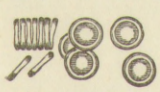
You know, further, that food becomes blood, so that according to the quality of our food will be the quality of our blood.

We may therefore say that blood is really a stream of food, passing through every part of the body except the hair and the nails, which yet receive their nourishment from the blood.

It is very important to keep the blood pure. Alcohol is an enemy to the blood that it does all it possibly can to injure it, and thus to injure every part of the human body.

Let us first learn what blood is, and then find out the particular work it has to do. Fortunately we have little difficulty in getting blood to examine

Experiment 12.—Tie a piece of twine around the centre of the last joint of the middle finger on your left hand. You see the top of your finger swells up. Now pierce the skin, and out comes a drop of blood. The needle point has broken a very fine blood vessel, and so a drop of blood is able to escape. Get two pieces of glass, like those used for mounting objects for the microscope; let a drop or two of blood fall upon each glass. Then place a thin piece of glass over the blood on glass number one, and with a wine glass cover up glass number two. Inside the wine glass place a piece of wet blotting paper to keep the blood moist. If you look at the blood on the first glass, you see it looks like a thick red liquid, and seems to be all of one substance. Place the glass under the microscope and examine it. A wonderful sight is revealed—a large number of little red bodies floating about in a kind of water. These



Healthy Blood Corpuscles.

RED BODIES ARE CALLED CORPUSCLES.

The word corpuscle means *little body*, and the liquid they are floating in is called *plasma*. Look at glass number two; the blood looks the same as on glass number one, but it has undergone a great change; it is now no longer a liquid—you can take it off with a knife, but it is still soft, for the wet blotting paper has prevented it drying; we say it has *coagulated*, and to coagulate means to drive together.

To see the blood at work we must get the help of our friend Mr. Frog. If we look through the microscope at a little of the thin web between his toes, we see a vast number of channels, some large and some small, branching off in all directions. In these channels is a silvery-looking fluid, and in the fluid a vast number of corpuscles floating along. No doubt you notice that the corpuscles in the frog are not round like the corpuscles in the human blood, but oval in shape, like an egg. If you look very carefully you will also see another kind of corpuscle—these are white in colour,—and, further, that the blood flows through vessels of various sizes; the largest pipes are called either *arteries*—bringing blood from the heart, or *veins*—conveying the blood back to the heart; the very fine pipes are called *capillaries*, these are the endings of the arteries and the beginnings of the veins.

Now if it were possible to watch the blood circulating in the human body we should see a change taking place in the colour of the blood, as it hurries on through the capillaries. It starts from the heart a bright red, and becomes

A DARK MAUVE COLOUR

in the capillaries. Let us find out the cause of this. The body is constantly wasting away. In the waste matter there is much of a substance called carbon; in our daily food there is also much carbon; sugar is really carbon and water.

Experiment 13.—Get some powdered lump sugar; powder some chlorate of potash, and mix with a penholder. If you place a drop of sulphuric acid on the mixture chemical action is set up, the water in the sugar becomes dried up, and the carbon is left behind.

The particular work the red corpuscles have to perform is to get rid of the waste matter in the blood, so that it may be purified and the body be kept in health.

I have told you about the gas called oxygen, and how it burns up substances it comes in contact with. The air we breathe contains twenty-one per cent. of this gas. The air passes through the mouth and the nostrils, and finds its way into the lungs. Here are thousands of little bladders, with a number of blood-vessels around them, just as we sometimes see a number of woollen threads twisted around a child's ball. The oxygen in the air soaks through the skin of the air bladders of the lungs into the blood; every red corpuscle seizing a little oxygen and carrying it on its journey. On its way through the body it unites with the carbon and forms a gas, called carbonic acid gas, and which comes out of our mouths. We can easily prove this.

Experiment 14.—What is lime? Chalk, out of which the carbonic acid gas has been removed. If therefore we add this gas to lime we shall get chalk. Here is some water in which lime has been disolved—lime-water. If you blow into the lime water through a piece of glass tubing, that is, if you send the carbonic acid gas coming from your mouth into the lime-water you will see that soon it has a milky appearance, the carbonic acid gas uniting with the lime to form chalk.

DOES ALCOHOL HELP THE BLOOD

to do its work? No! It prevents the blood nourishing and cleansing the body.

You know that alcohol hardens food, so that when we drink alcohol we do not get out of our food all the good that we should. Alcohol prevents the oxygen doing its cleansing work, because it makes the red corpuscles smaller. They shrink in size, and consequently cannot carry enough oxygen, and when the drinker takes much alcohol many of the red corpuscles are destroyed entirely. What is the result of this? Less oxygen being carried, the waste matter in the blood is not properly removed, the blood becomes impure, and the drinker much more liable to be stricken with disease, and to succumb to injuries arising through accident.



Red Corpuscles affected by Alcohol.

RECREATIVE SCIENCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Ruth B. Yates.

V.—REAL MERMAIDS.



Ruth B. Yates.

WHO has not heard wonderful stories of a mermaid, said to possess the head and shoulders of a beautiful woman and the tail of a fish? Sometimes she is represented as bearing a baby and singing in mournful song; at other times as holding a looking-glass, and combing out her luxuriant tresses. In every case the mermaid of song and story is represented as luring sailors on to the cruel rocks, where they met certain destruction. You have no doubt been taught to smile at these fables, and yet almost invariably we find that traditions which have come down to us from distant ages have a foundation of truth which has been so built upon by the creations of fancy that the original idea is almost entirely hidden.

There are curious creatures

NOW IN EXISTENCE

whose peculiar appearance and habits may have given rise to the poetical tales of mermaids and sirens, which have prevailed in the literature of all countries. In fact these strange creatures have received the scientific name of Sirenia, from the sirens or singing mermaids. Let us look at one or two species.

The first we will consider is called the Dugong, which swims with its head and neck above the surface of the water, and bears some resemblance to the human form. When the female Dugong is nursing her child, which she suckles like a baby, she carries it in one arm, and takes care to keep the head of the baby, as well as her own, above water, and thus she looks strangely like a woman with a baby. If alarmed she at once dives below the waves, and as she flings her fish-like tail in the air she corresponds very well to our idea of a mermaid. The Dugong is most affectionate, and if either the male or female be killed the other

REFUSES TO LEAVE THE FATAL SPOT,

and, instead of running away, will suffer itself to be killed rather than prove unfaithful or forsake even the dead body of its partner.

The skull of these animals is very singularly formed; the upper jaw being bent downwards over the lower jaw, to enable them to drag up the roots and water plants upon which they feed. The usual haunts of this singular mixture of animal and fish are at the mouths of rivers, where the water is shallow and the marine plants upon which it feeds grow in the greatest profusion. Whole herds may be seen sporting near the shore, diving at intervals to procure food, and rising again in order to breathe.

The Dugong is found on the eastern coast of Africa and on the shores of the Indian Ocean, and also in Ceylon, and on the northern coasts of Australia, where it is chased by the natives, who make various articles from its skin and use its flesh for food, said to taste very like veal.

Another species of the Sirenia, or mermaids, is a strange-looking creature called the Manatee, which is found both in America and Africa, but always on those shores which are washed by the Atlantic Ocean. The Manatee, like the Dugong, has the strange custom of raising its head and shoulders above the surface in such a manner that it bears a strong resemblance to a human being. This creature is a strange mixture of

SEVERAL DISSIMILAR ANIMALS,

as it has a head somewhat resembling the seal, though not just the same, the hide of a hippopotamus, and the tail of a fish, but it is round instead of being forked like that of a Dugong.

The Manatee is generally about nine or ten feet in length. It is greatly persecuted by the natives, as it is very serviceable to them, but the skin of the Manatee is so thick and strong that their sword knives will not penetrate it. The only effectual weapon is a common, English three-cornered file, which is fastened to a spear shaft, and pierces through the tough hide with the greatest ease.

Its skin is in great request for leathern articles in which great strength is required. It is so thick that it can be cut into strips like the "cow-hide" of America, which is manufactured from the skin of the hippopotamus. The oil which is extracted from its fat is of excellent quality, being quite free from the unpleasant, rancid odour which most animal oils have.

In both cases we see that these mermaids instead of destroying the sailors are themselves destroyed by the sailors.

THE LOST FARTHING.

By Uncle Ben.

"BOB," says Mag to a rough-headed boy of the streets of London, who was in the coolest costume possible, without hat, shoes, or stockings, "if yer knows where anything is, it ain't lost, is it?"

"What do you ask me that for?" says artful Bob.

"Because I dropped a fardin down the old grid 'ole over the vaults at the back of

Kings-street, near our entry, and I can't see it," says Mag.

"Well, I expects it's as good as lost. If I chucked a penny into the river, I might know it was at the bottom, safe enough, but it 'ud be lost to me. Let's go and have a look at the place."

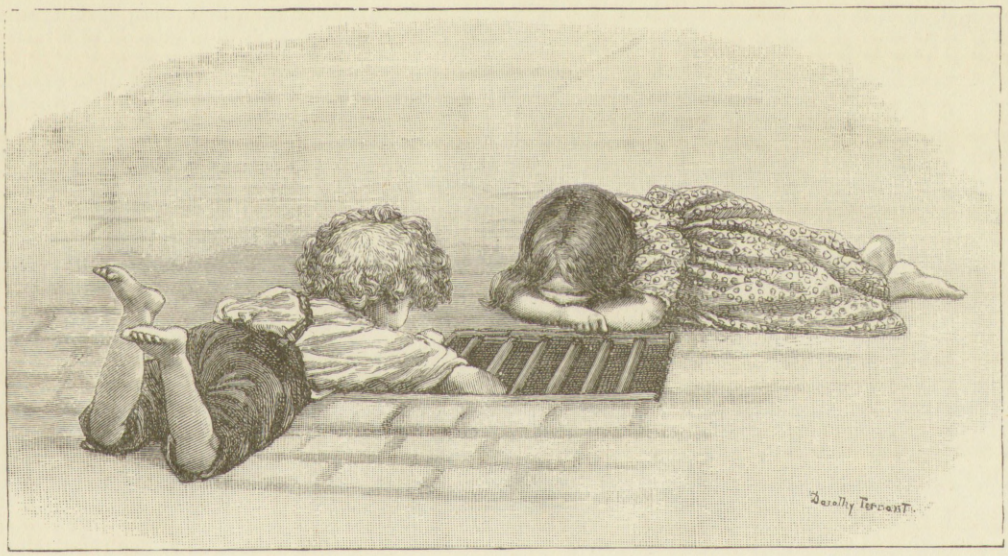
The visit threw little light on the situation, but as several people were about, Bob proposed that the only thing to be done, was to get a long stick that would reach to the bottom, and put some "stick-me-tight" on it, and then prod about to see if it could be fished up. This they resolved to do as soon as day broke on the morrow, when they would have the place all to themselves. In the meantime a long pole had to be discovered and some "stick-me-tight" must be found. Bob thought he knew where he could borrow a clothes-prop, in the dark, which would do, without asking permission; but the "stick-me-tight," that would answer the purpose required, fairly beat the united wisdom of the pair.

Before night came, Bob saw some men at work replacing the sets in the street-gutter, and pouring pitch upon them and then gravel. So, after dark, he went and scraped off some of the pitch, in order to anoint the end of the clothes-prop.

Very early next morning, Bob secured the longest prop he could without asking, and with a large mess of pitch in a piece of paper, was on the spot before Mag, who soon arrived to watch the business with great eagerness. After putting on the pitch, Bob dropped the pole into the grating, beginning at one end and carefully working away through each iron ring. Mag laid down to follow every movement and to urge the drawing up of the pole, to see what had stuck to the end. The fishing continued for some time without any result, until once, when the rod was raised, an old silk scarf was brought up. This was an unexpected find, and created great satisfaction. With fresh pitch Bob went on with the job, but no farthing appeared, and, as people began to stir about, the children felt obliged to desist, for Bob thought it wise to return the prop before the loan was discovered.

He felt sure Mag could sell it for twopence at least, or, if she liked to get her mother to wash and iron it, and then give it to the baby, it would make a "toff" of the infant, so that it might be the envy of all who saw it.

Mag was very pleased with the find, but had never thought of the baby, she had a fancy for smart things herself. Bob's idea of selling it was a reasonable business, but to give it all away was a blow to her. Nevertheless as Bob had been the means of discovering the treasure, Mag considered he had a right to say a word about its disposal.



So the pair departed, and Mag took home the treasure. It was duly washed and ironed and presented to the baby. Mag rejoiced exceedingly over the splendour of the kid thus adorned, and found more joy in lugging about the baby and showing off the finery to all her friends and neighbours, than in a farthing's worth of sweets for her very own self. For such is the mystery of sacrifice that "it is always more blessed to give than to receive."

"Do you think Jones is a man to be trusted?"

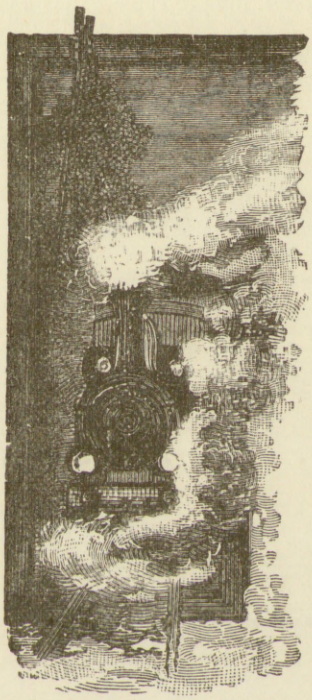
"Trusted? Yes, rather. I'd trust him with my life."

"Yes, but with anything of value, I mean."

TO PARIS AND BACK, AND ITS RESULTS.

By C. J. Collins.

Author of "Onward" 1st Prize Dialogue—"Risdale Lodge," &c.



"CAN I go to Paris, father!" breathlessly exclaimed Will Lennox, as he burst one day into the room where his father, just returned from business, was settling himself for a well-earned repose.

"Paris!" said Mr. Lennox, in amazement; good gracious, Will, who ever heard of such a thing? Why *I* have not been to Paris all the years of my life."

"Like enough, father," said Will; "neither has Tom Beasley's father; but yet Tom's going."

"It's this way, father," explained Will. "You know we are learning French, and Mr. Ferry, our teacher, is going over to Paris to visit some friends. He told us that he would take over with him the two boys in the school who had got on best with the lessons, and I'm *one* best; Tom Beasley's the *other*. I *do* hope you'll let me go, father. Mr. Ferry is coming to see you about it to-night."

"Well, Will," said his father, with a regretful little sigh, "I had no chance to learn French when I was a boy, and still less the opportunity of going to Paris. Only well-to-do folk could afford such luxuries then, and not the poor child of drunken parents, such as I was."

For a minute or two Mr. Lennox was silent, as his mind travelled rapidly backward to the time when he, still a boy, had signed the Temperance pledge and entered at an extremely early age upon a business career which had now, by the aid of sobriety and diligence, enabled him to live in comfort, and to give his son, Will, a far better education than he had ever dared to aspire to.

Will sympathetically kept silent, for he had often heard of those early struggles and difficulties, and had determined never to be other than a sober man, come what might.

"Well, my boy," at last said Mr. Lennox, rousing himself with a smile, "I will see what Mr. Ferry says about it before I give consent."

Mr. Ferry duly called upon Mr. Lennox, and they came to an agreement, whereby Will was allowed to go with the teacher to Paris. You may be sure the two boys were in a fever of excitement until the day came for them to set out upon their journey; and, in the meantime, were regarded by their schoolfellows as a pair of heroes, bound to foreign shores, to encounter unheard of perils.

At last they were off. Starting from London one balmy evening, running speedily down to the coast, where the vessel was all ready waiting to take them over to France. While they were interestedly watching the busy scene a shabbily-dressed man passed them, and immediately shrank behind a pile of goods, as if wishing to avoid his notice.

It was a lovely night, and our travellers preferred to stay on deck during the journey across the channel. Presently in their walks around the vessel, they came again upon the man who had wished to avoid them, and Mr. Ferry stopped suddenly and uttered his name in surprise. The man, seeing disguise was useless, acknowledged the recognition, in a shame-faced sort of way, and they entered into conversation in their own tongue.

After a while Mr. Ferry rejoined them and appeared somewhat grave during the rest of the journey. When they landed, Mr. Ferry called the boys to him and led them away to the railway train, where the railway officials appeared to them to be extremely noisy in their endeavours to get the train off, as Tom Beasley remarked, "As if the train was a horse that required any amount of whip or encouragement, or both, before it would condescend to start at all." Both the boys laughed aloud when, instead of the guard blowing a respectable whistle, as in England, something that sounded like a penny trumpet (Will declared it wasn't half so good) rang out upon the early morning air, and they rattled off at a good round pace toward Paris.

Mr. Ferry, who evidently could not help thinking of his late meeting on the boat, now told the boys that the man with whom he had been speaking had been a fellow student with him at school, and had carried off many good prizes there.

"All of no use," said he with a sigh.

"Why?" asked Will, to whom a prize winner was an assured future genius. "Could he not get work to do?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Ferry; "he had ample chances to succeed in life's battle, but had, unfortunately, taken to drink, and is now returning to his native country, France, after ten years' absence, a confirmed drunkard, and practically ruined. He confessed he had spent many nights in common lodging houses, and even occasionally in the open air, in the streets of London. He had been recently assisted by a fellow countryman whom he had met, and who had so far pitied his condition as to defray his necessary expenses back to Paris. But what will be the end of it," said Mr. Ferry, with a sigh in conclusion, "it is impossible to say."

"Perhaps his friends will help him," said Will.

"They may," said Mr. Ferry; "but a drunkard

has great disadvantages the world over."

"I am very glad my father is an abstainer," said Will; "and that I am also."

"Well, my father is not," said Tom; "but I mean to be."

"That's right," Mr. Ferry remarked. "The more abstainers you English have, the less reproach you will deserve as 'a nation of drunkards,' as I have heard England called."

It would take much more space than the editor could allow me, were I to attempt to describe half the boys saw when they reached Paris. How delighted they were with everything around them, and how eager they seized every chance to improve their Parisian accent.

One memorable day, the boys will never forget, for both owe to it a life-long lesson. They had been to the Invalides, so called because many old soldiers had there found a permanent home, in much the same manner as in Greenwich Hospital, a similar home for old sailors in England. The Invalides, however, had its chief attraction in the fact that the Great Napoleon I. lay buried in the centre of an enormous tomb within its walls, the central figure of a deep circular marble chamber of immense size and beauty.

At the back of the tomb was an old church, where, grouped around on high, were the flags of many nations, captured trophies of the prowess of him who so long was the terror of Europe. The boys were greatly shocked to discover among them one or two English flags, and little Britons as they were, felt quite certain they could not have got there by fair means.

Our two English lads looked with silent awe upon the various mementoes of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, of King Louis XIV., and other celebrities, and were somewhat tired with the day's sightseeing, when they came upon a gloomy place called the Morgue, the public dead-house. Here, behind glass windows, much like a human aquarium, were ranged a number of dead bodies placed open for public inspection, for purposes of identification. Mr. Ferry was walking somewhat in advance of Tom and Will, when a shrill cry from young Beasley made him turn hastily back.

"Oh, look! look! Mr. Ferry."

"What is it, Tom?" said their teacher, alarmed at the terror-stricken tone of his voice.

Will, who with Tom was standing with horror-stricken face in front of one of the glass windows, took up the cry with—"It's *the man*, Mr. Ferry; the *very man!*

Mr. Ferry had by that time reached the spot where the boys were standing, and a cry of "*Mon Dieu*" burst from his pale lips, as he found himself gazing with them at the inanimate form of the man with whom they had journeyed over from England.

In a fit of despair (but whether sober or not it was impossible to say) he had ended his mis-spent life by a crowning act of folly—deliberate suicide in his beloved river Seine.

The two boys will never forget the incident. When Mr. Ferry had humanely discharged the last duties to the remains of the human wreck, the three travellers took boat once more for England; the French master, meanwhile, improving the occasion to such good purpose that Tom Beasley at once signed the pledge; for, as he said, "Beer or no beer, *I'm* not going to risk ending my life in *that* way if *I* know it."

MAY BLOSSOM.

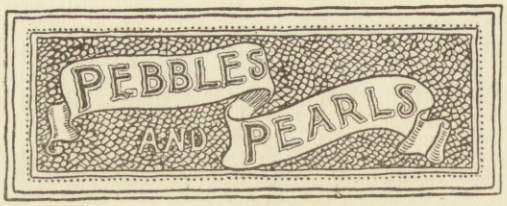
By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

MAY blossom red, May blossom white,
Tempting the fingers, glad'ning the sight,
Crowning the tree tops with garlands most fair,
Nodding to happy birds, scenting the air,
Casting your dainty leaves down to our feet,
Singing a song that is breezy and sweet.
Beautiful May blossom!
Soft-scented May blossom!
Hang out your lovliness o'er the green way!
Let your sweets cling to us!
Nod to us, sing to us!
White and red May blossoms!
Blossom of May!

May blossom white! May blossom red!
Blue skies are laughing over your head,
Soft winds are wooing you all the day long,
Wild birds are praising you loud in their song,
Sunbeams are gilding your leaves with their fire,
Branches are tossing you, higher and higher!
Deep-blushing May blossom!
Dainty-white May blossom!
Scatter your scents to the wings of the day!
Smile for us, shine for us!
Droop for us, twine for us!
Red and white May blossom!
Blossom of May!

May blossom red! May blossom white!
Young eyes are turned to you, big with delight;
Small hands are stretched to you, eager to clasp
Fair perfumed treasures that dance from their grasp,
Beautiful May blossom, under your shade
Wander, at eventide, lover and maid,
Laughter-stirred May blossom!
Love-laden May blossom!
Over young heads in your gracefulness sway,
Glimmer and dance for us!
Softly romance for us!
Red and white May blossom!
Blossom of May!

May blossom white, May blossom red,
Telling us stories of happiness fled,
Memory doth cling to you, fragrant and sweet,
E'en as the petals you cast at our feet;
Back glide the years, with their shadows and pain,
Under your spell we are children again.
Dear homely May blossom!
Sweet tender May blossom!
Bring back the morning of life's fleeting day!
Call youth again to us!
Sing childhood's strain to us!
Red and white May blossom!
Blossom of May!



DRINK is the root: Drunkenness the fruit.

LITTLE TWO-YEAR-OLD: "My hair won't tum off, 'tos it's sewed on the top of my head."

WHO wrote the most—Dickens, Lytton, or Warren? Warren wrote "Now and Then;" Lytton wrote "Night and Morning;" and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

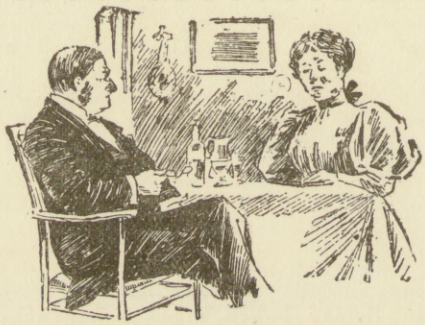
NEVER let the nose blush for the sins of the mouth.

Notable Events in our Calendar.

May 2.—Church of England Temperance Society formed, 1862.
" 6.—David Livingstone died, 1873.
" 13.—United Kingdom Band of Hope Union established, 1855.
" 30.—Baptist Total Abstinence Association commenced.

A TALL girl named Short long loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, thinking little of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, on meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long.

Query: Did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?

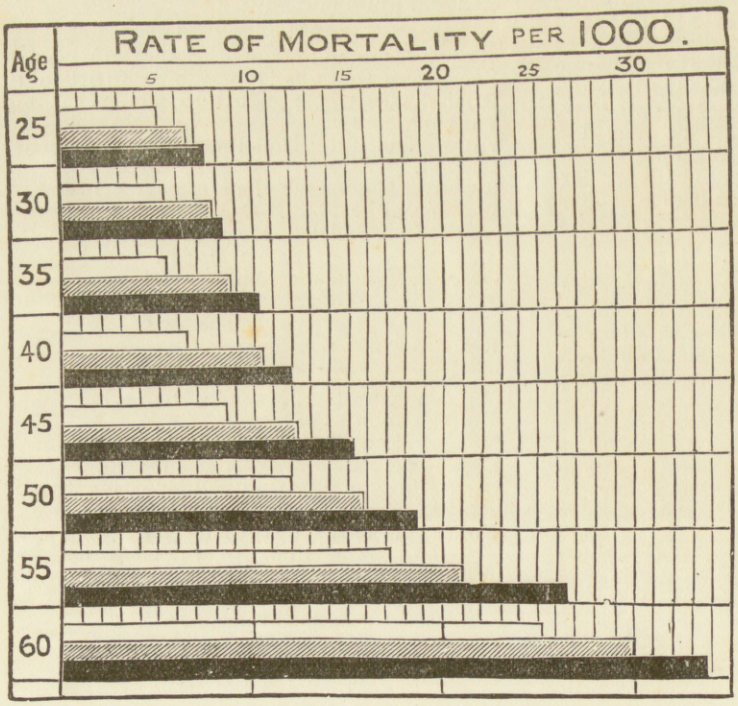


MRS. CRIMSON BEAK: "They say liquor gives a great deal of extra work to the internal organs."

Mr. Crimson Beak: "I don't know how that is, but I know it gives a lot of extra work to the feet."

TEETOTALISM AND LONGEVITY.

A GLANCE at the accompanying diagram will satisfy the reasonable mind that length of life is promoted by Total Abstinence. The diagram gives the deaths per 1,000 members experienced at various ages by



1. Rechabites' Friendly Society, composed exclusively of working people, all abstainers. *See blank column.*

2. Twenty leading Life Assurance Companies, which assure abstainers and non-abstainers of all ranks, but only after very exacting examinations as to health and habits. *See shaded column.*

3. Foresters' Friendly Society, whose members are chiefly drawn from the working classes, but without test as to abstinence from alcoholic liquors. *See black column.*

The Balance of Life is all in favour of the Abstainer.

This is borne out by the reports of the Temperance Assurance Societies, one of which—the Scottish—finds its death claims during ten years to be only 46 per cent. of those experienced by the twenty leading Life Assurance Companies referred to above.

1837. V. R. 1897.



Reproduced from their "Record Reign" coloured plate by special permission of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save the Queen.

By the Editor.



The Queen: Aged 6.

Unlucky the girl that's born in May,
Sadness and sorrow shall be hers alway;
None can respect her,
All shall reject her—
Unfortunate girl to be born in May.

So runs folk lore in some parts of the country.

For once, however, the old rhyme is out of it. Born in the perilous month, on the 24th day thereof, 1819, Victoria, daughter of a duke, poor indeed as princes go, has lived to be the most notable woman in the whole world, Queen-Empress of an empire greater than ever Cæsar dreamed of, a women whose very name is deservedly associated with all that is truly queenly among women, a name honoured and revered alike by the civilised and barbaric, the name of the great mother of races of all languages and hues, whose common bond is subjection to the sovereignty of one who has ruled by her womanliness. For, after all, it is not the extent of her empire, nor the glory of her arms, nor the wealth of her people, real as these are, which thrill the pulse to-day. The nation has felt the throb of the true heart in its Queen, found her to be above all things a sterling woman—tender, loving, responsive—a woman in her joys, her sorrows, her sympathies, aye, and her failings too; and from the statuesque regality it has penetrated to the soul within, there to find, what in high or low estate by every heart is cherished—a mother.

Early training in the case of queens, as of humbler folk, most influences future conduct. Our beloved Queen was fortunate in having a devoted mother, who, from the death of her husband in 1820 until the marriage of the Queen in 1840, never ceased to influence her daughter in all things worthy, and to guide her with counsels of perfection, loving and discreet. Not only did the Duchess of Kent provide for the young princess's literary and artistic training, but in every way she sought, by precept, example and encouragement, to inculcate and educe those qualities of truthfulness, self-respect, kindliness, and gratitude for all favours which alone give true nobility to any, be he peer or peasant, as the poet says:

'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

How well these lessons were learned history testifies.

Few can read, without emotion, the story of that day when Victoria first learned she might yet be Queen of England; how, with deep feeling, she turned to her governess, and tremblingly clasped her hands, exclaiming, "There is much splendour, but more responsibility," and then, after a pause, "I will be good." And, if she has made mistakes, certainly this vow she has realised, for indeed she has been good. From that eventful day, with increasing diligence, she prepared for the coming greatness, and the added responsibilities, and when these came she was not found wanting.

As day dawned, June 21st, 1837, there drove up to the door of Kensington Palace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who demanded instant interview with the sleeping princess. In the night the sailor King, William IV., had passed away, and the gentle maiden, who now appeared clad in a loose nightgown and slippers, with hair falling around her shoulders, was Queen of England. To the greeting given her, "I beg your Grace to pray for me," was her response and thus, kneeling on the floor, with invocation of the blessing of the King of Kings, was her reign commenced. And when, on the morrow, with full



The Queen, To-day.



The Queen, 1837.

pageantry Victoria was proclaimed, she, overcome with emotion, fell on her mother's neck and wept—a sight at which the oldest and most hardened of her beholders were moved.

Unaffected simplicity has ever been characteristic of the Queen. Even on the Coronation day, June 28th, 1838, amid the lordly throng which crowded the historic Abbey of Westminster, she was the most natural. But if the Queen has been simple she has also been strong for good, and, under the influence and example of her stainless purity, the court life, which under her predecessors was corrupt, if not immoral, has become an example to the nations and to her people.

True home life is said to be almost unknown in the highest circles of society. To some extent the statement is justified. The Queen's life presents a notable exception. All the world knows with what delicacy she, according to the dictates of her position, invited Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg to be her royal consort, and how truly happy a marriage was theirs, how in heart and sympathy they were one, and how she found that support and help she needed in him, who



"ALLURED TO BRIGHTER WORLDS AND LED THE WAY."

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, was

. . . . . A prize indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good."

The domestic life of the royal couple, the care with which they trained their children, the way in which, amid all the claims of court and throne, they sanctified the home circle, never forgetting their more than royal names—"father and mother," "husband and wife," are known by all. Every struggling couple in this land have felt the influence of that household, every mother has felt that she had a sister-mother in her Queen. And it is largely to the example set at Windsor, and especially at Balmoral and Osborne, that we owe the sturdy continuance of the English belief—

Be it never so humble,
There's no place like home.'

And when, in 1861, the "sorrow's crown of sorrow" fell upon the royal household, the nation wept, not with the formality of court mourning but in deep, spontaneous sympathy for the bereaved woman, who, in the last moments of his life, had stolen to the bedside of her husband, and, with the words, ''Tis your dear little wife,' and a farewell kiss, sealed the record of a happy life.

Then, as many times after, when the shadows have fallen across her life, the people have returned to the Queen some of that affection which, in words of loving sympathy and in visits to the wounded or bereaved, in gifts in coin and kind to the needy, the suffering and the outcast, has endeared her to her subjects, and made all feel their ruler is of themselves.

Into her joys and her sorrows the nation has entered, to feel her womanliness and to know more and more the genuineness of that nature which found utterance in the visit to the poor woman who had been bereaved, and who could say after the visit, "We both cried; the Queen cried and I cried."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and this one touch of sympathy for the

oppressed, the afflicted, the poor, has made the Queen beloved of all.

Her sympathy, her woman's wit, her keen appreciation of honest effort have won the praise of all. And yet, even when we think of the growth of the empire during her reign, of the wise and beneficent progress in the material and mental condition of the people, of the amazing army of heroes, statesmen, warriors, judges, authors, with which the Victorian era has been resplendent, it is, after all, not these alone, but more the woman herself whom we acclaim at this great commemoration, when, as in the year of Jubilee, 1887, we spend holiday and cry with heart and voice "God save the Queen!"

Fitting is it, therefore, that our jubilations should be associated with efforts to raise the suffering, to uplift the fallen and to bring purity and happiness into all homes by the removal of evil, for the Queen has ever been foremost and ready in all instances, as in her patronage to the Band of Hope movement, to help everything which would tend to sanctify home life, purify character, increase happiness, and make good.

Our noble Queen! Thy diadem of glory
Far flasheth in renown o'er all the earth;
Thy brilliant reign forms one transcendent story
Of God's great goodness and thy matchless worth.

"FRIENDS ARE PLENTY WHEN THE PURSE IS FULL."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



"WHAT nice people the Symingtons are; it really is a pleasure to know them," remarked Mrs. Martin to her friend Mrs. Jordan.

"Very rich, are they not?" replied the latter.

"Oh yes, very, and so delightfully generous. I feel as though I could do anything for them."

"I wish you might be put to the test in an unexpected way," thought Mrs. Jordan, but she merely said:

"They have lots of friends, I believe; at least, so-called friends; rich people generally have."

Mrs. Martin did not reply, and the conversation ended.

That very day, Mr. Symington went home with a very grave face, and when he and his wife were alone, he told her that the bank in which a large portion of his money was invested was in difficulties, and he feared they would lose it all.

"You see, dear," he continued, "I should not like people who are not well off to lose through me, so I shall pay everybody I can, then I am afraid there will not be much left. For myself I do not grieve, but for you and the children, it will be very hard indeed."

"Not any harder for us than for you, Edward. It is a terrible thing, but we must bear up as well as we can, and God will help us."

Before a week had elapsed everyone in the town heard of Mr. Symington's misfortune, and very genuine and true was the sympathy shown by many. He took a small house where his wife with the help of her two daughters did all the work.

Mrs. Martin, with her false ideas of work, and of what a lady ought to do, was horrified one morning to see Mrs. Symington busy brushing the dirt and dust from her door step.

"We really cannot visit people who do such menial things," she was overheard saying to someone. "The Symingtons always had peculiar notions about position, and visited persons I thought beneath them then, but evidently they were all on a level."

The Martins were not the only persons who gave the Symingtons the cold shoulder. Several young gentlemen thought it prudent to cease their attentions, "lest the girls might think they meant something, which they never did; still it was as well to be on the safe side." Nobody, not even her sister, knew of the heartache that Marjory Symington carried about for many a day when Fred Barton ceased coming.

* * * * * * * *

"We have not been asked to a single party or concert this winter," said Dora to her sister Marjory, the winter after their father's failure. "It is very strange."

"Oh! Dora, not a bit strange, darling! You don't know the world as your wise, elder sister," replied Marjory with a smile. "There is an old proverb: 'Friends are plenty when the purse is full;' our purse is empty, therefore friends—no not *real* friends!—are few."

"Yes, I see, and that is the reason the Leathley girls never asked me to join their picnics this last summer."

"No doubt; but darling I want us to help father and mother to bear these slights bravely, for men who professed great admiration and friendship for father now pretend not to see him lest he should want to borrow money from them, and I know how keenly he feels all these things. So we must work away and be thankful for a few true friends, and thank God we have some as true as steel, to whom neither wealth nor poverty will ever make the slightest difference."

So the trial to the older people was made easier to bear by the unselfish conduct of the younger; but all learnt the bitter lesson that the friendship of many is hollow, and depends to a great extent upon benefits to be gained thereby.

A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

. . . . OUR ARTIST. . . . .

JOEY TREGELLES had no truer friend than Mr. Montague Morlaise. From the very first moment when the artist's eye rested upon him as a boy returning from school across the sands, he felt specially drawn to him; for he thought he saw in him the making of a worthy man.

Then viewing him from the artistic side he saw in Joey a model boy, and would gratefully acknowledge that for some of the finest productions in his studio, he was indebted to the splendidly shaped head and face of that young Tregelles.

Then there were other things which attached him to the lad. He was fatherless and poor, two painful facts which so curiously fitted into his own earliest experience, that his sympathies were aroused on the boy's behalf. His mother also was a honest and hard-working woman, whose spirit of self-sacrifice was almost sublime. Then there was so much in the boy himself, that the artist, in no measured terms, would proudly and most emphatically assert, "Tregelles will make a man some of these days."

And to this end the artist did all he could to render Tregelles help. He had him to his house; introduced him to his wife and daughter, in whom he found the most congenial companionship, especially with the latter, she being just about his own age; gave him the free use of his library; and in sundry ways endeavoured to assist him into social distinction.

But alas, there came a day when, from a position of the most perfect confidence, he found himself plunged, as he expressed it, "into a morass of the most fearful misgivings." He became suspicious—he knew not how—and he felt uncomfortable—he knew not why.

He noticed one day that Tregelles in taking some papers out of his pocket, pulled out therewith one of a pack of cards, and as it fell to the floor, he noticed how hurriedly he covered it with his foot, and blushed as he did it. Then, on another occasion, he observed the black-looking bulb of an old meerschaum pipe projecting out of his waistcoat pocket, and although a smoker himself, he could scarcely reconcile the habit with a fellow who was still in his teens, and was somewhat perplexed as to where he could get the money to spend on tobacco. Then needing his assistance in the studio early one morning, he was surprised to find him slightly under the influence of drink; whilst on an evening of a lovely summer's day, when out for a walk with his wife, in turning the corner of an unfrequented road, he was grieved to find Tregelles in company with a rowdy lot of youths, who were known to be an immoral set. Of course these things were small and insignificant in themselves; but they had such a bearing upon character, that Montague Morlaise became taciturn and sad.

Still, what could he do? He had befriended the youth so far, should he now give him up? Would he not go to the devil if he did? And was it right when the young fellow needed help the most, that he should refuse to render him the least bit of assistance?

Thus reasoned the artist, but he was perplexed and scarcely knew what to do. At length, talking to himself as to a friend, he said, with an emphasis that was almost surprising, "Montague! save the lad if you can."

The following morning they were in the studio—the artist and Tregelles—and the former, having resolved upon his course, went straight at once to his task.

"Tregelles," exclaimed he to the startled youth, "I have known you for years, ever since you were a boy; but I am sick and sad at heart to see what a fool you have become. You are leading a loose and vicious life. I beseech you, for God's sake, stop! stop! or, as certain as you are alive, you are a ruined man."

It was as a bolt out of a blue sky, and the abashed and humbled youth stammered to explain.

"Now, look here, Tregelles," said the artist, pale with emotion, "it is not the least bit of use your attempting to explain. The fact is you are on the high road to ruin. There is only one course for you to take, and, in the name of God, I beseech you to take it; pledge yourself at once and for ever that you will abstain from all besetting sins; that's my advice. Good morning, and God bless you. My work is done for the day."

The artist returned to his house, and, flinging himself exhausted on his couch, exclaimed,

"There, Loo, I have done it. God knows what it has cost me. I must leave the rest with Tregelles."

The tax upon his strength had been too much, the strain upon his highly-sensitive nature too great, and from that morning his health, which was never robust, showed symptoms of decline. The prostration of her husband occasioned his devoted wife moments of great mental anxiety, and she quietly but firmly insisted that he should keep to the house, and abstain from work of every kind. And so, yielding to the influence of her gentle but persuasive spirit, he lounged about the house, and sought for recreation and rest in the garden grounds.

But his presence was greatly missed in the village. He had so endeared himself to the people, that they would lavish upon him their highest praise, and in their own vernacular would speak of him as "a bra' nice gentleman, sure 'nough."

He always had a smile for the children, a cheery word for the fish-wives, and would delight to spin a yarn with the fishermen as they lounged about the bank and the bridge. In fact, as he was wont to express it, he was "all things to all men, that he might gain some."

He would enter the cellars, where they cured their fish; climb the lofts, where they kept the tackle for their boats; sit in their kitchen, listening to the click, click of the needle, as they were busy breeding their nets for the harvests of the sea. He would also enter into their domestic arrangements with all the earnestness of a man who had their interests at heart; and they in return would allow him to make sketches of their corner cupboards, where their rare bits of "chainey" were most sacredly preserved; and their gaily-decorated dressers with their row after row of "cloam;" and the dear old fishwives would cheer him by saying, "Now I'll fitty a dish o' tay afore ee go."

But when day after day "our artist" was missed from the sands, and the cliff, and more especially from the cottages along the coast, the poor dwellers by the sea began to feel as if a bit of sunshine had been taken out of their lives.

In fact, it was truly touching to listen to the remarks of those simple-minded people: "Law, what's the matter wi' Maaster Morlaise? Haave'n seed un for such a bra' long time. 'Ope a edn't bad, poor man." And it was also wonderful to watch the effect upon the face of the old fishermen when it was said: "Maaster Morlaise es all right, 'e es. But 'e 's brav'n busy, so busy 'e es, that 'e haave'nt time to say 'is praayers. 'E's paintin' a pictur' for the 'Cad'my up Lunnon Church-town, 'e es. But 'e's been workin' so 'ard, poor man, that the dear old doctor do say, 'e must rest, and that ef 'e dont e'll die, sure 'nough."

Now when old Peter Penleaven, who was looked upon as a bit of an oracle in his way, heard that, he most emphatically exclaimed,

"Die! 'Our artist' goin' to die! A pack o' nonsense, I say. 'Ow do ee think God A'mighty es goin' to do wi'out 'e? Why, look at the lots o' bootiful little bits o' nature 'e's got to put into pictur's yet. No, no, I tell ee, our dear Faather in 'Eaven edn't such a fool as to let Maaster Morlaise die until 'is work es done."

And with that oracular declaration, most of the fisher-folk began to breathe freely; for all looked upon Peter Penleaven as a bit of a prophet in his way.

But honesty compels us to assert that there were a few, at least, who doubted whether Peter Penleaven was right, and foremost among these was old Nanny Polcrean, who affirmed in the most voluble manner, as she was wont to do, that she did not care what Peter Penleaven said, she was afraid "our artist" would die. "Iss," she exclaimed with tremendous vehemence, "and 'e's sacraficin' 'is life for we. 'E's paintin' a pictur' what's to be 'anged up in the 'Cad'my, up in Lunnon Church-town, and et haave nearly killed un, poor man. But law, I do 'ope 'e waant die afore the pictur' es done, for I shud dearly like the great folks up Lunnon Church-town to see what a bra' bootiful plaace our little village es, ef ets only to be seed in a bit o' paint. But there! clever as Maaster Morlaise es,—and e's a bra' clever man I s'pose—when the poor man haave done 'is best, et 'll be just as the old Book do say about Solomon, the haaf waant be told, et waant."

Month after month passed away, and still no signs of "our artist's" recovery appeared, until the most sanguine began to suspect there was something sadly wrong. The unfinished picture stood where the artist had left it upon the easel in the studio; and for the life of her the poor distracted wife had not the heart to remove it from that sacred position. The doctor, intent upon doing his best for the patient, strictly forbade the slightest reference to the painting, and on no account would he allow any allusion to the coming spring. "For," said he, "Mr. Morlaise must have rest, perfect rest, both in body and mind."

But in spite of all that skill and affection could do, the artist would talk about his painting both in his dreams and delirium. Night after night the poor, almost broken-hearted wife, would sit by his bedside, endeavouring to alleviate as best she could; and night after night, in his moments of delirium, she would listen to the old bantering tones: "And Loo sees nothing in that! Blind as a bat is Loo!" And then again she would hear him say in his dreams, "Loo, love, Loo, there is fortune, there is fame in that head."

Then, one morning, as she sat peering into the future, wondering what would become of her daughter and herself in the event of her dear husband's death, she was aroused out of her reverie by a clear, loud call,

"Loo! Loo! quick! quick! or the light will be gone." And, springing to her feet, she bent over him in bed and said in her softest tones,

"Yes, love, what?"

"Brush! brush! quick, bring me the brush!" he exclaimed, with an all but superhuman strength. "One more bit of tint on that cheek, and my work is done. There now—that's fine." And he moved himself in bed, as if stepping back from his easel in his studio, whilst a sweet smile of satisfaction passed over his wan, worn cheek as he seemed to be watching the effect of that "one more bit of tint."

"O, God!" she exclaimed, and her slender form shook as shakes a willow in a storm, "give him rest, give him rest—rest from that distracting anxiety which racks his poor brain." And, pausing in her petition, she heard, as it were, a sweet soft voice in reply—"Be still, and know that I am God!" and bowing her head in submission, she sat and wept.

When she raised her head from her lap the sun had risen, and was flinging its great, glorious beams upon the molten silver of that crescent sea. Then, slightly opening the window, the first balmy breath of an early spring swept into the chamber, when, revelling in its freshness, she looked the very embodiment of Pope's beautiful expression—"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

For the last three or four hours the poor invalid had sound refreshing sleep, the first for weeks.

"Montague will live!" she said, "and his work shall yet awake the wonder of the world."

Just at that moment she heard a faint and feeble call,

"Loo, love!"

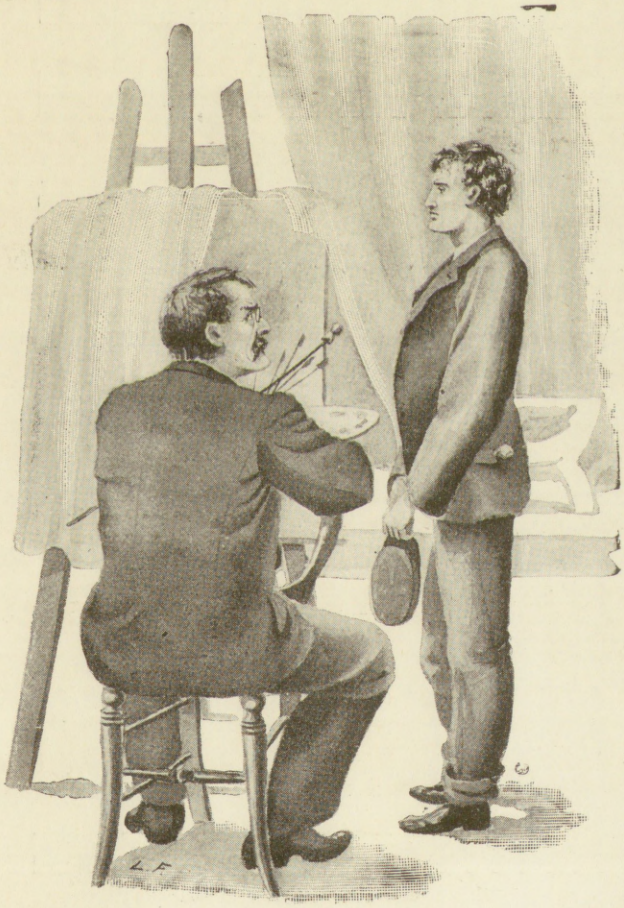
And, stepping to his side, she said,

"Yes, dear."

"I am better, better," he remarked in a whisper, that was more precious to her than the breath of an early spring. "This sleep has done me good. And oh, this balmy air is delicious. Raise me in your arms that I may once more see the sea. Lovely! lovely! Yes, Loo, I shall finish that painting yet."

It wanted but a month or two to the opening of the Academy, and, under ordinary circumstances, he could have finished his masterpiece with ease. But what about it now? Had he sufficient strength? And if he had, would it be wise to tax that strength? Would it not be better for him to let it alone for awhile, and then he would be equal to putting in his best bit of workmanship for the exhibition in the following spring? Yes, they needed money badly enough, but what, after all, was money to reputation and life?

So reasoned within herself this wise and worthy wife. And, after giving the matter her most careful consideration, she concluded it would be better for him to dismiss all thoughts of work, at least for a time, and so she set herself to persuade him that for her sake and Marjorie's it would be better not to think of exhibiting at the Academy that spring. And the poor patient, casting one wistful look in the direction of the studio, acceded to her wishes with a sigh, and went soundly to sleep.



"Now look here, Tregelles," said the artist.—*See Page 85.*

The following night showed signs of improvement, as did also the morning of the following day. Then, as the sun advanced towards its meridian, bathing the landscape in a brilliant light, he raised himself in bed on his elbow, and, looking out of the window on that gorgeous scene, he was thrilled with an excitement that would brook no restraint; and, leaping out of bed he exclaimed,

"Loo, send for Tregelles; send at once. I must finish my masterpiece to-day, if I die."

Stepping from his bed-room into his studio, and seizing his brush he put on the last "bit of tint" to the picture, when, thrilled with excitement, he was in the act of stepping back to watch the effect, when the brush fell from between his fingers, and the palsied arm of the painter hung lifeless at his side.

Tregelles sprang to his help in a moment, and catching the artist in his arms, prevented him from falling on the floor. Calling loudly for help, and receiving the assistance of the poor distracted wife, they carried him back to his chamber and laid him on his bed. There he lay speechless for hours, and both mother and daughter imagined they would never hear him speak again. But at length he gasped:

"Loo,—love!—Loo!—it is—over,—over—but thank God—my work—is done."

(*To be continued.*)

INTOXICATING DRINKS AND THEIR RESULTS.

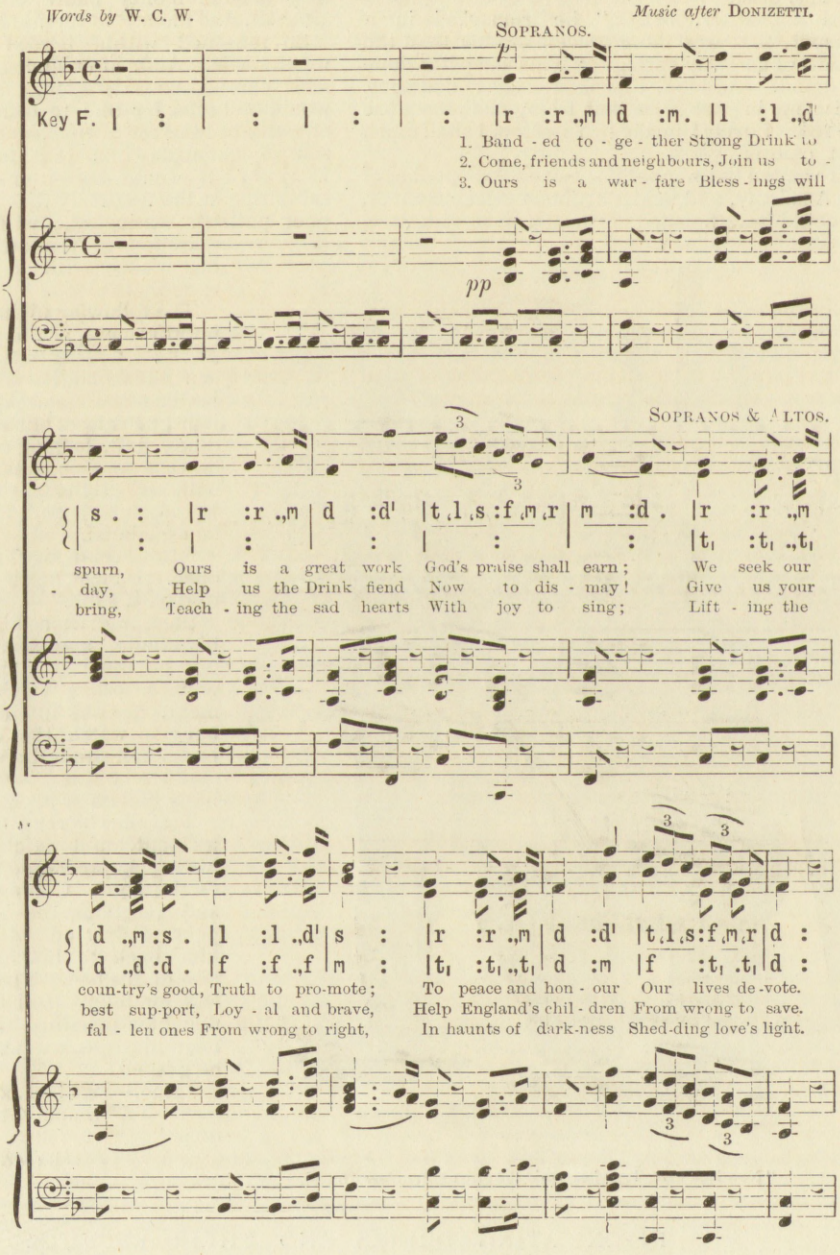
Porter carries away character and a good name.
Ale causes many ailments.
Beer lays many a youthful body on the bier.
Rum brings the bailiff to rummage among the household goods.
Brandy brands the liver and the reputation.
Gin means a trap and a snare.
Wine is winsome and steals the wits. "When the wine is in, the wit is out."
Whisky makes fools frisky, and is risky.

SHUN THE SPIRITUOUS AND SEEK THE SPIRITUAL.

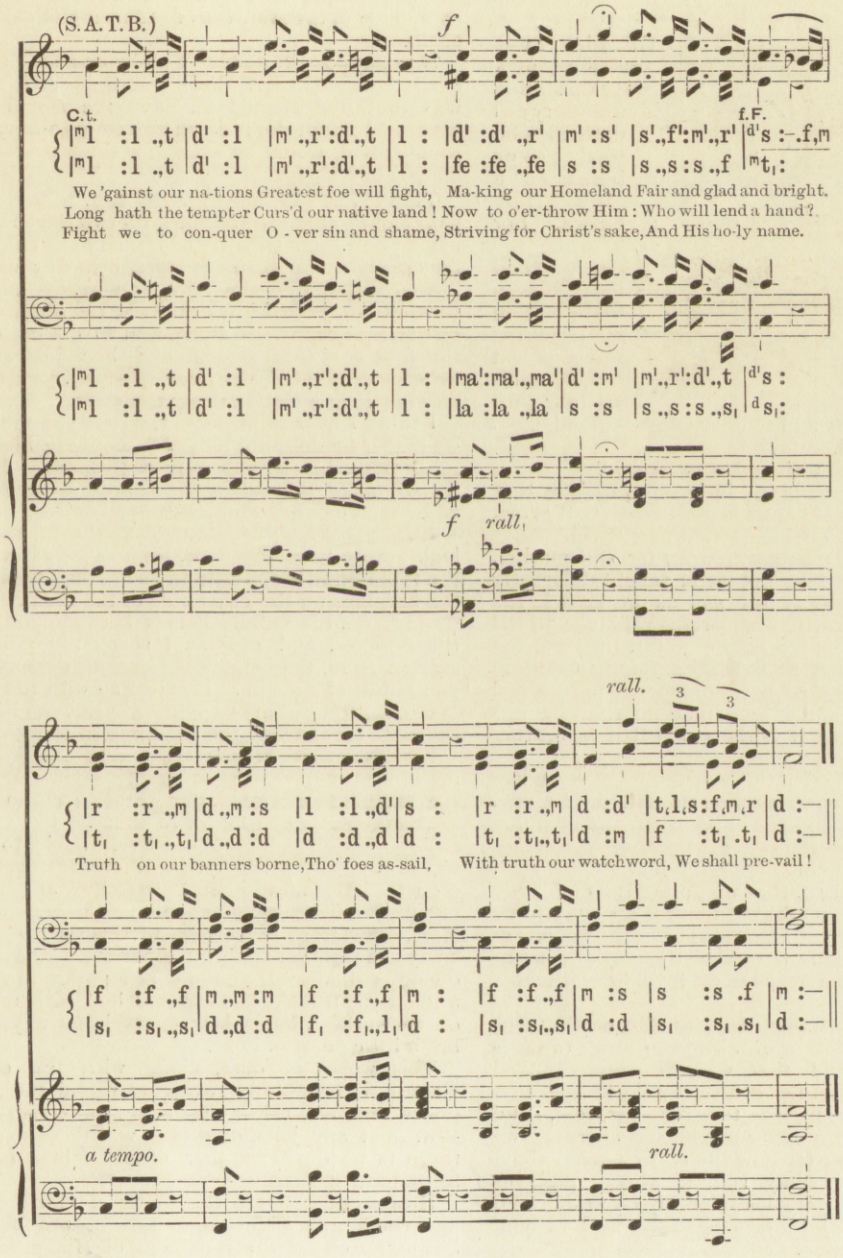
WE SHALL PREVAIL!

Words by W. C. W. *Music after* DONIZETTI.

SOPRANOS.



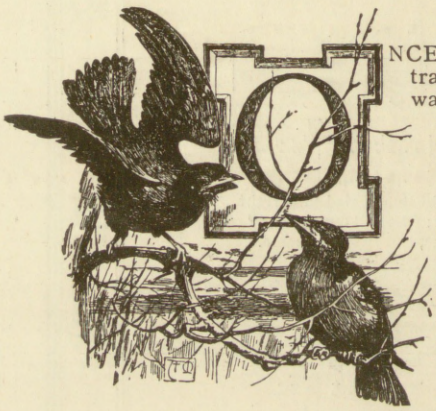
WE SHALL PREVAIL!



Recreative Science.

By Ruth B. Yates.

VI.—TRAVELLING NINETEEN MILES A SECOND.



ONCE, when I was travelling, at a wayside station a country girl entered who had never been in a railway train before. For a while the girl, who had been driven to the station in a jolting waggon, sat staring with wide-open eyes at the trees and telegraph posts flying past, and then asked,

"When is the train going to start?"

She could scarcely be induced to believe that it was not the trees and hedges that were moving, but she who was being carried past them.

Now this girl mistook *apparent* for *real* motion, and so, if you had not been taught differently and were to look at the sun as he rises in the east, dispersing with his glorious radiance all the gloom and darkness of the night, then passing on to the south at noon, and sinking to rest in the western sky in a splendour of purple and gold, you would be quite certain that he was moving, whereas it is the earth that is moving round the sun.

Just try to imagine this world on which we live twisting round and round on its axis once a day, like a top, so making day and night, and spinning round the sun at the rate of about nineteen miles in a second and completing the journey in a year.

"How is it, then, that we do not fall off?" you will ask. Simply because there is a strong force that holds us on. This force is called the law of gravitation, which means that the earth draws us to itself just as a magnet or loadstone draws a needle.

You will remember that, as the earth turns round, our feet are always down towards the ground, and that we are always pulled towards the earth's centre, and will see that we are always pulled towards our feet, and our feet are down below our heads wherever we may be. No matter how the earth moves about or how fast it may run, it always pulls us along with it as it goes smoothly on in its rapid course without jolts or stoppages, and without perceptible motion.

At night, if you watch the stars particularly, you will soon be able to distinguish them, as night after night they appear in the same places. Yet in winter you will not see the same stars as in summer.

I have seen a picture of the stars on a globe, and they cover it; those we see in summer being on the one side and those we see in winter on the other side. Year after year I see stars, just as they are pictured on the globe, set in the great globe of the heavens. These are called the fixed stars, because they appear just as fixed as the seas and rivers and mountains on the earth; so a globe of the stars is as fixed as a globe of the earth.

Now suppose in making a globe or map of the earth, I wanted to put down where a certain ship was that had started on a voyage round the world. I might dot it down correctly to-day, but to-morrow it would be wrong for the ship would have sailed along.

That is just the way with the sun, he is like a ship sailing amongst the stars, no two days in the same place. On the first of January the sun will be opposite one of those stars, next day a little farther round, opposite another star, till on the thirtieth of June he is exactly at the other side, or half way round the globe, and so on until on the first of January again he is back just where we started. So he sails steadily round, year after year, making a circle among the stars.

I think I hear someone say, "How can the sun do that if he does not move?" Because, like the telegraph posts, he only *appears* to move. I will try to make this plain by a little experiment which you can each try for yourselves.

I will place a lighted candle on the table and look across it at the door, then as I walk round the table I find it opposite the sofa, then opposite the fireplace on the other side of the room. Still walking on, the candle comes between me and the window, and now as I reach the point I started from, it is opposite the door again. Do you see what I mean? It is just so with the sun. We go round him once in a year, and that accounts for the way the sun appears to move.

I daresay some of you are longing to correct me in what I have said about the stars being in the same place night after night, because you have noticed some that move about.

You are right. There are five, visible to the naked eye, that are quite different from the others. They move about, hence they are called planets—wanderers. These planets, or wandering stars, differ from the others in several respects. They are brighter than the other stars and they do not twinkle. If you look at a planet through a telescope it looks like a round ball with marks on its surface, but a star never looks anything but a little point of light.

This world of ours, along with the other planets, is constantly revolving round the sun, faster than any railway train, yet quite smoothly —without any jolts or steam whistles—so that there is no danger either of our falling off or feeling any motion.

How wonderful are the works of God! You may see by this slight sketch how beautifully He has arranged for the fulfilment of His promise, "Seedtime and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine;
The hand that made us is Divine.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

By Uncle Ben.

IT was in the year 1785 that Lionel Lukyn, a coach-builder, at the age of 43, designed and built a boat he called an unsubmergible vessel, because if struck by a violent wind or heavy sea, or even half filled with water it would not overset or sink. When the boat was finished it was inspected by the Admiralty, who looked at it but did not use it. They sent it on a trial trip across the Channel, to see how it would get on. It did well, but, unfortunately, did not return, for the boat was captured either by the French or by pirates. Lukyn was a quiet, bland old man, who racked his brains and spent his money in a noble cause, only to be ignored and forgotten by the country he sought to serve so nobly by his effort to save life. However, he lived long enough to see other men take up the work more successfully. In 1789, William Wouldhave invented a life-boat which was again improved upon by Henry Greathead, whose boat did such good service that the Duke of Northumberland took up the scheme, and ordered boat after boat, until before the beginning of this century thirty of these boats were placed upon dangerous parts of our coast.

Lionel Lukyn lived to see the work he had begun successfully carried on, and the National Lifeboat Institution founded in 1824; and ten years after, at the extreme old age of 92, he went to his reward above.



Since that time the work has grown until now there is a life-boat to about every fifteen of the 5,000 miles of coastline around the United Kingdom; and of the 2,000 wrecked vessels which annually imperil the lives of crews and passengers on our shores, there have been 39,354 lives saved from the commencement of the Society. Indeed, there are now 303 lifeboats, ten times as many as there were in the last century, and 17,000 men ready night and day to go to the rescue of distressed mariners off our shores. All the grand results that have come from this noble institution, and its role of heroic deeds unsurpassed in the annals of history, may be traced back to the good endeavour of the benevolent coach-builder, Lionel Lukyn, who has been forgotten for almost a hundred years.

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

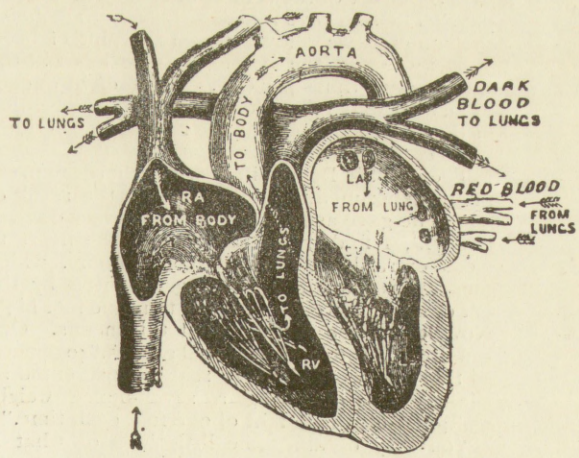
VI.—HOW THE BLOOD CIRCULATES.

YOU might reasonably ask the question, "What makes the blood keep on its journey through the body, continually going on its way and never stopping one minute, no matter how long life may last?"

In the body there is a very clever pump, which sends the blood on its road, a pump that never complains of its work, but keeps on steadily pumping night and day, whether we sleep or wake, and whether we are thinking about it or not. We cannot see nor feel the blood circulating in the body, but we can hear the heart knocking against the ribs, and when we run fast or have any strong exertion, we can feel the heart beating very fast and we are obliged to rest till the heart resumes its usual pace.

The heart is composed of strong muscular fibres, partly plain and partly marked. It is shaped like a pear, with its broad end or base placed upwards in the body and to the right, its narrow end, or apex, downwards and to the left.

Examine the heart and you will find it hollow; indeed there are four little rooms in it—two on the right side, having a trap door between them, and two on the left, with a trap door between them also. A thick wall of flesh separates the right from the left side. The two top rooms are



called auricles (R.A., L.A.); two bottom, ventricles (R.V., L.V.). Though each room will contain the same quantity of blood, the ventricles, because they have more work to do, are stouter than the auricles; and the left ventricle, because it has the hardest work of all to do, is thicker than all the other chambers. All the blood of the body has to pass through these chambers, and to be forced out of the left ventricle, that it may continue its journey round the body.

Suppose, now, the blood comes pouring into the right auricle, as soon as the auricle is full it contracts, and the blood is forced into the right ventricle. Between the right auricle and the right ventricle is a trap-door made of three flaps of skin, forming the tricuspid valve. Once the blood gets into the ventricle behind these flaps of skin, and they join to make a kind of flooring, which the blood cannot force up, because there are cords fastened to the flaps and to the sides of the ventricles to prevent this. So the blood, as the ventricles contract, is forced to go out of the right ventricle through a pipe which carries the blood to the lungs, where it is purified. Thence it passes onward to the left auricle, into the left ventricle, where the bicuspid valve prevents the return of the blood to the left auricle; and so, when the left ventricle contracts, the blood passes out into the largest blood-vessel in the body, called the *aorta*, and thus starts on its journey through the body till it comes back to the right auricle again.

The auricles first contract, and then the two ventricles, after which the heart rests just for a short time to get up its strength, before it starts on its work again.

It will need little argument to convince you that, the heart having so much work to do naturally, it must be wrong to throw unnecessary work upon it. This is what alcohol does. It makes the heart beat faster, shortens its natural rest, and consequently helps to wear it out.

Dr. Parkes once performed some very interesting experiments on an intelligent and healthy soldier. First he gave him tea, coffee, and plain water to drink, and found with this treatment that the heart of the soldier beat 106,000 times a day. Then he gave him one ounce of alcohol—the amount we should find in a pint of beer. This increased the beating of the heart at the rate of 4,300 times per day. When eight ounces of alcohol were taken during the day, the beating of the heart increased at the rate of 23,900 times per day.

The late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson made many experiments on this matter, the result of which he gave as follows: "Two ounces of alcohol will, I find, raise the beat of the heart to 6,000 extra beats in twenty-four hours, which means an amount of work represented by the act of lifting a weight of seven tons one foot high. Now let us see further what this means. One ton divided into ounces would give 35,840 ounces, so that the work done is really represented by the process of lifting a seven-ounce weight 35,840 times, the height of one foot each time."

You may obtain some little idea of what it means if you will take a stick of pencil and try to lift it a foot high a thousand times, for you will give up the task long before you come to the end. If you are soon tired lifting so light a weight, what must be the effect on the heart of lifting a seven-ounce weight, a foot high, 35,840 times? It is only because the heart is composed of such powerful muscles that it is able to endure the strain. In the end the result of drinking alcohol makes the heart weak, fatty and flabby.

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

"TEETOTALISM IS SO UNSOCIABLE."



DIFFERENT people and different classes set up entirely different standards of enjoyment. The street arab would find himself very uncomfortable at the table of a first-class restaurant, and equally the city magnate would feel out of place in the kitchen of a common lodging house. We are creatures of habit, and anything contrary to our usual way is more or less uncomfortable. The drinker has habituated himself to the use of alcohol; he likes its flavour, he feels pleasure in the sensations it produces. And because he has this liking, and experiences this pleasure, he cannot understand anyone being at all comfortable who does not do as he does, and at once makes up his mind that as a result of abstinence from alcohol unsociableness must follow.

The teetotaler is unsociable with intoxicating drink itself. He knows its danger, realises the evil that it is working amongst the people, and will neither use it himself, nor provide it for the use of others. He regards it as an enemy, and he works to accomplish its banishment. So far we admit that teetotalism is unsociable. It will have nothing to do with strong drink.

SENSUAL ENJOYMENT.

In regarding the abstainer as an unsociable person, the drinker is judging him from his own standard, and that standard is a low one. It is one of artificial and sensual appetite only. There is all the difference between eating food and drinking intoxicants. There may be pleasure in eating well-cooked and wholesome dishes, but food is an absolute necessity, and does not come into the same category as drinking intoxicants at all. Even here, however, appetite may be unduly cultivated, and luxurious and, to some extent, hurtful foods sought after and indulged in. Plain, simple foods are all that the healthy body requires. The use of strong drink brings no compensation but that of the sensual pleasure referred to. The contents of the beer jug or the wine cup cannot contribute anything in the way of real sustenance. Alcohol cannot and does not build up a single particle of tissue; on the contrary, deep down in the molecular structure of muscle and nerve there are changes slowly wrought by its influence, which presently show themselves in gout and other diseases.

It may be said that strong drink is necessary to promote that convivial and jolly spirit which is essential to real sociableness, but an old proverb reminds us that "When the wine is in the wit is out," and the general result of the convivial tone is an aching head and intense depression of spirits. Compare the sociableness of the drinker overnight and in the morning, and it will be seen that the balance is against and not in favour of the drinker.

A SOURCE OF DANGER.

When a man begins to think that strong drink is absolutely necessary to his enjoyment, and he sets that up as his standard, then such a man already proclaims himself to be more or less a slave to the intoxicating cup. He has cultivated habits that demand satisfaction, or they will render his life almost intolerable. When a man reaches this condition he cannot understand any other being able to enjoy life excepting under his own conditions. It is from the immediate ranks of those whose sociableness entirely depends on the presence and use of strong drink that drunkards are constantly being made. It is better to be dubbed "unsociable" than to run the risk of a danger such as that.

INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL ENJOYMENT.

To have real enjoyment there must be clear perception and a full use of every faculty. Just in proportion as perception and faculty fail so enjoyment is lessened. Let us take an extreme case—the idiot, whose unfortunate case excites the pity of everyone, is well representative of loss of faculty and perception. How extremely limited is the sphere of his enjoyment, and of his power of being sociable. His capacity for these things is so curtailed, and his intelligence so small, that he can get very little out of life at all. Let it be remembered that the whole tendency of alcohol is to weaken perception, to lessen judgment, to benumb the faculties. In short its use results in the first steps towards that condition which is so much deplored in the case of the idiot. It is a fact that one fourth of the insanity of the United Kingdom (and there are about 128,900 incarcerated in lunatic asylums) is caused immediately by the use of alcohol, which, instead of quickening perception, increasing the judgment, and strengthening the faculties, does the very opposite.

A WANT OF HOSPITALITY

is often said to be shown if strong drink is not provided for guests, and on that account the teetotaler is said to be unsociable. But let every one be fair about this. The teetotaler is a guest at the table of a user of alcoholic liquors, and he does not regard it as unsociable of his host that he does not drink non-alcoholic beverages to please his guest. He accepts the conditions that if his host claims the liberty to drink wine at his own table, he also can claim the privilege of abstaining from wine, and he does not feel at all hurt, or in the slightest degree unsociable, because of this condition. When the moderate drinker is the guest and the abstainer is the host, the conditions also have been accepted, and there should be no feeling on the part of the guest that the host is not drinking wine, and that he does not provide it. Let the moderate drinker ask himself this question: Why is strong drink in some form or another so absolutely necessary to his enjoyment and sociability? The answer is: That a false but powerful appetite has been created, and there can be no pleasure when this appetite is not appeased. Of the two conditions the abstainer certainly has the best.

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

- - - CATS. - - -



CATS! And pray who *hasn't* petted a cat? There is no animal which can lay claim to being a universal pet except the cat. The dog might fairly compete were it not that the ugly licence stands in the way, and only the favoured few can possess one; but "our friend, the cat," is the acknowledged chimney ornament in every home. Enemies (generally old bachelors!) rise up and condemn the cat as an *unloving* quadruped, others dub him a *thief*, others accuse him of suffocating babies in cradles, and yet others are unmusical enough to fail to appreciate his "songs in the night." But, in spite of all his foes, grimalkin heads the list of British pets.

There is absolutely nothing in existence so lovely as a kitten a month old. Its exquisite innocence and charmingly sweet disposition would melt the heart of a stone (if a stone possesses one!)

From my earliest childhood, cats have been my constant companions. When quite a tiny boy I used to read books to a fat-faced old Tom, and for hours I would chatter to him (at least so my mother has told me, I confess I don't remember!), and explain the books as though he could fully take in all I was saying to him.

Since I have grown up, I still am passionately fond of the dear furry things, and if you were to come in when I am at my dinner, you would see a black pussy of some eleven summers sitting on one shoulder, and her son (who rejoices in the name of William Alexander) sitting on the other. Both are as happy as sandboys, and I enjoy my dinner much more with them than I should without them. I never could bear to *drag* and *squeeze* and *pull* poor pussy, even when I was quite a child. Some people seem to think that a child does not know better than to torment the poor cat. There never was a greater mistake. A draggle-tailed, ragged-furred, sticky-looking cat in a house is generally an evidence of *cruel* children.

Let us all stick up for dear old pussy, and make him as happy as he makes us, and, if I may judge by my own feelings, he is certain to get well treated if we give him proportionate pleasure to that which his gentle presence gives to us.

Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"NE CEDE MALIS."



"YIELD not to misfortune!"

The misfortunes of Pierre were piled up in a great heap. To start with, his father had been dead some years, and had left plenty of debts behind him, but no means of paying them. These debts stood in the way of Pierre finding friends. Hard-hearted people said they had lost enough on the father, and were not willing to do anything for the son. Pierre did not fret, for there still remained his mother, whom he loved more than anything else in the world.

Sometimes they were comfortably off, other times they felt the pinch of poverty. One morning the good woman found herself unable to rise from her scanty bed. The cupboard was entirely bare of food. Pierre thought of this, and in his loneliness, helplessness and hunger, he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes. Yes, his misfortunes were indeed great. But he battled with them, and fought back the welling tears. To keep up his spirits he hummed a song. That was the utmost limit to which he could stimulate his courage.

Presently the little fellow looked out of the window and saw a man posting bills containing the information that Malibran would sing in the Public Hall.

As the boy's eyes dwelt on the name of the finest singer in Europe, a great thought came into Pierre's mind, and completely possessed him. From a little box in the breadless cupboard the child took a roll, which had the appearance of music paper. He took nobody's counsel. He gave one glance at the sleeping invalid and rushed from the house.

"Really! I can see no one now. I am worn out with company." So spake the great singer to the servant who announced a visitor.

"It is only a very pretty little boy with fine curls."

A very pretty little boy, with fine curls! The words touched the singer, and she yielded.

Little Pierre stepped into the great lady's presence, and, in a manner quite manly said,

"I come to see you because my mother is very ill, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that if you would only sing my little song perhaps some publisher would buy it, and so I could get what mother needs."

Malibran took the paper from the child and hummed over the air.

"Did you compose it? You! a child! I am sure you would like to come to my concert."

"Oh yes!" and the boy's eyes took on a wonderful beauty as he spoke; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening. Here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine; and here is a ticket. Come to-night, and don't leave the concert without speaking to me."

* * * * * * * *

Pierre had wonderful patience, yet it seemed long to wait till concert time. As he entered the room, the myriad lights, the assembled beauty, the flashing of diamonds, and lastly, the music, almost bewildered his brain.

At last the great singer came on, and the boy's excitement was almost beyond control. Breathless he waited. The band struck up a plaintive little melody. Pierre recognised it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how marvellously Malibram sang that song. It was so simple, so soul-subduing; many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and nought could be heard but the touching words of the little song of Pierre's.

The sick woman had a visitor next day—Madame Malibran. After a few words of sympathy and cheer the singer went on:

"Your little boy, madam, has brought you fortune. I was offered, this morning, three hundred pounds for the little song, madam. Thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor widow wept together. Through her tears of joy the invalid said.

"My child *is* a gift from heaven. When sorrows pressed he never gave way; he was always bright and cheerful. I thought I was dying, but now I am sure I shall live."

The invalid recovered, and lived long enough to see her son hailed as one of the finest musical composers of his country. *Ne Cede Malis!* Never give way to difficulties, but fly over them with wings of faith and hope.

YOUTH AND AGE.

By Mary M. Forrester.

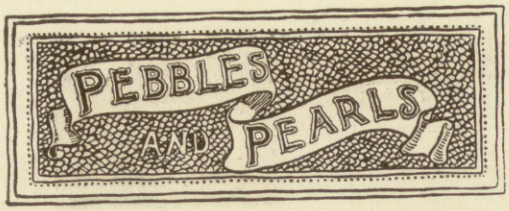
I AM nearing the night-fall lassie,
Am nearing the far, far end,
And swifter the hours fly onward,
And deeper the shades descend;
The glow of my life is over,
The evening is grey and cold,
The sun has gone down in the shadow,
And left not a trace of gold.

But after the journey, lassie,
And after the short, short night,
In the kingdom across the river,
There's the glory of God's own light;
If I stick to the path that's narrow,
Hold on to the ways of truth,
The King o'er the silent river
Will give me eternal youth.



You are still in the sunlight, lassie—
The sunlight of life's fair noon,
Each day hath a wealth of colour,
Each hour sings a merry tune;
Twine your flowers while youth still lingers,
Bask well in the golden light,
But stand by the truth, my darling,
Hold fast to the pure and right!

And then, when *your* night comes, lassie,
When the light of *your* life goes out,
No matter how dense the shadows,
You can walk without fear or doubt;
And when you have crossed the river,
And the morning shall break anew,
You will find me, not old and wrinkled,
But a beautiful girl, like you!



ALWAYS do your best, and every time you will do better.

"WHAT a loud dress Mrs. Jaysmith has on!"

"Yes, it is ornamented with accordion trimming."

IF one has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

"OH, papa, why does that goosie hold his leg up under him like that?"

"Perhaps he's afraid one of the younger fowls will pullet."

PAPA: "Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the store-room?"

Willie: "They are with the gingerbread that was in the cupboard."

A POOR man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

SCHOOL TEACHER: Robert, you have been very naughty. *(Sepulchrally)* Robert, do you know where all bad boys go to?

Robert: Yessum; but I ain't a-goin' to tell an' git licked fer swearin'.

AN Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs.

"I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France, he is a Frenchman."

"Begorra!" said Pat, "if a cat should hov kittens in th' oven, would yez call thim biscuits?"

LAWYER (to timid young woman): "Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?"

Young woman (blushing): "Y-yes, sir; of course."

Lawyer: Please state to the jury just what suit it was."

Young woman (with more confidence): "It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front, and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match—"

Judge (rapping violently): "Order in court!"

Notable Events in our Calendar.

June 1.—United Kingdom Alliance formed, 1853.
" 2.—National Temperance League established, 1866.
" 15.—Jabez Tunnicliffe, one of the founders of the Band of Hope movement, died, 1865.
" 20.—Victoria the Good ascended the throne of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, 1837.

CHARITY ought to be the religion of the whole world.

"I am only one, but I *am* one,
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something;
What I can do I ought to do,
And, by the grace of God, I will do."

THE COST OF ALCOHOLISM.—German statistics illustrate what a single family of alcoholics may cost Society and Government in less than a century. A woman died at the commencement of the century, and it was found that she had 710 descendants. In this number 106 lived more or less in hospitals; 162 were beggars, and passed part of their lives in poor-houses; seventy-six were condemned for serious offences or criminal attempts; seven were condemned for murder. In less than eighty years this family cost the German Government, as beggars and prisoners, etc., more than £240,000.



COME home and break bread with me to-night, Cawker.

Then your wife insists on doing her own baking, does she? So does mine.

ONE of the new school of Scotch parsons was recently preaching in a strange village. Fearing his hair was not properly parted in the middle, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle:—

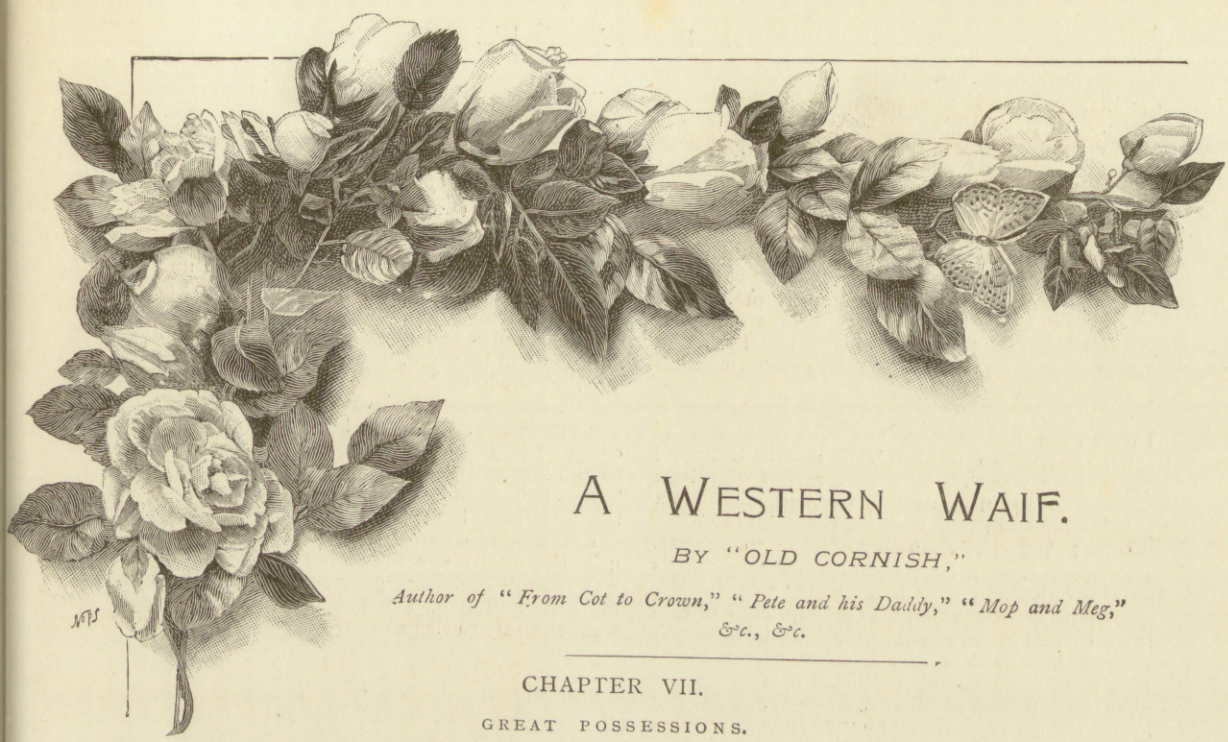
"John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with a parcel underneath his coat, which, to the astonishment of the parson, he produced, in the form of a lemonade bottle with a gill of whisky, saying:—

"Ye mauna lat on aboot it, minister, for I got it as a great favour, and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna said it was for you!"

AN American paper says that in one of the earliest trials before a coloured jury the twelve gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury-room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced:

"We hab looked ever'whar', Judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behin' de doahs, but it aint nowhar' in dat blessed room."



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH,"

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.

THE opening of the Academy was attended with great *éclat*. Never since its commencement, and not even then, had it been attended with such a brilliant assembly. Scions of royal blood were there; whilst large numbers of the nobility, with their sons and daughters gorgeously attired, helped to make the occasion a most fascinating scene.

The day itself was perfection. It was as cloudless as a day in June, and the warm and genial sun shining with a brilliancy that was bewitching, conspired to make men forget that there was ever such a thing as meanness upon the earth, and constrained them to present and admire the beautiful and the true.

The collection of pictures was said to be the finest for years; and it was a source of satisfaction that our foremost men in art had contributed to make it unique in its way—an ideal show.

There were pictures of all sizes, and on all kinds of subjects, so that the tastes of the most fastidious were met; and it was pretty generally asserted that if there was one of the discontented class, who was disposed to complain, neither would he be satisfied if an archangel came down from heaven with one of the twelve gates of pearl in his hand.

But the picture of the year, that which attracted the greatest attention, was by a man unknown to fame, one of the new school, but who was destined from henceforth to take the highest rank. It was a marvellous production, and the cleverest and most competent critics in the land lavished upon it their highest and most unstinted praise. It was faultless in design, and perfect in execution; and there were those who did not hesitate to say that, like Turner of immortal fame, the artist had mixed his colours with his brains. Newspaper writers grew greatly excited over the subject, and almost exhausted their vocabulary in its description. One of the finest connoisseurs in art declared it to be the most perfect specimen the human mind could conceive, and did not hesitate to say that it was equal to anything the fine old masters had ever produced. And the critics were backed by the crowd; and it was no uncommon thing to hear in city streets and country lanes, from the lips of the prince and the peasant, not "Have you been to the Academy?" but "Have you seen the celebrated picture?" In fact, in club and court, in drawing-room and concert-hall, in the homes of the wealthy, and even in the cottages of the poor, the all absorbing topic was that masterpiece—the picture.

True it had every advantage that the Academy could afford. It was hung in the most splendid position. There fell upon it the finest light. It was just at a height where everyone could see without having to crane their neck or break their back. Whether these were among the many chapters of accidents, or whether they were the result of a preconceived opinion, it was difficult to decide. But both the critics and the crowd agreed in the opinion that it was just in the very place it deserved.

Excitement in the West was intense when it became known that the picture *par excellence* of the Academy was the one by "Our Artist"—for they had learnt to call him so—and that as a result the eyes of all England were fixed upon that lovely little village by the ever sounding sea.

"There now!" exclaimed old Nanny Polcrean, "dedn't I tell ee et wud be so? Dear Maaster Morlaise, 'ow I wish 'e lived to see this 'ere day. Iss, dear beauty, et's all through 'e, et es, that

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our little village haave become a praise in the earth. And shaan't we haave such a lot o' great folks comin' down 'ere to see we! Law, I don't knaw where we shaal put 'em to when they do come."

"'Old the jaw, Nanny," said old Maul Trezise, "don't knaw where to put em to! Why, haaven't es lots o' room? And I'm goin' up to Lunnon Church-town to ax 'em all down. Iss, and I'm goin' to car' my cowall up wi' me, I am."

"Thee goin' to Lunnon, Maul Trezise!" exclaimed Nanny Polcrean, lifting her hands in amazement. "But 'ow art a goin' to reach Lunnon—by road or rail?"

"By road; haaven't the money to go by rail. I wish I 'ad, my dear."

"Thee goin' to waalk all the way to Lunnon! Why, thee waan't waalk as far as Long-Rock afore thee'rt as tired as a dog. And what art a goin' to do when thee dost get there Maul?"

"Do! Why show my purty faace to be sure. Dost a think that Phyllis Tregelles' saucy boy's es the only 'andsome faace in the world. No, no, I tell ee. And when I get up Lunnon Church-town I shaal go and stand by Maaster Morlaise's picture in the 'Cadmy, I shaal, so that when the great rich folks, those wi' a bra' passle o' money, do come, and look on that there picture they shall see Maul Trezise, they shaal—a bit from life!"

When it became known that Maul had resolved to go to London, and that she had "got a bran new cowall, maade out o' them there withes that grow'd up to Bologgas," some said, "Lor-a-mercy! she edn't goin' up to Lunnon, sure 'nough. Why, she es such an old scare-crow that she'll frighten all the folks out o' the 'Cadmy, she will;" whilst others advised, "No, no, let the old geese-daancer go, for she'll be as good as a Chrestmas play for those great Lunnon folks, she will." But before any one had time to persuade or prevent, Maul was off.

The journey to London was long and tedious, and Maul was footsore and sad long before she had come within sight of the great city. But when, one early morning, she caught sight of its blazing lights, she exclaimed, "Goodness gracious! what shaal I do? Iss, the city es on fire, et es. Why, et's like goin' into the mouth o' 'ell to go in there." But after a moment's reflection she resolved to proceed, and, following the crowd as they were going to their work after the rest of the night, she said, "Law! law! why, there's a berrin, there es. Somebody es dead, I s'pose, and they es goin' to car 'n up Lunnon Churchtown."

At length, when she had got well nigh to the city she managed to summon up courage to ask, "Can ee tell me where the 'Cadmy es?"

"The what?" asked a Cockney in surprise.

"'Cadmy, ef you please."

"Don't know it, my old woman; never heard of such a place."

Then bethinking herself for a moment, she said,

"Do ee knaw where the pictur' show es?"

"Oh, it is the Academy you want."

"Iss, iss, I b'lieve that's what they call un."

"Ah, well then, you have a good way to go yet, but keep straight on, and when you have gone a couple of miles and more inquire for Piccadilly, and you will be there."

"Pick-a-what?"

"Piccadilly, my good woman."

"Pick-a-lilly, you bucca! Dost a think Maul es a fool? Pick-a-lilly indeed! Why I haaven't seed a flower worth a pickin' never since I left 'ome, I haaven't. But we got a bra' lot o' beauties down long wi' we."

Left again to herself she plodded wearily on, until eventually she found herself in front of the Academy, when, flinging her cowall to the ground, footsore and sad, she sat upon the same and went soundly to sleep.



"Now, grandmother," said a policeman on his beat, "get up! get up!"

"'Ow do ee knaw I'm grandmother?" she rather gruffly enquired.

"'Cause you are like one, anyhow."

"Well, I edn't then—there! Never 'ad a baby in my life. I wish I 'ad though. You shud caal people by their right naames, you shud."

"Never mind; get up, and move on!" peremptorily demanded this limb of the law.

"Get up, eh! Why, there wadn't a fella all the way up to Lunnon that asked me to get up afore, and a bra' passle passed me in carts, and I ded so waant a ride, I ded. Move on! Just like yer impudence. Where'm I to move to? This is the 'Cadmy, edn't it, Maaster P'liceman?"

"Yes, yes, this is the Academy. But where are you from, old woman?

"Why, all the way from Cornwall, to be sure."

"And where's that?"

"Law, thought everybody knaw'd where Cornwall es. Why, down long wi' we, where Maaster Morlaise's pictur' do come from, that's maakin' ee all daance in your shoes like mad."

"A queer card that," whispered the policeman to himself; "I will let the old thing rest;" and so saying he went on his beat.

In an hour or two more the Academy was open. One of the earliest arrivals—in fact the very first, with the exception of Maul, whom the good, kind-hearted policeman allowed to rest on her cowall was a rare old English gentleman—a man of fine presence, but with a haughty mien, who drove up in his carriage, attended by his liveried servants in their powdered wigs.

Maul rose from her cowall, and curtsied to his lordship as he stepped out of his carriage, when, arrested by the singular appearance of this woman from the west, he stopped and asked,

"Where are you from, my good woman, and how is it you are here?"

"All the way from Cornwall, sir."

"Ah, from Cornwall, indeed; the one-and-all county, the place for copper, tin, and fish; the birth-place of Sir Humphrey Davey, the great scientist, and Sammy Drew, the philosopher, and I don't know who beside. A good county is Cornwall."

And with that he passed up the steps, having dropped into the hand of the old fisherwoman "a coin o' the colour o' a bit of saffern," as she afterwards playfully remarked, and which made her old heart "leap like a cat arter a mouse."

As his lordship was entering the gallery he was heard to say, "New schools! New women! I hate them—I hate them! Give me the old, I say; yes, like the old fish-fag down there"—and he turned in the direction of Maul, and saw her face as bright as a harvest moon,—"The old painters, the rare old masters of the magic art; give me them, I say."

Now it was well known that Lord Fitzmaurice—for such was the man—was a rare judge of pictures, and though a man of strong prejudice, and one of the keenest art critics of the day, was nevertheless a just and generous man.

"William," said he to his attendant, "where is the blessed picture about which the crazy crowd have gone mad, where is it?"

"In the gallery to the right, my lord."

"Ah, yes, yes," and as his eyes rested upon a splendid little medallion he exclaimed, "A bit of good workmanship that; well designed, yes, and well executed, too."

"And that! why, that's fine—really fine!" he observed, as he was arrested by a figure of a larger size. "No, no," he remarked, "the critics are not far out of it after all. At any rate, so far so good."

But just then his eye caught sight of a "dirty drab of a thing," and all at once a frown leaped into his face, and he cried, "Fools! fools! What on earth can have possessed them to give such a wretched thing a place. Rather than tarnish the walls with such a mud heap, I would see the fellow to Jericho, paint-pots and all."

When his volcanic wrath had expended itself his lordship stepped in front of a touching scene—an infant fast asleep upon the breast of its mother, a tramp upon the road side, on a sultry summer's day. "Ah, now," he said, "that's good. But poor thing! poor thing! 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' Finely done—very finely done! but too touching. No, I musn't stop, I shall blubber if I do."

Then, as he stood in presence of a magnificent picture in a massive frame, he exultingly exclaimed,

"Good heavens! That's exquisite—exquisite! The finest by a long way yet. I must study this. Let that other picture go. New school or old, I do not care; it can't beat this, anyhow." And so saying he sat himself down to study a picture which was superbly done. At length, addressing his attendant, he inquired, "William, what is this called?"

"'Great Possessions,' my Lord."

"'Great Possessions!' Zounds and all, and this is the picture, eh?"

"It is, my lord."

"Then leave me, William; leave me for just a quarter of an hour. I want to be alone with this masterpiece."

And the attendant, respectfully retiring, said,

"Never knew his lordship do such a thing before. He is one of the crazy folk, anyhow, this morning."

In silence and alone Lord Fitzmaurice studied the picture from every available point of view. And then, as if he could restrain his feelings no longer, he shouted,

"Magnificent! Simply superb! Talk of the old masters! Why, none of them can surpass this. I wonder what will be the price? Must have it if I pledge my estate. And in what a splendid light it is. Ah, those fellows know how to hang—at least all except themselves. Doubtless the artist has a friend at court. Yes, and a good thing too, a good thing too, whatever those artist chaps may say."

In the meantime the attendant had returned, and found his lordship still studying the picture, and saying,

"What a face! What a charming face. And how it reminds me—of her—yes, her. Her eyes, her hair—and, good heavens! that proud and haughty look, just like hers."

"William, what did you say is the name of the artist?"

"Montagu Morlaise, my lord; one of the New School, but he is dead. Did this and died, my lord."

"Dead, William, dead!

"Yes, my lord."

"What, and the secret dead, too!"

And leaving the Academy he said, with a suppressed emotion, "The secret dead, too!—dead, too!" Then reaching his carriage he remarked, with an air of distraction, "William, drive home, drive home."

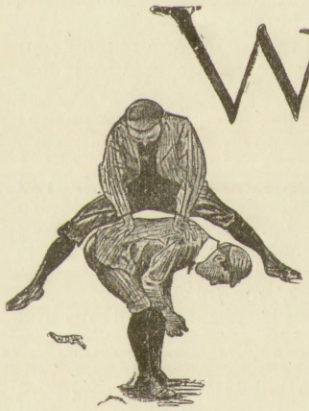
(To be continued.)

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

VII.—HOW THE BRAIN CONTROLS THE BODY.



WE know that the muscles are intended to move the bones, that the body needs to be constantly repaired and nourished with food, that the food we eat becomes blood, and that the heart's duty is to keep the blood circulating, so that it may nourish every part of the body.

The voluntary muscles only move when we give commands for them to do so. But how are these commands sent, and from what part of the body do they come? Before answering these questions let us take an illustration. What makes a locomotive run along the rails? You reply, the steam, of course! You are right, the steam, generated in the boiler, causes the piston to move up and down, the wheels move round, and away goes the engine.

Suppose an accident happens, the piston becomes disconnected, the steam, though it be present in large quantities, cannot do its work, and the machine stands still.

Now, that part of the body which we call the brain, or the nervous system, is the controlling power, and enables all the various parts of the body to do their work. The nervous system consists of the brain, spinal cord, cerebro-spinal nerves, and the sympathetic system.

Sometimes the body is compared to a big factory, in which there are many rooms, and various persons employed in the manufacture of a certain article. Over such a factory there must be a head, the manager, who says what is to be done, and looks out that his orders are obeyed, and who punishes when the work is done badly, or rewards the industry of those who work well. Let us suppose, for the sake of our illustration, that the manager's office is in the top storey of the factory; we walk into the office and see the manager at work. We remark to him that he must have a great deal of trouble going up and down stairs, to give orders in the various departments. "Oh dear no!" he replies, "I have no trouble. I have an instrument here by which I can communicate with any department. I can issue my orders without getting up from my seat, and receive messages from any part of the factory in the same way."

This instrument is the *telephone*. This word comes to us from two Greek words, *tele* meaning *afar off*, *phone* meaning *voice*, so that a telephone enables us to speak to someone at a distance.

You can soon see how the telephone works. You touch a little ivory stud; this rings a bell in the room to which you wish to send your message, someone comes to the instrument in that room, you speak through the mouthpiece, your message is conveyed, and your orders are executed.

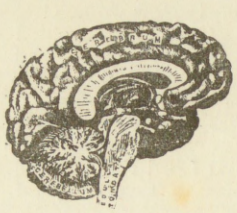
The orders are carried by electricity along wires to the place it is intended they should go, but they will only go if the wires are in good order, and no matter how correct the instrument may be, all will be confusion if the manager be unable to give his orders.

Now, in the human body, the manager's office is the brain; to the brain information of various kinds is sent along threads of soft matter known as nerves. The brain having received the information, issues its orders intimating what is to be done.

Thus, suppose by accident you place your finger in a candle flame; information is sent at once along a nerve to the brain that your finger is in danger. The brain then sends an order along another nerve to the muscles of the finger commanding the finger to come away from the flame. All this is done so quickly that no one can say how long it takes.

These nerve threads are really part of the brain, for both they and the brain are made of much the same material, and they are all connected together.

We can divide the brain into three parts. The greater part, the top of the brain, which you see is divided into two portions, or lobes, is known as the *cerebrum*, this is the Latin word for brain. Underneath is the *cerebellum*, or little brain. The third part is the thick upper part of the spinal cord, known as the *medulla oblongata*, or oblong cord. You notice there are many folds in the brain. The more numerous the folds, the more intellectual is the brain, thus in the brain of a savage there are fewer folds than in the brain of a cultured man.



If you could examine all the wonderful apparatus by which the brain receives messages from, and sends orders to, the various parts of the body, you would learn that from the brain, and especially from the oblong cord, come twelve pairs of nerves, each pair wrapped in a sheath. One nerve brings messages to the brain; that is, it conveys our sensations, and so is called a *sensory* nerve. The other is a nerve carrying orders from the brain, and so is called a nerve of motion, or a *motor* nerve.

Some nerves help us to smell, to see, to taste, to move the eyes, to move the jaws, and are our friends in other ways far too numerous for me to mention.

The spinal cord, a continuation of the oblong cord, is placed in a hollow space in the centre of the back-bone. From it pass 31 pairs of nerves, which twist themselves round the muscles and the blood-vessels. There is one matter more to explain. The *sympathetic system* means a kind of chain of nerve matter which lies along each side of the spinal column. It is connected with the nerves coming from the spine, and consequently is connected with the brain. The nerves coming from this chain of nerve matter spread round the muscles of the heart,



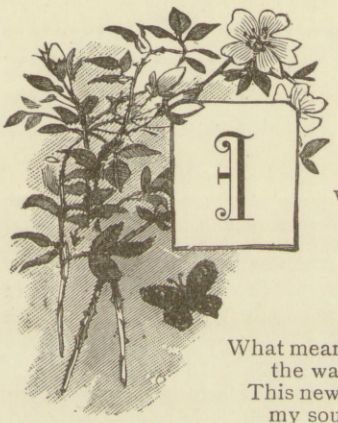
the lungs, the stomach, &c. The brain guides and directs the whole machinery of the body, so that if anything goes wrong with the brain, then the whole body gets more or less out of order.

There is no sight that should excite our pity more than that of a poor creature having a weak brain. A visit to any of our numerous lunatic asylums would make us feel very thankful that God has given us clear intellects, so that we may know what we are doing.

Surely, then, it must be a great sin to place into the mouth anything that will injure the brain. What does Alcohol do to the brain? A very long answer might be given to this question, but the answer I wish to impress on your mind is this, *Alcohol dulls the brain, sending it to sleep.* How soon a factory would get into disorder if the manager went to sleep! He could then neither receive messages from the various departments nor give orders in return. When a man is greatly under the influence of alcohol he cannot direct his muscles, his thoughts, his tongue, he cannot hear the sweetest music, or enjoy the most lovely landscape, he lies for the time like a man without life, or, which perhaps is even worse, his disordered brain may cause him to commit some terrible crime. Alcohol is a brain and nerve deadener, weakening the will, and destroying brain power. The more it is taken the greater the harm it does. It is only by keeping alcohol out of the mouth we shall help to keep the brain active, and able to do its work.

THE TWO PATHS.

By T. F. Weaving.



I STAND where life's broad highway breaks,
And now two pathways loom in sight;
Within me slumbering power awakes,
Around me flash strange beams of light.

What means this parting of the ways?
This new-born impulse in my soul?
This flood of light in clearer rays
Than e'er athwart my pathway stole?

Oh, soul of mine! the hour has tolled
When childhood's dreams must flee away;
With instinct quickened I behold
The dawn of manhood's strenuous day.

I seem to hear a trumpet blow
A thrilling call to march along
The road that to my right doth go—
The war-path of the brave and strong.

I also hear, in accents sweet,
A voice which speaks me wondrous fair,
That to the left would lure my feet,
Assuring me of glory there.

But in my heart full well I know
That siren voice would lead me ill,
For conscience, with monition true,
Bids me obey the bugle's trill.

Though few my years, I see the wrong
That o'er humanity has thrown
On heart and mind its fetters strong;
I hear my kin in slavery groan;

I see a host, with selfish greed,
The birthright of the poor bespoil;
Hear weak ones vainly justice plead;
See labour's ill-requited toil.

Then shall I take the road that leads
Where pleasure claims my ripening years,
And walk her fragrant, flower-clad meads
Oblivious to my kindred's tears?

No! clarion call to duty's track,
I follow in the flush of youth—
Nor hate, nor scorn shall turn me back—
The way of Temperance, Freedom, Truth!

A COUNTRY DRIVE.

By Uncle Ben.

AFTER an attack of measles, Rose and Eland Ainsworth, from a dreary street in London, were taken down into the country; from the smoke and dust of the great city into the very heart of lovely Surrey, at a picturesque old farm-house in one of the rural villages near to Guildford. The sights and sounds of country life were new to them. The green fields and flowers, the incessant song of the birds, and endless foliage seemed like a fresh world of beauty and peace.

One day they walked into Guildford with their mother to do some shoping, and as it was market day the children were to ride back in the farmer's cart that took two pigs for sale into the market. The scene of the cattle market with the pens of sheep and pigs, cows and horses, all out in the open street delighted them, the small stalls and busy life filled them with astonishment. They visited the old castle, and ran about the grounds and had their lunch on the seats, to find the ham sandwiches and hard boiled eggs the most delicious dainties. After this rest and refreshment they took a peep at the quaint old alms house, and wandered down the High-street just in time to see the coach and four that runs from London to Guildford come up and unload its merry passengers for their mid-day repast. They paused to look in all the toy shops and sweet shops to their hearts' content, while their mother did the needful shopping. Then they walked round to see the ruins of St. Katherine's Old Church on the hill, with the pretty view of the town and the river Wey winding along at the foot of the steep descent where once the pilgrims used to stop on their journey from Winchester to Canterbury. By the time they raced down the hill they had to get ready to be at the inn at four o'clock to ride back in the farmer's cart to the old house for tea.

When they got to the inn they found it crowded with men smoking, drinking, shouting and swearing, and the yard filled with carts and horses. While they were waiting for the farmer, two rough men, cattle drovers, came out from the tap-room into the yard quarrelling violently, and both of them very drunk. After much abusive language and noise they fell to fighting. The children were very frightened and their mother took them away. They were eager to know all about the cause of disturbance when the farmer appeared with the cart, and when they were jogging along on the return drive they asked him many questions.



"Driving a chair . . in place of the farmer's horse."

Rose said: "What was the row about?"

"It wasn't very much, the two chaps had high words about a deal, and neither of them would have thought anything about it if they had been sober," replied the farmer.

"Why do people take the nasty beer and stuff that makes them drunk and bad?"

"Because they think its nice," he answered.

"But it can't be nice when it makes people do like that." said Eland.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if people didn't make it?" said Rose persistently.

"Do you take it?" said the boy.

"But you never get drunk, do you!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly.

"Yes, I do take it. I am sorry to say that I

have known what it is to get a drop too much."

The farmer felt the conversation was getting too personal, and was glad to draw the children's attention to some passing object to distract their minds from pushing the subject any further.

They arrived home some little time before their mother, who reached the farm to find the children in the garden sitting on a small table talking over the day's doings, Rose holding the basket with things in as she had seen the women going to market, and Eland driving a chair turned down in place of the farmer's horse.

During tea they told their mother of all they said to the farmer, and how surprised they were that such a kind man could possibly take what did so much harm. Rose said "If he takes us again for a drive from market I shall tell him why we hate the drink, and how different our home has been since father became an abstainer, and then I shall ask him not to have any beer, and invite him to sign the Temperance pledge."

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



HAVE you heard of Joe Jenkins' windfall?" said Jack Halliburton to a friend.

"No, what is it?"

"An uncle has died and left him a thousand pounds."

"You don't say so! I am surprised!"

"Surprised! you may well be; everyone thought that Joe would have to drudge on as a sort of clerk all his life, and now he intends to throw up his situation and live like a gentleman."

"How foolish; nay, wicked of him. Why does he not invest the thousand pounds, go on working, and, in the meantime, let it accumulate, and have something laid by for old age and a rainy day."

"Yes, that would be far more sensible, but then Joe never will take advice, and he gave notice yesterday."

"But a thousand pounds will not last him for ever?"

"Joe seems to think it will."

Joseph Jenkins, a foolish, vain young man, would not take advice from friends, and in the course of a week or two left business "to travel and see the world," as he expressed it. He went abroad, and spent three or four months visiting the gayest cities of Europe. He was certainly a little surprised when his first hundred pounds had dwindled away, and resolved to be more careful in regard to his expenditure, but getting in with a set of fast young men, who soon found out that he was easily flattered, his money rapidly melted away. When he returned from the continent, his best friends tried to persuade him to get another situation, but their entreaties were of no avail; having tasted a life of pleasure he wanted to continue it, and declared that he knew best how to manage his own affairs.

* * * * * * * * * *

One morning a man of about thirty years of age, but looking nearly fifty, stood at the door of a workhouse in Manchester City seeking admission. He was destitute, broken in health, and penniless. His face was a picture of despair. Poor fellow! He once possessed a small fortune, and might have been occupying a good position in the city to-day had he listened to the advice of friends and acted wisely, but like many others he chose a life of selfishness and pleasure, spent his fortune on folly and sin, and four years from the day that he handled the first five-pound note of his uncle's legacy, Joseph Jenkins found himself a beggar at the gate of the union.



How bitterly he regretted the past none but he knew, and when kind friends heard of his fate and came and offered to help him to start anew in life, he was very humble and penitent, and ready to begin at the very bottom of the ladder. "I have been a fool," he said, "and a sinner, and have proved too truly the truth of the old proverb, 'the fool and his money are soon parted,' but by God's help I will try and make a fresh start." And he did.

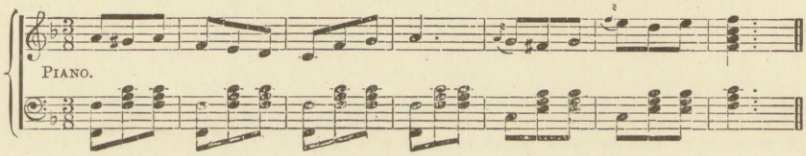
ABSTINENCE

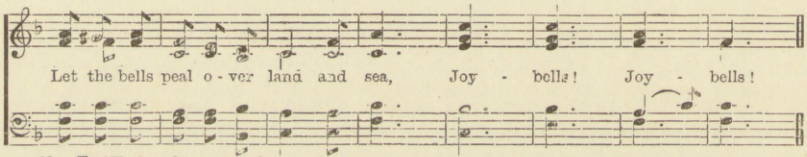
IS GOOD for HEALTH, HOME, AND BUSINESS.

LET THE BELLS PEAL!

Band of Hope Jubilee Song. 1847-1897.

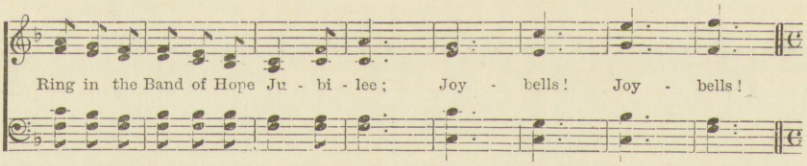
Words and Music by J. GEORGE TOLTON.



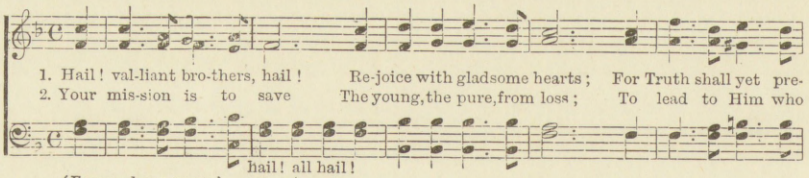

Let the bells peal o - ver land and sea, Joy - bells! Joy - bells!

Key F. (*Three-pulse measure.*)

m :re :m	d :t₁ :l₁	s₁ :— :d	m :— :—	s :— :—	s :— :—	m :— :—	d :— :—	‖
d :d :d	s₁ :s₁ :f₁	s₁ :— :s₁	s₁ :— :—	t₁ :— :—	t₁ :— :—	d :— :—	d :— :—	‖
Let the bells	peal o - ver	land and	sea,	Joy -	bells!	Joy -	bells!	
s :s :s	m :m :f	m :— :m	s :— :—	f :— :—	f :— :—	m :— :s	s :— :—	‖
d :d :d	d :d :f₁	s₁ :— :s₁	d :— :—	s₁ :— :—	t₁ :— :—	d :— :—	d :— :—	‖


Ring in the Band of Hope Ju - bi - lee; Joy - bells! Joy - bells!

m :r :d	d :t₁ :l₁	s₁ :— :d	m :— :—	r :— :—	s :— :—	t :— :—	d' :— :—	‖
d :t₁ :l₁	l₁ :s₁ :f₁	m₁ :— :s₁	s₁ :— :—	t₁ :— :—	t₁ :— :—	r :— :—	d :— :—	‖
Ring in the	Band of Hope	Ju - bi-	lee;	Joy -	bells!	Joy -	bells!	
s :f :m	f :f :f	m :— :m	m :— :—	s :— :—	r :— :—	f :— :—	m :— :—	‖
d :d :d	d :d :d	d :— :d	d :— :—	s₁ :— :—	s₁ :— :—	s₁ :— :—	d :— :—	‖

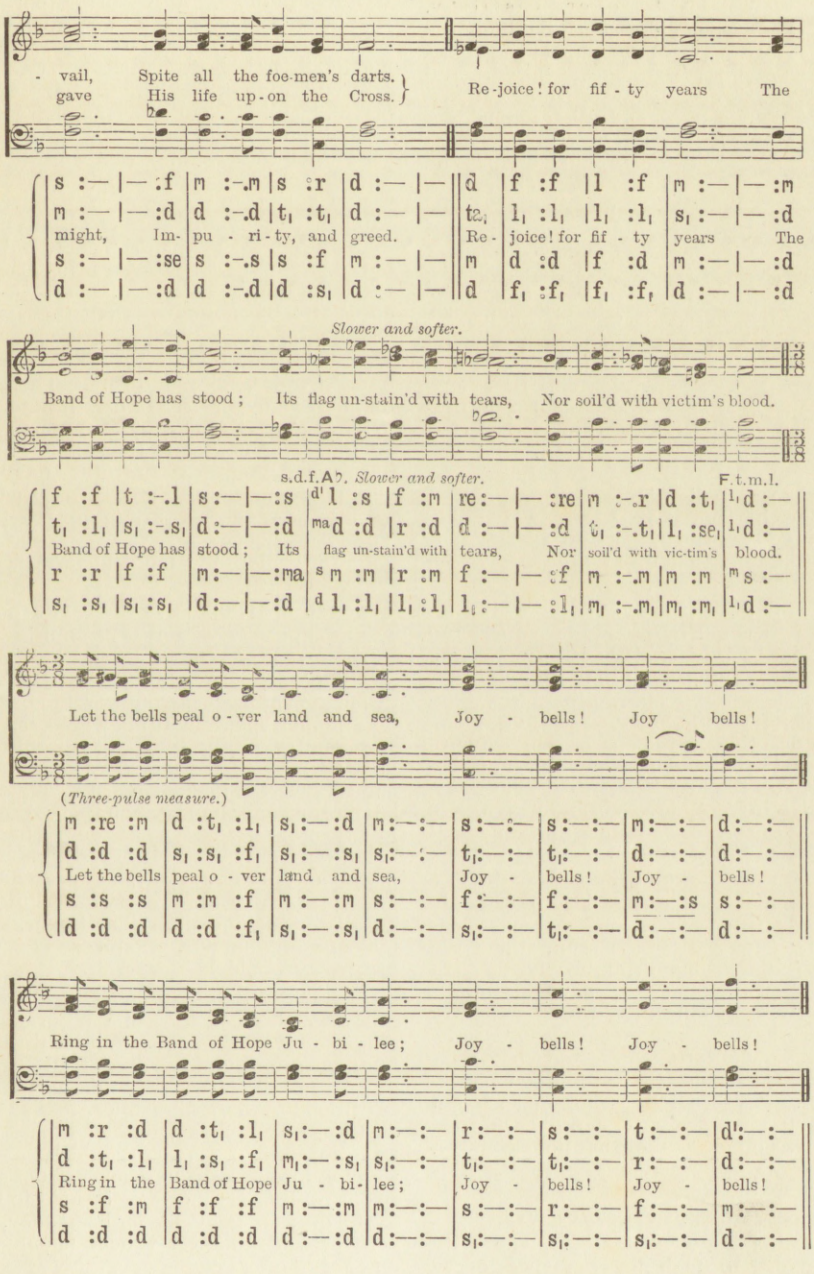

1. Hail! val-liant bro-thers, hail! Re-joice with gladsome hearts; For Truth shall yet pre-
2. Your mis-sion is to save The young, the pure, from loss; To lead to Him who

hail! all hail!

(*Four-pulse measure.*) save, to save,

:s	s :-.m	r :-.m	d :—	— :s	l :l	t :-.l	s :—	— :s	d :-.l	t :-.l
:d	d :-.d	d :-.t₁	d :—	— :d	d :r	r :-.r	m :—	— :m	m :-.m	re :-.re
3. Our	strength is in the		right,	Which	must at	length suc-	ceed,	O'er	wrong with all its	
:m	m :-.m	f :-.s	m :m	m :m	f :f	f :-.f	m :—	— :d	d :-.m	fe :-.fe
			right, the right,							
:d	d :-.d	d :-.s₁	d :d	d :d	f₁ :f₁	f₁ :-.f₁	d :—	— :d	d :-.d	d :-.d

LET THE BELLS PEAL!



Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

"ABSTINENCE BAD FOR BUSINESS."



COULD every brewery, every distillery, every public-house and beer shop be at once closed, and the whole of the drink trade suddenly cut off, there would doubtless be a great dislocation of business. The enormous amount, £148,000,000, spent in intoxicating liquor indicates the vast hold it has on the country, and the immense ramifications that must exist for the production of raw material, for the manufacture, and for the storage and distribution of the finished article. The barley grower would at first find his market closed, for no more malt would be required. The hop grower and the maltster

WOULD FIND THEIR OCCUPATIONS GONE.

The same would occur to the grape grower, and all others whose produce is used in the making of strong drink. The engineer, the chemist, the brewer, the cooper, and many others who incidentally depend on the manufacture of strong drink would find themselves out of employment, and the brewer, the distiller, and the capitalist would all deplore the loss of what to them was a good financial investment. It is this cursory glance that gives rise to the saying that universal Total Abstinence would make it bad for business.

THE OTHER SIDE

must also be looked at in order to estimate this subject rightly. If the money spent brought only good as its result, then the doing away with strong drink would be bad for business. No amount of money can be wisely, or justly, or beneficially spent in a country if, in the aggregate, harm and not good is the result of that expenditure. A big war costs a lot of money, and large numbers of people pecuniarily benefit by it. But that does not make war a blessing. In the aggregate, far more harm than good is done, and even the victorious country, however great its victories may have been, is really a loser by the war.

DRINK IS A WORSE EVIL THAN WAR,

pestilence, and famine combined. The sixty thousand deaths through its influence every year, the ruined lives, the blighted homes, the misery and the vice that follow in its train, most effectually outweigh any pecuniary benefits that some may derive from the carrying on of this gigantic evil.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS NOT BAD FOR BUSINESS

in more senses than one. From the personal standpoint there will be found some who will say that they can't do business without strong drink. They must stand a glass or two to secure orders, they must treat their customers to be on good terms with them. A rotten system of business that, when the placing of an order or the goodwill of a customer does not depend on the price and quality of the goods but upon a glass or two of strong drink. "When the wine is in the wit is out," and it is quite certain that worse bargains will be made under the influence of drink than when the brain is free from it. It is a well-known fact, that under the influence of alcohol things appear to the mind very differently from what they really are. A man forgets his troubles, and a woman drowns her care, but the same narcotic power that produces this effect weakens judgment and perception, and makes things appear to be more rosy than they are. There are thousands of

BAD BARGAINS MADE EVERY WEEK

under the influence of drink. There are large numbers who can trace their business downfall to the use of intoxicants, but the man has still to be found who can show that his total abstinence has ruined him. On the other hand, there are very many thousands who can find their first step to business success in signing the pledge of Total Abstinence.

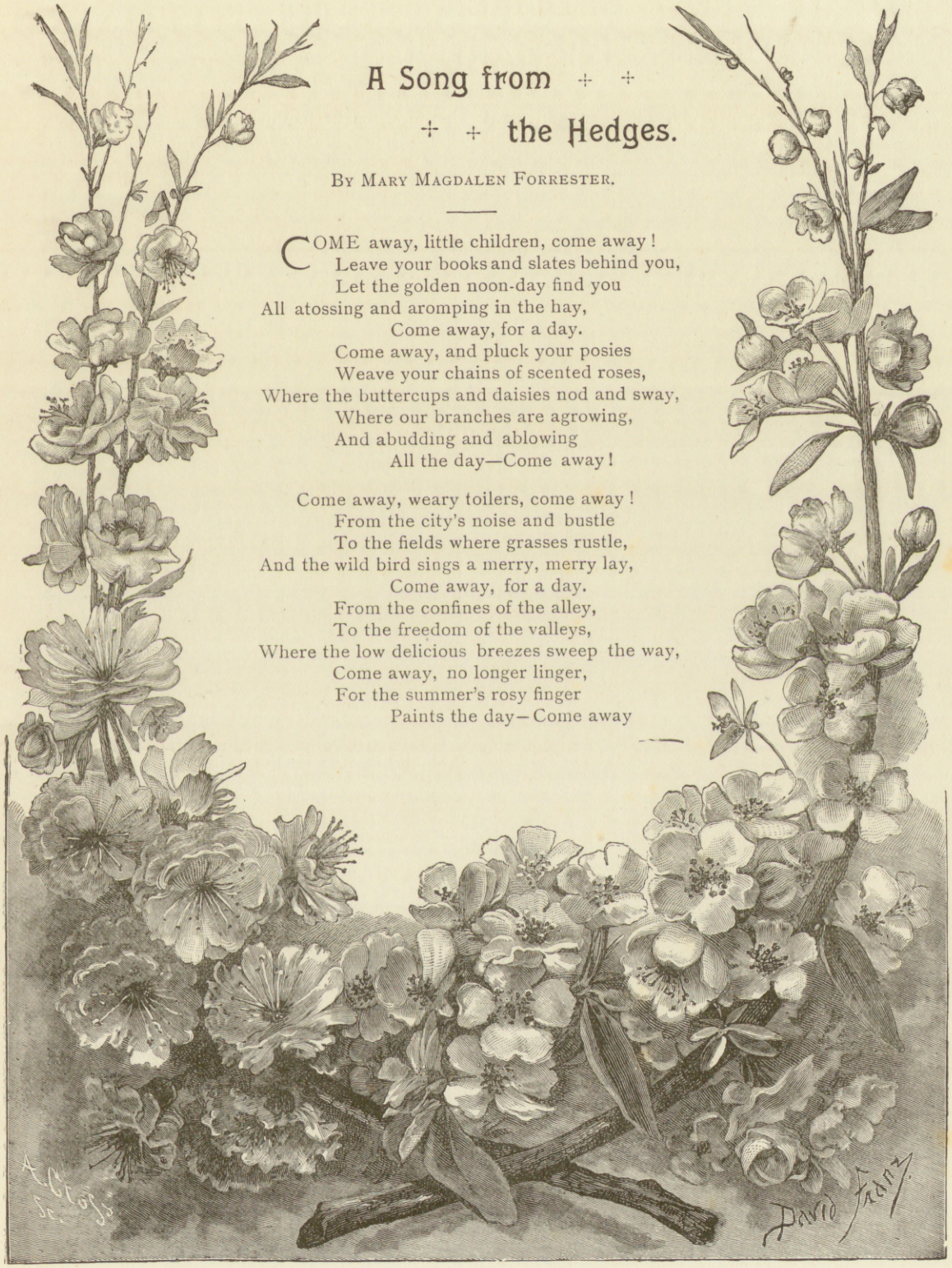
In the wider and more general sense it will be found that

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

Let us suppose that entire Prohibition has come, or that every one has voluntarily become a total abstainer. There would, as we have said, be dislocation of business, but it would be temporary. The money spent in drink would not be lost to the country, on the contrary, it would reap a far greater harvest than it does at present. The capital invested in strong drink employs far less labour than any similar amount of capital invested in any other trade. There would be such a demand for more clothes, more food, better houses, more books, more travel, more pleasure, more furniture, that trade of every description, excepting that of making and selling liquor, would grow by leaps and bounds, and an era of unexampled prosperity would be the result.

STRONG DRINK IS BAD FOR BUSINESS

in a special sense, for while it enriches a few it pauperises vast numbers. Who is it that benefits by the prosperity of the drink trade? Certainly not the masses. It adds to the bloated wealth of the titled brewer and distiller, in a less degree it enriches the publican, but all others are losers by it, for even if a man should be so fortunate that he does not seem to suffer from the use of strong drink, yet he may be said to be a loser, for he does not get value for his money. If money is well spent, whatever it buys should represent an equivalent of the money, otherwise it is a bad bargain. In this case there is no food equivalent, and there is no equivalent in pleasure, for the only pleasure obtained is one brought about by the narcotising of the senses and not a quickening of them.



A Song from the Hedges.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

COME away, little children, come away!
Leave your books and slates behind you,
Let the golden noon-day find you
All atossing and aromping in the hay,
Come away, for a day.
Come away, and pluck your posies
Weave your chains of scented roses,
Where the buttercups and daisies nod and sway,
Where our branches are agrowing,
And abudding and ablowing
All the day—Come away!

Come away, weary toilers, come away!
From the city's noise and bustle
To the fields where grasses rustle,
And the wild bird sings a merry, merry lay,
Come away, for a day.
From the confines of the alley,
To the freedom of the valleys,
Where the low delicious breezes sweep the way,
Come away, no longer linger,
For the summer's rosy finger
Paints the day—Come away

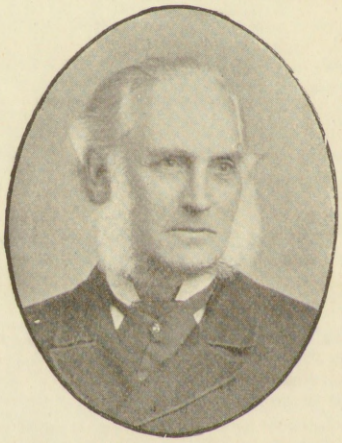
JAMES HAYES RAPER: A BRIEF SKETCH.

FREDERICK RICHARD LEES: AN APPRECIATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE month of May, 1897, brought great sorrow to the Temperance movement, taking away two of her foremost generals —Raper, the orator, and Lees, the philosopher—friends who had so long been with us that we could not contemplate their departure, and now they are gone feel we have lost—we know not exactly what—something we cannot estimate—worth, counsel, guidance, encouragement; leaving us poor! yea, poor indeed.

Mr. J. H. RAPER.



JAMES H. RAPER.
1820—1897.

It would be difficult to find in the roll-call of any philanthropic movement one whose loss has been so keenly felt as that of James Hayes Raper. The young miss his genial presence, his genuine appreciation, his honest cheer, and that peculiar, characteristic sympathy which robbed his years of the Solomonic barrier that, in the case of so many aged, separates them from the young. His heart was never old. Years advanced, the progress of time made its mark upon his frame, but his spirit and his sympathies aged not; and thus, in an especial degree he was endeared to the young, who mourn for him as for a father and a friend.

Always young in spirit, the elder mourn for him as a brother. "What will our meetings, our conferences be without Raper?" Ah, what indeed! for to the passing generation he was, more than any other man, the beloved idol of the Temperance movement, in every way worthy the veneration accorded him, so that men may well say, "On his like we shall never look again;" and the grey beards feel that with his decease the link which joined past and present has been snapped. For scarce any man in himself so happily united the charms, the wisdom, the worth of age, with the sweetness, tenderness, and amiability of youth.

He was born at Carlisle, Oct. 16th, 1820, a posthumous son, his father having died five weeks before his birth; and so his early training, in an unusual degree, devolved upon his mother. And what a mother! To tell of a great man, a good man, a true man, is to tell of his mother, of her forethought, her care, her unceasing watchfulness, her never-tiring love. In James H. Raper's case this was especially true. He was his mother's son, whose marked individuality never lost the impress of her influence—that mother of whom at 66 years of age he wrote: "My dear mother . . . . I say no more for I have blinded eyes."

It was in 1837 he signed the teetotal pledge, a convert of the veteran Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, who has lived to join in the last offices of respect to his illustrious disciple. Always thoughtful, possessing an inimitable method of making matters understandable, at twenty years of age he entered the Training College, Borough-road, London, and from thence went to be headmaster of a Wesleyan Day School at Bolton, Lancashire.

Here his work as a Temperance reformer became notorious. He was elected president of the Bolton Youths' Temperance Society before Bands of Hope were formed and carried on month by month, remarkably successful gatherings of juveniles and adults, to whom he taught the wisdom of total abstinence by homely, earnest, incisive speech, illumined, as was ever his wont, by pithy phrase, and lively humour. His work therewith, was no light task, as tradesmen for breakfast gave their apprentices ale with porridge *to make them strong*; and even in the church with which he was connected, his efforts were viewed with much questioning. Indeed, when occasion offered on a side issue, he was practically ejected from the body to which he had attached himself.

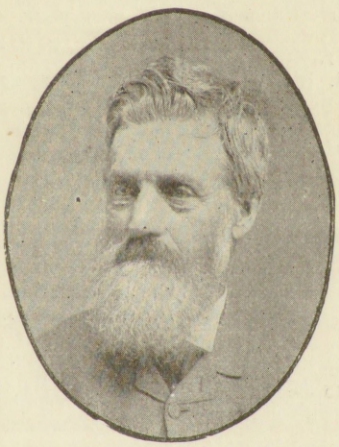
Long ere this, however, James H. Raper was a recognised force in the town of his adoption where, with a temperament so sanguine, social abilities so conspicuous, and a zeal for Temperance so ardent, he began to educate the general public, and with such success that at a town's meeting, November, 1845, held to support Sir R. Peel's proposal to admit foreign corn into our ports free of duty, his persuasive eloquence and charm of manner enabled him to carry a resolution in favour of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors produced from grain.

The times move and new men are wanted for them, men who, unknown to themselves, have been steadily prepared by many and various influences for the changing conditions and enlarging spheres. So when the United Kingdom Alliance needed a Parliamentary Agent, Mr. Raper was the man appointed. How wise the choice proved all the Temperance world knows! His genial presence, brilliant wit, ready repartee, courteous bearing, soon gained the goodwill of Members of Parliament of all shades of opinion, friendly and opposed to the measures he desired them to promote. Indeed, it is questionable if any lobbyist were more popular. Certain it is now that, as lobbyist, his usefulness has been much greater than it could possibly have

been had he been returned member for Peterborough as he desired in 1878; for instead of being the member for one constituency, he has been the member for the United Kingdom, speaking through the votes he influenced in a hundredfold increased degree.

From the day of his appointment, and long after he relinquished the salaried position, and up to the Wednesday before his death, which occurred on May 19th, 1897, he was both a presence and power in the House of Commons lobby, ever ready to further all measures tending to public sobriety. It is not, however, as parliamentary lobbyist, but as the orator of the Temperance movement, whose voice has been heard in almost every public hall within these islands, and in the lands beyond the water, that James Hayes Raper will be remembered by the great public, who knew little of the immense amount of information he got together, or of the gigantic correspondence he conducted with writers in all parts of the world.

Blessed with a most musical voice, which immediately arrested attention, who that has heard him (and who has not?) can forget the sallies of wit, the quaint illustrations, the genuine, unforced touches of pathos, the graceful, homely, Anglo-Saxon speech with which, in free unconventional style, he *compelled* people to view matters as they presented themselves to him. People would walk miles to see and hear him, to get a grasp of his hand, a smile from his cheery face, who, whatever his own sorrows and troubles, never failed to give cheer unto others. His voice, his handsome presence, his geniality, all these helped to increase his magnetic power; but not alone in these, nor because of these, lay the secret of his remarkable influence. He swayed men, he swayed multitudes, because he was true to what he believed *true*, and ever sought to present this truth in love, that all might know the joy which was his.



DR. F. R. LEES.
1815—1897.

And so, James H. Raper, whom the children ever welcomed, whose motto seemed always to be "Make others happy," has passed away, to the stainless land, leaving us to learn what nobleness, what goodness were his, and to follow on, if haply thereby some of the good he did we may be permitted to do likewise.

Dr. F. R. LEES.

DR. FREDERICK RICHARD LEES, only a few days before his death, took a very prominent part in the London celebration of the Reign of Temperance. Of those who then beheld his hale appearance, and heard his quaintly humorous description of the teetotalers, who for sixty years had braved the perils of abstinence, few but felt he had years of life before him. His life's work, however, was practically complete, and suddenly, almost without warning, on Saturday, May 28th, 1897, in the eighty-third year of his life, the end came and Frederick Richard Lees, the Carlyle of the Temperance movement, laid down the sword and entered into rest.

Born at Meanwood Hall, Leeds, March 15th, in the year of Waterloo, from a small private school he passed to Geissen University where he received that severe training in logic which afterwards so distinguished his speeches and writings, and where at a later period along with the present Lord Playfair, he graduated Doctor of Philosophy.

What his early ambitions were we cannot tell, but his peculiarly logical mind, his humanitarian instincts, his critical, almost iconoclastic temperament, his early surroundings and training, led him at the outset of his career to espouse the cause of Social Reform at home and abroad. A weakly youth, he threw himself with remarkable ardour into the struggles for Reform, into the anti-slavery agitation, which he saw to a glorious finish, and during the weary years of chartism he fought strenuously on the winning side.

Born when the desperate struggle for freedom was in progress, when the very atmosphere thrilled with strife, Dr. Lees seemed in his element in conflict. For years he championed the cause of the operative and the artisan, as well as of the humbler poor. He never stayed to consider expediency. If justice demanded, or right approved, he heeded neither frown nor smile, but regardless of the cost followed the dictates of his judgment and conscience. No great reform achieved during these last sixty years but owes something to his voice and his pen. The ballot, equalisation of suffrage, sanitary and municipal reform, indeed every great political question of Victoria's reign enlisted his sympathy and support.

He was no man of one idea. It seemed as if the same spirit animated him which inspired the poet who wrote:

> Wherever wrong shall right deny,
> Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
> Be thine the voice to smite the lie,
> The hand to set the captive free.

Early in life, however, he recognised—and the longer he lived the stronger the conviction became—that the greatest slavery of mankind is self-imposed, self-induced, and that little real progress can be made so long as the gratification of appetite is considered the chief end and aim of living. Thus 63 years ago, in 1834, he signed the Temperance pledge, and commenced that advocacy of Total Personal Abstinence and National Prohibition, for which, above all subjects he espoused, his name will be ever memorable. Drink to him was the crowning error of existence.

Having taken a prize of £100 for an essay on prohibition, he set himself still further to study the bases of the Temperance propaganda, moral, physical, and legislative. Books, pamphlets, lectures issued from his pen with amazing rapidity, yet with a clearness and accuracy that left no loophole for refutation. His famous tilts with Brougham made even that astute lawyer wince and recoil from a contest with one whose logic and truth were incontrovertible. To Dr. F. R. Lees, the Temperance movement owes conclusions indisputable as problems of Euclid, the certain scientific reasons without which the principles of total abstinence would be but matters of personal prejudice and enthusiasm, rather than of absolute necessity and right.

As a rule great thinkers and great writers are not orators; but Dr. Lees was a notable exception. He possessed the divine gift of eloquence, and though handicapped by a somewhat husky voice, never failed to secure an appreciative hearing. At times, he assumed the rôle of teacher, and from such a master who would not willingly learn? At other times his soul burned within him, the evils men did or suffered to be done, roused him to righteous indignation. Then his eye flashed, his whole frame quivered, and with biting (yet never bitter) sarcasm, with trenchant denunciation, with impassioned pleading, with convictions formed from long study, he roused his astonished hearers to the white heat of enthusiasm. Then it was the multitude caught glimpses of the all-tender sympathies of the Doctor, and learned that within the apparently stolid exterior of the thinker there pulsated a great loving heart. In common with other masters of the world's thought, Dr. Lees had the reputation of being cold as his logic! Never, however, was a greater mistake made. His was a nature which to know was to love, but it had to be known first, and then—what a revelation!—he stood a friend, a warm friend, human to the last degree, tender as a child, gentle as a woman, true as steel, a faithful friend whose friendships neither poverty, nor riches, nor good report, nor ill, affected.

The logician and philosopher of the great crusade against drink, a man of severely critical judgment,—even to a degree sometimes considered captious—of wide sympathies, profound knowledge, remarkably acute perception, Dr. Lees was a ruthless exposer of the banalities and sophistries with which the drinker deludes himself, a foeman before whom the most doughty quailed, a giant among giants, whose place it will be impossible to fill.

In armour to the last, no period of silken repose marked the closing scene of the sturdy fighter's life, for just one hour before he should have addressed the Band of Hope workers at Halifax, the truth-seeker, truth-believer, truth-teacher, from the world of unrest and unrealities, passed into the welcome and presence of the Eternal Truth.

Two mighty leaders—Lees and Raper—gone,
Their faithful voices hushed, their fighting done;
Yet *dead* they are not; their work lives on,
And must live until the fight they fought be won,
And error disperse
Before the rays of Truth's bright sun.

Pets I have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.



DOGS.

NOW we have come to the pet of pets! There may be, and there *are*, merits in cats, rabbits, white mice, tortoises, monkeys, and even in pigs, but if the vote of the whole world were taken it would almost unanimously be given to "our friend, the dog." "But what *kind*?" you ask. My dear friend, "species" is not in it. I have kept some of the most magnificent St. Bernards that eyes could rest upon. I have possessed the noble mastiff and the fascinating collie. I have revelled in French Poodles and "plum pudding dogs," but in looking back upon those palmier days when a better lined pocket allowed me to indulge in luxuries which now are forbidden, I cannot fix upon any special breed which my heart goes out to, save the magnificent, towering St. Bernard, which in some measure *forces* itself to the front, and *makes itself heard* in my dog-loving spirit, its deep musical bay sounding out, *nolens volens*, above every other doggy voice.

But it is THE DOG which captivates, not the colour of its coat, or the shape of its head, or the pedigree of its ancestors. It is the loving, hand-licking, tender-eyed, bounding *companion and friend*, who gets right into the very core of the most adamantine heart. It is the dog *itself*, not the *skin* or the *shape* which fascinates and *keeps on fascinating* until the breath leaves his body. No dog ever lived in my heart like my old Judy did. Judy, Judy, *dear* old Judy. If your spirit lives I hope I shall meet you again. When Judy came to me she was just a little ginger-coloured beast with *nothing* to recommend her. Her antecedents were of the most vulgar kind conceivable, in fact, she was *simply a dog*, nothing more. But she had a *heart*, I was almost going to say a soul, aye, *very nearly* a soul, surely! And ere long Judy and I were *inseparable*. She *knew me* and learnt to live for me; *my* will was *her* will, *my* movements *her* movements, my *look* was *law* to her, *not* cringing, abject *obedience*, but loving, joyful acquiescence in my every wish. What a *performer* she became. No show dog could ever compete with Judy, and her tricks were learnt with *delight*, a stern word from me would almost break her heart. She danced a jig like a May-day skipper, she *ran* on her hind legs like a schoolboy, she yawned with unmistakable sleepiness when told to "gape," she hid her face with her "hands" when told, she "begged," she "died," she stood in the corner, she actually *stood on her head* at word of command, *all* brightly and cheerily and happily. She was the nearest approach in intelligence to a human being that I ever saw. *That* was a *dog*! I lay down my pen. After Judy, *everything* would fall flat. If you want to know the worth of life (from a *human* standpoint I speak), KEEP A DOG.

Recreative Science.

By Ruth B. Yates.

VII.—HOW THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION WERE BUILDED.



ALL have heard and are proud of the whitechalk cliffs of our well-loved England, those white cliffs which run along the southcoast in graceful undulating outlines.

If a little of their white dust is put under a powerful microscope, it will be seen that what looked like dust to the naked eye are really tiny shells, some whole, some broken. These white shells are the

REMAINS OF LIVING CREATURES.

There are *now* inhabiting the ocean, myriads of these tiny creatures, called rhizopods, of which the largest may be almost the size of a grain of wheat, but the great majority are practically invisible, so small are they. These little rhizopods are of the smallest and simplest of animals. They possess no mouth, but absorb food at any part of their bodies, that is, when they come in contact with it a hollow is formed which sucks food in and then closes up again. They vary in shape, some being round, others spiral.

Millions upon millions of rhizopods are ever coming into existence, living their little lives, dying, and sinking to the bottom, where their shells or skeletons form layer after layer upon the floor of the ocean.

Ages ago, these little creatures were vastly more numerous. It makes the brain reel to try to imagine their numbers, for *one* cubic inch has been calculated to contain the skeletons of more than a million rhizopods Yet the white cliffs of England form but a small part of the whole chalk formation.

Chalk cliffs and layers extend from the north of Ireland, through England and France, right away to the Crimea, in places being hundreds of feet thick.

How strange to us would have been the appearance of Europe at the time when these cliffs were in building during the chalk age, as it is called.

There were great oceans then, and Europe, instead of being a continent, was merely a great collection of islands.

THE ALPS WERE UNDER WATER,

perhaps just the tops of mountains showing as islands, whilst most of the south of England and north of France was also under the salt sea, teeming with countless millions of rhizopods, whose sole work seemed just to live and then die, their remains sinking and aiding to build a floor of white chalk.

Larger animals lived, and died, too, and many of their remains turned to stone are found in chalk layers. How long a period the building occupied we cannot tell, or even guess.

What a strange world this must have been then! This was long before man existed, for the building up of the cliffs took place during the days, or periods, of time when the earth was being prepared for the habitation of man.

Much is veiled in mystery, but by patient study of the earth's crust, geologists have wrested from the rocks a little of their history, and can give us some idea of those dim, distant days.

During the chalk age, plants which are common to-day flourished upon the land, such as the oak, beech, poplar, willow, holly, and many others, together with strange plants of which we know nothing.

There were tree ferns, too; one variety had a tall trunk, sometimes sixty feet in height, with long, fern-like leaves at the top. Pines, not quite like our modern trees of that name, high mosses, and even palms were growing in England at this period.

Luxurious and varied as was the vegetation, yet stranger and more totally unlike that of the present age was the animal life of this time.

Before the chalk age, gigantic reptiles had flourished on the earth, and they still continued to exist along with the minute rhizopods until the close of this period, when they were exterminated.

Immense water lizards, more than ten feet long—some even reaching forty feet in length—abounded. One had great paddles like a tortoise, big eyes and over a hundred strong teeth. Another great flying lizard had a long, long neck with a little head, yet teeth like a crocodile, and large paddles.

VERITABLE SEA SERPENTS

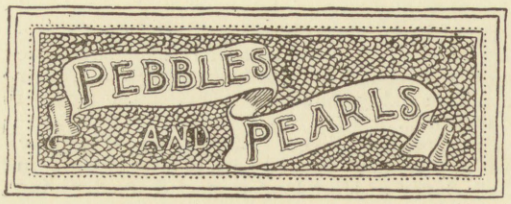
of great length inhabited the ocean, while on land were crocodiles, resembling those of the present time but far larger; the remains have been discovered of one measuring fifty feet in length. Truly a fearful creature.

Dragons too – for such we may call them—were plentiful, with bones like a bird, skin like a reptile, and wings like a bat. Some of these monsters measured sixteen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

Besides the numerous lizards, big and little, there were plenty of fishes and birds of very great size, but none of the animals so well known to us had as yet been created.

Very brief and incomplete has been our glimpse of the time when our chalk cliffs were being formed, but perhaps enough has been said to give some faint idea of the early history of the white cliffs of Albion.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.



LITTLE ideas and big successes never go together.

SHE: "Two weeks from to-day we'll be one."
He: "Well, let's be happy while we can."

IF nobody took any alcohol, nobody could take too much.

"WOMEN are seldom good listeners.
Unless you are making a proposal."

THE devil has a mortgage on the man who forms the drink habit.

DRUNKENNESS is Midnight;
Moderation is Twilight:
Abstinence is Daylight.

"I SHOULD like to see a nice, fat goose," said a customer, entering a poultry shop. "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "father'll be down directly."

LOVE can excuse anything except meanness, but meanness kills love, and cripples even natural affection.

"WHY, old man, I didn't know that she utterly refused you."
"It amounted to the same thing. She said she was willing to wait until I could support her."

THERE are nearly 300,000 persons employed in public-houses on Sundays, whose working week is a seven-days' week, not a six-days' week. Nearly 300,000 living the life of slaves to gratify the appetites of drinkers.

"MY dear friend, I must ask you to lend me a sovereign. I have left my purse at home, and I haven't a farthing in my pocket!"
"I can't lend you a sovereign just now, but I can put you in the way of getting the money at once!"
"You are extremely kind!"
"Here's twopence; ride home on the tram and fetch your purse!"

Notable Events in our Calendar.

July 3.—Mrs. Clara Balfour, authoress of "Morning Dew-Drops," died 1878.
„ 21.—First Temperance Meeting held in London, 1830.
„ 24.—Anglo-Indian Temperance Association formed, 1881.
„ 29.—William Wilberforce, the Emancipator of Slaves died, 1833.

A COUNTRY paper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed."

A LITTLE boy who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony wisely added:
"Poscrit—If he is a mule, ples ty his behine legs.

AN AGED EXAMPLE.—Some people will have it that it is dangerous for elderly ladies and gentlemen to give up the use of sttmulants, and it is therefore interesting to note the testimony of Lord Claud Hamilton, who states that he made this change in his mode of living when he was sixty-three years of age, and found himself none the worse.

THE teaching of Temperance is now compulsory in the public schools in the province of Ontario, Canada. According to the Minister of Education, no fewer than 150,000 pupils are studying this question in the public schools of the province and 13,000 in the separate schools, and the public-school inspector for Toronto states that more than 20,000 pupils in the public schools of the city receive instructions in Temperance.

A GOOD WEAPON.—At the annual meeting of the Newcastle College of Medicine, Earl Percy said he believed there was no more fatal cause of disease than intemperance, and, with all respect to the animated controversies going on on this subject by medical men, he was of opinion that the practical man acted more wisely in preventing every agency of error coming to his patient rather than pausing to describe the due province of intemperance. Physicians must declare themselves the enemy of vice as well as disease, and must arm themselves with the weapons which will enable them to keep that object.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

A LIFE of beauty lends to all it sees,
The beauty of its thought;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way unsought.

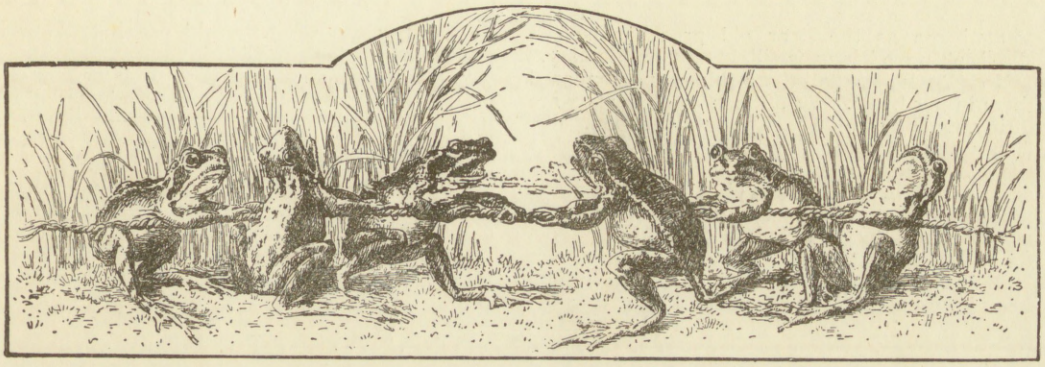
In sweet ascendancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run;
And sunset mountains wear in light above,
The smile of duty done.

Sure stands the promise—ever to the meek,
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they Earth, who, single-hearted, seek
The righteousness of Heaven.

—*Whittier.*

Review.

OCTOGENARIAN TEETOTALERS: Issued by the National Temperance League, containing over 100 portraits of 80 years' old teetotalers, is a book which deserves a very wide circulation, giving a most striking proof of the longevity of teetotalism. It is tastefully produced, and should become most popular.



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEAR OLD PREACHER.

PHYLLIS TREGELLES never lost either heart or hope in Joey. In his maddest moments, in his wildest and most wicked ways, at times when he was covering his character with an infamy that was odious, and respectable people shrank from him in the street as from a leper they dare not touch, his mother never forsook him; but her great loving heart yearned over him with a tenderness that was touching, that was simply sublime.

"O, my Joey, Joey," she would say; "my poor lost Joey, 'ow shaal I give thee up?"

And when after the paroxysm had past, and she had gone into her chamber, and laid her case before God, she would emerge from that most sacred situation saying unto herself, with the calmest and most confident assurance, "Iss, iss, Joey will come out right at the end."

Still, she felt his conduct most keenly. It was like unto a dagger that cut her to the heart. But perhaps that which caused her the most poignant grief was the injury he was doing to the sacred cause of religion.

"What will people think," she would say, "when they do see that my poor pet lamb es a profligate? 'Ow can they b'lieve in me when they see 'e's a renegade from the faith? And 'ow can I 'ope to lead others into the narrow way, when 'e es in the broad way which leadeth to destruction?"

And with such and similar questions she would probe into the privacy of her life, until she became both si k and sad at heart. But, resorting to her never failing resource, that of prayer, she left the case solely for God to undertake and explain, and so in the multitude of the thoughts within her, His comforts delighted her soul.

There were a few things, however, that were hopeful even in her poor profligate boy; and she would turn them over in her mind until she could almost imagine that Joey was a saint, and not a sinner, after all. Was it not a fact that he never went to bed without bending his knee in prayer, yes, short and disconnected, but still a prayer. Was it not a fact that, however fond he was of his books, and some of them were more than trashy, they were corrupt, yet he never wholly lost his love for the Bible, and would sometimes most solemnly affirm, "that's the best book after all." And was it not, moreover, a fact, that whilst he indulged in the society of ungodly companions, he was, nevertheless, "attached to the dear old preacher." And then she would finish up her reasoning with the remark, "And a boy that haave got all these virtu's edn't a 'opeless and incorrigible wretch arter all."

Then she was cheered with the belief that other influences were at work beside her own; and she would sometimes solace herself with the thought that they were having a beneficial effect upon Joey. "Furst the blade," she would say, "then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear."

Yes, she had heard of the last brief interview of "our Artist" with her boy; and though she was painfully suspicious that Mr. Morlaise's illness, and possibly his death, might be traced more to the excitement on the occasion than to the tax upon his strength in producing that wonderful work of art, yet she was thankful to perceive that even his most tragic death was having a marvellous effect upon her son. Then she had noticed with a satisfaction that she could not hide that the "dear old preacher" had been specially attentive to her boy of late, and that whilst others were standing aloof, as if they were afraid of being defiled by his touch, he was drawing closer and still closer to Joey; and that, instead of resenting it as an intrusion, Joey regarded it with esteem, and in the fulness of his heart would sometimes affirm, "If everybody had

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treated me as the dear old preacher has, I shouldn't have been the villain that I am to-day."

Now Phyllis kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. Yes, the heavy clouds were lifting, and she would see the sunlight soon. The icebergs were melting, and there were signs that the winter was over and gone. The hard and cruel hatred of her son was yielding to the gentle touch of a true and tender hand. And she took courage, and thanked God that the bitterness of death was passed.

Returning from Cellar one day, where she had been busy bulking fish, she found the dear old preacher and Joey indulging in a pleasant talk in the kitchen. Just as she entered, Joey was saying in a tone of surprise, "And you do not use glasses, Mr. Tremayne!"

"No, I have never smoked in my life."

"Never smoked in your life! Well, I am surprised. But what has that to do with your sight?"

"O, very much, my dear Joey. It is a scientific fact that the use of tobacco tells upon the nerve, the optic nerve, and our ablest medical men of to-day are dissuading from the use of tobacco. Then the same for drink. I have never touched a drop in my life. When I was a child, my dear old mother—ah, Joey, it is a blessed thing to have a good mother,—enrolled me as a Band of Hope boy, and, thank God, I have never been so foolish as to have my name struck off the rolls, so I am a Band of Hope boy to-day, at the youthful age of seventy-four!"

"Goodness me! Seventy-four! Ah, Mr. Tremayne, I shall never live to be as old as that. Why, you look as hale and hearty as one at twenty-four. I would to God that I were as strong as you."

"Ah, then, Joey my boy, you must do as I do. But, bless me, look at the clock! Why, I must go, or I shall get my hair curled at home." And so, with that bit of pleasantry, Mr. Tremayne rose to depart; and with a warm shake of the hand, and a "God bless you," he was off.

"Mother," exclaimed Joey, as the dear old preacher crossed the threshold of the cottage, "that old man is a fine old saint."

But she heard not the words, for she was lost in thought.

"Well, well," she murmured to herself, "I did 'ope Maaster Tremayne would lay 'is 'and 'pon the plaace. But perhaps 'e's right arter all—'e's softenin' the soil a bit 'fore the shower. Iss, and 'e's got the boy's affection, 'e haave. S'pose that's the bestest way to the 'eart."

Still, she had hoped that his talk would have been about religion, but it wasn't. She had hoped he would have found his way to Joey's heart, but he seemed to stop at the door of his affections. And so, impatient of delay, she rushed to the preacher's house and said, "O, my dear Maaster Tremayne, I do want ee so much to saave my Joey."

At first the old man smiled, then he said in a tone as solemn as the grave, "Save your Joey! Am I God, Phyllis Tregelles?"

"No, no, but you are God's servant, ar'nt ee? and I look to ee to saave my son."

Then he saw that she was desperately in earnest, and he asked, "Would'st thou have me do with thy son what the old prophet did with the Shunamite's child?"

"'Ess-fye, Master Tremayne, that or anythin' else; but oh, I beseech ee, do come 'ome wi' me now, and taalk to un a bit again,—a bit 'bout religion—and fur the sake o' his poor, almost broken 'earted mawther, saave my boy."

"Phyllis Tregelles! none but God can do that."

"No, no, that's right, that es. But you are God's ambassador, ar'nt ee, Maaster Tremayne? And oh, do, do, for Christ's saake, and in 'Is stead, iss, in 'Is stead, beseech 'n to be reconciled to God."

The old man bowed his head, saying solemnly and slow, "Who is—sufficient—for these things?" Then, lifting his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Lord, art not Thou?" Then pausing as it were for an answer, and eventually breaking the silence as if talking to a friend, he affirmed, "Yet, because this woman troubleth me, I will avenge her."

She looked, and seeing his face as it had been the face of an angel, she waited for the words which were sweeter to her than honey or the honey-comb. "O, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

That night a special service was held in the little chapel under the hill, which was packed. A night or two before a mysterious light had been seen in the building. People were aroused out of their beds that they might observe it for themselves. Some said it was the reflection of a light from a house in the meadow near by. Others asked how it came to pass that no such reflection had ever been noticed by any one before. Some saw in it a sign of a visitation of God. Others had regarded it as a token of a great and glorious revival. But there was a very general concensus of opinion, that, whether it meant cholera or conversion, it behoved every inhabitant of the village to lay the matter very seriously to heart. And possibly to this might be traced the large attendance that evening.

Joey Tregelles was there, and sat by the side of his mother—a most unusual thing, for the custom was that the men sat on the right, and the women on the left. But Joey had stipulated with his mother before they went that he would sit with her just inside the settle; "for," said he, "it's such a long time since they saw me in the chapel, that every blessed eye will be fixed on me, and not on the preacher; and I have such respect for dear old Mr. Tremayne, that I have not the slightest wish to be looked upon as the more popular of the two—at least not for this evening."

And Phyllis agreed. In fact, she was so full of gratitude in the prospect of having her boy again by her side in the chapel, that she would have agreed to the most exacting condition.

Oh, how earnestly she had prayed before leaving her home that God would bless the preaching of His Word to her boy that very night; that the dear old preacher might be led to the selection of the most suitable passage to the condition of her son; and that he might preach with such point and power that Joey should find it impossible to resist his appeals; "for," said she," 'e'll listen to Maaster Tremayne, 'e do love'n so."

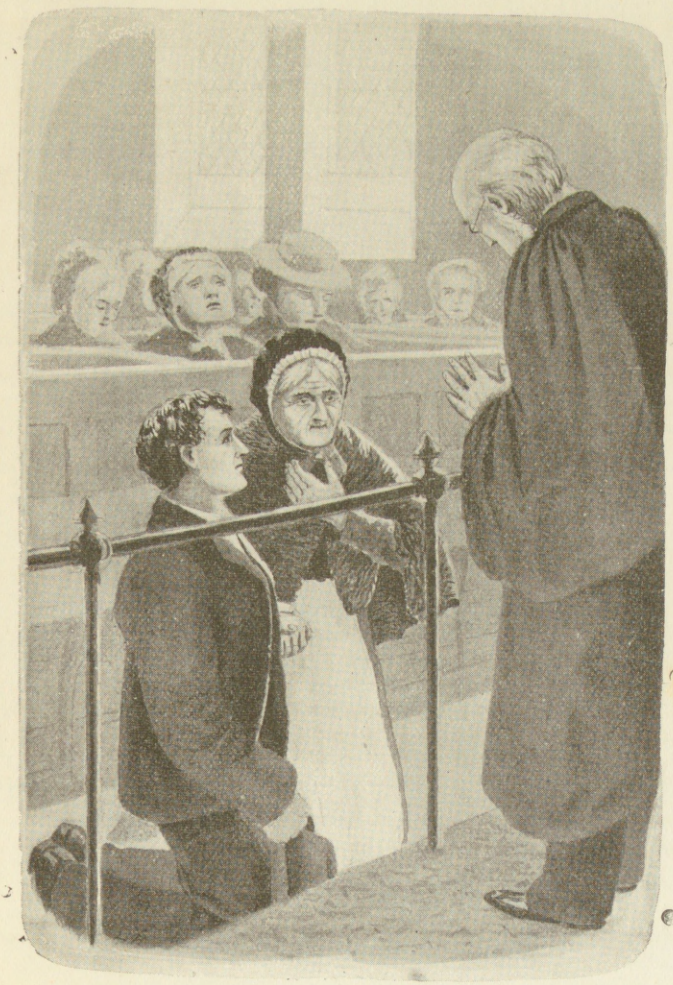
The service commenced with the hymn, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," and as dear old Uncle Francis started the tune, and the whole congregation caught it up, it seemed as if a bit of the best music of heaven had somehow dropped into the building

For a time Phyllis was silent; she was watching the effect of the singing upon Joey. Presently she heard him sing, softly at first, as if afraid of being heard, then louder and still louder, until eventually when they came to the words:

"My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures,"

he sang it out in his rich clear tones, until the mother's heart danced for very joy.

Then came the prayer, so simple, but oh, so sweet; and when the dear old preacher pleaded with God for the sad and the sorrowing, for homes that had been blighted and hearts that were broken, Phyllis would fain have given utterance to her feelings, but she was fearful as to its effects upon Joey, and so she restrained herself for the moment; though, as she afterwards expressed it, she was ready to burst.



Then came the lesson; and the place of the Scripture which he read was this: the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke—that touching story of the prodigal son. With what tenderness he read! How delightfully he brought out the meaning of those words! And, as his rich musical voice rang out in full, clear, but tremulous tones, "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," the panorama was perfect, and those who sat behind craned their necks, and they in the gallery bent over and looked, as if the scene was being enacted in their very midst.

Phyllis forgot all about the second hymn in her anxiety about the text; for somehow she had centred her hopes in the sermon, and when at length the dear old preacher announced that simple but significant expression, "Able to save to the uttermost," and repeated it with a pathos that was powerful, "Able to save to the uttermost," she could restrain herself no longer, but literally shouted for joy, "Glory be to God, that's true!"

"What is true, mother?" Joey anxiously enquired.

"Why the tex', my beauty, the tex'."

"True for me, mother?" and, in an agony, he asked: "And can God save me—poor, profligate Tregelles?"

"'E caan, my beauty; glory be to God, 'E caan."

"Then I'll go, mother, I'll go."

"Go where, Joey, go where?"

"Up to the penitent rail."

"Glory! glory! Iss and mawther will go wi' ee, she will."

And taking her poor, penitent son by the hand as she used to do when he was a child, she led him up the aisle of the chapel, and knelt with him at the rail, amid the shouting of the congregation. "Hallelujah! Glory be to God! He saaves to the uttermost. He do—He do!"

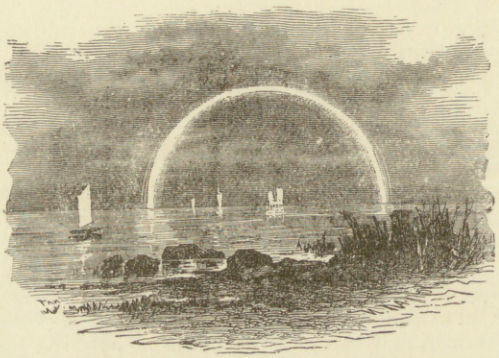
Humbled and amazed, the dear old preacher left the pulpit, and came and knelt with Joey and his mother at the rail. For a time, however, his lips refused to move, and he was unable to give vent to the thoughts that were struggling for expression. At length his great pent-up feelings broke forth in the language of the text: "Able to save to the uttermost."

"Glory! glory!" shouted saintly old Phyllis.

And the poor, broken-hearted, but believing youth, exclaimed amid his tears, "Lord, I believe—help Thou mine unbelief."

That night there was joy in the presence of the angels of God in heaven. And as the fisher-folk went the round of the village, some of them exclaimed, "That big blackguard, Tregelles, es converted." Others, doubting, said, "But we shall see."

(To be continued.)



"TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

"NOW Maggie, do hurry up, or we shall be late. I shall be very vexed if we miss this train."

These words were uttered by Mary Lawson to her companion, Margaret Mason, who was always behindhand, and through whose dilatoriness Mary had lost many a pleasure, and some friends. Still she stuck to her, for she loved her. Maggie was certainly a very lovable girl, but this one grave fault spoilt many of her virtues, and had caused her the loss of friendships that would have been valuable to her all her life.

The two girls worked in the same work-room at a large dressmaking establishment, and a holiday having been granted they had decided to go into the country to see some relatives.

At last Maggie was ready, and the two hurried off to the station, arriving just in time to see the train steam away. Their feelings can better be imagined than described. Mary was really angry and turned a wrathful face on Margaret as she said, "There! I knew how you would serve me, I shall never go anywhere with you again. It's a pity you cannot keep the old proverb, 'Time and tide wait for no man,' always in your mind; you always seem to think that *time* will wait for you. I'm heartily sick of it all. Now we shall have to wait two hours until the next train."

Maggie was, of course, exceedingly sorry, and tried to make excuses for herself, but this time Mary would hear none of them, saying that it was the same old tale at all times and in every place.

They reached their destination late, out of temper, hot, and tired, and their hostess remarked when they left that she had seldom seen two girls out on a holiday so out of sorts and so cross; "but I daresay it was all that Maggie Mason's fault," she thought, "she'd drive me crazy with her unpunctual ways. I think Mary's getting about tired of her; she's tired most of her other friends out long ago."

* * * * * * * *

"Now, Miss Mason, unless you can bear in mind that time will not wait for you, and be here punctually at nine o'clock, I shall have to give you a week's notice. I shall be very sorry to do this; you are one of my best workers, and had you understood the value of punctuality your salary would have been raised six months ago, but the example you set of being nearly always ten minutes or a quarter of an hour late is bad for the whole work-room, and cannot be allowed." Thus spoke the superintendent of the room in which Margaret worked, and for a few weeks her words had a salutary effect, but alas! bad habits cling like ivy, and are terribly difficult to shake off, especially if of long standing, and Margaret had not learnt where to go for strength and help to resist them. By degrees she began to be unpunctual again, until notice was given her, and she left her work with many sad regrets. After weary weeks of searching for another situation she obtained one at less money and longer hours, and thought she had learnt the lesson that "Time and tide wait for no man," but soon the old habit gained ascendency, and again she had notice given her.

Mary Lawson was much distressed about her, and talked plainly and faithfully to her, begging her at all cost to *begin in time to prepare* to go anywhere or do anything, and again she promised.

Years went by, and Maggie became engaged to a steady, good young man, but the engagement only lasted a few months; he found that wherever they went, or at whatever time they had to start, his future wife was always behindhand, until she became a bye-word amongst his friends, and one day in anger, when she had kept a party of them waiting, he broke off their engagement. Thus she learnt, when too late, the lesson which she might have learnt years ago, and as an old woman, there is nothing she tries to impress on young people so earnestly as the fact that time waits for nobody, therefore they must be up to time.

BY THE SINGING SEA.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

I AM dreaming a dream of a quaint old place,
Where the sea sings soft and low;
Where the ships sail out in their stately grace,
And the sky has a gleam and glow;
And I see the gold of the stretching sand,
And the white of the distant pier.
Where the children are playing hand in hand,
With the sound of the waters near;
Oh, the faces, the dearest on earth to me,
Are away in that spot by the singing sea.

The rushing of feet along the shores,
The laugh of the child at play,
The fisherman's song, the dip of oars,
The splash of the glistening spray,
Are the sounds that steal through this dream of mine—
This dream of my distant home;
Where the air is fresh with the smell of brine,
And wet with the scattered foam.
Oh, my heart of hearts has gone out from me
To that dear old spot by the singing sea.



Where the children are playing hand in hand

And a child again, on the quiet beach,
I sit near the spreading sand,
Where the waves sweep onward, and reach and reach,
'Till they kiss me upon the hand ;
And they fling their diamonds around my feet,
And with voices all low and clear
They sing me a song so wild, so sweet,
That my heart stands still to hear ;
Oh, this dream that I dream has carried me
To that far-off spot by the singing sea.

There is never a shadow within mine eye,
Or a wrinkle upon my brow,
But, free as the sea-gull skimming by,
With the sun on its breast of snow,
I dance along on the shining pier
Or down on the shingles play,
With the laughing children romping near,
And sorrow so far away.
Ah, life was as fair as fair can be,
In that dear old spot by the singing sea!

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

"TEETOTALISM IS ONLY A FAD."



IN itself a fad need not be a bad thing. According to the dictionary it is, amongst other definitions, said to be a hobby. Sorrowful is the man without a hobby. With some it may be gardening, with others books, or horses, or rowing, or cycling. A man may, therefore, be a faddist in gardening, cycling, etc. A very popular mistake is that many of those who practise teetotalism do so merely from this standpoint. It is a hobby or a fad with them.

There are two ways of riding a hobby; one is to do it rationally and to get a lot of enjoyment out of it; and the other is to trot the hobby out on every suitable occasion, as well as to show it off at every unsuitable time.

A GREAT PRINCIPLE.

On a very fair calculation it is estimated that there are between six and seven millions of abstainers in the United Kingdom, and we are told that they are following this persuasion simply on the grounds of a fad or a hobby. No greater mistake was ever made. A man takes up a hobby because he gets pleasure out of it, and whilst it is true that the abstainer gets a good deal of pleasure out of his abstinence, yet that is not the prime cause of his being an abstainer. The abstainer, as a rule, is one who sees a great principle in teetotalism. It is not simply that it is expedient, or that it is an advantage, that influences the abstainer, so much as the great principle that it is right to abstain, and that right is based on the great apostolic injunction that "It is good neither to eat flesh or to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

It is at this point that divergence begins between the abstainer and the moderate drinker. The latter says, practically: "Look at me, I can take my glass of wine and enjoy it; I never get drunk. Let everyone do as I do, then there will be nothing to complain of." Therein is the fundamental difference between the two. Tens of thousands do stumble because of strong drink. Tens of thousands are offended and made weak, but the drinker ignores the principle of the injunction and says, "Never mind, I like my glass and shall go on using it; let everyone look after himself."

The abstainer recognises the great principle that "no man can live to himself," and that every one influences, more or less, for good or for evil, the lives of those around him. It is not a fad, but a principle that animates the abstainer. The bulk of abstainers are men and women who were never likely to fall under the influence of strong drink, but thousands as little likely as themselves do fall, and they therefore go upon the principle of a safe course for themselves and a safe example for others.

AN EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.

No one can doubt the great evils of intemperance, and every one sincerely deplores them. There is only one cause of intemperance, and that is strong drink. The moderate drinker fails to see this, and supposes that the fault is entirely with the drinker, overlooking the fact that strong drink seduces and enslaves the drinker. It is its very nature to lessen perception, to weaken judgment, and to reduce the power of the will, hence it is that men slowly and imperceptibly—to themselves at least—fall into drinking habits and become the slaves of habit and appetite. None are more ready than those over whom drink is assuming its sway, to describe the teetotaler as a faddist. The abstainer, however, sees the evil in its right light, and appreciates at its true worth the remedy.

It is impossible to abolish intemperance by the plan of moderate drinking, for as we have seen, it is this process that results in the manufacture of the drunkard. It *is* possible to effectually put a stop to intemperance by the process of total abstinence.

A POLICY OF PREVENTION.

The abstainer adopts what is really a policy of prevention. By his practice he effectually prevents himself from becoming a drunkard, and by his example he does something to influence others in a right course. John Ruskin once said: "Every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally in trying to pull fallen people up, instead of keeping the yet safe ones from tumbling after them, and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material." Whilst the abstainer aims at rescuing the drunkard when it is possible to do so, he also has the larger hope embodied in Ruskin's words of preventing, as well as rescuing.

MODERATION IS QUITE SUFFICIENT

for all practical purposes, says the man who believes teetotalism to be a fad, but he is wrong. There are thousands of men who attribute their all to the power of total abstinence to save them from the curse of drink, but it is very doubtful if a single case can be produced of a man gradually weaning himself from drunkenness to moderation. The fact is that moderation is a down grade and never an up grade. It is an easy descent, but a very difficult return. The only safe plan, the only philosophic plan, is that of total abstinence.

A VERY GOOD FAD.

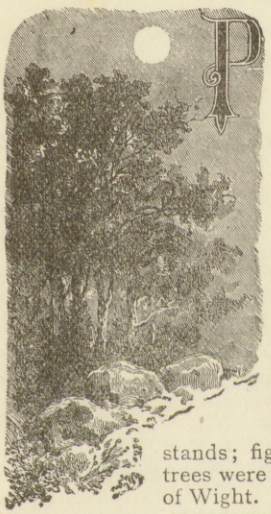
But let us suppose for a moment that the total abstinence movement is on no higher a plane than that of a mere fad. We should then reply that "it was a very good fad, too." If as a mere hobby it can secure the vast number of adherents that it has, if it can secure the support of leading men in all circles of society, if it can influence the opinion of the medical world, and its support

is eagerly bid for by political parties, whilst it largely dominates the religious world, and if in addition to this it is proved to be the one panacea for the evils of intemperance, then we may rest assured that it is a principle of the highest character, and far above being simply a fad.

Recreative Science for Young People.

By Ruth B. Yates.

VIII.—WHEN MIGHTY MONSTERS LIVED IN BRITAIN.



PERHAPS you may remember something of the great reptiles of the time when our chalk cliffs were building. We will now again look far backward and gaze upon some of the strange animals which lived in Britain after the reptiles had had their day.

England was vastly different to the England *we* know. Cocoanut trees grew near to where London now stands; fig trees and cinnamon trees were to be found in the Isle of Wight. There were still

CROCODILES AND SEA-SERPENTS.

One great tortoise of those days is said to have stood seven feet high and to have been eighteen feet long.

Though there were still some great reptiles living, yet their reign was over. The flying dragons and bird reptiles had disappeared, and in their places were huge animals—equally frightful to man, had he then existed.

Through the great forests roamed gigantic elephants—nearly twice the size of those now living—who sought their food from the topmost branches of strange trees. The

PRINCIPAL ELEPHANT OF BRITAIN

was the mammoth. His remains are to be found in Northern Europe and Siberia, and thousands of mammoth teeth are discovered in England.

An entire mammoth was found in Siberia, perfectly preserved by frost. Strange sight indeed! this monster of a bygone age, who had lived, not hundreds, but thousands of years ago.

He was sixteen feet in length, and could he have raised his massive body, would have stood nine feet high. He was covered with thick black bristles, fourteen inches long, beneath that with thick hair, and beneath that again, with wool. His great tusks were long, and curved upwards.

Another kind of elephant was the mastodon. There is, I believe a complete skeleton of one in the South Kensington museum. One mastodon found was eleven feet high, and had tusks twelve feet long.

Some have thought Job's description of Behemoth wonderfully suited to the mighty mastodon—much more so than to the elephant of to-day—and Job is believed to have lived at a very early age of the history of man.

Besides the elephants there were other big brutes. Huge two-horned rhinoceroses went crashing through the dense growth of the forests, whilst in the dismal swamps hippopotami wallowed—great cumbersome fellows, with big tusks.

LIONS AND TIGERS OF GIGANTIC SIZE

hunted their prey where peaceful, rural English scenery now smiles. Wolves and leopards—differing somewhat from the modern animals—roamed at will where now stand populous manufacturing cities; and where now are seen comfortable homesteads, big bears had their caves.

Another great animal was something like a sloth; his tremendous body was not made for rapid movements. One skeleton found measured eighteen feet.

A very singular animal was a sort of mixture of elephant and hippopotamus, having also the queer nose of a tapir.

The bones of these mighty animals are all found in English rock of this period, and those of many smaller animals as well.

Camels and giraffes fed in the forests, chattering monkeys swung from branch to branch, savage wild cats quarrelled and fought, whilst graceful antelopes and deer fled affrighted from their enemies. There were wild horses, too—bearing some resemblance to our faithful servants, having, instead of hoofs, feet with distinct toes. Some were larger, others smaller than ours, one kind being only the size of a fox. Strange to say, the familiar cow was conspicuous by its absence.

BRIGHT COLOURED BIRDS DARTED

hither and thither, and sang or chirped upon the trees, many of them resembling those now found in the tropics. There were also large toothed birds. A specimen of these was found in London clay, having notches in its bill resembling teeth.

Butterflies, too, of beautiful form and brilliant colour, helped to enhance the beauty of the scene.

In the surrounding waters great whales existed.

Although some of the numerous animals resembled those living now, the greater part were totally different, and not *one* bird, animal, or fish was exactly the same as those existing to-day.

The rocks, those

WONDERFUL PAGES OF NATURE'S BOOK,

that are so interesting to read, and yet so hard to decipher, tell us further, that after this time of a tropical climate, when these huge monsters flourished, there followed a period of intense cold, when ice and snow prevailed.

No doubt most of these monsters of land and sea perished then by reason of the change from intense heat to intense cold, those only surviving who, like the mammoth, seem to have been protected from such a fate by being provided with great thicknesses of fur or hair.

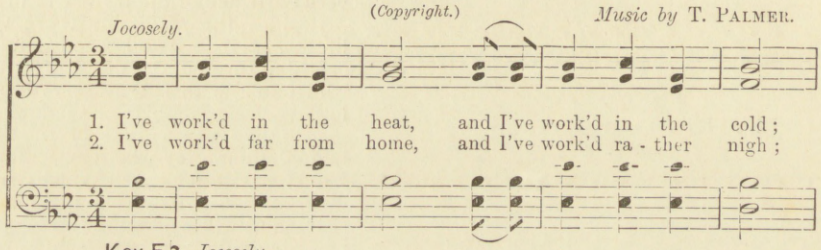
This peep into wonderland will surely lead some of you to seek to know more of God's mighty works, and show you that truth is even stranger and more interesting than fiction.

WITHOUT ANY BEER!

(*Copyright.*)

Music by T. PALMER.

Jocosely.



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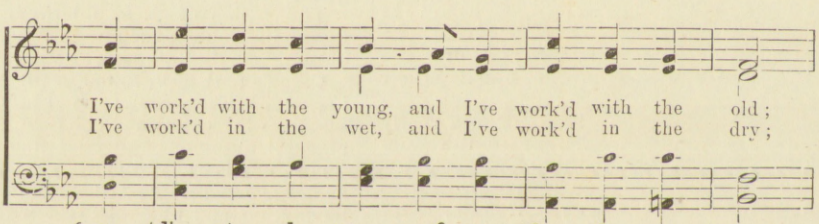

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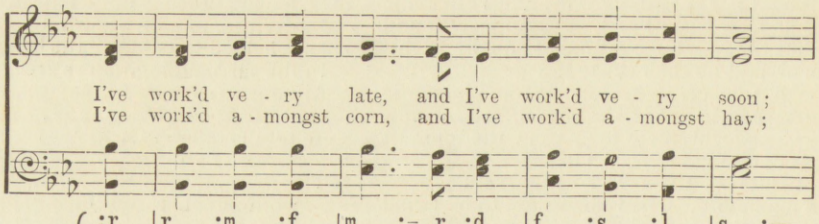

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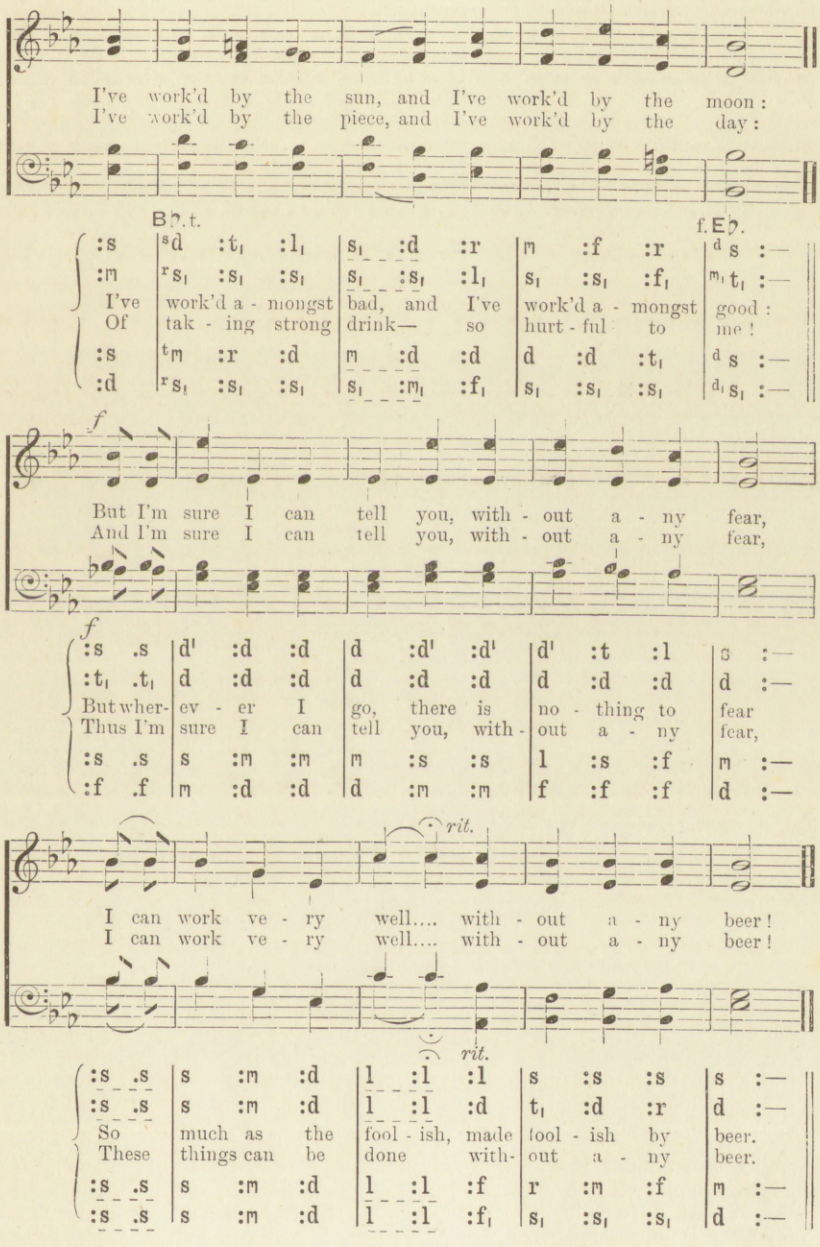
WITHOUT ANY BEER!



Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"VOTA VITA MEA."



A MERRY party of holiday makers had made up their minds to spend a summer vacation across the Irish Channel. Having made up their minds—not always the easiest thing in the world to do, they commenced to make their arrangements. There was a choice of route: steam-packets went from Liverpool; others from Holyhead.

The Welsh port was selected. It is well to make that railway journey through Wales by daylight. Our friends had thought of this, and found themselves in the delightful old city of Chester, in the brilliant sunshine.

Breaking the route here, they wandered round the walls, and found much to admire. The magnificent cathedral, rebuilt in old red sandstone, especially claimed the attention of the travellers. Who ever heard sweeter bell music than that given out from the Chester bell-tower? The young people would fain have lingered in the Rows, and by the river, but time pressed.

Resuming their journey, delightful glimpses of pretty Welsh watering-places were obtained. They are too many even to enumerate. A noble castle beside a river caused the wit of the party to irreverently parody a familiar poem—

None of us at Conway dwell,
And we're all agoing to sea.

Noting Bangor, but having no time to stay, the party passed through the tubular railway-bridge which crosses the Menai Straits, and were soon at Holyhead.

Here a steamer was ready to convey the passengers across the choppy channel to North Wall, Dublin. It was necessary to convey luggage from the quay to Westland Row Station, so a carman was hailed who asked "four shillings, yer honour!" for the brief journey. He didn't get it, though the tourists got the station.

It had been decided to make Bray the head-quarters, as the most convenient place from which to visit the many beautiful spots in Wicklow County.

At Bray, itself, the Head demands a visit; truly from thence the view is glorious. Behind rises the mountain called Sugar Loaf, from its shape, reminding one of Mount Vesuvius; while the Italian illusion is enhanced seawards by the view of the bay, which is not unlike the Bay of Naples.

At the summit of the promontory is an interesting estate. "Proprietors of large estates," says Dr. Talmage, "are very apt to have an ornamental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate a representation of entwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into stone."

Men in all ages have inscribed over their gateways words which puzzle or enlighten the beholder. At Bray Head the inscription reads "VOTA VITA MEA" (My life is devoted).



This is the motto of the Earl of Meath, whose family name is Brabazon. Ancient enough, one will say, when informed that Jacques le Brabazon, called "The great Warrior," appears on the roll of Battle Abbey. The historian of the party contributed that bit of information. Another young lady, who was exceedingly fond of reading, as she gazed on the Latin words, said:—

"How all this reminds one of Edna Lyall's *Doreen*. If anyone was entitled to the motto of *Vota Vita Mea* it was Doreen O'Ryan."

The story is a very beautiful one. Doreen was a typical Irish girl and a lovely singer; she was born amongst the Wicklow Hills. Once, as she stood on the summit of one of her native hills, with her dearest friend, she said, "Once when I was in sore trouble, and knew not what to do, I climbed up here, and saw the sun rise. How lovely the country looked! I never knew before how much I loved it. Oh! I am so glad God made me Irish, but I do wish He had created me a boy, then when I grew up I could serve my country."

And to her country she devoted her life, girl though she was. Doreen was a born musician, possessed a lovely voice, which she trained and perfected. Her father's health was shattered by a long imprisonment, which he suffered for saying rash things on behalf of his fatherland.

At the expiration of his term, the whole family emigrated to America, but they were home-sick, and could not remain there long. Mr. O'Ryan pined for his homeland, so a return was arranged.

When half-way back, it was manifest that the

tender-hearted Irishman would not live to reach Queenstown. He died, and was buried in the blue waters of the Atlantic. The sad event had a disastrous effect on the health and spirits of Mrs. O'Ryan, and on reaching Liverpool it was obvious that the poor woman would not rally from her great shock.

There were three little children demanding a mother's care. What could a young girl like Doreen do? "At any rate, I can keep them in good humour by singing," Doreen reflected, and spite of all the sorrow that filled her heart she sang whatever Dermot and Mollie begged for, from "Come back to Erin," to "Kate O'Shane." Then she would leave the youngsters sleeping as happily as though one great sorrow had not passed into their lives, while a fresh one stood waiting at the threshold.

But when her own work was done, and the children cheered with hopeful words, and tucked up in bed, proud to think herself in charge of the little ones, Doreen was so weary that to sleep was impossible.

She lit her little night lamp, and then lay down beside her mother, aching in every limb, and with ears still on the alert to catch any sound from her small charges in the next room, yet afraid in her restless wakefulness to stir, lest the sleep into which her invalid mother had fallen should be broken.

It was all very well to speak hopefully to her little brother, Michael, but the fears that had troubled the boy's heart began now to trouble her.

And then all the dreams, the ambitious plans of her girlhood, came back to her with a bitter sense that just as they were beginning to become practical possibilities, her desire for them had faded utterly away. What did she care now for the chance of becoming a great public singer? The mother who was to have enjoyed her triumph was dying. What could she care now for the rights of Ireland, when the father whose sufferings had wrung her heart would not be there to rejoice in the progress of the cause?

Mrs. O'Ryan's hold on life was slight. A few nights after Doreen and Michael were summoned hurriedly from their beds to their mother. Together they crept into the dimly lighted room, awe stricken and trembling, though there was nothing fearsome—no painful struggle, no effort to say last words, no anxiety for the children the mother was leaving—nothing but a tender embrace and a murmured blessing, then a peaceful sliding away into unconsciousness.

Doreen was now doubly an orphan. Girl as she was, she had the responsibility of a small family upon her. She roused herself. *Vota Vita Mea!* To those little ones her life should be devoted, and to them the sister became father and mother both. Nor could she forget the country for which her father died. To the children and to her country she resolved to devote her life, and nobly she carried out her resolve. Difficulties, sorrow, disaster, and even imprisonment came in Doreen's life, but, through all, her career was a living embodiment of the motto of her noble countryman, to be read yet on Bray Head, *Vota Vita Mea.*

MY BREWER.

WHO builds a church when need is great?
Who puts his offering in the plate?
Who still upholds the Church and State?
My Brewer.

Who to the heathen far away
Sends Christian men to preach and pray,
And bring them to a brighter day?
My Brewer.

Who is there, as a general rule,
Whene'er the neighbourhood needs a school,
Comes down at once with hundreds cool?
My Brewer.

Who, when aloud the poor have cried,
And Poverty is raging wide,
Has means of charity supplied?
My Brewer.

When newspapers are in a mess,
And how to clear it cannot guess
Who with his purse will cheer and bless?
My Brewer.

Who, when election strifes begin,
Ensures the proper man shall win,
And by his beer sends his choice in?
My Brewer.

Who is it bosses all the show,
As through this curious world we go,
And dominates both high and low?
My Brewer.

Who fills his pockets with the sale
Of porter, beer, and generous ale,
Which crowd the workhouse and the gaol?
My Brewer.

Who fills our slums with waifs and strays;
Who havoc with our nation plays,
And brings disgrace on all our ways?
My Brewer.

Who now enjoys his hour of might,
But who ere long must stand the fight,
When meet the powers of wrong and right?
My Brewer.

WERE the country wise, *he* would be considered a pest to society, deserving only the direst ignominy, whose wealth is gotten by the manufacture of INTOXICATING

DRINKS, the cause of
DRUNKENNESS, the national vice which produces unparalleled
DEGRADATION of manhood and womanhood,
DESTITUTION, squalor. and
DISEASE, and, more than any other cause, premature
DEATH.

JACKO BABINO.

By Uncle Ben.

JACKO BABINO was the name of a monkey belonging to an Italian boy who came round the suburbs of London, playing lively airs on an old-fashioned accordian. When the music began, Jacko would dance and nod his head, and when the music ceased, if any spectators were at hand, he would walk round with the wisdom of a sage and hold out his hand for money. He wore a bright red cord round his neck, the end of which was fastened to the arm of the young musician to prevent the monkey straying too far or going off with the pennies on his own account. Whatever contribution Jacko received he put into his mouth, having no purse in his pocket. In cold weather he wore a little jacket, but when it was warm he went about in the cool of nature's dress. Directly his mouth was full of money, or when the collection was finished, he went on all fours to his little master, and with a very knowing air, took out each coin and gave it to the lad, as if counting the contribution.

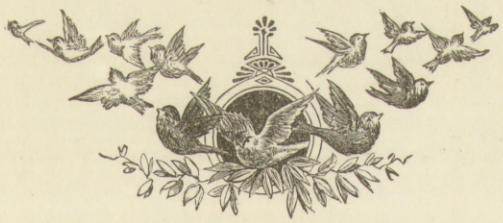


Jacko Babino and the musician were great chums. As they travelled about the monkey always sat on the lad's shoulder, and many miles a day they journeyed. Jacko was very keen on nuts, sweets, and biscuits, and if any one gave him any of these delicacies that he loved, he would always make a bow and wave his hand. The boy was very kind to Jacko and took great care of his faithful companion. The monkey had a great aversion to dogs, and if one appeared while he was making the collection, back he scuttled as fast as he could to his safe perch on the boy's shoulder; and when the dog was gone he would go on where he left off and finish his business. But dogs, unfortunately, were not the only enemies Jacko had. Sometimes cruel boys would try and tease him; of them he was not afraid, and having never been taught the grace of Christianity he would make for them if he could, and jump at them, showing his white, sharp teeth, so that they generally fled in terror, and if he did give any rude person a pinch with his mouth he made them feel very sorry. He was friendly to all who were kind, especially to little girls, to whom he was very polite, touching his forehead with great respect, as if asking for a penny with the other open hand.

Poor Jacko had a worse enemy than dogs and cruel boys; his young master used often to go to public houses for rest and refreshment. When he came first to England he much disliked our beer, but as he could not get coffee always he gradually took to drink beer, as he could not afford wine. He often amused the people at these public houses, and in some places he and his monkey became very popular, and he was treated to as much as he could drink. In time, Jacko (for monkeys are always said to copy their masters) learnt to sip beer. The first day he tasted it he blew it all out of his mouth with great disgust, like a good abstainer, but often being very thirsty he would take a little and then

a little more, until he usually had a small drink every time his master did. This beer drinking was the cause of much injury to poor Jacko; it made him feel very poorly, and sometimes he got a little drunk, but after each time this happened he would not touch it again for days, then he would forget the warning and yield to temptation. Our English climate did not suit the monkey, but if he had kept an abstainer he would have stood it better.

Before returning to the warmer south, toward the end of the summer, Jacko caught a bad cold. The lad stayed in and nursed him till all their means were gone, and they were obliged to go forth to seek more pennies. In order to keep Jacko indoors as much as possible, they visited many public houses. The coming out of the hot, close places, into the wet and damp air, made Jacko worse, although he was wrapped in his little coat. The last house they called at Jacko could hardly hold up, and coughed very much there. Someone suggested "a good drop of strong spirit would set the monkey right." The lad was foolish enough to give his baby—for that is what Babino means—this prescription. Jacko was prostrated, and his master had to carry him to their lodgings in Hatton Gardens. The boy sat up with him all night, gave him warm milk and nursed him in a blanket, and did all he could, but the dose had been too much for the monkey in his weak state. Before the morning came the friends were parted, and Jacko Babino numbered among the victims of strong drink.



WORDS OF CHEER.

WORDS of cheer are words of help. Words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the bright side into prominence; if we speak of the dark side we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person whom we are with. If we see a look of health or of hope in the face of an acquaintance whom we casually meet and we tell him so, he goes on his way with new life in his veins. If we see a look of failing strength and of heaviness of heart in one to whom we speak, and we emphasise the fact that he looks poorly, we give him a push downward as our contribution to the forces which affect his course. A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life, and we are responsible for the results of our influence accordingly.

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

- - - GOATS. - - -



THERE are few pets which do not cause a vibration of my soul when I think about them, a thrill of joy, which being interpreted, means "I wish I had you *now*," but I candidly confess that neither Mr. Goat, Mrs. Goat, Master Goat, nor Miss Goat arouse within me *any* longing to re-possess them, or *any* sorrow for having parted with them!

Perhaps I did not properly make allowance for their sins of omission and commission, but whether that be so or not, I feel a sort of mild shudder go through me when I allow my mind to dwell upon "a pet goat." Why I should, I know not, for there is nothing more charming than a wee goat a few weeks old, with its winning little bleat and its wonder-struck face as it gazes on the new world it has entered; but do what I will, I cannot look on the bright side of goat life! My mind conjures up a gaunt looking, determined, haggard old "Billy," whose whole object in life is to eat, eat, eat! Eat not only grass, and cabbages, and corn, and his lawful "daily bread," but whose whole object in life seems to be to eat what he *ought not*; to eat what you especially don't *want* him to eat, whose whole being is like "the horse-leach's daughters," of whom we read in the Best of Books, and who continually cry "Give, Give!" Yes, when I think of him I go back in mind to lovely beds of flowers crunched up with ruthless spoliation, to best straw hats (put out to dry in the sun after an unexpected shower) devoured piece meal, to choice fruit trees "barked" completely to the very highest point that he can reach "on tip-toe," and my instincts seem to rebel against his unmitigated cheek, his contemptuous disregard for any restraint, his unsatisfied and ever rapacious appetite. But stay my pen, don't let me be too hard upon him, virtues he has as well as vices, so let me grant him a free and full forgiveness, and urge you to try him and form your own conclusion, but *don't* do so unless you have a *proper* place to keep him in. He should have a good roomy shed, and a well fenced enclosure. You need have no fear about not being able to provide him with food that will suit him. *Everything* suits him. He will thrive on rough hay, grass from hedgerows, refuse vegetables, in fact almost anything that he can swallow. But take my advice, and never trust him *loose* for five minutes, or you will rue the day that ever you set eyes on him!

"Every crime has its origin more or less in drunkenness."—*Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge.*

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN EARLY BAND OF HOPE WORKER.



OUR illustration shows two incidents in the life of the late John H. Esterbrooke, the founder of the Band of Hope movement in London, who passed away to his reward on Sunday, June 27th, 1897, at the ripe age of 80 years. Born January 2nd, 1817, Mr. Esterbrooke signed the pledge in 1830, and from that time until his death, so long as his health permitted, worked assiduously in the promotion of Temperance.

One day in the forties, when visiting the rookeries of Westminster he entered a wretched hovel occupied by a besotted drunkard and his wife, whose bruised and bleeding faces indicated a recent quarrel. On appealing to the man to sign the pledge, and lead a sober, industrious, and redeemed life, the emaciated victim replied—"Mr. Esterbrooke, it is of no use preaching to us; we are lost, and must have gin and beer to drown our remorse, or we should go mad. If you want to do good"—then, raising his skeleton arm, followed by a blow with his fist upon the table, he shouted,

"SAVE THE CHILDREN FROM THE DRINK!"

"This frantic exclamation of despair and pity for the children," said Mr. Esterbrooke, "thrilled through my brain like a prophetic inspiration." In a few days he commenced operations in the Mission Hall, Pear Street, Westminster, by holding weekly meetings for children, with popular illustrated addresses, aided by a chemical exposition with apparatus, of the properties of alcoholic drinks, confirmed by painted diagrams of diseases caused by their use, and enlivened by stirring melodies. The attendance of the children was overflowing, and the excitement created in the crowded locality aroused the attention of the poorer classes, hundreds of whom signed the pledge, and rejoiced in their freedom from the cursed slavery of drink. Publicans tried to suppress the novel movement. Ruffians were employed to pelt him with mud and stones at the open-air meetings. Twice large stones were levelled at his head, but missed their aim, and smashed the opposite windows. One Sunday a dense gathering of the working classes was assembled around the memorable historic pump in the Broadway, when he was dragged from the platform by a body of policemen, who roughly conveyed him to the police-station, followed by sympathising women and reclaimed men, crying, "Shame, shame! Let us rescue our secretary." He was locked up for a time. When in the dock the inspector warned him, saying that the residents (gin sellers and publicans) had complained of obstruction, but if he promised to abandon the open-air meetings he would avoid taking him before the magistrate. Mr. Esterbrooke emphatically refused to comply, and continued the open-air gatherings with cheering success and many pledges.

Sometimes it seems that we want a little more of the strenuous opposition which the early workers experienced, to arouse the present-day workers to the same unbounded enthusiasm and energy which in Mr. Esterbrooke's case inspired him to work among the children, till, in a very short time, the great Metropolis was covered with a net work of Bands of Hope, which, later on, united and formed the commencement of the great United Kingdom Band of Hope Union with its present-day strength of 10,864 societies and 1,549,186 members, exclusive of societies connected with other organisations.

Talks about Ourselves.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

VIII.—HOW WE SEE.



PERHAPS the saddest sight in our great cities is that of a blind man led by a dog. How dismal sounds the stick as it is knocked on the hard pavement; and how much more dismal the oft repeated words: "Pity the poor blind!" Such a sight must first make us thank God that we have eyes to see with, and secondly must make us drop a coin into the hand held out to receive our gifts.

It will be interesting to find out how it is that we are able to see, and to convince ourselves that the practice of total abstinence helps us to use our eyesight properly, for we shall learn that, just as alcohol injures other parts of the body, so it injures the full and perfect pleasure we ought to enjoy from having good eyesight.

You have seen when you have been to the seaside a curious little structure, usually erected close to the pier, and labelled

"CAMERA OBSCURA."

If you pay your penny and go into this little room, you see a white table in the centre, and on it a marvellous picture of what is going on all around; everybody is alive—the niggers singing their songs and telling their jokes, the bathers in the sea, and the children making their sand castles. Above your head there is what is called a lens, and this reflects upon the table the living picture you so much admire. Now another kind of camera is that known as the *water camera*, which consists of a moderate sized box lined inside with black paper. On one side is a hole into which is fixed a watch-glass. Inside the box and behind the watch-glass is placed a convex lens. By the words *convex lens* I mean a piece of glass which bulges out on one side, just as a burning glass does, only that bulges out on both sides, and is called a double convex lens. We fill the box with water, and place a candle in front of the watch-glass; the result will be that an image of the candle will be seen on the opposite side of the box.

The water and the lens together have the power of reproducing this image. In somewhat the same way there is

FORMED INSIDE THE EYE

an image of the things we see around us. Like the water-camera, the eye contains a fluid, it has a lens to gather up the rays of light, and an outer part which has a resemblance to the watch-glass. But the water-camera is indeed a poor thing when compared with the marvellous ingenuity exhibited in the construction of the human eye.

To understand the construction of the eye we get some bullocks' eyes from the butcher, and then carefully cutting these up we shall be able to learn much more than we could from books. Let us suppose, then, that we have one of these eyes before us, and that, provided with a sharp knife and a pair of strong, sharp scissors, we set to work. We find, just as we might have expected, that the

OUTER PART OF THE EYE IS HARD

and tough. This, indeed, is necessary to protect the delicate parts inside. This outer part is generally called the "white" of the eye, its proper name is the *sclerotic*, it is so tough that we are obliged to gather it up with a pair of scissors before we can get the knife into it. In front of the eye there is no "white," but in its place a round horny plate, this is like a window, for you can see through it; we may liken this to the watch-glass in the water camera. Underneath the "white" we find another coating, this is known as the *choroid coat*. You can see at once that it is much more delicate in character than the *sclerotic*, for in it are many blood vessels and nerves; you see also that, like the water-camera, it has a black lining. The object of this is to gather up or absorb the rays of light not required, otherwise things we look at would seem to be misty or blurred.

The front of the second coat is that

VERY BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE EYE,

known as the *iris*; it is a curtain, and being made of involuntary muscle, it contracts or gets larger as necessary, without effort on our part.

Now perform this single experiment. Stand in front of the looking-glass on a clear day, let someone lower the blind slowly; you see that the "iris" opens wider, because now the blind is down the eye requires all the light it can obtain. Now have the blind drawn up; you see that the hole in the centre of the iris, the *pupil* as it is called, gets smaller; this is to keep out the large amount of light now in the room. So you see that when the blind of the room goes up, the blind of the eye goes down; when the blind of the room comes down, the blind of the eye goes up.

If you look through the pupil, the interior of the eye looks black; you are looking at the black coating of the choroid coat.

Now, if you look at the back of the eye, you see the end of a thin cord. This is the nerve of the eye, or the *optic nerve*, as it is called; this spreads out on the top of the black coating of the choroid coat, and is named the *retina*. If I place a small piece of the retina under the microscope, you will see how beautifully it is marked. The network of nerves forms various shapes; they are known as *rods* and *cones*.

I want you to notice now what is, perhaps, the most beautiful part of the eye. Behind the iris there is a jelly-like transparent body named the *crystalline lens*; it is a double convex lens, it separates the eye into two chambers, and we may liken it to the lens in the water camera. To make our comparison complete we find that part of the eye which is in front of the crystalline lens is filled with a thin watery fluid, that behind is filled with a thicker fluid. If I had the opportunity to continue the description of the

MANY WONDERS OF THE EYE,

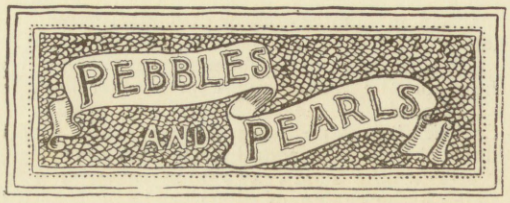
I should have to tell you of the six muscles which move the eye in various directions, of the tear glands which supply a watery fluid to keep the eye moist, of the delicate eyelids, of the tiny glands which supply the oil of the eye, of the eyebrows forming a protecting and shading ridge over the eyes, and of the eyelashes which catch hold of the perspiration as it rolls down the forehead, and so prevent it falling into the eye.

You know that travellers climbing snow mountains wear coloured spectacles in order to protect their eyes from the dazzling whiteness of the snow; you know that many travellers in crossing the Arabian Desert have their eyes seriously injured by the particles of fine sand; and you know it is your duty as soon as your eyes become weak to seek advice so that you may not lose your sight.

Now the drinking of intoxicating drinks injures the sight so much that often a drunken man is as sightless as a blind man.

SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON

has proved by experiment that a very small quantity of alcohol takes away keenness of vision. The man who has taken alcohol has to go nearer to look at any object than he would if he had not taken the alcohol. Alcohol has such an effect on the optic nerve that the eye cannot see the image of things as clearly as it could without alcohol.



WHY does a person who is ill lose his sense of touch?

Because he doesn't feel well.

IT is estimated that the teetotal population of this country is about 8,000,000, of whom about 3,000,000 are over 21 years of age.

MAMA: "Mrs. Brown says her little boy looks very much like ours."

Papa: "Then ours must be better looking."

POET: "Do you pay for poetry?"

Editor: "Yes; and pay dearly for it, too. You ought to see how it loses us readers."

WHEN convinced that something ought to be done, begin to do it, and don't give over until you have done it.



A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

ENTERING the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! There is *motion* but no *progress*."

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Aug. 4.—First World's Temperance Conference held, London, 1846.

,, 15.—Forbes Mackenzie Act passed, 1853.

,, 17.—American Women's Temperance Christian Union formed, 1874.

,, 23.—Joseph Livesey signed teetotal pledge, 1832.

,, 25.—Independent Order of Rechabites started, 1835.

MAN is alike the creature and creator of circumstances.

"JOHNNY, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?"

"Colic, sir."

DOCTOR: "Well, my fine little fellow, I was sure that the pills I left would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?"

Boy: "I used them in my popgun."

"CAN you tell me how old the devil is?" said an irreverent fellow to a clergyman.

"My friend, you must keep your own 'family record,'" was the reply.

BISHOP TUCKER, the celebrated African ecclesiastic, whose diocese covers many thousands of miles, declares that he could not have endured the fatigue he has undergone in Central Africa if he had not been an abstainer.

"TEMPERANCE is the unyielding control of reason over lust, and over all wrong tendencies of the mind. Frugality is not so extensive as Temperance. Temperance means not only frugality, but also modesty and self-government. It means abstinence from all things not good, and entire innocence of character."—*Cicero.*

CORNERED.—"Did yez see me in the parade?" said Mr. Dolan to his wife.

"Oi did."

"Wasn't Oi a foine soight, thin?"

"Yez wor, indade. Oi had ty look twoice ty re'lize thot the mon thot shtepped along so loively an' aisy ty the music wor my own husband thot warn't able ty walk aroun' the corner ty the grocery lasht night because av the rheumatism."

MRS. PENFIELD: "My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work."

Mrs. Hillaire: "How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?"

Mrs. Penfield: "As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."

SOME years ago a firm of Grimsby smack owners built a fishing smack and christened her *Dr. Lees*, out of compliment to that untiring champion of total abstinence. The smack passed into the hands of another Grimsby owner, and long continued in active service. On the very day of the funeral of Dr. Lees, however, and at about the same hour, the smack ran ashore off Ymuiden, Holland, and became a total wreck.

STARTLING FACT.—"It is a melancholy fact that a very large number of those who are permanently injured by drinking are of those who rarely or never drink beyond the stage of slight excitement, or even halt before that point. For one man who is injured by being drunk often, there are twenty or more who are seriously injured by drinking and never approaching the verge of intoxication. A man may drink in such a way as never to feel consciously excited or embarrassed, yet ruin his health, and cut short his days more speedily and surely than the man who is dead drunk every Saturday night.—*Dr. W. S. Greenfield's "Health Primer on Alcohol."*



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

HURLED OVER THE CLIFF.

AND they did see.

Never could a finer testimony be borne of any man than that which was borne on one occasion of Joey.

A group of friends were talking together about the young people of the village, when one of the group, a lawyer, made special reference to the exemplary conduct of young Joey Tregelles—"an honour to any place."

"Oh," remarked one of the group in reply, "that young fellow is converted."

"Converted!" said the lawyer, "I know nothing of conversion, but I would rather trust the bare word of that young fellow than I would many a man's oath."

Still, there were those who, in spite of a testimony so fine, were mean enough to say,

"Oh, his is only a passing craze. Give him time enough, and it will be the old story over again, of the sow who returned to her wallowing in the mire."

But they lived to prove the fallacy of their own foolish predictions, for Joey, conscious of the dangers to which he was exposed, cut himself clear at a stroke, and very wisely resolved that he would never suffer himself to be entangled again with the yoke of bondage. So he straightway abandoned his evil companions, smashed his meerschaum pipe into atoms, declared that from henceforth and for ever he would never touch the drink, and, gathering up his cards, flung them into the fire.

"Mother," said he one evening as they sat together by the fireside, forming plans for the future, "mother, I have never been so happy in all my life as I have been for the last six months."

She looked up from her sewing, and smilingly said,

"Ah, Joey, my dear, the old Book is true—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"But oh, mother, what a life I have lived—what a hell!" he exclaimed with a shudder. "To me it is one of the greatest wonders that I am alive. Why God didn't smite me dead in my sins I do not know."

"Don't ee knaw, my dear? Why, it es because 'E delighteth in mercy, to be sure."

"But, mother, it's all through you I'm saved."

Phyllis looked up into his face and wept.

"Yes, mother," he continued, "it is all through you. But how you could have borne with me all those years is a perfect puzzle I cannot understand. Yes, I could resist your prayers well enough, although they would sometimes haunt me like a hell. Aye, and I could stand your bits of preaching, too, although I used to wonder why it was that you didn't sluice damnation upon me hot and strong. But your example, your life, I couldn't stand that. Why, go where I would, and do what I would—in the darkness as in the light—when I was sober, aye, and when I was drunk, your life would meet me like a ghost. Ah, mother, you little know what a barrier your life has been to your boy. I should have fallen over the precipice and have been lost long ago but for that. Yes, and you thought the dear old preacher, Mr. Tremayne, was going to do the work; yes, that's what you thought, and you looked to the sermon that evening to convince me of sin. But, mother, it wasn't the sermon at all that did it; It was the word—the text—'Able to save to the uttermost'—uttermost—utter——,"

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and he struggled hard to finish his sentence, but he couldn't, for his feelings choked him so; and, falling upon his mother's neck, he sobbed for joy.

Gradually Joey Tregelles won his way back to respect and position. Slowly at first, very slowly, but, nevertheless, surely. Now and again a shadow of suspicion would rest upon him, as in summer time a haze will hang around the headland and obscure the bay; but the beautiful consistency of his godly life dispersed the suspicion, and men saw, and saw clearly, the nobility of character that was growing out of the wreck of that all-but-ruined life.

Resolved that, whatever else he might do, he would never relinquish those principles that had raised him from a position that was degrading to himself and dishonouring to his Maker, he stuck to his purpose with the greatest pluck, and, amid difficulties that were sometimes depressing, strove hard to establish himself in the estimation of all right thinking men, and eventually proved the truthfulness of Thomas Carlyle's wise and weighty words: "Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations."

Next to the favour of God, Joey Tregelles appreciated the good opinion of all right-minded men; and though he never sought it by unworthy means, and would never permit himself to truckle to unworthy deeds, yet he was as delighted as a child when he realised the favour both of God and man. True, the old-*hauteur* remained, for, as Nanny Polcrean was wont to affirm, "that was born'd wi' un;" but underneath there was a spirit humbled by his recent experience, constraining him to walk softly the remainder of his days. And he would sometimes remark, with a plaintiveness that was touching, "The wound is healed, but the scar remains."

And yet, to the honour of Joey Tregelles be it said, there were those who knew him best who would never allow that there was ever such a thing as a scar upon the fair fame of the fine young fellow. God-like in their behaviour they had cast his sins behind their back, and woe be to the man who could so far forget himself as to attempt to drag them into the light.

Now, of those who had formed a high opinion of Joey was Mrs. Morlaise, the widow of "Our Artist." From the very first moment she saw him as a lad in her garden, when she mistook him for a beggar, but found to her surprise that he was a little aristocrat in duck, she was struck with the remarkable appearance of the boy, and, strange to say, singularly foretold the features in his character that would make or mar his life; and now that he had become a man, she was no less convinced there was a great future before him, provided he would act with the greatest care.

Meeting him one morning, the first time for months, she saluted him by saying,

"Why, Tregelles, how improved you are. You look the very picture of health. Yes, and the handsome old face has come back again. Oh, how delighted Montague would be. Well, and when are we to have the pleasure of seeing you at the Bungalow? My daughter will be delighted to see you. You have not paid us a visit since I don't know when; and we have so much to talk to you about. Of course you have heard of the sale of the painting. But, there, I haven't time to go into the particulars now; but you will come and see us, won't you, Tregelles? Yes, and come soon."

Thanking her for her kindness, and greatly encouraged by the interest she still took in his welfare, he assured her that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to visit the Bungalow again—a spot so sacred to him because of the memory of the man who had gone.

Needless to say, Joey was not long in fulfilling the promise of a visit to the Bungalow. It had such an attraction for him. The society was such that he could not resist the inclination to go; and though they were far above his level as a poor fisherboy, and he could never hope to be on a par with them, yet both mother and daughter were so nice that their society seemed like an inspiration, and a source of ever-increasing strength.

Mrs. Morlaise was so genial and happy that evening that she would not allow a moody thought for a moment; and although she was resting under the shadow of a bitter bereavement, yet, for the sake of Tregelles, she was resolved she would make the evening as bright and as attractive as she possibly could. And, beside, she was just in the flush of a new excitement. "Great Possessions" had been sold for an almost fabulous amount. And talk as she would about other things that evening she would invariably get back to the subject of the painting—"that masterpiece of my poor dear husband's."

At length she settled down to give Tregelles the history of the sale, entering into every little minutæ with all the heartiness of a girl.

"Do you know, Tregelles," she commenced, "that I have had such a number of congratulations on that marvellous production; 'Great Possessions' I mean."

"I do not wonder," replied Joey.

"Yes, but it is your face that has done it, Tregelles. Why, it was that face of yours that made all the *furore* in London, and drew thousands to the Academy, so that the exhibition of last spring was said to be the most successful for years. I don't want to flatter you, Tregelles—of course you are beyond all that kind of thing now—but my dear husband always maintained that there was both fortune and fame in your face and head."

Joey blushed for a moment, and said,

"Thank you, madam. The fortune and the fame are yours, and deservedly too. The picture owes little to me; it owes everything to him, your late dear husband, and whom I am pleased to call my much-respected friend."

"Yes, yes, Tregelles, you are right, perfectly right.

"Why, do you know," she continued, with the utmost enthusiasm, "that the old gentleman who has purchased the painting resolved as soon as he saw it in the Academy that he must have it at any price? In fact, he went so far as to say that

if he pledged his estate for the amount he would buy it. He is quite a connossieur in art they say; and though he hates the new school, or at least he says so, and has, it is said, the finest collection of the old masters of any man in England, yet he could not regard his collection as complete until he had added 'Great Possessions' to the number. What a real enthusiast the old gentleman must be. Still, I am bound in all honesty to confess that he must be a good judge of painting and knows what's what.

"And oh, the correspondence we have had," said Mrs. Morlaise with a smile. "And what do you think, Tregelles? He fancies, in fact he says he is sure, there is a history in connection with the picture, and wants me to supply him with all the information I can upon the subject. Very singular, is it not? But, perhaps, Tregelles, you can help me, do you think you can?"

"I am afraid not, Mrs. Morlaise."

"Nothing that my dear husband ever said whilst at his work in the studio?"

"Nothing, madam, excepting that he would very often remark, and especially when he got excited, as he would sometimes do over his work, that he was resolved he would make it the picture of the year."

"And he did, didn't he, Tregelles? Oh, how he loved this place and the people. Often have I heard him remark, he was resolved that the village should be no longer a bye-word and a reproach, but that it should be immortalised by giving a character and name to his particular school.

"Well, I was going to tell you," she observed, "that this dear old gentleman who has purchased the picture is going to pay me a visit this summer, and he wants me to furnish him with facts respecting the painting, 'for,' says he—and this is the singular part of his story—the face in the picture, or, to quote his exact words, 'the face in the painting is the very image of a friend.'

"There now, Tregelles," Mrs. Morlaise pleasantly remarked, "you ought to feel flattered, for the gentleman in question is no less a person than Lord Fitzmaurice, of Belvidere Castle in the north."

"Excuse me, madam," said Tregelles, "but I fail to see where the occasion for flattery comes in. I suppose where there are so many faces in the world there is little cause for surprise that there should be two alike; for I suppose not even Nature, with all her resources, can be constructing new models for new faces every day."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Morlaise with a smile. "However, his lordship will be coming, and perhaps, Tregelles, you would like to meet him at the Bungalow."

"Thank you, madam, but I must beg to be excused."

"Well, well, please yourself, Tregelles, but I thought you might like to set your eyes on a live Lord for once in a lifetime; and certainly it would be gratifying for his lordship to look upon the face of one who is the very image of his friend. And beside, Tregelles, we never know what great events come out of little things."

The following summer was a busy time for the fishermen. Pilchards were plentiful, and boats laden from Munwaloe and Gullion discharged their cargoes on the sands between the two slips. Women with cowalls laden with the silvery-looking fish toiled up to the cellars, and flung their burdens on the floors, whilst the village rang with the life and laughter of the fisher folk as they reaped the harvests of the sea.

It was noon of a certain day, when Phyllis and Joey were returning to the cellar, after their dinner of "a dish of tay." Passing along the cliff, on that part of the road which is so narrow that it almost resembles a knife blade, fenced on the seaward side by an iron rail as a protection from the precipice, they were horrified to see two spirited horses drawing a carriage, but going at



such a rate as to endanger the life of the occupants. Taking the situation in at a glance, and seeing the coachman pulling at the reins until they snapped in his hands, Joey sprang at the horses' heads, and, with his herculean strength, hurled them back on their haunches amidst the plaudits of the people.

"Bravo!" shouted the coachman.

"Bravo!" roared out the people.

And as Joey stood holding the beasts by the bridle, but exhausted of his strength, the high-blooded brutes began to rear, and the one nearest the cliff tossing his defiant head hurled poor Joey over the precipice on to the rocks below.

"'E's killed! 'e's killed! shrieked the crowd; and poor Phyllis, frantic with excitement, rushed to the edge of the precipice, and gazed upon the battered bleeding body of her son.

(To be continued.)

BAND OF HOPE JUBILEE SONG. 1847—1897.

By Beresford Adams.

A JOYOUS song of Jubilee
Let all unite to sing,
And loving tributes everywhere
Let friends and helpers bring;
For *faith* in God has ever been
Our constant source of strength,
And with His blessing we shall have
The victory at length.

A joyous song of Jubilee
Come sing the people all,
For Temperance blesses everywhere,
Alike the great and small;
The *hope* of this loved land of ours
Is in its youthful life,
So Drink must be o'ercome, and all
Be active in the strife.

A joyous song of Jubilee
We'll sing inspired by *love*,
Love to our fellowmen around,
And love to God above;
God's hand has with His people been
Through all the long, long past,
And He will still with them abide,
And help them to the last.

A joyous song of Jubilee
Let all *devoutly* sing,
For in our work we surely have
The blessing of the King;
The children Jesus died to save
From sin and Satan's power,
Oh! be it yours and mine to aid
His purpose every hour.

A joyous song of Jubilee
Should *everywhere* resound,
And Friends should all conspire to make
Heroic deeds abound;
The day of Victory's drawing nigh,
When all with one accord
Shall join in holiest Jubilee,
Hosanna to the Lord.

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

"THE BIBLE RECOMMENDS ITS USE."



SO many popular beliefs exist, because those who hold them have never taken the trouble to examine for themselves the grounds on which such beliefs exist. In no other way can the superstition and credulity of the human race be accounted for. The general belief that the Bible at least sanctions the use of intoxicating drinks is one that has no real foundation, whilst the belief that such drinks are recommended in the Bible is in the highest degree a fallacy.

There are three great classes of strong drink—malt liquors, wines, and spirits. The first and the last of these were unknown in the period during which the Bible was written, so that once for all they are excluded altogether from consideration. The whole of the scriptural references relate to wine, but never to wine as we know it to-day, for although an intoxicating wine existed, it was simply fermented grape juice, very different from the manufactured and brandied wines of the present time. There are

THIRTEEN WORDS

in the original languages which are translated into the word wine in the Authorised Version. Nine of these are Hebrew and four are Greek. In some cases it is the vine that is referred to, in others the grape itself, and in others the juice of the grape freshly expressed. In all cases the context must be considered in order to get the meaning of the word.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS

must also be remembered in order to arrive at a fair conclusion. There is abundant evidence from contemporary history that in New Testament times at least it was a common practice in the East to boil the juice of the grape to the consistency of a syrup, and that this was commonly known as wine. There was no alcohol in such a production, for the boiling was the most effectual way of preventing any fermentation. Then there was the method of bringing a cluster of grapes and expressing the juice and at once drinking, what in a hot and thirsty country must have been a very delicious

beverage. It was absolutely non-alcoholic, and it is readily conceivable that the Psalmist should describe such a beverage as "Wine that maketh glad the heart of man." Then, too, contemporary history tells of the process of filtration as a method of preserving the grape juice, and in this case owing to the removal of the gluten from the grape juice there would be less liability to fermentation.

INTOXICATING DRINK

was known, for Noah was drunken. It need not, however, be supposed that men prepared a drink specially that would intoxicate. Noah planted a vineyard and drank of the wine and was drunken. Such is the simple statement recorded. The natural law by which fermentation occurs was in operation then, as it is now, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that Noah drank what he believed to be grape juice, but that this had become fermented unknown to him. At any rate his drunkenness brought him disgrace and a curse upon one of his sons, and though he lived for three hundred and fifty years after, we do not hear of his repeating the experiment. It is quite certain that alcohol as such was altogether unknown in Bible times. What they did know was that the vine was an excellent agricultural property, that the grape was an important and beneficial food, that the juice of the grape was an excellent and a refreshing beverage, and that red or fermented wine could make men drunken, and was therefore to be condemned in no measured terms.

MANIFEST CONDEMNATION.

"There is nothing in the nature and the usage of the words for wine, etc., in the Bible which at all teaches that the use of intoxicating drink is in harmony with the Divine will," but there is abundant evidence to show that men were constantly and emphatically warned against its use.

Moses, the author of the most elaborate code of hygienic and sanitary law for the times in which he lived, lays it down as a law that the priests are not to drink wine or strong drink during their period of office, thus safeguarding them from any possibility of their erring through its influence. Solomon the wise, who had tried all things under the sun, gives his emphatic verdict that strong drink is to be avoided, and that it can both mock and destroy the man. The stern prophet Isaiah adds his threatening warnings to the drunkards of Ephraim, and shows how men err and stumble in judgment through strong drink.

Hosea continues the strain, and shows how wine taketh away the head of man from that which is good.

Even if it were granted that in all places where wine is mentioned that it referred to alcoholic wine, then it would still be found that the warnings and condemnations far outweigh in their strength of language and their denunciatory character anything that appears to be said in favour of its use.

IN FAVOUR OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

There is no command that men are to abstain from strong drink. There is, however, a wider command that embraces this, and that is to abstain from all appearance of evil—all that is evil and that leads to evil. The object of the Bible is to show men that which is good, and to lead them to choose the good rather than evil. Its aim is to teach men self-restraint and the constant practice of virtue and goodness. Is the sum total of the result of the use of strong drink for or against this? It must be confessed by everyone that the totality of the use of strong drink is evil and not good, and its use therefore is not in harmony with the spirit and the tendency of the Bible.

Incidently total abstinence is taught and encouraged. Samson, the hero of physical strength, is a Nazarite; that is one who rigidly abstains from all wine and strong drink. When this mighty type of physical strength is set forth it is ensured that none of it is derived from strong drink. He is a water drinker. The most consistent and beautiful character of the Old Testament is Daniel. As a boy and as a man no ill is recorded of him, but only good. Upright, lovable, unflinching, sincere. All the attributes of true manhood are his. In adversity and in success he is the same. He also is a Nazarite, a water drinker. The greatest moral hero of the Bible, John the Baptist, who has to fulfil the high and lofty mission of publicly introducing Christ to the world, derives none of his stainless character and heroic demeanour from the ruddy wine. He is a Nazarite, a water drinker. Here are three of the Biblical characters standing out in bold prominence, and in each case we find an abstainer from wine and all strong drink.

Then we might remember the great blessing that came to the tribe of Rechab simply on the ground of their practising total abstinence principles.

Summing the matter up we find that the Bible commends the natural fruit of the vine. It vigorously condemns the use of alcoholic or red wine. It denounces, in strong terms, all excesses in strong drink. It shows what follies and errors men fall into by its use. It gives notable instances of the lives of abstainers set forth for our example and encouragement, and the spirit of the Bible is more consonant with the self-restraint of total abstinence than with the use of those drinks that lessen perception and weaken the will and the judgment.

DUTY BEFORE ALL.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun was visible nearly a century ago in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed with the idea that the Day of Judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The Day of Judgment," he said, "is either approaching or it is not. If it is not there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I move, therefore, that candles be brought."

MARRY IN HASTE—REPENT AT LEISURE.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

MARRY IN HASTE.

"WELL, Annie, I am very sorry to hear that you have so hurriedly made up your mind to be married. Why, you have not known the young man more than a month, have you?"

"Six weeks, aunt; and if I had known him a year I am sure I couldn't love him more, he is such a gentleman."

"Bah!" replied Annie Mortimer's aunt, "gentleman, indeed! What do you want with a fine gentleman? It's a good, honest working man I had hoped to see you marry, Annie; one whose hands could handle a set of tools, and thus have a trade in his fingers, but these young fellows who wear rings, and do a bit of writing in an office; why, they are more like—nay, I haven't patience to talk, when I think of your hard-working uncle, and how we got to know each other *well* afore we got wed."

Perhaps Annie felt more uncomfortable than she appeared to do. Certainly when her aunt spoke, six weeks did seem a very short time in which to know a person, but Edward Mason, with his plausible tongue, had gained great influence over her, and had persuaded her to marry him within three months of their introduction to one another. He was clerk in a large warehouse in the city, and had recently had his salary raised from twenty-one shillings a week to twenty-five, and on this he thought he could marry. Had he been content to begin in a small way he might perhaps have been able to manage nicely, but his ideas were large, and he wanted all on a larger scale than his income warranted, and when Annie saw the pretty house and furniture she timidly asked,

"But, Edward, where did you get the money to pay for all these lovely things?"

"Oh, they are not all paid for, dear; we are to pay so much every week after we are married. This best room suite and the bedroom above are on the hire system."

Annie was silent, but he noticed the pained expression on her face, and said,

"We can easily do it, love; five or six shillings a week and it will soon be paid off."

"Aunt Mary has always taught me never to get anything I cannot pay for; she says it is a wrong principle to go upon."

"Well, we all know that your aunt is just a little old-fashioned in her notions, and she is not going to rule me, nor you either when you are my wife."

An angry flush mounted to Annie's face, but she made no remark.

The wedding took place as arranged, and Mason, unknown to his bride, borrowed a five-pound note from a fellow clerk to spend on the honeymoon.

REPENT AT LEISURE.

A thin, pale-looking woman sat in a wretchedly-furnished room stitching as though for bare life. Four children, badly dressed, but clean, played outside, and occasionally came into their mother



and asked if tea would be very long, they were so hungry.

"As soon as mother has finished this dress she will get the money, darlings, and then she will buy bread for tea."

The woman is Annie Mason. She had not been married six months before she repented her hasty marriage; she found he was selfish, ambitious in a wrong way, and not truthful. Their pretty furniture had soon been taken from them, and as Edward would not forego his pipe, his glass of beer, and other little luxuries he considered a "gentleman" in his position ought to have, the burden fell very heavily upon poor Annie, and had it not been for her kind aunt's help, who pitied her from the bottom of her heart, and her own incessant toil with the needle, her children would have gone hungry to bed many a time. She has proved, only too sadly, the truth of the old proverb—"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

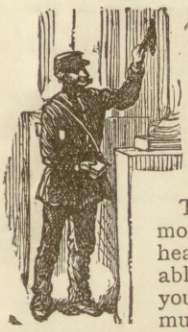
THE price which sin demands is far greater than the pleasure it gives.

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

IX.—HOW WE HEAR.



PERHAPS you have heard the story of a poor deaf-and-dumb mother, who, in order to ascertain if her dear baby could hear, got a big stone, and, standing beside the cradle, threw the stone heavily upon the floor. The child awoke, and the mother could see that it had heard the sound, and so would be able to learn how to speak, for you know that a child born deaf must in consequence be dumb, for not hearing sounds coming from other voices it does not learn to use its own voice.

It needs little to convince ourselves how much happiness depends on our being able to hear well. The sweet voice of mother calling us to duty or pleasure, the enchanting trill of the bird, the entrancing harmony of music, how much these add to the joy of our lives, how much we miss them, if by accident or disease we lose the opportunity of enjoying them.

How do we hear? What causes us to hear sounds? If you go to the Crystal Palace, and spend a little time in the Aquarium, you will see soles in one of the tanks at the bottom of the water moving about in their peculiar fashion in the gravel. We live in somewhat the same way

AT THE BOTTOM OF A GREAT TANK,

only our tank is filled with air, and the bottom of it is the land on which we walk. Now when any substance is moved rapidly, or as we call it, when it vibrates, a movement is given to the air, and thus by a series of movements a sound is brought to our ears. Throw a stone into a pool of water; first one ring rises to the surface, then another, and another, till the pond is full of rings. Stand a row of books on a table, let one fall, it communicates its fall to the second, the second to the third, and so on till all have fallen. So when a particle of air is moved by vibration, it knocks against the next particle, and so on till it knocks against something in the ear, and we hear what we call a sound.

Without air there would be no sound. You have probably seen the air pump used in some science lecture. Inside the jar a bell is placed, the tongue is raised and allowed to fall, but

NO SOUND IS HEARD

when the air has been exhausted. When the jar has its proper quantity of air, the bell sends forth its usual note.

On either side of the head we see what we call the ears, these are properly the *outer ears*. It has been stated that persons who have had these outer ears cut off do not seem to have suffered any very great inconvenience, for the real ear is out of sight in the thick inner bones of the skull. Leading from the outer ear is a short tube about an inch long; this is called the *auditory canal*, and is so named because the Latin word *audio* means *I hear*. In this canal are the wax glands, which send out the ear-wax for moistening the walls of the ear; at the end of this canal is stretched a skin like the parchment on the sides of a drum; this is called the membrane of the drum of the ear. If this is once broken, it cannot be repaired.

If we could look behind this membrane, we should see a small hollow space known as the drum of the ear; on the other side of the drum, we should see what are called two little windows, one round in shape, the other oval like an egg; each of these windows is closed by a thin skin.

Stretching across the drum are

THREE CURIOUS BONES;

the first is the hammer-bone which is fastened by its long handle to the middle of the membrane of the drum of the ear; the second is the anvil-bone, the rounded head of the hammer-bone fits into the anvil-bone; the third is the stirrup-bone, that part of this bone which is like the foot plate of a stirrup is oval in shape, and fits into the little oval window, in the wall of the chamber opposite the drum.

In the floor of the drum chamber is the opening of a tube, which leads to the back of the throat, and lets in the air so that the pressure of the air inside the drum is kept at the same rate as the pressure outside.

When the membrane of the drum is moved by the air, it causes the head of the hammer-bone to strike upon the anvil-bone; the blow of the anvil-bone causes itself to move forward, and because the stirrup-bone is placed at the end of the anvil-bone, the stirrup-bone goes forward as well, so that the foot-plate of the stirrup-bone is pushed in and out of the oval window.

In the inner-ear are several chambers all connected with each other; the middle portion is called the *vestibule*; three semi-circular canals pass off from the vestibule; another chamber is called the *cochlea* or snail's shell.

All the chambers and tubes of this part of the ear have inside them a thin bag of skin of exactly their own shape, and between the bony walls of the passages and the bag is a thin clear fluid called *perilymph*; the bag also contains a fluid called eudolymph, and in these fluids are some tiny particles like sand.

THE NERVE OF HEARING

coming from the brain passes through a hole in the bone of the skull and spreads out over the inner ear.

Now let us see how all this delicate machinery acts. The waves of sound are carried by the air till they strike upon the membrane of the drum. Of course this skin begins to move, and sets the three bones behind it moving also. The stirrup-bone, moving in and out of the oval window, sets the watery fluids, the perilymph and the endolymph, in motion, and the tiny glands of sand these fluids contain strike the ends of the auditory nerve, and so the brain receives the impression of hearing, for it is in the brain that we hear after all. Hence it becomes evident that if we would have accurate hearing we must

AVOID SUBSTANCES LIKE ALCOHOL,

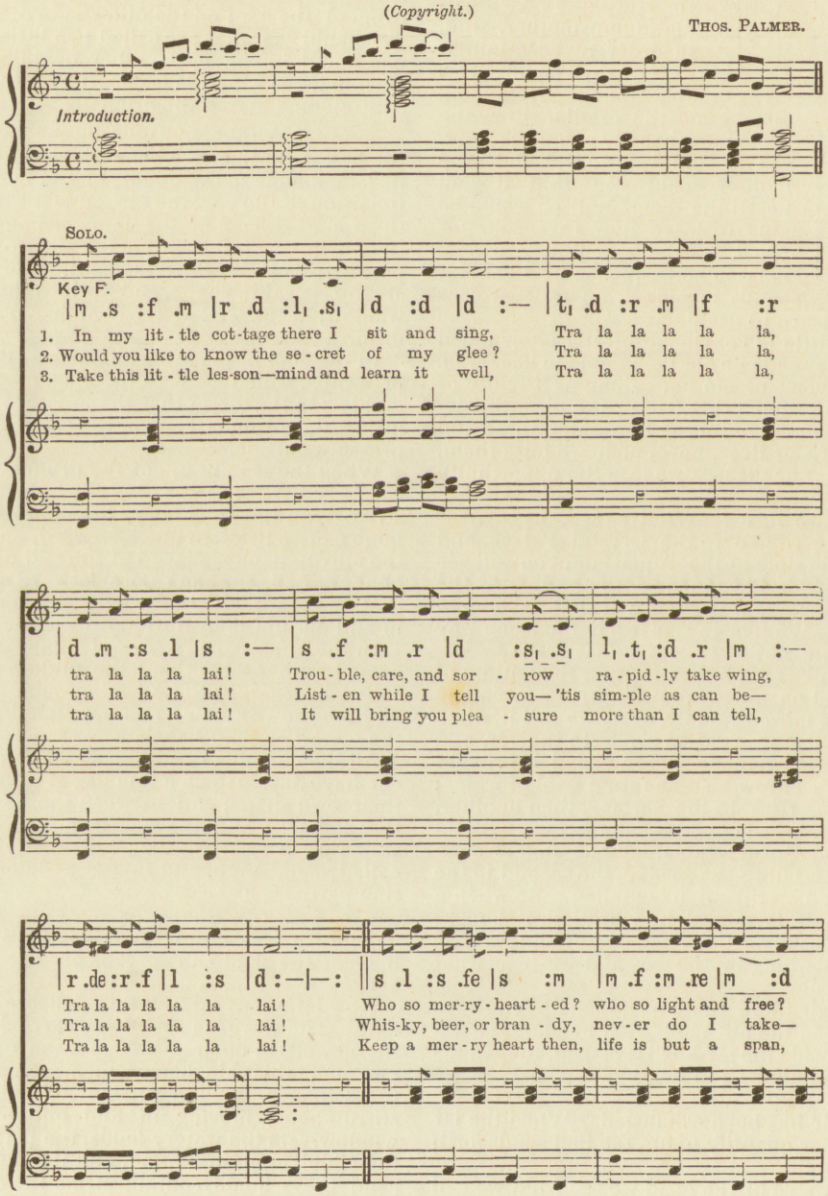
which seriously injure the brain and nerves, on which hearing so much depends.

IN MY LITTLE COTTAGE.

Solo and Chorus.

(Copyright.)

THOS. PALMER.



IN MY LITTLE COTTAGE.



Who so full of fun, hi - la - ri - ty, and glee? Who can throw dull care to the
That's a re - so - lu - tion I will nev - er break! If I did, I'm sure it would
Get-ting all the sun - shine out of life you can— Who should be so hap - py as a

CHORUS.

winds so mer - ri - ly? Tra la la la la la lai!
be a sad mis - take! Tra la la la la la lai!
so - ber Eng-lish - man? Tra la la la la la lai!

Let us

Waltz time.

sing, then, one and all— Tra la la la la, tra la la lai! From

Last verse. D.C. for verses 2 & 3.

morn till ev - 'ning sha-dows fall— Tra la la la la la, tra la la lai!

TWO LITTLE TRAMPS.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



MOTHER was asleep. The little jacket she was making for Billie out of an old cape of her own, had fallen from her thin, tired hands, and lay in a crumpled heap upon her lap. Poor mother! Poor, patient, little mother! How soundly she slept, her weary head, with its sleek, brown hair, laid against the broken back of the chair, and her long lashes resting in the dark hollows under her eyes. The thimble was still upon her finger, and the needle just as she had stuck it in the unfinished sleeve of Billie's new garment. Her little boy needed this coat so badly, and she had tried, oh, so hard! to keep awake that he might have it for the next day; but she was tired, very, very tired, and the children were quiet, and the day a sleepy one, and her eyelids heavy, and so—she fell asleep. She had a dim sense of tangled, black thread, and a needle stuck in a little cuff; of pretty, round, childish eyes watching her, ah! so intently; and soft, lisping voices that mingled with the whistling of the wind at the window, aud the falling of ash on the hearth. But after a time, even this dim, compressed sense of the things around her completely left her, and she drifted, poor, little woman, into deep, sweet sleep. How sorry she was for that sleep afterwards. How she blamed herself for having allowed it to take possession of her faculties. How clearly every incident of the afternoon, previous to that short spell of unconsciousness, came back to her. She remembered how her wee, four-year-old May had trapped her fingers in the door, and then toddled to "muvver to tiss it better." She remembered how soft and warm the little pink finger felt against her lips. And then, Billie, her sturdy, blue-eyed boy. How quietly, unnaturally quietly, he had stood while she "fitted-on" his wee jacket, and pinned it into shape. What a pang shot through her, when the memory of the boy's quivering lip and shaking bosom came to her. Ah! how blind and thoughtless she had been! She might have known that something was amiss. Why should he sob and press his little face into her breast, when she whispered "What a swell my sonnie will be to-morrow," if all were right? But these thoughts, these memories, these regrets, all came to her when she awoke. Now, her mind was quite easy and happy, for she was asleep. She could not see the movements of the two small mortals behind her, or hear their whispered conversation. She could not feel the tiny hands touch her bosom, or the shaking lips press her cheek, and the two round tears that dropped from her children's lashes right down into her lap had dried up when she awoke, and so she never knew they had been there. They were gone. The eyes that had dropped them had gone. The feet, whose patter had been mother's sweetest music, had toddled away. Away, ever so far along a strange, lonely road, for Billie and May had gone on tramp. It was not a sudden impulse on the part of the little ones—this going on tramp. No. It was a deep laid, well-thought-out plot, which had its origin in the fertile, imaginative brain of Billie, who was seven years old, and therefore quite a man, not only in his own estimation, but also in that of May, whose yellow head hardly reached his shoulders. There never was such a hero as Billie was to his wee sister. She had such implicit faith in his judgment, that when he unfolded his plans to her about running away from home in search of "farver," her eyes opened with admiration for his cleverness and his daring, and she slipped her chubby little hand in his, and whispered "Me tum with you, Billie, eh?" But at first, Billie refused the idea of taking a girl with him, and such a toddler as May, too.

"Why, you'd never be able to get along the roads," he said, "you're feet's too little."

The tears started to May's blue eyes, and her red lips quivered like wind-blown rose leaves.

"They isn't much littler than yours," she lisped, shoving out her tiny foot, in its darned sock and shabby slipper. "They growin' fast, Billie, see, they tummin through my shoe!"

But Billie shook his head.

"Girls don't go on tramp," he said, "It isn't lady-like."

The tears in May's blue eyes burst through the long lashes, and ran down her cheeks, falling with a noiseless splash upon her white pinafore. Now, Billie had all a boy's terror of tears. He twisted about uneasily, looked at his hands, his feet, at the black clouds that raced across the sky, and the little puddles in the street,—for they were at the time sitting on the doorstep—in fact, he looked anywhere and everywhere, save at the wee, tear-stained face so near him. But he could not avoid seeing it, for May, knowing his weakness, laid it down on his shoulder, and actually poured her tears upon his breast.

"Me doe with you, Billie," she sobbed, "or you'll never tum back again! You will let me go, won't you? I want to find farver, too!"

Still Billie hesitated.

"What will mother do without us both?" he asked.

"I tarn't do noffing for her if I stay," May answered. "I'm too 'ittle. I tarn't work, nor clean, nor sew, nor noffing. Take me wif you, Billie, to look for farver, and I'll be so dood."

For a few minutes Billie's brow was puckered with thought, then the little lines cleared away, and his face grew bright with a sudden inspiration.

"All right! May. I'll take you with me!" he cried, "and when we get hard up we'll sing that little song father taught us, and we'll get heaps

of money, perhaps more than we can carry, and we'll bring it home to mother, and make her a lady, eh, May?"

The wee girl's eyes flashed like blue diamonds, and she clapped her tiny hands with delight.

"And another thing," Billie went on musingly, his dimpled chin pillowed in two soiled pink palms, "Father may hear us sing, and we may find him that way. You see he'll know our voices. We'll stop at every beer-house we come to, and sing just one verse of that little song he taught us about, 'Love at home.' Let's practice it now, May!"

May willingly acquiesced, and the pretty childish voices arose on the air, and drifted inward through the open door to the fond mother, who smiled softly as she heard them. But her smile was accompanied with such a mournful little sigh, that it became sorrowful itself, and looked ready to burst into tears. The common air, rendered by the sweet treble voices, took the weary woman back into the old days. Once again she was a happy wife and mother, and the man who had vowed to love and cherish her, all along the road of life, was sitting in the big chair by the fire, his wee girl on his knee, and his handsome lad at his feet. How peaceful, how blessed, those days were before the drink-fiend had entered their comfortable little home, and brought poverty, confusion, and misery. How pretty May used to look in her gay, wee frocks and dainty slippers! and how like some rare old picture her boy was, in his velvet suit and deep lace collar! and how handsome her husband looked, too, with the tender, glad light in his eyes, and the smile of perfect contentment on his lips.

That was only a year ago, just one short year. And now May's frocks were faded, and patched here and there by mother's tired hands, and Billie's velvet suit was frayed at the wrists and elbows, and the sturdy little limbs had grown too big for it, which was a pity, seeing there was no money to buy a new one. And the husband and father, with the tender, glad light in his eyes —ah! where was he? Gone! The road many had gone before him, the dark, degraded path of the drunkard. His chair by the fire was vacant. He had deserted the woman he had vowed to cherish, and the little children who had looked to him for their daily bread. And that woman now, with her frail hands, had to take his place, and become the wage earner. But ah! how hard it was! How she had to deprive herself of even the necessaries of life, that the children might have enough to eat. How she had to labour into the small hours of the morning to keep the wolf of poverty from the door. Stitching, stitching, till her poor fingers grew stiff, and her eyes like balls of fire. Yes, it was hard, terribly hard! It drove the colour from her face, and silver threads came into the sleek, brown hair her husband had once called so pretty. She tried to be brave and strong, and hid her sorrow from her children as well as she could, poor soul! But they were sharp, and often detected the traces of tears on her face, and the shadow of her heart in her eyes. So Billie began to ponder over these things, and often lay awake when other children slept, wondering and wondering how he could mend matters, and bring back the old gladness to his mother's face. "She's crying after father," he thought, "and she'll never be happy till he comes back!" And Billie was partly right. Without the husband she loved, his mother would never be happy, even though as wealthy as a queen.

Well, having arrived at this conclusion, Billie began to wonder if there was any way by which his father could be brought back, and the idea of setting out to look for him came to him like a gleam of sunshine. Poor little fellow! He had no conception of the bigness of the world, or the multitude of people who occupy it. If he went along the streets and peeped in the beer-houses he would be sure to find his father. There could be no doubt of it. And besides, who knew what wonderful fortune might come to him on that journey? Hadn't Dick Whittington gone away somewhat in the same manner and become Lord Mayor of London? How splendid it would be if he could bring heaps of money back to his mother, and make her rich for the rest of her days! He tried to imagine what she would look like in a glossy silk dress, like the landlady at the corner public-house wore, and a big gold brooch, real gold, and shining rings on her fingers instead of that nasty old thimble, and—oh, he must go! He must find his father and fortune at the same time, and make his mother rich and happy!

So he laid his plans, and not knowing anyone that would be interested in them, save his mother and May, he decided to confide in the latter, and did so, with what result we know. Of course, he could not tell his mother, that was out of the question. He knew she would not hear of such a thing. Why, she would hardly let either him or his sister out of her sight.

So while the mother slept, the children stole



"While mother slept."

away. First they crept softly to her side, and looked at her for a minute or two, and wondered what she would say when she found them gone? Would she be very angry, and very sorry?

Billie's little lip began to quiver, and he brushed his frayed sleeve across his eyes, that his sister might not see what was there. But May was quite happy, and excited. She was too young to look ahead, time had no meaning for her. She was going through pretty roads with Billie, to find "farver," and bring him back to poor "muvver." She trusted Billie, and had not the slightest fear about going with him. But Billie, being older, was not quite so easy in his mind. He even began to wonder if what he was doing was quite right, if leaving his mother without a word was good and manly. But the thought of her joy when he came back with his father, and his fortune, reassured him on that point. Still his breast heaved in an alarming fashion when he crept nearer his mother to kiss her good-bye. But he couldn't go without that kiss, no! not even though it awake her. So he laid his fresh young lips against her weary face, and a tear or two from his blue eyes fell into her lap. May, seeing her brother's agitation, began to feel some slight touch of the solemnness of the occasion, and she, too, began to cry. But this awakened Billie's fears, and he pulled her away, out through the front door-way, into the street. Gripping her fingers tightly, he hurried her along, on through the squares and roads, the quiet or noisy streets, on! on! in search of father, and fortune!

* * * * * *

It was a long, dreary lane, with many turnings, but few places of habitation. Here and there a light gleamed from some cottage window, but these lights were few and far between. It was a wet night, too, and the rain dripped from the leafless trees, and formed itself into little puddles in the road. The wind was cutting as a knife, and blew, with a shrill whistle, along the way.



"It was a long, dreary lane."

Yes, it was a bad road, and a bad night, and so the traveller thought, that pushed along with the wind against him. Every now and again his fingers went to his breast, and when they came in contact with a certain piece of paper that was lying there, a satisfied expression crossed his face, and he quickened his steps.

"I wonder if she'll forgive me?" he muttered to himself. "Poor Mary! and the children, too—ah! what a brute I have been!"

Although it was dark, and there was not a soul near, a blush of shame spread over his face, and his chin dropped on his breast.

"How shall I ever make amends?" he went on. "What shall I say to her? How shall I approach her after the wrong I have done her? Ah! my darling, if you will only forgive, we will be happy again, for I have done with the drink for ever!" His hand again touched the paper on his breast, and his eyes flashed bright through the wet darkness. "How pleased she would have been to see this six months ago! God grant that nothing has happened in my absence! God grant my dear ones are well!"

The rain fell heavier, and the wind shrieked higher. Still the traveller pushed on, his mouth set, and the gleam of hope in his eyes. "Two more hours will bring me to her door," he thought. "Two more hours and then—"

He went on quicker than before, but the wind was so strong that it seemed like a mortal enemy striving to drive him back. He had to struggle against it with all his power. But he had conquered a mightier enemy than the wind, for he had fought, during the last few days, with the drink power, and had come forth victor. The bit of paper lying o'er his heart, was the pledge that he had signed the night previous, and the touch of it sent a thrill through him—a thrill that was partly shame for the past, and hope for the future. When he threw from him the fetters of drink, he threw from him also the basest part of his nature, and the old, brave, manly, tender spirit arose within him, and moved his feet in the direction of home. Good resolutions were strong in his breast, and lent him courage, and an intense hunger to see his loved ones again impelled him forward against wind and rain.

At last the lights on the road became more frequent, and now and then he passed houses, better-lit than others, whose signboards told that ale and spirits might be consumed on the premises. Passing these places he quickened his steps, and his fingers closed tightly on the paper at his breast. The drink appetite was not quite dead within him yet, and the public-house was a temptation.

He came at last to one of these man-traps that was larger, more brilliantly illuminated, and altogether far more alluring than its neighbours, and the temptation to at least go in and shelter from the storm became so strong that he paused, and taking his finger from his pledge, looked longingly at the swinging door that had been for many a weak young life the gate to ruin. He did not intend to have anything to drink. He only wanted to shelter from the wind and rain, only just for a few minutes. Perhaps he would ask them to make him a cup of coffee. It would warm him, and help him on the road, so he thought, and thus thinking he placed his hand against the door and swung it open. As he crossed the threshold, the wind and rain followed him, and he quickly shut them out by swinging the door back to its place. But a sound that was neither the drip of rain, or the whistle of wind

followed him, and piercing the closed doors struck his ear and brought him to a sudden standstill.

It was the sound of children's voices, hoarse and shaky with cold, raised in simple song :

" There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home,
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home."

" Great God ! I must be dreaming ! " he cried. But the little voices came to him, hoarser, sharper than before. Then one of the voices died away into a sob, but the other kept on bravely, but, ah ! so plaintively.

To push open the door again was the work of a moment, and there in the pelting rain, and shrieking wind, stood two mites of humanity, swaying backwards and forwards in the night storm, like frail flowers.

The light from the red lamp, over the sign-board, fell on the sweet, upturned faces of the little ones, and the man in the doorway, his arms outstretched, his lips bloodless, tottered forward. But the children did not see his face, and thinking him drunk, they shrank away.

" Me frightened, Billie. Me wants to doe home to muvver ! " May sobbed, clinging tightly to her brother's arm.

" Take me home to muvver ! Oh, take me home, Billie ! me told, and tired ! "

Billie was cold, and tired, too, and was longing with all his little heart to press his wet face into his mother's warm bosom, and to feel around his shivering form her true, sheltering arms. Being " on tramp " was not so nice, after all. It was very bleak and lonely in that long road, and although he had piped forth at every beer-house he had come to that plaintive, little song of his, sang it until his voice was hoarse, and almost refused to leave his stiff throat, still all he had received was one penny, just a solitary copper coin, that was gripped tight in fingers blue with cold. But he was a brave little fellow, and tried to keep up. When his sister sobbed against him he threw his arm around her, and kissed the mingled rain and tears from her face.

" Don't cry, May ! " he whispered, " and don't be frightened, God will take care of us ! Let us go further on, this isn't a good place to get a fortune." He still kept his arm around his sister, while he looked with a very feeble attempt at defiance at the man who had staggered out of the public-house. And after looking once, he looked again, and yet again, while a strange, sudden gleam of light spread over his face, just like the bursting of sunlight from behind a cloud.

" Look ! May, look ! It's father ! It's father ! "

He threw his tiny dripping arms out with a glad cry that drowned the whistle of the wind, and cut the wet air like the sharp, rich note of a bell. The next moment his face was lying above the pledge card, and he was sobbing in his father's arms, that only opened to let in the wee, wondering girl, who toddled to his heart to assist Billie to still further saturate his father's coat.

Ah ! what a home going was that. Who shall describe the transition from agonizing fear to deep thankfulness, that took place in the bosom of the children's mother that night ? On awaking from her sleep, and discovering the absence of the children, she sought them with anxiety that deepened and deepened as the hours went by, and grew into a torture of dread when the night came on.

" Oh, God ! keep my children safe, and send them home to me. They are all I have," she prayed ; and God heard her prayer. For when the clocks were striking the midnight hour, and she, wandering with a bloodless face around the quiet streets, wandering like a poor lost sheep deprived of its lamb, a man strode towards her door, carrying a sleeping girl in his arms, whose yellow air fell over his shoulder like wet laburnum, and by his side a tired but happy little fellow ran, with glad blue eyes that flashed like great stars, and a soft, red mouth that was fairly quivering with smiles.

And when the mother, almost despairing, returned to her home she found them there—all the treasures that had beautified her little world, and made life full and fair. She did not scream or faint ; she went forward quietly, and knelt



" Home again."

amongst them, and gave one hand, full of needle marks, to her husband, and the other to Billie, and then laid her face amongst her wee daughter's wet curls, and thanked God for her joy and His goodness to her.

" I'm glad I found father," Billie said to her the next day, " but I didn't find the fortune."

" Yes you did ! " she answered, showing him the pledge his father had worn on his breast.

" This is the best and dearest fortune that could come to me ! "

The " Onward " Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, have prepared, from life models, Lantern Slides (15) to illustrate this Story, forming a most suitable Lantern Entertainment.

Recreative Science for Young People.

By Ruth B. Yates.

IX.—ONLY GRASS.



OW very much of the beauty of our fair English landscapes do we owe to the grass which clothes, as with a tender green mantle, the meadows and hills!

Did you ever pluck a handful of grass and examine it closely? Just do so the next time you have an opportunity, and see if you cannot discover for yourselves something interesting even about common grass. In the first place you will find no two blades exactly alike, and then you will, no doubt, discover that there are two or more different kinds of grass.

It is very curious, but grass is of such a sociable nature that no species will grow for any length of time alone. A field sown with one kind of grass soon shows blank patches, which are never covered until some other species of grass finds its way to them and takes root, very likely from seed carried by the wind.

Grasses are a very numerous and important family, indeed there are at least three hundred different species growing in England alone, and altogether there are about fifteen hundred different species known.

All grain-bearing plants, such as wheat, oats, barley, rye, etc., belong to the grass family. If you will just take another look at that handful of grass you will at once see that it bears a very strong resemblance to its more respected relations. In fact, grass is one of the most important products of the earth.

The uses of common grass I will leave you to enumerate for yourselves, but I may just say in passing that one of its peculiar features is that the more its leaves are consumed the faster its roots increase, and the more incessantly it grows.

Sandhills are bound together with the strong spreading roots of sea-grasses, which prevent the sand from being washed away by the sea.

The seeds with which you feed your canary are the fruit of a grass.

The family of grasses have round, usually hollow, jointed stems; the leaves have parallel veins, and spring from the sides of the stem alternately, each one wrapped round the stem like a sheath.

In cold and temperate climates grasses only reach a moderate size, but in the tropics are to be found the giants of the grass tribe. Some kinds exceed the height of English oaks. A species in South America grows to the height of thirty or forty feet. It grows in tufts, and though its stems are only about half an inch in diameter they rise to sixteen or seventeen feet before putting forth any leaves. A rather queer use is made of these long, straight stems, for a certain tribe of Indians use them for tubes, and puff little arrows through them with great force, and seldom miss their aim.

Talking about the uses of grass—their name is legion, and it would be impossible to enumerate them here. The grasses commonly known as grains are of the utmost value, for from these cereals or corn grains we get our daily bread. Wheat will grow in most countries in the world, and wheaten bread is in England our staple article of food.

Barley, alas! has been perverted from the purpose for which, by a wise providence, it was assigned, and is used—or rather misused—to make that which steals away man's brains, injures his health and destroys his character.

Rye is much cultivated in Russia, and employed for making bread which keeps fresh longer than wheaten bread, although it is not so palatable to our English taste.

Then there is rice, which, although used by us principally for puddings, is the staple diet in some countries—Japan for instance.

So widespread is the growth of the most important cereals that it is not known which are their native countries. Some grasses in India are delightfully fragrant; various oils are obtained from them. Perhaps the best known is lemon grass oil, which is used extensively in the manufacture of perfumes.

The useful and extensively-used sugar cane is a grass. Whatever would the young folk do without cane sugar? Mollasses is the drainings from raw sugar, and treacle the thick juice which has drained from refined sugar in the sugar-moulds.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all the family of grasses is the great bamboo. In the hot countries where they grow, bamboos are of use in a multitude of ways. From a very large kind of bamboo water-buckets are made. The smaller varieties are used for quivers, bows and arrows, flutes, walking-sticks and baskets. The very young shoots are boiled and eaten like asparagas, and pickles and sweetmeats are also made from them.

In China the bamboo is put to so many uses that it makes one wonder what there is that cannot be made from bamboo.

Hats and umbrellas, baskets and shoes, covers for the boats, and even sails are all made from bamboo.

When building, scaffolding poles of bamboo are used, and bamboo takes no small part in the creation of the house itself. An angler uses a bamboo fishing rod and a bamboo rope, and so we might go on.

One more important use of the bamboo must be mentioned, and that is the making of paper. The Chinese use bamboo paper, and large

quantities of bamboo are exported from the West Indies to America, there to be manufactured into excellent paper.

Other grasses are used for paper-making, notably esparto grass, which is used very extensively for this purpose. Esparto is largely employed in Spain, not only for making paper, but also matting, fancy baskets, etc.

The bulrush of the Nile is identical with the ancient papyrus of the Egyptians. The soft tissue inside the stems was made by them into a kind of strong paper, which had at least one good quality, that of durability. Boat sails and ropes were also made from the papyrus.

Perhaps we shall look upon a field of grass with more respect now that we know to what a useful and important family the common grass belongs.

Pets I have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

FERRETS.



ONLY upon the gentle reader grasping the fact that a "pet" is simply a living organism which can, by training and treatment, be brought to know and appreciate the hand which ministers to its necessities, is it possible to link together the words "ferret" and "pet," and to see the faintest harmony existing between them. "Spider" and "pet" are equally difficult to associate together, yet spiders have frequently been the valued and almost inseparable companions of lonely prisoners. "Toad" and "pet" seem similarly incongruous, but there are many instances on record when toads have been so chummy with disconsolate bipeds, whom the irony of fate has bereft of all other companionships, that it would have been positive cruelty to remove them from their position of bearers of good cheer to the lives to which they were destined to minister.

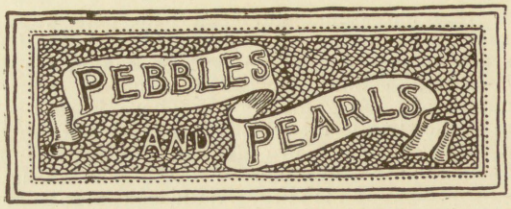
Rats, hedgehogs, snakes, fish, and even snails, have been a source of satisfaction to their possessors, and have helped to illustrate the old adage "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and have apparently justified their existence when no other reason could be divined, by allowing themselves to be brought into harmony with man's instinctive hatred for loneliness, and thus have been made capable of ministering to his necessities. If, then, all these and multitudes of others even *more* noxious creatures have lived to share man's sympathies and have learned to reciprocate his affection, why not the FERRET? At any rate, to me, there does not seem anything unreasonable in ferrets being petted, and I look back into my boyhood's days with a certain sense of satisfaction that these funny, long, creeping, eel-like, furry quadrupeds were numbered among my pets. There is *such* a difference in a ferret which is taken care of, and a "dragged" and draggle-tailed, disconsolate-looking beast who seems to regard man as his sworn enemy and is always on the look out to treat him accordingly.

Ferrets have one duty in life, viz., to keep down our enemies and this they can do as nothing else can. How can we secure the wily rat who has been fattening his dishonest carcase upon our barley and our oats without the help of this friendly little scampering detective? What else can follow him into his parlour and demand an explanation, and if he refuse to give it, send him out post haste to face the owner of his pilfered meals? And how can we get at the marauding little wild rabbit without his help? Truly, to many a country farmer the "despicable little ferret" is worth its weight in gold. In keeping ferrets, let me give you this bit of advice: *Never* "grab" them. Watch their movements and quickly slide your hand to the back of their heads and take them very gently but firmly by their neck and the base of their heads. To grab furiously at them as many do is to make them wild and vicious, but by very gentle treatment they can be so trained that they will never attempt to bite the hand that holds them. Of course you musn't put your hand amongst them smelling of fresh meat or rats, for if you do the "little chap" will not wait to *think*, but he will conclude his breakfast is ready and you will have to say the fifteenth letter of the alphabet.

Any dry hutch will do to keep ferrets in, slope it backwards slightly so that no moisture remains in the hutch, give plenty of clean straw, and feed on rats, mice, and birds. Some feed their ferrets on bread and milk, but they are carniverous animals, and you Latin scholars who have just been through your midsummer examinations will know, without my reminding you, that carnis is the Latin word for flesh, and that carnivora are animals which live upon flesh, so that it would be as reasonable to expect a lion to live on jam tarts and cheese cakes, as it would be to feed ferrets on bread and milk.

HEALTH.—O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—*Sterne.*

THINKING AND DOING.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.



TALKING comes by nature, silence by understanding.

IT ought to be made a penal offence to serve children with drink.—*Archbishop Temple.*

MACDONALD: Hoot, man!
MCDONNELL: Oi'll not! D' yez take me for an owl?

"We have a great many applications for corns," remarked the drug clerk sociably.
"That's strange," replied old Mr. Decker; "most people wants ter git rid of 'em."

"DOCTOR, do you think my wife will recover?"
"Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get well."



HAVE you a boy to spare? The publican must have boys, or he must shut up shop. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of you boys will it be?

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Sept. 4.—Sir W. Lawson born 1829. Many happy returns, Sir Wilfrid!

,, 8.—Good Templary established in England, 1868.

,, 13.—British Temperance League formed, 1835.

,, 16.—North of England Temperance League started, 1858.

,, 29.—The Order of the Sons of Temperance formed, 1842.

FOUR things are grievously empty: A head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

OUR enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us than than we do in the judgments of ourselves.

To let a man know that you recognise and rejoice in some good quality of his, is to bless him with a new heart and stimulus.

SOME folks say Alcohol is not poison, and yet the Registrar General declares that in one year the certified cause of 1,724 deaths was given as "Alcoholic poisoning," or words to that effect.

THEY had been drifting about in an open boat for seven days, and had almost given up hope, when the look-out cried wildly, "A sail, a sail!" The only woman passenger looked up and asked anxiously, "Oh, is it a bargain-sale?"

I WILL go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent;
Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
—*Alexander Smith.*

A HUMOROUS excuse was that given by the defendant in a case of breach of promise. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continuously every evening I called at her house." "Then you confess it?" said the lawyer for plaintiff. "Yes, I do confess it; but I had to do it!" "You had to do it! What do you mean?" "Why, that was the only way that I could keep her from singing."

DR. WALMSLEY, President of the Metropolitan Idiot Asylum, states that of 27 families whose histories have been carefully recorded, and in whom the father, or mother, or both, were drunkards, their were 212 descendants (children and grandchildren), all of whom were the victims of various maladies, some being idiots, imbeciles, epileptics, suicides; some suffered from physical defects or malformations, as blindness, deaf-mutism, spinal disease, and other deformities. Some inherited a neurotic, unstable, nervous organisation, which manifested itself in the drink-craving, or in brutal or degraded instincts, a large percentage of these degenerates going to swell the ranks of petty criminals, prostitutes and tramps.

DILIGENCE—Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it behoves thee to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come. Idleness is the parent of want and pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure. The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants. Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the King in his council? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house, and hath said unto Sloth, thou art mine enemy.



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

A CLUE TO THE SECRET.

ALIVE, that's all."

Such was the whisper that passed from lip to lip as the body of poor Joey was brought up the cliff. Reverently the crowd fell back as the mournful procession appoached, and, with the tenderness of women, six big, burly fishermen carried him into his cottage, and laid him on his bed.

Medical aid was soon in attendance. A careful examination of the case showed that no bones were broken, but there was severe concussion of the brain. The marvel was that he was not killed dead on the spot. Still, under the circumstances, it would be a satisfaction to Phyllis to know that he was not conscious of suffering. So said the doctor, and with that he departed, remarking he would be back in an hour.

"Any 'ope, doctor; any 'ope?" asked a dozen voices at once, as he passed along the cliff.

The doctor shook his head in reply.

"What, no 'ope, doctor; not a bit?"

"Well, I am afraid not," was the brief but emphatic reply.

Among the first to call was Lord Fitzmaurice, the occupant of the carriage whose horses Joey had so gallantly arrested, and thereby saved his lordship from death. He was distressed beyond measure at the awful accident that had happened, and requested that the young man should have every attention, and that no cost was to be spared, for he would meet all expense.

Then Mrs. Morlaise, the widow of "Our Artist," entered as soon as his lordship had retired, and proffered her assistance as long as it might be required, though, as she looked upon Joey's face, she said, "I fear it is not for long."

Then it was arranged that a few of the fisher-folk would attend him by night, and Mrs. Morlaise would nurse him by day. And so it came to pass that the most careful provision was made, and poor old Phyllis relieved as far as human sympathy and help could assist.

That night the patient was extremely ill, in fact they thought he would have died. The next morning he was no better, and day after day the little village seaport was plunged in deepest grief, in spite of the heavy catches of fish, which would otherwise have put gladness into the hearts of the poor fisher folk. A look of depression was seen on every face, and it seemed as if every inhabitant was expecting death to enter in at his own cottage door.

At length, after the lapse of a few days, the doctor thought there was just a glimmer of hope; but he could scarcely say—they must wait.

And they did wait. And not one of the watchers abated a jot of attention, as the poor patient's life was hanging in the balances between life and death.

At last a glimmer of consciousness did really appear. Mrs. Morlaise was moistening the patient's lips with a little egg and milk, in which she had put the slightest drop of spirits, at the doctor's request, which, when the patient had tasted, he strove to cast out. Then as she was attempting it again, he pushed the spoon aside, when she coaxingly said, "Take it, my dear, it will do you good; it is prescribed by the doctor." Seeing his lips move she put her ear to his mouth, and heard, "No—no,—die—first."

She understood him at once, and remembering his pledge, she exclaimed, "Poor laddie! he shall have no more of that."

Slowly the patient began to amend, and, after many weeks, the doctor said, "possibly he might live." Still, he couldn't say—they must wait.

And they did wait, patiently and long, and never did the hearts of the poor fisher-folk beat with truer gratitude to God than when they heard the doctor declare all danger was past, and that it was now only a question of time when he would be about again. Lord Fitzmaurice's intentions were to have returned North long before, but he could not think of leaving until the poor young man's life was out of danger. He was so

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deeply interested in the case that he would make everything give way to that; and although he knew that as far as his actual presence was concerned little could be served, yet such was his admiration of the pluck, the heroism of that young man, that he would make any sacrifice on his behalf. And beside, had he not heard so much about the youth, and was he not extremely desirous of seeing the original of that face which had struck him so much in "Great Possessions," a face that was the exact image of one who was once his dearest friend, and which, if seen, perhaps would help to clear up a mystery, around which he had groped for years?

And with these feelings he would sit by the hour chatting with Phyllis. And so in course of conversation one day he said, somewhat abruptly, and with a touch of excitement in his tone that for the moment somewhat surprised her,

"And pray, my good woman, what is the age of your son?"

"Well, sur, I cudn't tell ee 'zackly; but let me see," she said in an undertone to herself. "Iss, laast Chrestmas were twenty year, and I shud think 'e wud be a couple o' months then. Well, sur, I shud think 'e would be 'ard on twenty-one—say twenty and haaf."

"Say twenty and half!" replied his lordship in surprise. "Why, my good woman, you surely must know the date of his birth. Now, had I asked the father for the age of the boy, I might naturally expect him to say he didn't know; but not so the mother. Now come, give me, as of course you can, the year and the very day of the month in which he was born."

"Well, sur," said Phyllis, somewhat confused, "I am afeared I caant give ee that."

"And why not?" asked his lordship.

"'Cause, sur, 'e edn't my child, don't ee see; 'e's only my son."

"Not your child, but only your son! That's a riddle anyhow," said his lordship with a smile; "and I really am not clever enough to find out the answer, so I shall want you to explain. What on earth can you mean, my good woman?"

"Well, sur, et's just like this 'ere; 'e wadn't born at all, don't ee see. Leastways, I edn't 'is nat'ral mawther."

"Ah, yes, I think I can see," said his lordship, nodding his head, as if he had at length a clue to the secret. "You mean he is a castaway, a waif, or something of that sort."

"Well, no sur, I shudn't like ee to caal my dear Joey a castaway, or a waif, 'cause 'e's my poor boy, don't ee see; and a mawther don't like to hear 'er child caaled by 'ard names, and 'e waant never be a caastaway so long as 'is poor old mawther do live."

His lordship was greatly touched by the tender tones of the poor old woman; and as he caught sight of the affection that showed itself in her look, and breathed in her very words, he was smitten with a sense of shame that he should have caused her unnecessary pain.

Still he was perplexed beyond measure. He could not make it out at all; and for a time he sat brooding over the subject, and saying to himself,

"Strange! A perfect maze! A riddle that I cannot reveal, a mystery that I cannot solve. Here is a woman whose son is not her child, and yet she attending to him with all the affection of a mother, and has been doing it for twenty years! Why, it is one of the finest specimens of philanthropy I have ever seen. And if I were a Christian—but God knows I am not—I should say it was one of the finest proofs of religion that this or any other world can demand. But, good heavens! what can it mean?"

And then his lordship quietly pulled himself up with the remark,

"But why continue the inquiry? Let sleeping dogs lie. You have gone far enough already, yes, and a deal too far. You have pained the poor old woman, and possibly you may pain her still more if you push your question any further. Possibly the youth is a wastling, the offspring of a good-for-nothing girl, whom the poor old thing would rather not mention by name. No, no: push the matter no further, lest you should appear to blame the poor mother for her madcat of a maid."

And with that his lordship dismissed the matter from his mind as he thought, and commenced to talk about the heroic act of Joey in hurling those horses back upon their haunches, as he did. But in a very few minutes he found himself back to the subject of the personal history of Phyllis's so-called son.

"Would you mind," he commenced, "giving me a few more facts in connection with your poor young lad? Should I be trespassing upon the privacy of your domestic life if I were to ask a question or two?"

"Law, sur, no," answered poor Phyllis, "ask whatever ee do like to knaw, and as far as I can I will tell ee all."

"Then, is this Joey, as you call the poor lad, your only child? Had you any more?"

"Iss, sur, I 'ad one dear little boy what got drownded at sea – my poor dear little Joey; and this one, sur, was caaled arter ee."

"Then you had no girl?"

"No, sur, I 'adn't a girl; only my poor Joey, and the one that's up in chaamber ill, that's all, sur."

"And you came by this Joey—in what way did you say?"

"Saaved un, sur; saved un from drownin'. Oh my, what a gaale et wer', twenty years ago laast Chrestmas day. Why, the winds ded 'owl like a pack o' wolves, and the says, why they ded roar as ef all the fiery varmints o' the pit were stirrin' un up like. An' we saw'd a great barque, old Sam an' me, which 'ad struck on that there ledge o' rocks, just ofl P'lay, send up a segnel o' distress, and Sam and poor Jem Penberthy, what's gone dead—died o' consumption,—(and they do say 'e sowed the disease that there night) an' me pulled off in a punt, an' saaved my poor Joey."

"And you saved no one else?" interjected his lordship.

"Well, I were goin' to tell ee, sur, When we got 'long side o' the great barque, and she were sinkin' afore our eyes as fast as she cud sink, poor Jem Penberthy—'e what's dead I mean—spring like a cat 'pon 'er deck, and, after saavin'

the baby fust, 'e lifted its mawther—the mawther o' my poor Joey I do mean— on to the bulwarks o' the vessel, waitin' for a moment when the great ship shud give a lurch, and 'e shud drop 'er into the punt. But as poor Jem shouted, 'Now!' an' Sam wer' goin' to take 'er into 'is arms, she fell 'tween the ship and the punt, and sunk like a stone, an' we saw'd 'er no more."

"Sad! sad! terribly sad!" said his lordship with a sigh. "Then you saved no one else?"

"No, sur, no one else; an' that, sur, es the story 'ow I got my poor dear Joey."

"And no one has ever come to claim the boy?" asked his lordship.

"No, sur, not a soul. An' to tell ee the truth, sur, I cudn't give 'n up ef they ded. Part wi' my Joey! Why, it wud break my 'eart to part wi' ee. No, I wudn't give 'n up to the greatest person in the world. An' you don't blaame me, sur, do ee?"

"No, indeed, I do not," said his lordship. "But was there nothing by which you might identify the child?"

"Nothin' but this, sur;" and Phyllis went to the drawer, where for twenty years the treasure had been carefully preserved, and took out of its many folds of flannel the soiled photograph, which she had found carefully pinned to one of the little petticoats of the babe on that memorable night, and placed it carefully in his lordship's hands, with the remark,

"There, sur, I'll let ee see 'n as a favour, but I haaven't let 'n go into anybody's 'ands these twenty year."

"Thank you! thank you!" said his lordship, greatly appreciating the privilege, "but I must put on my glasses, as my sight is dim."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, as his eyes rested upon the group; and he turned as pale as the whited wall. And trembling, as if suddenly smitten with paralysis, he let the photograph fall upon the floor.

"Law, what es the matter?" asked Phyllis, as she marked the changed appearance of his lordship. "Aren't ee well, sur?" and she stooped and picked up the photo.

"I shall be better presently," he replied. "Wait a minute. Thank you! thank you!" he said as she placed the group again in his hand. Then, after a pause, he inquired,

"Did you find this stitched up in the child's petticoat, did you say?"

"Pinned, sur, only pinned."

"And no writing of any kind?"

"Nor, sur, not a bit."



Then, staring at the photo like a man in a trance, Lord Fitzmaurice wept like a child. Fixing his attention first upon the lady in the group he said, "Oh, that face, that beautiful face!" Then, looking at the man, he angrily exclaimed, "*Mauvais sujet! mauvais sujet!*"—worthless fellow! worthless fellow!

Phyllis was at a loss to know what it meant, and was about to enquire, when his lordship abruptly remarked,

"I owe you much, my good woman. But I owe you this above all, that you have convinced me of the reality of religion. I came West a sceptic, I go North a believer. For twenty years you have nursed this lad as your own. You have shown yourself a philanthropist, and you have proved yourself a Christian. I care not whether you call yourself a Methodist or what, you have done for me what all the isms in the world have failed to do, you have convinced me of the gain of godliness."

Then, warmly grasping her by the hand, he said,

"I go North at once, having important business demanding immediate attention. Take care of the lad until I come. He must not die; so much depends upon his life. Good-bye!"

(*To be continued.*)

HOWEVER others choose to act
Towards the Temp'rance cause,
We hail its blessings to our home,
And strictly keep its laws.

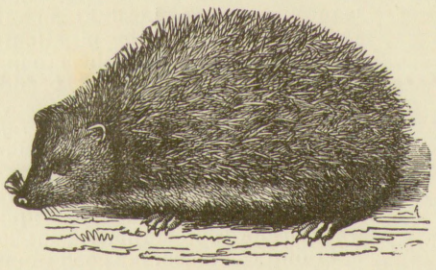
Recreative Science for Young People.

By Ruth B. Yates.

X.—A PRICKLY PET.

WHEN a girl I had a strange pet, of which I grew very fond. I called him "Piggy," and he would come running to me, but if I called him "Naughty Piggy" he would draw in his head and look as sheepish as a naughty child. If a dog came into the house Master Piggy would roll himself up into a prickly ball. It amused me immensely to see the dog run at him with open mouth, ready to bite, and then jump back with a yelp of disappointment when his nose came in contact with Piggy's prickles.

Can you guess what sort of an animal Piggy was? I have no doubt that every reader of this magazine has seen some of his relations, for they are found in every part of Great Britain. Those of you who live in the country will have seen them in their native freedom, but those who live in town will only have seen them in the naturalists' shops, for the hedgehog is very useful in destroying those unwelcome visitors—black beetles.



The hedgehog, or urchin, as he is sometimes called, is covered all over its back and sides with sharp spikes or spines. If he is attacked or roughly handled he curls himself up into a ball, which he does by placing his head upon his breast, drawing up his legs and curling his body firmly round them by means of a surprisingly powerful muscle, which extends all over his back and sides, and also enables him to erect his spines like a hedge of bayonets.

These curiously-formed spines are useful to the hedgehog besides protecting him from enemies, for they are exceedingly elastic. Covered with his prickly coat the hedgehog has been seen to throw himself from a wall fourteen feet high and fall on to the hard ground, then quietly unroll himself and walk away without having sustained the slightest injury.

The under surface of the hedgehog's body is covered with soft hair and bristles so long that they almost hide his legs when he is walking. The quills are hard and shining, and of a greyish white with a brown ring near the middle.

The baby hedgehogs, born about May, are very like little balls of white hair, for as yet their spines are white and soft, springing from a tender pink-coloured skin. These tiny creatures are not only blind, but deaf, too; however, they improve very quickly, and by the time they are three months old are just like their parents, except in size. The nest in which they are brought up is beautifully made of moss, and so well thatched with leaves that it will remain dry through the heaviest rain.

There is a mistaken idea that the hedgehog sucks the cow, but if you look at its mouth you will see at once that such a thing is impossible. It likes milk, and so often drinks that which flows from the over-full udders when cows need milking. Fond as he is of milk you would scarcely believe that Master Piggy was not a good teetotaler. However, Dr. Ball tells us that he once gave to a hedgehog a strong dose of sweetened whiskey which it drank, and I will give you the result in his own words:

"Like the beasts that so indulge he was anything but himself, and his lack-lustre, leaden eye was rendered still less pleasing by its inane, drunken expression. He staggered towards us in a ridiculous get-out-of-my-way sort of manner; however, he had not gone far before his potation had produced all its effects—he tottered, then fell on his side; he was drunk in the full sense of the word, for he could not even hold by the ground. We could then pull him about, open his mouth, twitch his whiskers, etc.—he was unresisting. There was a strange expression in his face of that self-confidence which we see in cowards when inspired by drinking.

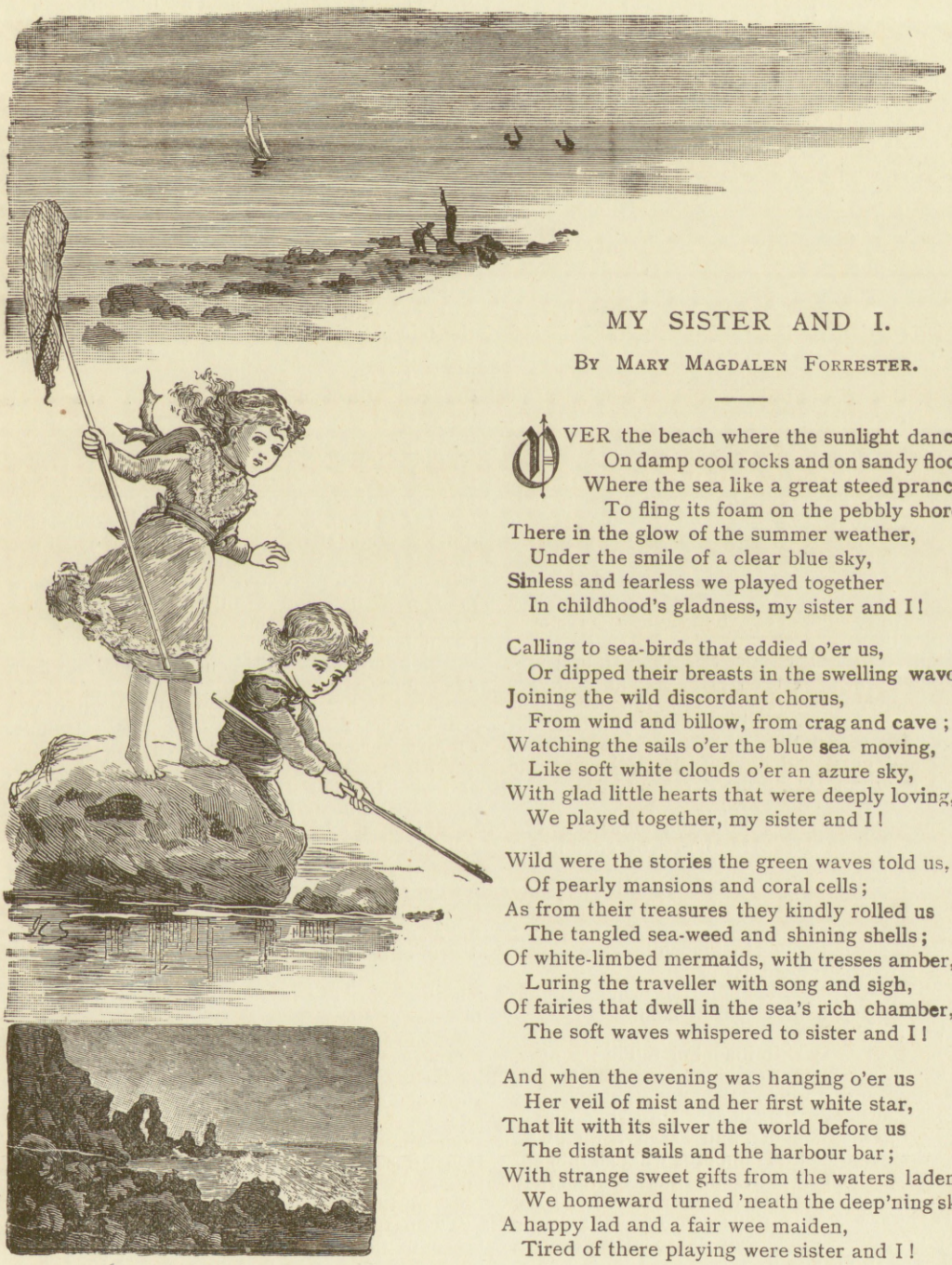
"We put him away, and in twelve hours afterwards found him running about, but so tame, with his spines lying so smoothly and regularly, that he could be stroked down the back, and handled freely."

What a disgrace, even for a hedgehog!

This is the more remarkable, as the hedgehog is unharmed by every other kind of poison, whether swallowed or mixed with the blood by insertion into a wound. When bitten by a venomous serpent the hedgehog simply licked the wounded spot, then killed the snake and ate it up beginning at the tail. Poisons of all kinds have been given to it without any ill effect, even prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons that would have proved fatal to man or any other animal. It has been known to make a satisfactory meal on cantharides—which, as you all know, are used for raising blisters—yet it did not seem to disturb him.

But I am sorry to say that Master Hedgehog does not always keep to his lawful rights, for he often creeps into the poultry yard and steals and eats up the chickens and young ducks or poultry, and even steals eggs and eats them very cleverly, for instead of breaking the shell and letting any of the contents be lost, he lays the egg on the ground, holding it firmly between his forepaws, then bites a hole in the top of the shell, and putting his tongue into the hole soon licks out all the contents.

The hedgehog goes to sleep during the winter, but unlike the dormouse he lays in no stock of food, as he takes his long rest comfortably without.



MY SISTER AND I.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

OVER the beach where the sunlight dances,
On damp cool rocks and on sandy floor,
Where the sea like a great steed prances,
To fling its foam on the pebbly shore;
There in the glow of the summer weather,
Under the smile of a clear blue sky,
Sinless and fearless we played together
In childhood's gladness, my sister and I!

Calling to sea-birds that eddied o'er us,
Or dipped their breasts in the swelling wave;
Joining the wild discordant chorus,
From wind and billow, from crag and cave;
Watching the sails o'er the blue sea moving,
Like soft white clouds o'er an azure sky,
With glad little hearts that were deeply loving,
We played together, my sister and I!

Wild were the stories the green waves told us,
Of pearly mansions and coral cells;
As from their treasures they kindly rolled us
The tangled sea-weed and shining shells;
Of white-limbed mermaids, with tresses amber,
Luring the traveller with song and sigh,
Of fairies that dwell in the sea's rich chamber,
The soft waves whispered to sister and I!

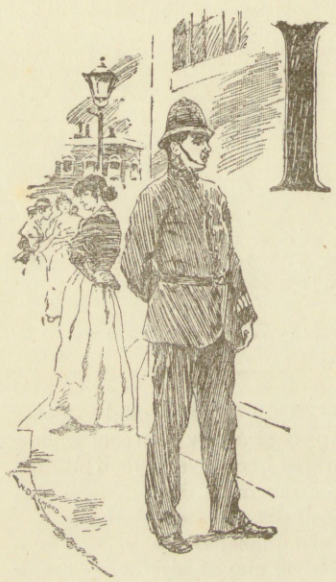
And when the evening was hanging o'er us
Her veil of mist and her first white star,
That lit with its silver the world before us
The distant sails and the harbour bar;
With strange sweet gifts from the waters laden,
We homeward turned 'neath the deep'ning sky,
A happy lad and a fair wee maiden,
Tired of there playing were sister and I!

The years have passed, but the light still dances
Upon the beach with its sanded floor,
And still the sea like a great steed prances,
To fling its foam on the pebbly shore;

And green waves whisper their wonderful stories
To childish ears that are listening nigh,
Of fair-haired mermaids and coral glories,
As once they whispered to sister and I!

A GOLDEN DAY OF SHAME.

By Uncle Ben.



IN a poor cottage of a London suburb Tom Dodds lived. The small back yard of the cottage where Tom had his poultry was close against the fowl-run of one of the superior houses whose gardens and rear premises came down to the roosting place of Tom's hens. On more than one occasion some of Tom's neighbour's fowls had escaped through gaps in the wire-netting, and Tom had honestly restored them to their rightful owner, Mr. Patric Parson.

Tom's business in life was that of assistant carman to a large firm. He had also a very large acquaintance among the rougher order, one of whom was Ned Orton, a youth about Tom's age, who did business in a fancy trade of birds and pets, and in any odd deal where he could see profit. One day Tom and Ned met, and the talk turned on fowls.

Said Ned to Tom: "Do you know any one who has any speckled Hamboros of good breed for sale?"

"There's a card keeps real beauties near my fowls, but I don't think he'll want to sell. What price will you give?"

"From seven and six to ten shillings a pair if they are right," replied Ned.

"Will you give me ten bob if I bring a couple of thorough bred 'uns?" asked Tom.

"Yes I will, money down, responded Ned."

Tom went away with his mind full of the offer, but how was he to get the birds, for the bid only held good for a week. Somehow he must get the birds in the next six days. He turned it over and over in his thoughts, and asked a man who knew the neighbour's Hamboros what he thought they were worth a pair, and was assured they were not to be bought under twenty-five shillings. So Tom knew it was useless to offer the owner eight or nine shillings so as to make even a shilling or two of profit.

Tom was a decent lad, and never had thought of stealing anything before; but now temptation presented itself in a strong appeal to the weak side of his nature. Those fowls had often got out of their yard. If one or two would come through a gap, finding is finding. Three or four days went by but no fowl strayed. Tom eyed them with a keen eye, and watched the net work closely, and saw it was very poor in one part, so loose that with very little assistance some of the fowls might be invited by a little corn to step outside.

On the fifth day, very early in the morning, Tom was at the spot with an old hamper. He found the netting very easy to lift up, but not sufficiently slack to creep under. However, there being no one about, he "clucked" to the fowls as he did to his own, and put out some grains to tempt them. He could not entice the birds out while he was by, although he tried his best, so he scattered a good deal of grain just inside the netting; then, while they were busy feeding, raised the netting with one hand, and caught a cock with the other. He put it into the hamper after tying its legs, and thought he never heard fowls make such a noise. Once more he repeated the process, and this time dragged through a fine hen; then he removed the grains he had scattered outside, tried to leave the netting as it was before, and hastened away with his ill-gotten gain, feeling terribly guilty. He thought no one had seen him, and fortune favoured him as he took the hamper to Ned, for the fowls were wonderfully quiet. When Ned saw them he was delighted, and said "they were tip-toppers," and gave Tom sixpence more than he promised, and asked how many more he could get like them at the price—"for you can't have made anything out of the job, unless they were given you."

"Not another," said Tom, "I would not do it again for anything."

"That's all right; don't you tell me where you got 'em, as I don't want to get into trouble. I'll give you another bob for the hamper."

With that Tom pocketed the ten-and-sixpence, and went to his work without breakfast. As the day wore on he felt more and more uneasy; he hardly dared look anyone in the face. He was ashamed to go home, and when he did he could scarcely speak. He did not like to go near the fowl house, asked his mother to feed his hens, and kept away as much as possible. He could not sleep at night, and when he did it was to dream of being found out. His mother wondered what had happened to the youth, but he said "nothing was the matter, he should feel better in a day or two."

One evening, about ten days after the theft, his mother said a policeman had been looking round at the back and asking about the fowls. She supposed they were a nuisance to the neighbours, and, for herself, she wouldn't mind if he gave them up, as he had lost all interest. Poor Tom! it was dusk, so his mother did not see his white face and trembling hands as he went out again not knowing where to turn or what to do.

The next day, Tom had a summons, and was taken to the police station for the night. The following morning he found himself in the dock of the court charged with stealing Hamboro fowls belonging to his neighbour, Mr. Patric Parsons, along with Ned.

It came out in the evidence that a friend of Mr. Parson's had wanted to have some fowls like his, and had spoken to a poulterer who had

asked Ned Orton if he knew of any for sale. After a little time Ned said he could get a pair for fifteen shillings, but when they came, he asked eighteen, as they were thorough-breds, and the poulterer sold them for twenty-two and six. The friend told Mr. Parsons he had got some fowls just like his. So Mr. Parsons went to see them, and said that they were so like his own he believed they were his, and if so his friend would find a thread tied round each right leg in order to identify them, as they had sometimes strayed. When they looked there was the thread, so it was clear the fowls were stolen. The matter was put in the hands of the police, and the poulterer was so anxious to clear himself, that he did all he could to trace the thief, and soon learnt from Ned the story. The two youths were brought up, Tom for stealing, and Ned for receiving stolen goods. Tom made a full confession of his sin, and declared most emphatically that Ned had no reason to know he had stolen them. Then after a severe reprimand from the magistrate and the testimony of good conduct from his employer, Tom was let off under the First Offenders' Act.

It was a red letter day for poor Tom. So far it was the darkest day of his life, but to confess his sin in true repentance was such a relief that it became a golden day never to be forgotten, for he learnt the lesson from the anguish of a conscience stung with guilt and shame, what a terrible thing it is to break the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." He ever after lived an honest life, blessing God that his sin had been found out.

Pets I have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

JACKDAWS.



MOST of you, my readers, if not all, will have read "The Jackdaw of Rheims," and have fancied you have heard with your own ears that immortal "ghost of a caw" to which he gave vent when he saw the monks fixing their eyes upon him after he had stolen the Lord Cardinal's ring. Ah! if I could dare venture to add to that inimitable poem I should be inclined to say:

This little jackdaw,
With his ghost of a caw,
Was cunning and crafty from beak down to claw.

But more crafty I think
Is the *jackdaw of drink*,
Which hurries its slaves to eternity's brink.

How black, 'pon my word,
Are the wings of *this* bird,
No blacker a jackdaw has ever been heard.

So find out its rings,
And clip off its wings,
And lay bare its hoarded up ill-gotten things.
Pull down its great nest,
And *all* do your best,
To help us get rid of this horrible pest.

Well, I think although there is no gentleman on earth who is more crafty and "knowing" than Mr. Jack Daw, he is a very jolly fellow to have about one's house. He is *always lively* and keeps everybody else so, and that is *something* in an age as full of ways and means of depression as an egg is full of meat. True, nothing is safe if it shines or sparkles, and you are as likely to find your silver spoons or your best thimble in a corner of the dust heap as you are to find them where you left them, unless you leave them inside a cupboard with the key turned upon them. Oh, yes, it doesn't do simply to shut the door; he will pull it open with his strong beak if he has "the ghost of a chance," and he won't have any qualms of conscience about helping himself to what he finds inside.

But *what* a companion he is! How impossible it is to feel dull when he is within reach; *now* he is pulling at the legs of your trousers, as much as to say, "Come and have a game;" the next minute he will be solemnly sitting on the fender as though he knew nothing about it, and then before you can say "Jack Robinson" he is on your shoulder with a "caw" which nearly makes you jump out of your chair.

If you have a cat it is very unlikely that her tail will ever be free from the "marks of his teeth," and although "Grip," your "famous ratter," always has a reputation for being able to hold his own, he will find that it requires him to keep all his wits about him if he wants to reign in dignity with Jack. The fact of the matter is Jack is a *leveller*, and he has no idea of *one* monarch in a home, unless indeed he sits on the throne himself!

The best age to get him is just as he is well feathered and before he has had his first "fly." If you happen to have an old church near you it will be easy to get round the sexton to secure you one, for *there* his haunts are.

One of the most amusing jackdaws I ever kept was a wise old fellow whom I used to have on the dining-room table at dinner, and a better bit of fun could hardly be conceived than we had with him. Of course it would not have done to let him roam over the table at his own sweet will, so we had a band-box, such as you get at the hat manufacturers, and we kept it in the middle of the dining-room table, and Jack sat inside. All round this box we cut holes just at the right height for Jack to put his head through, and anyone who wanted to give him a tit-bit could do so through the nearest hole. It was "enough to make a cat laugh" to see Jack nip about from hole to hole, and stick his head through with such speed that it looked like the spokes of a wheel or the revolutions of a kaleidoscope.

Although Jack has a bit of fun with the cat when he can do so, you must never forget that Grimalkin is his sworn enemy, and he must never be left within easy distance of the "family Tom," unless he is keenly on the alert, for Mr. Tom will make short work of him if he *does* catch him napping.

GOD SPEED THE COMING DAY!

Words by WILLIAM WICKS. **Temperance Festival Hymn.** *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Moderato (♩=126).

PIANO. *f*

mf

1. God speed the day, the com - ing day, When Ab - sti - nence shall win,.... And
* 2. The com - ing race shall know no care; Each child shall love the school;.. This

Key E♭. *mf* * *Verse 2 may be taken as a Solo or Quartet.* B♭.t.

:d | m :m | f :l | s :-.fe | s :d' | d' :l | s :f | m :— | r :sd
:d | d :d | t1 :t1 | d :-.d | d :d | d :d | d :r | d :— | t1 :t1m1
3. Then let us haste this com - ing day, The day we long to see, When
:m | s :s | s :s | s :-.s | s :ta | l :f | s :l | s :— | — :sd
:d | d :d | r :f | m :-.re | m :m | f :f1 | m1 :f1 | s1 :— | — :s1d1

mp

all our youths will brave - ly say, "To drink we'll ne'er be - gin! We'll
world will be a pic - ture fair, Un - der the Gold - en Rule. For

f.E♭. *mp*

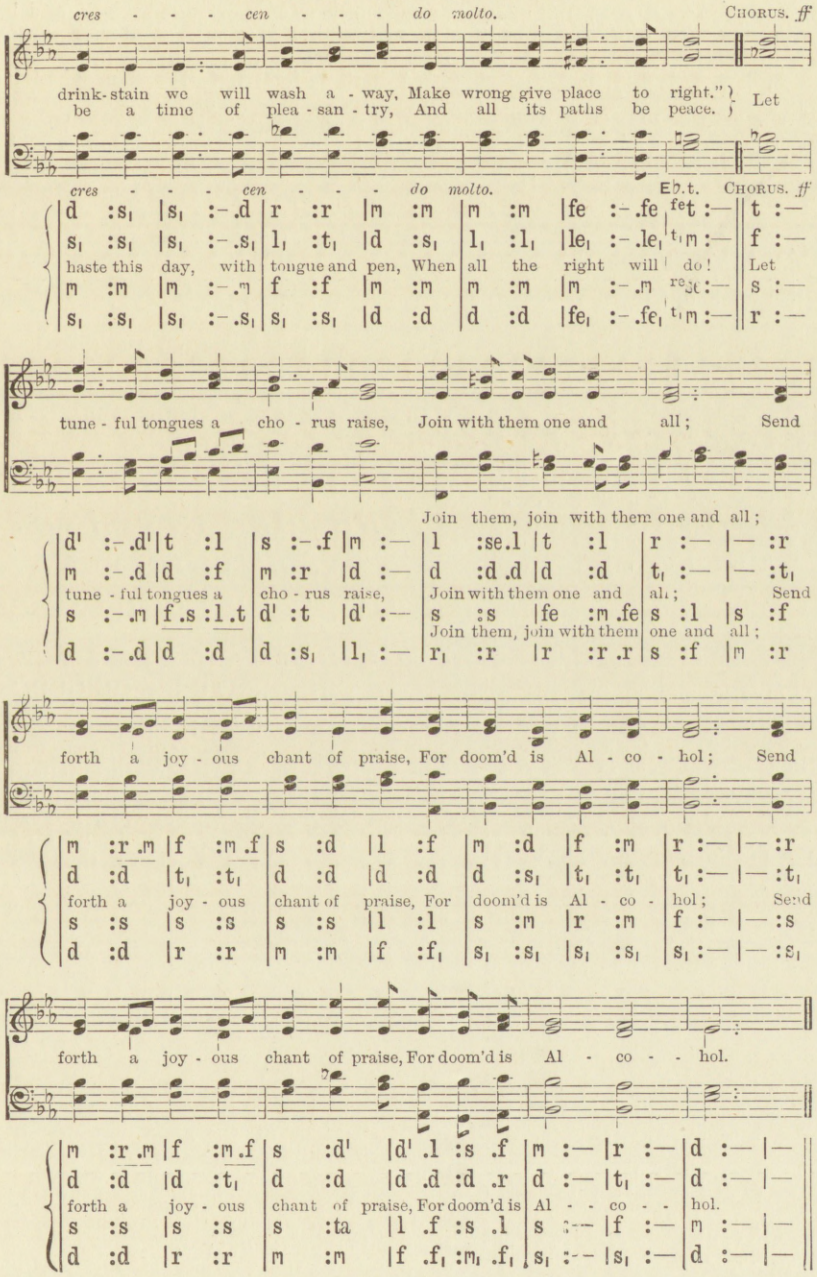
t1 :l1.s1 | s1 :d | r :m | f :r | d :s1 | r :-.d | d s :— | — :s
f1 :f1 | m1 :m1 | l1 :s1 | f1 :l1 | s1 :m1 | f1 :-.m1 | m1 t1 :— | — :t1
ev - 'ry child shall laugh and play In in - no - cence and glee. Boys
s1 :l1.t1 | d :d | l1 :t1.de | r :r | m :d | t1 :-.d | d s :— | — :s
r1 :r1 | m1 :l1 | f1 :m1 | r1 :f1 | s1 :s1 | s1 :-.d | d s :— | — :s1

watch and work, we'll sing and pray—Yes, do it with our might; The
when strong drink shall ban - ished be, Home - dis - cord will then cease; Life

f.A♭.

r :-.de | r :l | s :f | m :sr | t1 :f | m :r | d :— | — :d
t1 :-.le1 | t1 :t1 | d :r | d :ds1 | se1 :se1 | l1 :t1 | l1 :— | — :fe1
blos - som in - to no - ble men; Girls bloom to wo - men true: Oh!
f :-.m | f :f | m :s | s :mt1 | r :r | d :m | m :— | — :re
s1 :-.s1 | s1 :s1 | l1 :t1 | d :ta1f1 | m1 :m1 | ba1 :se1 | l1 :— | — :l1

GOD SPEED THE COMING DAY!



A GOOD SERVANT MAKES A GOOD MASTER.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



"I NEVER had a better servant in my employment than Andrew Coleridge; he is so trustworthy, and always up to time. If he promises a job shall be finished by a certain date I know it will be done."

These remarks were made by Andrew's master to a gentleman who had come to inquire about his character and give him a lift in the world if he found it satisfactory.

"That is just what I want; some one on whom I can depend. He will be exactly the man for me, I think, from all you say, and I shall be very pleased to give him my foreman's place."

"And I shall be very sorry to lose him, but I know he deserves more money than I can give him, and I would not stand in his light for a moment."

So Andrew Coleridge, a young man of twenty-six, was appointed to the responsible position of foreman over one of the largest carpenter's and joiner's shops in the town of Pleasly, where some of the best and most particular work for Government contracts was done. His first thought when he knew of his good luck was one of gratitude to God; his second, of the joy it would give to a certain busy little woman, who also worked hard for her living at typewriting, and whom he hoped soon to call wife.

Of course, Mary Garston was delighted.

"But it was what I always expected; you are too good a man to remain long unappreciated," she said, when he told her.

"That is your partiality, Mary," he replied, laughingly. "But I can truthfully say I always work for my master as if I were working for myself; it seems so mean to take pay and not do the best you can for it. There's a difference in some of the men in my last shop since I told them how unfair it was to waste time, etc., and, seeing me follow up what I said, they began to feel a bit ashamed."

It was not long after this that Andrew and Mary were married; and, after a week's honeymoon, they settled down in a pretty cottage, the neatness and cleanliness of which was everybody's admiration.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, there ain't a better master nor Mr. Coleridge anywhere; he's strict, but he's as kind and considerate as you could wish if you're ill or have any trouble," said a man to another who was asking for work at Mr. Coleridge's one morning.

"I've heard the same from every one who knows him. I worked alongside of him years ago when he was a workman himself, and I never knew him idle a moment. And such work—my! he put the best in he knew."

"I don't doubt that. It's a proof of the old saying, 'A good servant makes a good master;' he's got on fine, too."

At this juncture, in walked Mr. Coleridge himself, a cheerful, healthy-looking man, with the marks of honest toil upon him. Holding out his hand to the applicant for work, he said:

"Well, Jack, is it work you want? Then you shall have it. But, mind you, no drink, no late coming in a morning, and no idling; these things are enemies to good work, to yourself, and the master."

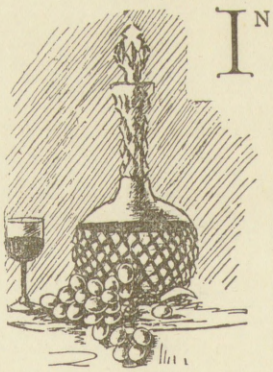
Jack thankfully accepted the situation, and, from being an idle, indifferent workman, under Andrew Coleridge's influence he became a really good one, and better still, a changed character.

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

"THAT WINES AND BEERS ARE THE GOOD CREATURES OF GOD."



IN the sense that everything in the world is a creature of God, yes. In this sense diphtheria, arsenic, strychnine, and a host of other things that we commonly avoid, come under the same category. This, however, is not the sense in which the saying is popularly accepted, and popularly acted upon. The hand of Nature abundantly supplies man with many good and useful foods. These may be well spoken of as the good creatures of God. They are good, for they minister to our well-being. Without multiplying examples, wheat, barley, rice, grapes, apples, potatoes, peas, etc., very well illustrate articles that may be described as the good creatures of God.

To render these fruits of the earth more palatable, man has devised the plan of cooking them. Hence bread is simply a form of some cooked cereal. The grain is ground, made into a paste, kneaded into a dough and baked. Potatoes are boiled, and various other fruits are treated in different methods. There are many who seem to think that beer is simply a form of

cooked barley, and that wine is simply a method of rendering the grape more palatable. As a matter of fact very little indeed of the good properties of the barley are found in the beer, and very little indeed of the good properties of the grape are found in the wine. The following table will help us to understand this to some extent:—

A general analysis of barley and of ale gives the following figures:

BARLEY.		ALE.	
Water	13·06	Water	85·8
Albumen	11·46	Albumen	0·5
Sugar	1·34	Sugar	0·5
Mineral matter	2·32	Mineral matter	0·2
Starch	63·51	Extractive	5·8
Fat	1·03	Alcohol	7·2
Cellulose	7·28		
	100·00		100·00

Compare this with

BREAD.

Water	37·0
Albumen	8·1
Starch	47·4
Sugar	3·6
Fat	1·6
Mineral matter	2·3
	100·00

PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL CHANGES.

In the transit from the grain to beer there have been great changes. With physical change the form may be altered, but the constituents remain the same. A pound of water may be transformed into a pound of steam, or into a pound of ice. The three substances are very different in form and in some of their properties, but the constituents remain exactly the same throughout. In using grain for the making of bread something of the same kind occurs. The grain is ground to flour—an alteration in form only. The flour is mixed with water and kneaded into dough—again an alteration in form but not in constituents. (If yeast is added to make the dough rise, then slight chemical changes occur, the entire product of which is driven off in the process of baking). The dough is put in the oven and baked. Again a change, but the constituents remain the same.

In beer making, the reverse of all this is the case. The whole process consists of a series of chemical changes. God gives the grain, but the maltster by his art and hiss kill changes the constituents of the grain by producing diastase, which acts upon the starch in the grain, converting it into sugar. The brewer washes out the sugar, leaving behind a fair proportion of the original nutriment. This is used as a food for horses and cows, and a very good food it is, having considerable market value.

If the grains left by the brewer are a good food for animals it is plain proof that that portion of nutriment at least which was given by the hand of nature in the barley is not in the beer. But the sugar which the brewer has washed out of the malt undergoes a further chemical change in the process of fermentation and is split up into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, neither of which substances has any single property that the sugar had.

When meat turns putrid, or milk turns sour, or butter rancid, chemical changes precisely analagous to fermentation have been at work. Will it be argued, then, that putrid meat, sour milk, and rancid butter are the good creatures of God, and on that account we ought to use them? Yet it would be as wise to argue thus as to argue that any fermented liquor was a good creature of God and that we ought to use it. Every process of decay and decomposition is a chemical change, and the changes that occur in fermentation are of this character. It is not a case of improving raw material, as in the manufacture of cocoa, or coffee, or bread. It is a case of destroying the good food, sugar, and giving alcohol in its place.

THERE ARE MANY GOOD CREATURES

of God in nature, but that is no reason why we should eat them or drink them. Coal is rich in carbon, a heat and force-giving substance, absolutely necessary to the body, yet we do not eat coal, simply because it cannot be digested, and is therefore of no service to the body; on the contrary, instead of helping the body it would injure it. Men, therefore, do not eat coal. It has its uses, great and important, but they are always outside the body and never within. Precisely the same should be the case with alcohol. Like coal it contains carbon; like coal it cannot be of service to the healthy body, but does injury to a far greater extent than coal would do. Like coal it has its uses, great and important, but those uses are outside the body, and not within.

A COMMON SENSE VIEW

must be taken of things. To simply say that a thing is a good creature of God, and to use it as a food on that account, is the height of absurdity, because of the many millions of things around us that may justly claim the title, only a very few can be used as food, whereas the argument implies that all should be used. When man has taken what Nature gives in the shape of fruit and grain, and by various processes changes it into something entirely different, the fallacy of claiming the original title for it becomes apparent.

GOOD AND EVIL

must always be discriminated. There is nothing on the face of a toadstool to tell passers by that it is poisonous. That knowledge has had to be gained by the experience of others. There is nothing on the face of an apple to tell us that it is good and useful. That knowledge, too, has had to be gained by experience. We learn to judge of things by their effects. One thing builds up the body and enables life processes to go on. We call it a food. Another thing wastes and destroys human life and brings a train of diseases and evils with it, doing the opposite work of the food. Can it be called a food, too? When, besides the physical evils wrought by drink, we consider the awful social and moral evils that are directly caused by its use, the folly of calling it the food creature of God becomes most palpable.

A Worthy Temperance Effort.

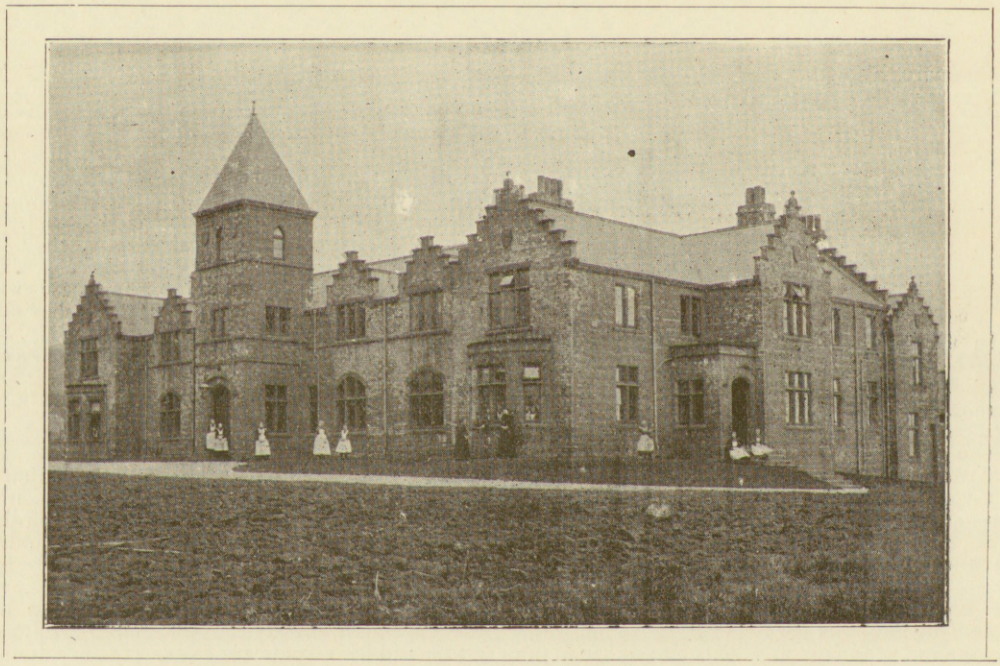
By the Editor.

TO the city of Belfast, the capital of the North of Ireland, belongs the credit of having had the first Women's Temperance Association, still in existence, under the name of the Belfast Women's Temperance Association, an organisation which is most vigorous, manned by very capable and enthusiastic officers, ever on the look out for more efficient methods for the promotion of total abstinence among the members of their sex.

Early in the history of the Association it was painfully impressed upon several of the friends connected with it that if much good were to be done among the children of the intemperate classes it would be necessary to remove them from their environs, and to place them in circumstances more agreeable to the development of healthy, virtuous, sober lives. Accordingly, some fifteen years ago, a cottage was taken for the reception of destitute children, whose cases would not be met by the existing philanthropic institutions. Undertaken with much fear and trembling, and much doubt as to the outcome, this small beginning proved the first step towards a very great and beneficent work.

In a very short time it became necessary to remove to larger premises, and a fairly commodious house was taken, in which more girls of very intemperate parents, or whose circumstances were such as to imperil their honourable existence, were taken to be trained in Christian principles. Soon, however, this was found to be too small, and so, at a cost of £7,500, the series of buildings known as the Victoria Homes for Destitute Children were erected in the suburban district of Ballysillan.

Our illustration shows the central block of the three edifices constituting these homes. They are situated amid the most pleasant surroundings on the hill side, among lovely fields, away from the noise, bustle and smoke of the city, with the blue waters of the Belfast Lough in view. A more charming situation could not have been chosen. Here, where fresh air and beautiful surroundings combine to make life most pleasant, are to be found about 130 girls, being cared for by loving Christian workers, whose one object seems to be to fit the children, physically, morally, and spiritually, to make the best of life.



Victoria Homes for Destitute Children, Ballysillan, Belfast.

Erected and maintained by temperance people.

One department of these homes is an industrial department, to which children may be sent on a magistrate's order, and for which payment is received from the Government. The other department is known as the voluntary department, to which destitute children, the victims of the intemperate habits of others, are sent. Here, under the admirable care of Miss Acheson (the superintendent) and her seven assistants, they receive a first-class education, and are taught how to make their garments, to wash, clean, cook, and to care for homes.

The system obtaining at the homes is very thorough; everything is in the most "apple-pie" order. There is no "molly-coddling;" discipline is firm, yet most kind. Indeed, the writer, after visiting many industrial schools and many somewhat similar institutions, confesses that he has never seen a home wherein there was such a general absence of the "machine-made" child. Everything seemed to be conducted on the most approved principles. The arrangements of the home are quite modern and conducive to comfort, health and happiness. There is little wonder that as the result of such a system the girls turn out remarkably well and retain throughout their lives the most happy recollections of the time spent in the home. The children are not forced in any way to become pledged abstainers, though, of course, total abstinence is a rule of the home, and everything is done to encourage the girls to be thrifty, and to adopt as a practice of life a sacred adherence to the total abstinence pledge.

This is the first and only home of its kind established and maintained by a Temperance Association, for dealing with the unfortunate children whose destitution has been caused by the intemperate habits of others. It is exceedingly gratifying to be able to state that the work done has been in the highest degree successful, the failures being very few indeed. No wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Byers (the President), Mrs. R. W. Corry and Miss Mitchell (Treasurers), and the Committee of Management, are exceedingly proud of their work, which is helping to train stalwarts for the Temperance cause among that section of our community in which Temperance work is most difficult to carry out, for, alas! it is true that in the poorest parts of our cities drinking most abounds with all its fatal consequences to child life.

Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"PETIT ALTA."



He seeks lofty objects. He aims at the highest. Perfection only will satisfy him. He hitches his waggon to the stars. These are various ways of reading the motto on the crest of Sir George William Abercromby, Bart., of Birkenbog, co. Banff.

A visitor, making a call at the home of the great musician, Mendelssohn, found him looking flushed and in an unusual state of excitement. The reason being asked, the answer was given: "Here have I been sitting for the last four hours trying to alter a few bars in a part-song and can't do it." He had tried twenty times without being able to satisfy himself. No detail was too small to have the very best of his talent exerted upon it. Mendelssohn was content with nothing but the very best form of expression for everything he wanted to say.

This is worthy of note, for Mendelssohn was one of the very few musicians who may be said to have been born with a silver spoon in the mouth. In his day musical composers mostly sprang from the common people; were obliged to fight their way to success, and to pass through stern experiences in learning the mastery of their art.

Mendelssohn came of a rich family. He enjoyed the advantages of able instructors to guide his youthful steps. He had careful and wise relatives to superintend his education. He was favoured with unvarying appreciation from his childhood till his death.

Some folk estimate these personal comforts and surroundings of refinement as specially fitted to produce excellence. But worldly advantages are not an unmixed good when art is concerned. They often prevent the beginner from aspiring to the greatest heights. The well-fed and well-clothed novice is apt to feel the absence of incentive, and to be satisfied with what comes easily. Success in art, as in most other things, only comes to those of whom it may be truly said, *Petit Alta.*

From his earliest days, Mendelssohn was as diligent and painstaking in all he undertook, as if his very existence depended on it. The opinion that a musical genius is a sort of monstrosity, over-developed on one side at the expense of everything else, is falsified in his case.

He received a thorough education in every respect, and was taught Greek, Latin, and drawing, as well as music. Nor was he so precocious as to make a powerful magnifying glass necessary before the observer could find a genuine boy.

Ferdinand Hiller, one of the finest pianists that ever lived, had received almost incredible accounts of Mendelssohn's abilities, and was in a great state of wonderment to see what the boy would be like. Hiller describes himself as watching from the window of his house and seeing Mendelssohn out with his master, Schmitt, running behind that worthy, and jumping up on to his back as he walked along, holding on for a moment, then slipping off.

At home, at Berlin, the Mendelssohns had periodic gatherings of friends and acquaintances, when music was performed by a small orchestra. On these occasions the boy's early symphonies and other instrumental works were regularly performed. Felix himself always conducted, even in the days when he was so small that a footstool was necessary to render him visible. Boy as he was, the men had to be led by him. Felix demanded absolute correctness. Nothing might be scamped. It is recorded of this little conductor, "his opinions were rather assertive, and

he had a way of expressing himself with a certain positiveness which was evidently characteristic."

Each succeeding work was an advance upon its predecessor. Nor did the worker ever pause to rest upon his oars. By the time he was sixteen he had already produced thirteen symphonies and completed his fifth opera, "*The Wedding of Camacho.*"

In the next year he took another great stride and produced the overture to "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," which, written at the age of seventeen, was never surpassed by him in neatness of expression, freshness of ideas, management of form, and delicacy and finish of orchestration.

According to Hiller's account, it took the composer the best part of a year to write. Mendelssohn told him how he had been working and spending all the spare time he could get between the lectures on philosophy, &c., which he was attending at the Berlin University.

Zelter, one of his instructors, was afraid that the perpetual succession of distractions and amusements at the Mendelssohn home would have a seriously damaging effect on the young composer. He wrote in this strain to Goethe, that he was "fearing to see Felix dissolve like a jelly in the midst of the idle family tittle-tattle of the place."

But Zelter's fears were not realised. *Petit Alta*; and nothing could keep Mendelssohn from soaring in his search for the highest. Whatever his surroundings, and wherever he might be, he always arranged his time so as to get through a regular amount of methodical composition every day, and he allowed nothing to interfere with it. Otherwise it would have been impossible for him to get through the marvellous amount of work which he did. In 1840 his hands were as full as they could be, yet he found time and energy enough to produce his famous *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*, at the request of the Town Council of Leipzig, for the Gutenberg Festival in commemoration of the invention of printing.

The details of the composer's life read like a perpetual storm of work, but it never seemed to impair his clearheadedness, or hamper his musical powers in any way. He was often urged to take life more easily, but rest was impossible, for Mendelssohn had received a new invitation from England to superintend the performance of the *Lobgesang* at Birmingham. He could only spare a month, and into this brief period the composer crowded more than a year of some men's lives.

It is interesting and instructive to note that the Birmingham performance of *Lobgesang* caused Mendelssohn to be dissatisfied with his own work. So much so that the plates which had been engraved for the publication of the work in England had to be destroyed and the entire work redone.

Mendelssohn is perhaps best known as the composer of "*St. Paul*" and "*Elijah.*" Extraordinary pains were taken both with the words and the music of "*Elijah*," and the worker derived intense joy from his labour. "*Elijah*" was performed for the first time in Birmingham amid such enthusiasm and excitement as has rarely been witnessed over a new musical work.

He himself was delighted, and said he never in his life heard a better performance. He eagerly shook hands with as many of the performers as he could get to afterwards, thanking them for what they had done. Yet even in such triumph he sought higher things, and on his way back to Germany he made many alterations in "*Elijah*" which cost him much labour and time.

Dr. Hubert Parry says of Mendelssohn:—"Few men have had the fortune to win so much affection, or to give so much pleasure. His varied gifts were in constant employment for the benefit of all people who were capable of enjoying music and good company; and he squeezed as much work into his short life as most men get into one twice the length." But quantity was not the main consideration of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. *The best possible* was his aim. *Petit Alta.* He sought the highest, and found it. "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

X.—HEALTH, DISEASE AND DEATH.



THE healthy body is the perfect body, able to carry out all the duties of life. The unhealthy body can only partially or imperfectly carry out these duties. Consequently the owner of an unhealthy body can only imperfectly perform the duties he is called upon to perform.

Health, therefore, ought to mean happiness, prosperity, and usefulness; disease means quite the opposite.

A healthy boy can attend school regularly, he can devote the proper amount of time to the preparation of his lessons; and has, therefore, a better opportunity to gain a high position in his class, and to win prizes, than the boy who is obliged

to stay away on stormy days because he is suffering from some complaint of the lungs, and who, in consequence of his irregular attendance at school, loses lessons and marks; he is handicapped in the race of life, and it will be a surprise if he wins a prize at all.

The sick boy is not only a loser himself, but he also gives trouble and causes expense to those around him. The doctor must attend him, special food must be prepared for him, and, if he be very ill, he must be properly nursed. All this trouble and expense would be saved if the boy were blessed with a strong body.

It is right that you should know that the drinking of intoxicants is the cause of a very large amount of disease. Many persons who are now ill would, in all probability, never have been so if they had abstained from intoxicating liquors. The drink has had so evil an effect on parts of the body that those parts have become disordered and cannot properly do their work.

What have you seen in the hospital? A large room, or ward as it is called, devoted to cases of accident. Here are those who have been run over in the street, who have been burned or injured in some of the many ways by which accidents occur in a great city. Another ward is for various complaints of the lungs, heart, eyes, or throat. Another room is full of cots for the children; some of them come from such miserable homes that they are quite glad to be ill, and to be in the hospital.

If we had the opportunity of going round the various wards, and finding out the first and real cause of the complaints which have brought the men, women and children to the hospital, we should find that drink has had a great deal to do with it, although at first sight this does not appear to be the case.

Let us take one example. Here is a dear little girl, whose face and hands are terribly burned. You learn on inquiry that her dress caught fire, and consequently she had to come to the hospital. We learn from the facts that the poor patient has a lazy, drunken father; that in consequence of this the mother has to go out to earn the bread, and the little one is left in charge of a sister not many years older than herself. We may say almost with certainty that had the father been a sober, industrious man, his wife would have been able to stay at home, the child would have been properly protected, and it is very unlikely the accident would have happened. Thus we are justified in believing that the use of intoxicating drinks was the real and true cause of the child being burned, and, alas! of being disfigured all her life.

It is right that you should know what well-known and clever doctors say on this subject. Take special note of the following:

Sir William Gull says: "*I hardly know any more fruitful cause of disease than alcohol.*"

Sir Henry Thompson says: "*A very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous diseases which come under my notice arise from the common and daily use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is ordinarily considered moderate.*"

Sir Andrew Clark has expressed his opinion about small doses of alcohol. He says: "*Perfectly good health will, in my opinion, always be injured even by small doses of alcohol.*"

The drinking of beer, wines and spirits is constantly followed by some kind of sickness. On the contrary, no disease is produced by abstaining from these drinks. You never hear of people suffering from rheumatism, bronchitis and other complaints, saying that they so suffer because they have been so foolish as not to drink alcohol.

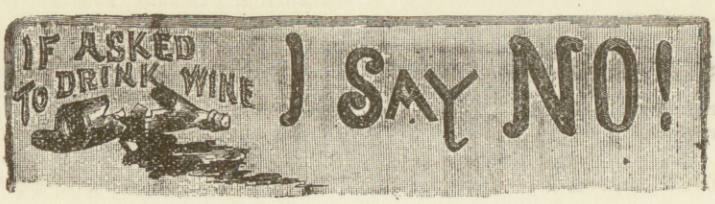
Do not suppose I wish you to understand that abstainers are never ill; you know that they are ill at times, but you may believe that abstainers have much less sickness than moderate drinkers, and also that they recover from sickness quicker than moderate drinkers.

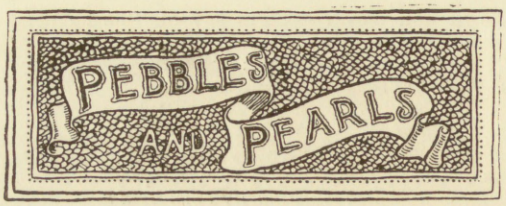
You will be prepared now for what I wish you to learn. *Persons who drink alcohol in very many cases die earlier in life than persons who abstain from alcohol.*

We can explain this in two ways. You know that when a death occurs that death has to be registered at a certain office; the officer who makes the registration is called the registrar, and the officer over all these registrars is the Registrar General. He finds out the cause of all the deaths in the United Kingdom, and he counts up how many die from this or that cause. What does he say about alcohol? I will give you his exact words; if you don't quite understand them ask father to explain them to you:

The death-rate undoubtedly depends more upon the extent to which people are brought into contact with the drink than upon anything else whatever. The mortality of men who are directly concerned in the liquor traffic is simply appalling.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution insures the lives of those who drink a little alcohol, and those who do not drink any, and an estimate is made of how many deaths may be expected, all being treated alike. After twenty-five years' experience it has been found that when 100 moderate drinkers were expected to die 96 actually died, but when 100 abstainers were expected to die only 70 really died. So we learn that there were 26 more deaths among the moderate drinkers than among the abstainers.





He meets to-morrow best who uses to-day well.

Many a man is digging the grave of his soul with a pewter pot for a spade.

It is far easier to disturb what is quiet than to quiet what is disturbed.—*Plato.*

It is estimated that the teetotal population of this country is about 8,000,000, of whom about 3,000,000 are over twenty-one years of age.

"What shall I come to, father," said a young man, "if I go on prospering in this way?" "To the grave," the father replied.

Husband: I think you'd better save that money for a rainy day.
Wife: But on a rainy day I can't go shopping.



"Intemperance still continues to be one of the chief hindrances to religion in the great mass of our people. There are many excellent societies engaged in the conflict with it, but they need steady and resolute perseverance to effect any serious improvement. It is important to lay stress on the essential condition of permanent success in this work—namely, that it should be taken up in a religious spirit as a part of Christian devotion to the Lord."

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Oct. 3.—Temperance Hospital, London, opened 1873.

„ 12.—Irish Sunday Closing Act passed, 1878.

„ 15.—Congregational Total Abstinence Association started, 1873.

„ 27.—Dicky Turner, author of term "Teetotal," died, 1866.

The publican's till and the doctor's bill go hand in hand.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Morality does not make a Christian; yet no man can be a Christian without it.—*Bishop Wilson.*

Failure, after long perseverance, is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—*George Eliot.*

Can it be right to take the fruit
Which Heaven in love bestows,
And make the vile, deceitful drink
Which fills the world with woes?

Wife: Dear, the doctor says it is necessary for me to take a trip across the water. What do you think I had better do?
Husband: Get another doctor.

Miss Disconsolate: Sometimes I wish to heaven I could be alone for a time, even a few minutes.
Mr. Bilkins: Why don't you sing?

"Well, did the boss give you a rise?
"No."
"Not even when you told him you had grown gray in his service?"
"No. Gave me the name of a good hair-dye."

A balloon railway is to be the latest novelty. Passengers are to be conveyed to and from the summit of a mountain at a well-known watering-place in the Austrian Alps by means of a train, which will run along a track propelled by a captive balloon.

FOR COLDS AND COUGHS.

Don't take a glass of grog. Take this, it will do better:—A strong tea of elder flowers, sweetened with honey, either fresh or dried, which may be bought at any herb shop. A basin of this tea drunk as hot as possible after the person is warm in bed produces a strong perspiration, and a slight cold or cough yields to it immediately, but the most stubborn requires two or three repetitions.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—International Juvenile Templar—Irish Templar—Happy Home—Young Days—Animals' Friend, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence, editorial or otherwise, and all books or magazines for review, must be addressed to The Editor, "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

No contribution received and accepted for insertion in "Onward," will be paid for unless agreed to in writing when accepted. Contributors must state if, and at what rate, remuneration is required. The Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts sent voluntarily, but if accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes they will be returned if unsuitable.

Received with thanks: Rev. J Johnson, Mrs. Isabel M. Hamill, Mrs. Ruth B. Yates, Mary M. Forrester, W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., E. W. S. Royds, A. J. Glasspool, Rev. N. Kelynack, Master P. Fletcher, Berresford Adams, &c.



A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"ISS, MAWTHER WILL GO."

THE sudden departure of his lordship for the North was a matter of surprise to the villagers, and all sorts of reports got into circulation. Some were reasonable enough, others were of the most extravagant character. Some of the folks said he would never return, and that "they 'ad seen the laast o' 'e;" others affirmed that he was "a man o' 'is word," and that he would certainly be back, and that Joey would be made "an attendant on 'is lordship, or summat o' that sort o' thing;" whilst a few, who professed a larger acquaintance with the facts of the case, who knew that Phyllis had shown him that most sacred relic—the photographic group, and that he had actually cried over it, and seemed so excited that Phyllis pretty nearly thought that he had gone stark mad; all these declared with the greatest vehemence that they "were sure 'e wud be back brav' an' soon, an' that Joey wud be certain to haave 'is rights," though nobody could say exactly what those rights really were.

In the meantime, Joey, whose convalescence had commenced before his lordship's departure, was making rapid strides to his full restoration to health. The shock to the system occasioned by his terrible fall was found not to be so serious as it was at first supposed; and, having a good constitution, with a copious flow of animal spirits, there was almost an absolute certainty that he would soon be well. Nor were the villagers disappointed in the realisation of their hopes, for after an absence of some weeks Joey was moving about again, to the intense satisfaction of that little sea-side community.

To Mrs. Morlaise, his never-failing nurse, he one day remarked,

"Great deliverances, like great possessions, are always accompanied with great responsibilities, and I am resolved that it shall never be said of Joey Tregelles that he was unmindful of the mercies of his God—never! Surely my life has been spared for a purpose; but what that purpose is I cannot see at present. This passage of Scripture, however, has sustained me all through my illness: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' And oh, Mrs. Morlaise,"—and he said it with so much emphasis that she was for a moment surprised, "I am determined, God being my helper,

My remnant of days
I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him."

The words sounded as clear as a clarion. To Mrs. Morlaise they came as an inspiration from heaven, and she said within herself, "This young man has what I haven't got, but I would give all the world to possess it." And from that moment the pleasure-loving, mercenary widow of "Our Artist" had started on a career that was rich in good works.

Meeting one day with old Peter Penleaven, Joey was greatly amused.

"Well, Joey," said Peter, "I'm so glad to see ee again. But thee'rt a lucky dog, my son."

"How is that, Peter? Not very lucky, one would think, to be flung over a cliff, as if one were no more good than rotten fish. Still I am willing to admit that I am a lucky dog, if by that you mean I have been wonderfully preserved by that God who has preserved us both. And if I am a lucky dog, Peter, in having been preserved in my fall, then surely you are a luckier dog still in having no fall at all."

"Ah, bless my soul," said the old fisherman, "I never thought o' that afore. 'Pon my word, I never ded. Iss, iss, Joey, my son, thee'rt right, thee art, et's a greater mercy never to haave a

faal at all, than et es to be presarved when one es down."

"It is, Peter, indeed it is," said Joey. "Not that I am not grateful, for my heart is full of gratitude to God. But, Peter, if it is a duty devolving upon me to be grateful—and I am bound to say it is—then how much greater is the duty devolving upon you, who through all these years have never had a fall over the cliff, and to my certain knowledge you have many and many a time leaned over the rail in the very same spot where I unfortunately fell."

"Ess-fye, my son, I haave been leanin' against that there rail almost every day for the laast sixty year—for I'm now eighty-four year old—and I haaven't 'ad a tumble yet; and, please God, I don't waant to tumble now, I don't, for ef I shud, I cudn't pick myself up as quick as I used to do. I don't knaw 'ow et es, though, but s'pose et's old age comin' on."

"Well, but in what way am I the lucky dog you say I am, Peter?" asked Joey.

"Why, en faalin' on th' feet, to be sure."

"Ah, but when I fell over the cliff I fell—why I don't know how—but certainly not on my feet."

"S'pose not, my son. Dedn't seemed so when they car'd thee up, poor dear, an' we all thought thee was as dead as a door nail. Well, but hasn't a heer'd the bit o' good news?"

"Heard what, Peter?"

"Why, that that great fella, whose hosses thee stopped—gosh though! that was a bra' good job for 'e that thee stopped those big ugly brutes, or else, as sure as a gun, 'e wud haave gone over cliff an' a broked 'is neck, such a great 'eavy man as 'e es—well, e's gone up to Lunnon, or somewhere, an' that 'e's goin' to maake thee 'is scribe or pharisee, or summat o' that sort o' thing, when 'e do come back. Gosh, Joey! thee art a lucky dog, sure 'nough. Why, I wudn't mind tumblin' over cliff myself, old man as I am, only I shud like there to be a soft little nest at the bottom, ef that great what-do-ee-caal-'n—lord, or summat o' that sort—wud give me a bit o' 'is fortune."

"Ah, well, Peter, my advice to you is, don't you run the risk of breaking your neck, not even for a fortune, for of what good would gold be to you if you were taken up dead? Neither must you believe all you hear, although no such inteligence has reached my ears as that you speak of, nor am I expecting any benefit in the way you describe. His lordship, I understand, has gone to the North on important business, and talks of returning West in a very few weeks."

"Well, Joey, thee taake an old man's advice, and keep the right side o' his lordship; only keep as far awaay as thee can from the cliff. But, Joey, hearken to me a minute; I shaant be 'ere long to give thee a bit o' advice, for I'm gettin' an oldish sort o' a man. Ef 'is great lordship shud give thee a sovereign or two, be sure thee dost remember old Peter Penleaven wi' just a bit o' 'bacca."

At length Joey Tregelles had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work, and in social and philanthropic exercises he was so diligently employed as to give piquancy to one of the old fishermen's remark, "Joey es maakin' up for lost time 'e es."

He taught in the Sunday School, initiated a Band of Hope, was chief of a Temperance organisation, distributed religious tracts, visited the sick and the dying, and, in a variety of ways, established his reputation as one of the hardest worked and most industrious men in the village, until at length his poor old mother began to fear he was taxing his strength, and urged him to remember he was not as strong as he was—a remark which he invariably met with the old adage, "Better to wear out than rust."

"Iss, my beauty, iss," said his mother; "that's well 'nough in ets way, but good people es scarce, don't ee knaw."

"Yes," was Joey's rejoinder, "and it is for that very reason I want my mother to take care of herself, for, do you know, I am getting quite concerned about your health. You have looked so haggard of late. Why, the brightness has almost gone out of your eyes, and such a pallor has crept into your face that I can't make it out, and it makes me quite anxious, although you never complain. You are not feeling well, I am sure. Now come, tell me, are you, my mother?"

And the dear old creature, whose thoughts about herself were swallowed up in her concern for her son, reluctantly admitted that she had not been feeling well of late, but that Joey should remember she was not as young as she used to be, and that a woman at her age could not be expected to be as brisk as a girl.

"No, no," replied Joey, "that's all well enough;" and then, in a playful bit of banter, he exclaimed, "Now I am going to take the reins into my own hands, you have had them in yours long enough, and I must insist, first of all, that my mother shall have rest."

"Well, well," she playfully remarked, "ef my boy keep the reins too tight the old mare may kick, and ef ee keep the reins too slack, well, then she may run away." And then feigning a bit of concern she said, "Joey, do ee be careful, my dear!"

"Oh, yes," replied Joey, "I'll be careful enough, never fear. I want to get accustomed to the reins, you know, by the time I have got a wife and family of my own."

"Oh, that's et, es it, my beauty," she exclaimed with a smile. "Then ef ee are thinkin' o' drivin' your wife, I am afear'd Joey will get 'isself into trouble; for, do ee knaw, women wadn't maade to be drove, and I shud advise ee, don't drive your wife, but lead 'er, my dear. Iss, that's what mawther do say."

"Sound philosophy! I must candidly confess," cried Joey; "but as I am not to drive my wife, and driving is an experience I am longing to taste, suppose I try my hand on my mother, for she is too wise and too good to rebel."

To which poor old Phyllis somewhat waggishly replied, "Then drive on, my beauty, but do ee keep the whip out o' sight."

A few days after Joey's installation in power, whilst he was busy about the house, and wondering what would become of him if he were to be deprived of his mother, he heard the

postman's knock, and going to the door received a letter from the postman's hand.

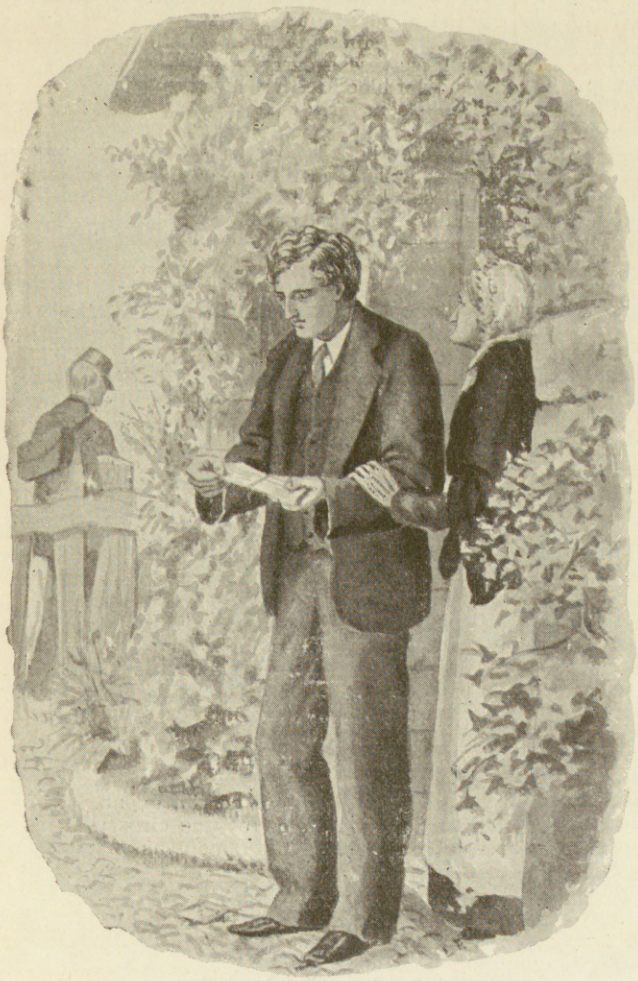
"Why, mother!" exclaimed Joey, as he looked at the crest, "it is a letter from Lord Fitzmaurice, I declare."

"Then read en, my dear, read en," said Phyllis, somewhat impatient to know what the letter contained.

And Joey proceeded to read the epistle, which had been written by the Secretary at Lord Fitzmaurice's request.

"SIR,—I am requested by Lord Fitzmaurice to express to you his deep sense of indebtedness for the great service you rendered in arresting his runaway horses, and thereby saving him from an untimely end. Words cannot express the gratitude he feels for such a noble deed. He very greatly regrets the accident to yourself, but is delighted to find that you are rapidly recovering, and trusts you will soon be well and strong. He regrets he cannot visit you as soon as he had intended, but he wishes to lose no time in laying before you a proposal, which he earnestly hopes you will accept.

"His lordship's advancing years and increasing infirmities render it necessary that he should seek a gentleman companion, and, having no children of his own, he proposes that you should come as soon as the state of your health will permit.



"His lordship, however, claims the right of making one condition, and that is that from henceforth you renounce your religion.

"Awaiting your reply, I am, on behalf of his lordship, Yours respectfully,

HENRY CANTOR."

Joey paused for a moment, and then deliberately, but most solemnly, pronounced the words, "*No, never! I would rather beg my bread.*"

"The Lord's naame be praised!" chimed in poor Phyllis.

Then, after another pause, they talked the matter over together; after which Joey took up his pen and wrote:—

"MY LORD,—The letter of your Secretary, written by your request, lies before me. I thank you most sincerely for the offer it contains, but the condition you append makes it impossible for me to accept.

"You ask me to renounce my religion. My lord, will you pardon me if I say you might as well ask me to renounce my life. I am a Methodist, my Lord. In the faith of my mother's religion I have lived, and in that faith I am resolved to die.

"I remain, most respectfully, your humble servant,

JOEY TREGELLES."

That evening, as the shadows fell, Joey sat watching the tired look of his mother. And then, assuming an air of playfulness, he said, "Now it is time for all young girls to go to rest."

"Ah, Joey," she replied, "I shall soon rest in the grave."

The words went to his heart like a knife. "Rest in the grave." What could they mean? Why, he had never heard her speak like that before, and he could only account for it from the fact that she was overwrought. She had been taxing her strength too much of late, and nature was now sending in her bill, and clamouring for payment in full. So flinging his arms around her neck, and attempting a bit of pleasantry, which was hard to come, he said,

"Now, my most unselfish young lady, if you don't know how to take care of yourself there is one who does, and he is going to insist on his prescription being taken. So Doctor Joey Tregelle's advice is this, 'Away to rest if you please, and to rest *at once*.'"

She rose as submissive as a child, and said, "Iss, mawther will go. I am so tired. See to everything, my dear. I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; iss, the sleep o' the just."

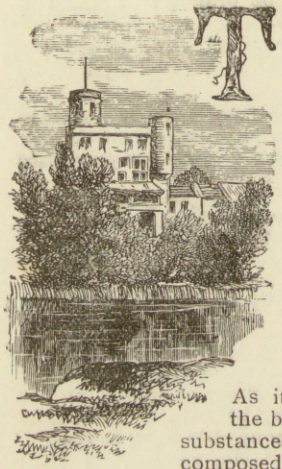
The words were prophetic, for when Joey went into her chamber in the morning she was not to be found. He called, but she did not answer. He looked, but she had gone. Another had been there before him, and to the words, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," she had passed into the presence of her Lord. She had gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, into that land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

(To be Concluded.)

Recreative Science for Young People.

By Ruth B. Yates.

XI.—THE RIVER OF LIFE.



THE blood has been beautifully called the river of life, and, indeed, we may say that the blood *is* the life.

Every part of the body is built up by the blood. Waste is always going on; every movement we make wears out some portion of some muscle, but we do not notice it, for the river of life silently repairs the damage. As it repairs *all* parts of the body it contains all the substances of which the body is composed, so that it can build up equally well the tissue of the brain or the muscles of the arm.

What becomes of the worn out parts or tissue? Ah! this marvellous river gets rid of these too. If left in the body they could soon poison the system, and disease would quickly come, and then death.

We breathe in air containing oxygen which goes to the lungs, where the blood absorbs large quantities of the oxygen and carries it off to all parts of the body. Now, oxygen burns, so whenever it is brought into contact with waste tissue a burning takes place, and the waste matters are turned into such a form that they can easily be sucked up by the blood and carried away to be expelled from the system, and in this way we see the blood acts as a drain, clearing away poisonous matters.

As this burning up of used-up tissue is always going on, a great amount of heat is produced; again the blood exhibits its wondrous utility, for it acts like the hot water pipes of a public building, conveying heat equally to all parts of the body.

In fact, so numerous and wonderful are the uses of this river of life, and so wonderful its composition and circulation, that a book would scarce contain what might be told of it.

Now let us consider the course of this wonderful river. The fountain-head is the heart.

From the beginning of life to its close, the heart never ceases its work, asleep and awake, by night or by day, until death comes at last and its work is ended for ever. The heart is about the size of one's closed fist. It is divided by a muscular wall into two equal parts; the right half contains impure, venous, blood, and the left half pure, arterial, blood.

The pure blood is pumped into a large vessel called the aorta, which divides into branches called arteries, and these again divide and branch forth into smaller and smaller vessels until every part of the body is supplied with arteries. The smallest arteries end in tiny hair-like tubes called capillaries, so fine that they cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. They are closely set together all over the body, and form the connecting link between the smallest arteries and the smallest veins. So delicate are the capillary walls that the nourishing part of the blood can pass out to replenish the tissues, while the oxygen brought by the blood seizes the worn out tissues and burns them. The products of the burning are carried on to the smallest veins. These little veins gather together into larger and still larger ones, just as little streams form rivulets which gather into tributaries, and these flow into rivers, so all the veins unite at last into one or other of the large veins which pour their contents into the right side of the heart. There are four chambers in the heart, two on the right side and two on the left, but the two sides of the heart have no direct communication with each other.

The dark coloured impure blood brought by the veins is forced onward into a large vessel which carries the impure blood to the lungs where it takes in oxygen and is purified. It then returns by other large vessels carrying what is now pure, bright, scarlet blood to the left side of the heart, thence to be sent forth again upon its life-giving mission.

To prevent the blood flowing backwards the heart is provided with valves, as are also the veins; these are something like tiny doors which open readily if pressed in the right direction, but close if pressed in the opposite one.

Veins are placed near the surface, but arteries are deeper down; veins have soft, thin, flabby walls, but arteries have strong muscular walls. What we call the pulse is caused by the swelling and contracting of the arteries, which forces the blood along.

The river of life rushes along the main arteries at the rate of nearly twelve inches a second; this speed gradually slackens along the smaller arteries until when the capillaries are reached the blood only just creeps along at the very slowest rate, but quickly gets up speed again in its course through the veins, and the whole circuit is completed in about thirty seconds.

Now if you were to drink a glass of whiskey or anything containing alcohol—of course no reader of this magazine ever would!—and in a few seconds afterwards were to prick your finger or your toe, the blood which oozed out would be found to contain alcohol.

In just the same way if a man were bitten by a venomous serpent, in a very few seconds blood drawn from any part of his body would be found to contain venom.

In both cases the poison, containing no nutriment, would be carried on by the circulation of the river of life, and still remain as it was at first—poison.

Compare what you have done with what you might have done.

LETTIE'S RESCUE.

By Uncle Ben.

FAWAY in Canada, in one of the small villages in which most of the inhabitants were occupied either with farming or in the timber trade, lived a man called Rawson Brown. He had once held a good position in England, but had lost it and his character through drink, and had gone out to Canada to some friends to begin life again in this little centre of industry.



Amid the new surroundings prospects began to improve, and as long as the man kept entirely away from drink there appeared every chance in his favour of doing well. He lived with his wife and only child, Lettie, in one of the comfortable prairie houses made of wood, and once more had a happy home, until the old habit again began to get the better of him.

The evil influence of the drink was gaining a mastering power until an event occured that startled him into total renunciation of all intoxicants. Mrs. Rawson Brown had gone to see a friend who was ill at some distance, and had left her husband and Lettie at home. In the after part of the day Mr. Brown was to go and fetch his wife. The weather was wet and showery, and when Lettie came home from school her father said she had better stay in with their good and faithful dog, Dijon, and he would go alone to meet mother. He started early so as to be back in good time, as the evenings were drawing in. About half way a heavy downpour of rain came on, and the man stopped at a drink saloon and store, where he met with companions with whom he drank until unable to go on.

Lettie, at home, busied herself in preparing for the evening meal on the return of her father and mother. The time seemed long, and at last Lettie got tired and sleepy, until unable to keep awake any longer she took off her shoes and stockings and lay down on the couch. She soon fell fast asleep and did not wake until she found herself being pulled violently by Dijon. On opening her eyes she felt herself choked by smoke, and the thick stifling atmosphere lurid with fire. Hardly knowing what she did, dazed by sleep and scared by fright, and almost suffocated by the dense smoke, she let herself be dragged by the good dog out through the back door, where, meeting the cold draught of the night air, in exhaustion from want of breath, she fell down in a faint or swoon, and there remained with the faithful Dijon keeping watch over her and baying loudly for help.

The flames had now got such a hold of the house that neighbours were coming from many directions, shouting "Fire! fire!" The loud barking of the dog attracted their first attention, and hastening to the spot from whence the sound issued they discovered Lettie quite senseless, and Dijon standing over her like a guardian angel. With all speed they rescued her from peril, and took her safely to a neighbour's house.

The mother waited long for her husband, until anxious and fearing something must be wrong she started late, hoping to meet him on the way. Making inquiries she learned that he was left at the stores too drunk to move, and, being well known, the people had kept him there. When Mrs. Brown passed the place was all shut up, and so she continued her wet and dreary walk alone, until the blaze of fire in the direction of her own home alarmed her. She hastened on in terror to find her worst fears confirmed; the house was

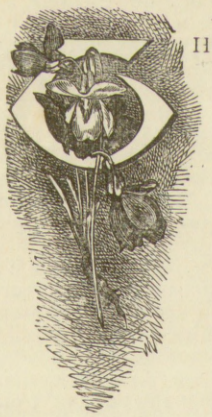
being consumed in flames in spite of all the neighbours and the rains of heaven could do. She arrived at mid-night to see the home in ruins, and to learn of the narrow escape of her daughter, who was thankful to see her mother come back. The fire was not put out until the house was a complete wreck, in fact a charred heap of blackened timber. The news of the fire spread with the morning light, and the wretched husband and father returned in misery and shame to find his home burnt to the ground, and his only child almost a victim of the fire, saved by the sagacity and fidelity of a dog, while he had been helplessly drunk a few miles away. How the fire broke out no one ever knew, but the terrible event which nearly cost the life of Lettie did one good thing, it sobered Rawson Brown for the rest of his life. He never touched another drop of liquor, but he carried the scar on his conscience for the remainder of his days.

Popular Delusions.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons.'

"THE REVENUE OF THE COUNTRY DEPENDS UPON IT."



THE total receipts of Inland Revenue duties for the year ending March 31st, 1896, were £71,506,810. Of this amount about one half—£35,850,804, was received as taxes and imposts on intoxicating liquors and the liquor trade. On the face of it this seems to show that the revenue of the country does depend on the drink trade.

It is, however, necessary to look closer into the matter before we can discover that a belief in this is after all a delusion.

Let us suppose the case of a company boasting an income of £100,000 from the sale of sugar, but in order to get this amount, an expenditure greater than the income was incurred in the production of the material. Constant deficits would have to be made up by calls or other sources, or the concern must stop.

Unfortunately, the expenditure side of the drink bill is not set against the receipts side, or it would be shown that whilst an immense revenue is received, a greater loss is incurred.

WHERE THE LOSS COMES IN.

To find this, the items on the debit side of the account must be considered.

As it is difficult to exactly apportion the direct cost resulting from the use of strong drink, it is impossible to divide figures exactly, but a fair approximation of the cost may be arrived at.

The evils resulting from the use of alcohol are stated by those best qualified to judge, and the statements are generally agreed to by all—that one-fifth of the insanity of the country is due to this cause; that one-half of the poverty is attributable to the same source. It is the belief of several prominent judges that seven-eighths of the crime arises from the same cause. That half of the sickness and disease must also be credited to the same account, whilst the loss of life is, after searching inquiry, estimated at 60,000 persons per year. To these must be added the loss of trade and of every earning capacity resulting from these evils. All this must be paid for, and the sum total far exceeds the revenue arising from strong drink.

Abolish the use of alcoholic liquors, the country loses £35,000,000 of revenue, but it gains infinitely more in decreased expenditure and increased trade.

HOW THE LOSS IS CALCULATED.

The Judicial Statistics of England and Wales for 1887 shew us in that year (an average one), the following results:—

Indictable crimes committed	42,391
Persons apprehended	19,045
Persons summarily proceeded against..	663,887
Cases of drunk and disorderly	162,772
Cases of assault	75,873
Cost to the country in police and prisons	£4,656,767

It is a recognised statistical fact that about 20 per cent. of the insanity of the country is caused by alcohol. On January 1st, 1895, the Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy showed that there were 94,081 lunatics in the asylums of the country, and this would mean that 18,816 were in that condition solely through strong drink. These all have to be maintained at the Nation's cost. The cost of the pauperism in England, Scotland and Wales for the year 1893 was close upon £10,000,000.

It is only when figures and totals such as these are considered that we can begin to realise what the awful cost to the country is in getting the enormous revenue that it does from the drink traffic.

But we have yet to consider the loss to the country by the diversion of the producing power of large numbers of people.

Mr. Stephen Bourne, in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London in 1880, calculated that the producing power of 1,097,625 persons is wholly absorbed by the liquor traffic, and that 884,000 others are incapacitated through drink thus:—

By adult and infantile death	120,000
,, Sickness of producers	150,000
,, ,, ,, distributers	185,000
,, Pauperism	200,000
,, Crime	88,000
,, Professional and other service ..	50,000
,, Revenue officials	6,000
,, Army, navy, and merchant service	85,000
	884,000

As 2,000,000 constitute about one-fifth of the total number of producers, the drink traffic in one way or another neutralises about one-fifth of the nation's productive power.

The national income is estimated by Mr. Gladstone at £1,000,000,000. Calculated upon these figures the loss to the national income arising through the use of strong drink is £200,000,000.

Mr. Hoyle, the great statistician, estimated the average total drink charge levied on the British nation annually during the decade, 1872-81, at £274,000,000.

A BALANCE SHEET.

GAIN.

Revenue returns	£33,850,804

LOSS.

Insanity	18,816 persons
Pauperism	one-half
Crime	seven-eights
Deaths (directly and indirectly) ..	120,000
Disease and sickness	one-half
Loss in productive power	£200,000,000
Moral loss	beyond estimation.

Here, then, it is seen that the country is not a gainer, but a loser as a result of this traffic.

It is true that a few brewers, distillers, and publicans gave great wealth in addition to the revenue derived by the country, and to some small extent this creates trade and industry which ought to be added to the revenue account. Add this, put it at the highest possible figure, and add every other item that can reasonably be brought to that side of the account, and the loss is still so great as to be absolutely appalling.

THE LESSON TO BE LEARNT

is that strong drink is a foe to the individual and a foe to the nation. Personally no one is the better for its use, but in a larger number of cases the worse, certainly physically and often morally as well; whilst, from the national point of view, strong drink is equally bad. Do away entirely with strong drink and the country at once begins to gain, and by the time things have righted themselves from the dislocation at first caused, an era of better health, better morals, longer life and unexampled prosperity, will have set in.

"EMPTY VESSELS MAKE THE MOST SOUND."

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



MARJORY CARMICHAEL was a great talker, but a poor worker. At first people were greatly taken with her, and thought from her conversation that she must get through a quantity of work, but they soon found they were mistaken. The school which Marjory attended was holding its annual picnic, and Marjory, being one of the head girls, was busy giving directions here and there, but she never attempted to do one single thing herself, leaving all the packing, lifting, and carrying to other girls. When the waggonette started off, all were in high spirits, the sun shone brilliantly, and everything promised well. The place chosen was a lovely spot, and soon the girls were busy spreading cloths and boiling the kettle. There were several strangers who had been invited as guests, and they were struck with the way Marjory gave her orders and how busy she *appeared* to be, but in reality doing nothing. One girl, Sarah Brown, who had earned for herself the name of "Brown Mouse" by her quiet unobtrusive ways, worked the hardest of anyone, but only those who observed noticed this, for though her laughter was as merry as anyone's she was never heard to mention a single thing that she had done.

Returning home Marjory was loud in her praise of the way things had been arranged and the way in which the affair had passed off. "It takes someone with a good head-piece to manage a pic-nic well," she remarked. "Yes, and it takes someone like Sarah Brown to make a pic-nic a success; it is to those who work quietly and unselfishly and who make little noise about it that our thanks are chiefly due," said one of the visitors.

Marjory was silent the rest of the way going home, but turning matters over in her mind; she began to wonder if she had not been rather like the empty vessel, making a great sound and nothing in it.

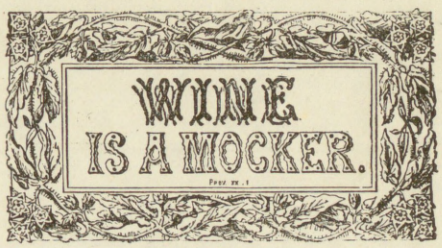
* * * * * * *

"What a talker Mr. Mills is to be sure; one would think he managed the whole concern," remarked a friend one day to another about a mutual acquaintance.

"Always the way with such folks, great talk, no work. I happen to know that George Mason is the pivot on which the whole business turns; he works like a galley slave, and if affairs were left in Mills' hands the place might shut up to-morrow."

"You surprise me, that's not the opinion outside though."

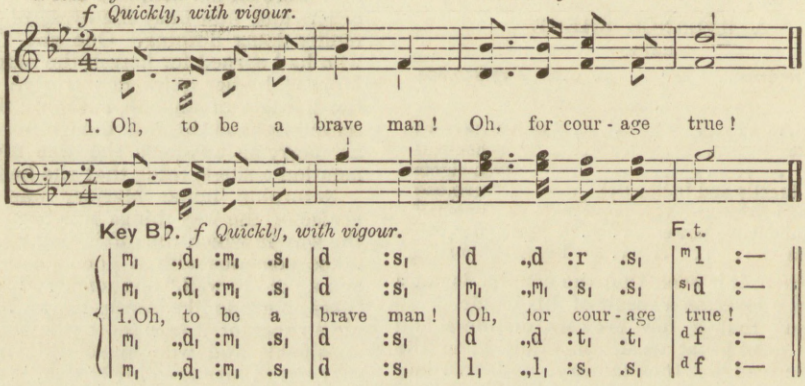
"My dear fellow, have you not lived long enough to know that 'empty vessels make the most sound?' If a man does work hard he has no need to be constantly telling the world so; it will soon find out, and when Mills is dead and forgotten, George Mason's name will be honoured and remembered, though now no one ever hears him say a word of the amount of hard work he does. If men and women are doing good, honest work they need not talk of it, the reward will come when they hear the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"



OH, TO BE A BRAVE MAN!

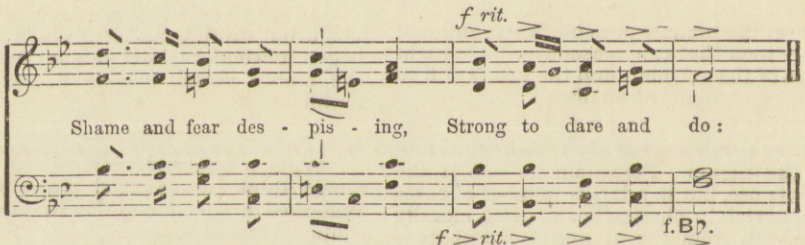
(From the popular Service of Song, "Dibs," price 4d., published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.)

Words by Robert Walmsley. *Music by* Rev. Carey Bonner.



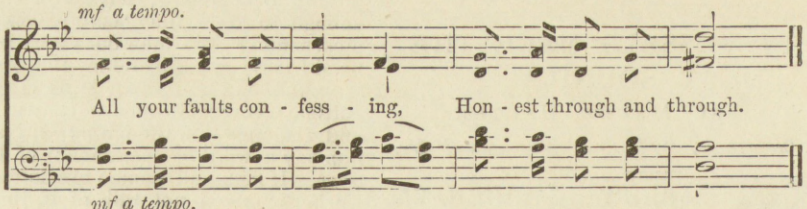
Key B♭. *f Quickly, with vigour.*

				F.t.
m₁ .,d₁ :m₁ .s₁	d :s₁	d .,d :r .s₁	ᵐl :—	
m₁ .,d₁ :m₁ .s₁	d :s₁	m₁ .,m₁ :s₁ .s₁	ˢᵢd :—	
1.Oh, to be a	brave man!	Oh, for cour - age	true!	
m₁ .,d₁ :m₁ .s₁	d :s₁	d .,d :t₁ .t₁	ᵈf :—	
m₁ .,d₁ :m₁ .s₁	d :s₁	l₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .s₁	ᵈf :—	



f.B♭.

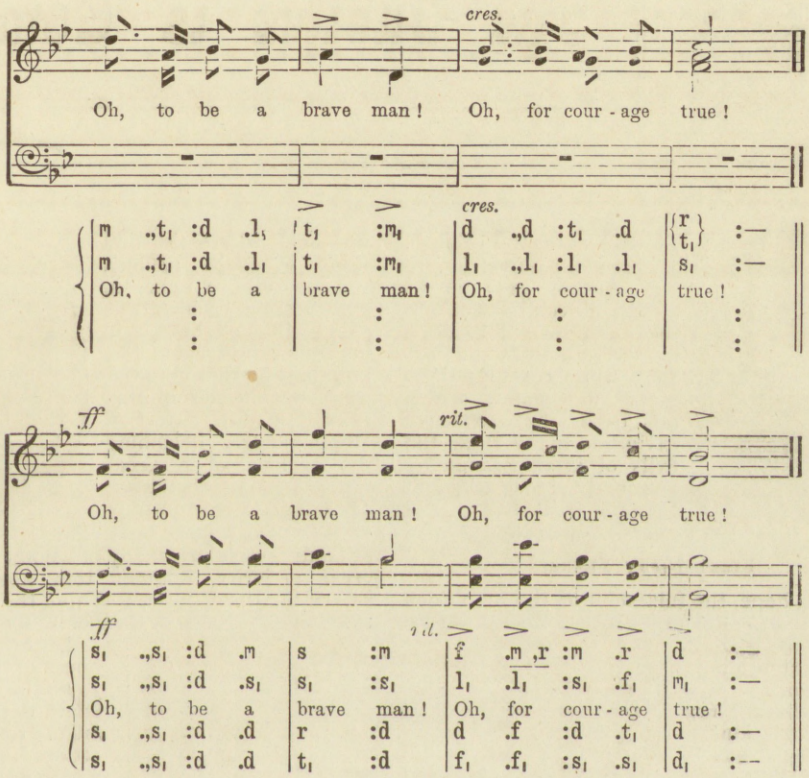
l .,s :f .r	s :m	f .m ,r :m .r	ᵈs₁ :—
d .,d :t₁ .t₁	r .t₁ :d	l₁ .l₁ :s₁ .t₁	ᵈs₁ :—
Shame and fear des -	pis - ing,	Strong to dare and	do:
f .,s :s .s	s :s	f .f :d .f	ᵐt₁ :—
f .,m :r .s₁	t₁ .s₁ :d	f₁ .f₁ :s₁ .s₁	ᵈs₁ :—



mf a tempo.

s₁ .,l₁ :t₁ .s₁	r :s₁	l₁ .,t₁ :d .l₁	m :—
s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .s₁	f₁ :f₁	m₁ .,m₁ :m₁ .l₁	seᵢ :—
All your faults con -	fess - ing,	Hon - est through and	through.
t₁ .,d :r .t₁	t₁ .,d :r .t₁	m .,r :d .d	t₁ :—
s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁ .,l₁ :t₁ .s₁	d .,t₁ :l₁ .l₁	m₁ :—

OH, TO BE A BRAVE MAN!



2. Pride will loudly tell you,
"Never own you're wrong;"
Better voices whisper,
"Only truth is strong:"
Heed the voice of conscience,
All its bidding do.

Oh, to be a brave man;
Oh, for courage true!
Oh, to be a brave man!
Oh, for courage true!

3. All the ages witness
How the great and good—
Threatened, scorned, or tempted—
Staunch and firm have stood;
In that glorious army
There's a place for you.

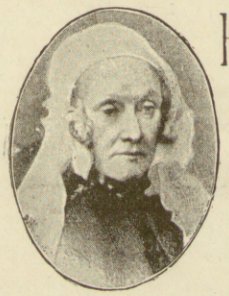
Oh, to be a brave man!
Oh for courage true!
Oh, to be a brave man!
Oh, for courage true!

4. Christ, of men the grandest,
Calls you to His side;
Fight beneath His banner—
Aye with Him abide;
Shame and fear despising,
Then you'll dare and do.

You can be a brave man!
And have courage true!
You can be a brave man!
And have courage true!

The Jubilee is Come!!

1847-1897.



Mrs. Ann J. Carlile.

HURRAH for the Jubilee! Hurrah! hurrah!!

Almost as soon as this sketch has got into the hands of our readers, by the 9th of November, 1897, the great Band of Hope movement, which has been the means of saving so many from the evils of intemperance by the early inculcation of teetotal principles, will have accomplished its

First Fifty Years,

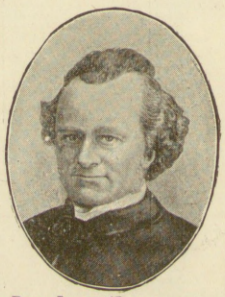
with, let us hope, the fulfilment of the ambitious Jubilee programme for securing 1,000,000 new members, and £50,000 for the extension of the good work.

Now, when every town, and almost every village has a Band of Hope, and when there are so many adult teetotalers of advanced years, who speak of the Band of Hope as their Temperance training school, it seems hard to realise that it is but fifty years since Mrs. Ann J. Carlile, the good Irish lady, whose later life was spent in reclaiming the drunkard and preventing the children being made into drinkers, and the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff, the devoted minister and friend of the little ones, started the movement, under the heaven-sent title "Band of Hope," with its mission of the brightest, purest, and most beneficent character.

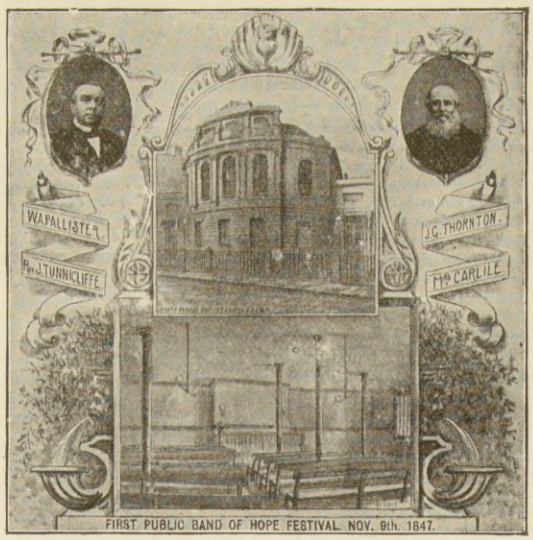
Yet, strange as it seems, true it is that only fifty years have elapsed since (in the building shown in our illustration, the South Parade Schoolroom, Leeds) the

First Band of Hope Meeting

was held, where the first Band of Hope melody, "Come, all ye children, sing a song," which this year will be heard in nearly all the great public buildings of this country, was sung, and 200 children signed the first Band of Hope pledge, becoming the nucleus of a great army of young abstainers of to-day, to say nothing of an equally large body of adult teetotalers, many of whom, probably the great majority, adopted total abstinence as a rule of life through the teaching they received in the Bands of Hope of their childhood.



Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff.

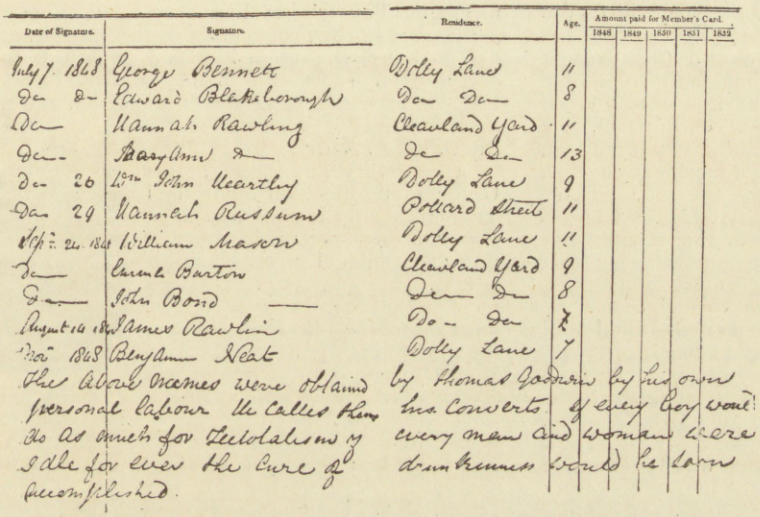


First Band of Hope Meeting Place.

Little did the pioneers of this and other Juvenile Temperance effort dream to what mighty results it would attain, and how, the whole world over, the children would, as the outcome of their work, be gathered into societies having similar objects, if bearing different names.

In Leeds itself, as mentioned in our March issue, the one society was soon multiplied by fourteen, the result being largely attained by the direct visitation of children at their homes, a work in which adults and juveniles participated. As showing what can be done in this way a reduced facsimile of a page of a book in Mr. Tunnicliff's handwriting is given, with a few names and particulars of some of forty-seven Band of Hope members gained in a few weeks by one boy. *(See illustration on following page.)*

With such energy displayed in the home of the movement, there is little wonder that in Yorkshire alone the one Band of Hope of 1847 should have increased to over 2,000 in 1897.



Date of Signature.	Signature.	Residence.	Age.	Amount paid for Member's Card. 1848	1849	1850	1851	1852
July 7. 1848	George Bennett	Dolly Lane	11					
Do Do	Edward Blakeborough	Do Do	8					
Do	Hannah Rawling	Cleavland Yard	11					
Do	Mary Ann Do	Do Do	13					
Do 26	Wm John Heartley	Dolly Lane	9					
Do 29	Hannah Russum	Pollard Street	11					
Sept 24. 1848	William Mason	Dolly Lane	11					
Do	Emma Barton	Cleavland Yard	9					
Do	John Bond	Do Do	8					
August 14 1848	James Rawlin	Do Do	7					
Nov 1848	Benjamin Neat	Dolly Lane	7					

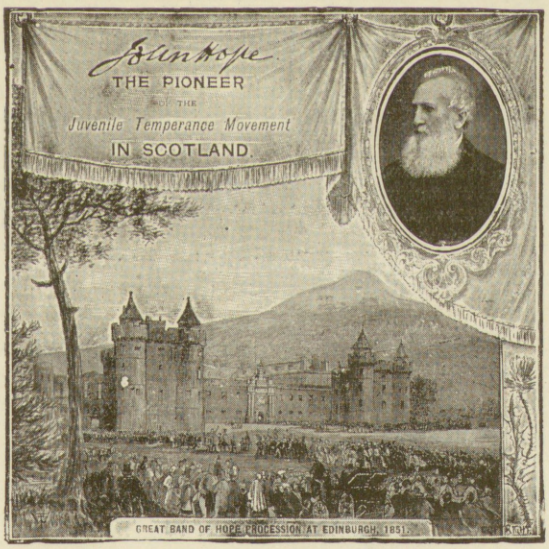
The above names were obtained by Thomas Goodwin by his own personal labour. He calls them his converts. If every boy would do as much for Teetotalism & every man and woman were idle for ever the cure of drunkenness would be soon accomplished.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM A BOY VISITOR'S ENROLMENT BOOK, 1848.

In Scotland, prior to the inception of the Band of Hope movement, in January, 1847, a British League of Juvenile Abstainers, formed by Mr. John Hope, in two months numbered 2,000 members, and, as early as 1851, was able to hold a

MONSTRE BAND OF HOPE PROCESSION

in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, when 70,000 children and their friends took part.



In London the first Band of Hope was commenced at the Mission Hall, Pear Street, Westminster, by Mr. John Esterbrooke, who so thoroughly taught the plain truth about intoxicants that on one occasion two boys at school, being told to write as a copy "Beer is very good," respectfully but fearlessly objected, and indignantly wrote, "*Beer is not good, nor is gin: both are poisons.*" Other Bands of Hope were started, notwithstanding the violent physical opposition with which the workers had to contend, and on February 16th, 1852, 6,000 children were crammed in Exeter Hall, under the chairmanship of one of the earliest members of Parliament to espouse the cause, the late James Silk Buckingham, M.P. That was a remarkable gathering, for many were unable to obtain admission, and the windows had to be broken to let in fresh air. Would there were a few similar gatherings to-day!

this is not correct see Temp Worker Vol 42



FIRST BAND OF HOPE MEDAL.
Facsimile.

The year before, 1851, five societies in Bradford, Yorkshire, recognised that their work would be much better promoted if united, and so they formed the

FIRST BAND OF HOPE UNION,

now (1897) numbering 160 societies, with upwards of 28,000 members.

In the same year the movement, which has ever been singularly fortunate in having pure and healthy literature, witnessed the publication of its first periodical, by Mr. T. B. Smithies, the "Band of Hope Review." Two years later, 1853, Mr. Smithies also published "Morning Dew Drops," by Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, a work which is like a storehouse for Band of Hope speakers and workers, and a splendid prize for children, as popular to-day as when it was first written.

In 1854, Band of Hope Unions were formed in the hardware towns of Birmingham and Sheffield.

In 1855, the London societies, which, like those in other parts of the country, had very greatly increased, formed themselves into a London Band of Hope Union, at the residence of the late Stephen Shirley, whose death in the Jubilee year we have already noticed.

'Ere long the Union in the Metropolis naturally evolved into the

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION,

which has done remarkable work in consolidating and extending the move-

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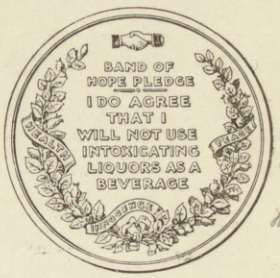


FIRST BAND OF HOPE MEDAL.
Facsimile.

ment in the British Isles, and even beyond, on the continent and in the colonies. Under the guidance of Mr. Frederic Smith (the present Chairman and some-time Secretary), a man of unbounded enthusiasm, yet withal intensely practical, who has been loyally backed up by the indomitable Secretary, Mr. Charles Wakely, the Union has become one of the best known, most influential, and most widely-respected of the many national philanthropic agencies.



Mr. Frederic Smith.

Its history is to be read in Band of Hope work the country over, for it has been an active influence, leading to the formation of County and Town Unions, developing the Scientific Teaching of Temperance principles, promoting special work in Orphanages, Industrial Schools, and similar institutions, etc.; and to it is very largely due the magnificent position of the juvenile Temperance movement of to-day with its

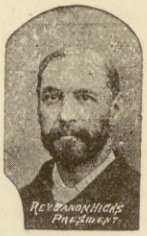
284 Band of Hope Unions,
22,993 Bands of Hope and Similar Societies,
2,902,800 Pledged Juvenile Abstainers.

Many Town and District Band of Hope Unions were formed, in various parts of the country, for the consolidation of forces, the securing of better speakers, the raising of funds, even before the National organisation was fully developed, among them being the Unions of Liverpool (1857), Halifax (1858), Bristol and Portsmouth (1862).

Soon several Town Unions federated, and, in 1863, the greatest of the County Band of Hope Unions, the

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union,

which to-day comprises 81 Town Unions, with 1,500 Societies and over 200,000 members, was formed. This Union has ever taken a most active part in the propaganda of the movement, and in supplying requisites and apparatus for carrying on successful Band of Hope work. Early in its career the *Onward* Magazine, now in its thirty-third year, was established, and later the *Onward Reciter*. In addition to a secretary and agent, this Union maintains two day-school Temperance lecturers, and is a power in the country far beyond the geographical area which it covers. In its history it has been most fortunate in being served by most capable leaders, among the more notable being the late Wm. Hoyle, author of *Hymns and Songs*, Rev. W. Caine, and (still living and working for the Union) Mr. Thos. E. Hallsworth, whose name is a household word in Band of Hope circles; Mr. Jacob Earnshaw, and its present vigorous president, the Rev. Canon Hicks, M.A. Contemporaneous with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union were those of Finsbury and London City.



The following years were

Years of Remarkable Activity.

The results of improved organisation soon became apparent, and in response to the earnest and repeated promptings of the associations in existence many new Town and County Unions of Bands of Hope were formed; among them being Preston District (1864), Yorkshire (1865), Derbyshire and Leicestershire (1866), Newcastle District (1867), Methodist New Connexion (1869), Scottish, Nottinghamshire and Bedfordshire (1871), Hibernian (1873).

In 1874, when the Unions for Oxfordshire and Hull, and the Baptist and Congregational Total Abstinence Associations were formed, there were no less than 77 Band of Hope Unions, with 6,000 Societies, known to be in existence.

All through its history, steady continuous development has, in the main, characterised the Band of Hope movement.

Gradually it has overcome prejudice, disarmed opposition, won the sympathy and co-operation of teachers, preachers and philanthropists, enlisted the support of parents, and thus, in various and apparently hopeless centres, as, for example, Burton-on-Trent, where there is a most vigorous Band of Hope Union, has led to the formation of individual Bands of Hope, and their association in federations or Unions. This work, just as in the earlier years, so in the later, and to-day, continues to progress. 1875-6 saw the formation of many Metropolitan and the Essex and Edinburgh Unions; 1877-8, those of Suffolk, North Essex, Northamptonshire, Surrey, and Staffordshire; 1879, the Young Abstainers' Union, and Cardiff Union; 1880, Monmouthshire Union and Free Methodist Temperance League; 1881, Hertfordshire and Sunderland Unions; 1883, Cambridgeshire, South Bucks, and East Bucks; 1893, Kent Band of Hope Union; 1894, Hampshire and Sussex Band of Hope Unions.

In 1871, perhaps the most important development of Band of Hope work was begun, in the



engagement, by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, of a Lecturer to give

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES IN DAY SCHOOLS,

a movement which to-day is carried on in all parts of the country by some eighteen lecturers, who in one single year, 1896, gave 4,391 lessons on "The Nature of and Effects produced by Alcoholic Liquors," in schools of every denomination to 439,464 scholars and 14,889 teachers, of whom 208,066 submitted essay reports or examination papers. This Temperance science teaching, given in school hours by duly qualified teachers, is heartily welcomed by the scholars, appreciated by teachers, commended by inspectors and managers, by abstainers and non-abstainers, as a most effectual method of inculcating Temperance principles. It is ground-work, appealing by reason unto reason, tending to create a thoughtful race of abstainers; being supplementary to, and not instead of, Band of Hope work. Avoiding all sensationalism, seeking to impress upon the children the plain teaching of chemistry and physiology, this scheme in its extension is destined to prove an increasingly powerful factor in forearming the children against intemperance.

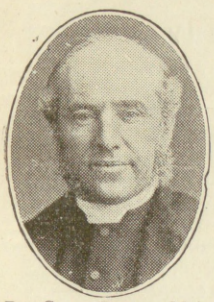
HOME VISITATION HAS ALWAYS BEEN A NOTABLE FEATURE

in Band of Hope work, and thrice have great efforts been made to reach the parents by organised schemes of house to house visitation; once in 1886, when Mr. Samuel Morley issued 1,000,000 appeals to parents, asking them to refrain from sending children to public-houses; then, in 1891, when 1,250,000 copies of a letter by Mr. (now Sir) George Williams, were left at homes by 32,500 visitors, by which, it is believed, over 700,000 new members were added to the movement; and again, as recently as October 16th, of this year—the returns for which are not to hand, but which, it is believed, will show a solid addition of at least a million more members.

Fortunately, the

BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT IS NOT SECTARIAN.

It is concerned with child life, and appeals to men of creeds and of no creed, who are anxious to rid the nation of its darkest stain—intemperance. Hence, though it was not always so, it is gratifying to record that, especially during later years, ministers and preachers, of all shades of religious thought, have been most zealous in placing its claims before their congregations. It was but in 1881 that the first Band of Hope sermon in a Cathedral was preached in Christ Church, Oxford, by the Rev. Canon Barker, M.A., and now, in 1897, nearly all the Cathedrals of the Anglican Church, and the majority of the Cathedrals of Nonconformity, have arranged for sermons in commemoration of the Band of Hope Jubilee.



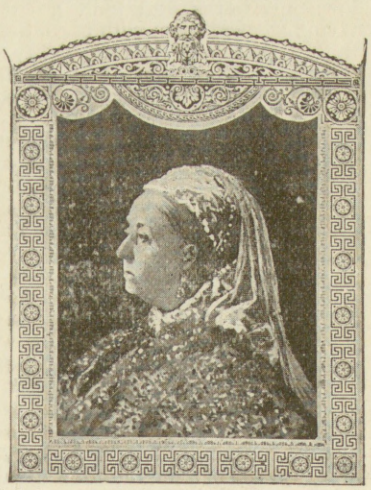
REV CANON BARKER, M.A.

It is remarkable, looking backward through fifty years, to notice the gradual development of the movement, its increase in numbers and influence.



How much of this advance is due to the energy and devotion of its advocates 'twere hard to say. Its "Roll of Honour" contains many names, among them being the late Sir B. W. Richardson, J. H. Raper, William Bell (the beloved agent of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), and a hundred others equally worthy, if less widely known.

From semi-obscurity, little by little, its influence has pervaded all classes, upward and upward, until to-day it has reached the throne itself, and has the gracious patronage of the Queen herself.



A children's movement, it has demonstrated that "Prevention *is* better than cure," and has attracted to its aid not only the zealot, but the thinker, the scientist, the educationist. To-day the Band of Hope worker has reason to be proud of his cause. His is no mean service; he is a member of a mighty army making for real progress, whose task is by no means finished, whose work is still needed; an army whose bloodless warfare, ceaselessly continued, ever helps—as Carlyle has it—"To make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed!" —W.C.W.

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.
Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

XI.—OURSELVES.



IN these talks we have been speaking about what we call the material parts of the body, that is, about those parts of the body made up of substances we can see and handle. But, after all, if you think about the matter you will see that our real selves is that part we cannot see or handle. The immortal part of this wonderful machine we call the body will go on living for all ages, for does the Bible not say that God breathed into the body of Adam the breath of life and man became a living soul?

Surely it is most important that we should so rule our lives that the immortal part of us should receive reward and not condemnation in the end.

It is a sad fact, and as you get older you will understand it more, that many people live in this world as if there were no other world. You remember the man in the parable who pulled down his barns and built greater ones, then, having stocked them with corn, he congratulated himself that now he had plenty and could live in happiness, but that night death came to him saying, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee."

Do not think there is any reason why you should not be happy in this world. Your Heavenly Father intends you to be happy, but you are to get your happiness in such a way as will not interfere with you living a good life. The happy child lives a pure, innocent life. We are not to worry ourselves about death, we are only to be anxious to live such lives that it will not matter when death knocks at our door. One day a lady asked the great John Wesley what he would do if he were certain he would die the next morning at eight o'clock. The great preacher was not at all disturbed by the question; he replied, "Well madam, if I knew positively I should die tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, I should not alter my way of living at all. I should preach this evening as usual, have my supper afterwards, go to bed, rise in the morning as usual, have my breakfast, and at eight o'clock I should die."

Now take pencil and paper, and write down all the names of the people you know, and then ask the question whether the drinking of alcohol does not prevent some of those persons from leading such a life that they may have no fear of death. I am certain, from my own experience, that there is no habit which so interferes with what we call a religious life as the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks.

If I were to make such a list, I am afraid against some names would be some very sad remarks. I should have to say of one: *Cannot attend church on Sunday because he has not recovered from Saturday night's drinking.* Of another: *Spends all his spare cash in the public house, and so has none to give away to the poor.* Of another: *Drinking has led him into such bad company that now he never reads his Bible or offers a prayer.*

And so I might go on. I am certain that drinking alcohol would be the chief cause of the neglect of the duties of a Christian life. I want you to be convinced that such is the case. Do not suppose for a minute that there are not many other causes why so many people are thoughtless and never prepare for the future life. There are, unfortunately, many reasons, such as gambling and love of pleasure and dress, but even these are often connected in some way with the drinking habit. I am convinced that holding fast to your temperance pledge will be a friend to help you to keep in the narrow path which leadeth unto eternal life.

Some of you will say "What a dry sermon; we don't like sermons." But think, what is the good of learning about the brain and the blood, the heart and the muscles, and all the other parts of the body if you neglect the soul, the most important part of all?

Many years ago kings kept for their amusement a man called a jester. He used to say witty things at the dinner table, and though generally considered a fool, he was often very wise. It was a custom that the jester should carry a stick or staff of office. We are told that a certain king, who kept such a jester, became very ill, and as death was approaching called the jester and said,

"I am going on a long, long journey."

"And have you made preparation for that journey?" said the jester.

"No, I have not, for I have neglected my soul," the king replied sorrowfully.

"Then you are a bigger fool than I am," said the jester, and he handed his staff of office to his master.

No unrepentant drunkard can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Surely, then, it is wise to abstain from every habit by which we may become drunkards.

SELF-INQUIRY.

Let no soft slumber close my eyes,
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day.
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

—*From the Greek of Pythagoras.*

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

FOWLS.

PROBABLY there is not a bird, beast or fish whose praises have been written up more than the domestic fowl, and, in truth it would be difficult to over-estimate its value. With most pets there is the slightly discomforting fact (if your pocket doesn't happen to be well lined) that they do not yield any return in the direction of helping to keep themselves; but in the case of the fowl it is altogether



different. You have the satisfaction of finding the food you give it made up into a neat little white package next morning ready for your own breakfast, whilst your cackling benefactor greets you with a welcome from her sparkling eye which seems to say "One good turn deserves another, you gave me *my* breakfast yesterday allow me the pleasure of giving you yours to-day." But apart from the *profit* of keeping fowls, there is real interest in having them as *pets*. I have sometimes kept "an old barn-door" until it has grown so remarkably tame that it would allow itself to be nursed and fondled as a child might "fuss up" a kitten. One quaint old specimen, who rejoiced in the name of "Mrs. Brown," became quite "one of the family," and *for years and years* she struggled on until her legs were scaly and rugged and her whole appearance betokened "the march of time." She generally managed during the last few years of her life to pull herself together and lay a *very* few eggs about mid-summer, but she was not looked upon in any sense as an aid to the pantry but simply as "a family treasure." She succumbed to a bitterly cold winter, dying in bed.

Being very fat and hearty, her remains were eagerly accepted by a ragged youngster of the gipsy type who came to the door seeking anything "tasty," and I heard afterwards that poor "Mrs. Brown" had made two good feeds for him. So she did not live in vain. I have kept nearly every kind of domestic fowl, including Brahmas, Cochins, Hamburghs, Spanish, Silkies (a charming little fluffy fowl, with black flesh and bones), Bantams, Game, Polands and many others. I think the most delightfully pretty fowls in existence are the black Polands with white crests. The whole body is glossy black, and the crest, which should be as large as a man's fist, is perched on the top of their stately bodies like a snowball. The only fault I have to find with this sweet species is that rain is apt to spoil the beauty of the crest, and if they are kept in close confinement they are apt to peck at each others' crests and so cause them to look dishevelled and untidy.

Taking one with another, I used to think the golden pencilled Hamburgh the prettiest little bird of all for compactness and real usefulness, as it is an everlasting layer, as well as a delicate flavour on the table. (Oh how cannibalistic it seems to allow the possibility of eating a pet to be broached, but alas, alas, we must take the world as we find it!). If you ever keep fowls, and I daresay you will if you have not done so already, let me give you a wrinkle or two. First, give them an early meal, and be sure and feed them before you feed yourself, and let the first meal be composed of warm, soft food, *not corn*. You see they have been roosting all night, and they want something which can be quickly and easily digested to give them a good start for the day. At night it is best to let them have a good feed of corn, which will keep their bodies going through the long hours of darkness. If you keep them in confinement you will perhaps have some trouble with egg eaters. I have tried many remedies, such as filling eggs with mustard and leaving them lying about. This seemed to answer with some, but others gobbled it up with as much apparent delight as though they had been filled with *custard*! The very best plan is to leave plenty of china eggs lying about.

It is a good plan in building a hen-house to have it against a kitchen chimney or a wall warmed by an adjoining fireplace. Fowls love warmth, and half the battle is keeping them warm in the winter. Let the perches be thick or the birds' breasts will become deformed. If you have an old cock who *will* crow when he isn't wanted to, let him perch on a place with a board fixed just above his head so that when he stretches out his neck to crow, it will knock his "noddle." He will soon give up the habit. Nearly all the books say you must kill hens for egg eating and cocks for excessive crowing, but there is no need. You will find these plans efficacious. Don't ever imagine you are going to make fowls "pay" well. If they pay expenses you may think yourself lucky, but disease always crops up where large quantities are kept together, and there are no authentic records of large poultry farms paying well for many years in succession. But as an inimitable "pet" the fowl is At. *Only*, keep your fences *high*, or you and Mrs. Jones next door will "fall out."

THAT WEE, WHITE HOUSE O'ER THE WITHERED FIELDS.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

FAR out o'er the withered fields there lies
A wee white house, with a creaking door,
And from under its thatch the sparrow flies,
And the leaves drift in o'er the earthen floor;
Its windows are quaint, its roof is low,
And few are the pictures upon the walls,
But around its gables the haw-trees grow,
And across its casement the sunlight falls.

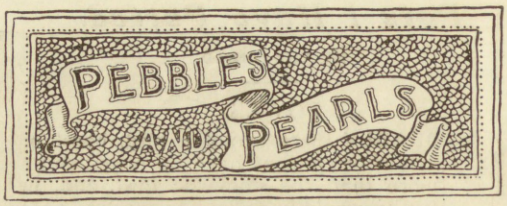
And beneath its ceiling, all cracked and old,
Within the walls, with their coats of white,
Are hearts of the soundest, purest gold,
Are spirits the angels are keeping bright;
And the arms that rocked me so oft to sleep,
And clasped my bosom like living shields,
That held me from pit-falls, dark and deep,
Are there in that house o'er the withered fields.

And beside the door with its rusty latch
A woman is waiting for me, I know,
With the shade from the dark o'erhanging thatch
Touching her head with its crown of snow;
She will watch, when the morning lights arise,
To trace through the mists a golden track;
She will watch when the evening claims the skies,
To drive with its shadows the gold light back.

Will she watch in vain for the wayward boy,
Who, hot with the glow of ambitious youth,
To sink in the whirlpool of false, mad joy,
Was ready to forfeit his gift of truth?
The boy, who scorning a mother's care
And the roof that sheltered his early days,
Went forth to bask in the hot, fierce glare
Of a world that kills with its cruel blaze.

Will she watch in vain, while above her brow
The hair grows whiter and whiter still,
And the dear eyes tell with their watching how
Time fails the strength of her hope to kill?
Ah, no! my mother, though crushed with pain,
And battered and bruised with the flight of years,
I will creep, dear heart, to your love again,
To bathe your wounds with repentant tears.

When the snow weaves wreaths for the mountain's brows,
And dresses the meadows in robes of white,
When the frost makes diamonds to deck the boughs,
And the waters freeze in the hush of night,
I will steal through the dear old lanes once more,
Whose carpet of snow to my sore feet yields,
And meet you, my mother, beside the door
Of that wee, white house o'er the withered fields.



"Mamma, I want some raisins." Mamma—"Well, take a handful." "Won't you get them for me, mamma? Your hand is bigger'n mine."

"My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

Little Johnny wants to know why they don't have a pantry as well as a vestry in church.

"Why was the bee selected as a model of industry?" asked Tillinghast. "Because business with him is always humming." replied Gildersleeve.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children; "what are you going to be when you're a man?" "Nuffin," said the child. "Nothing? "Why so?" asked the stranger. "Because," said the child, "I'm only a little girl."

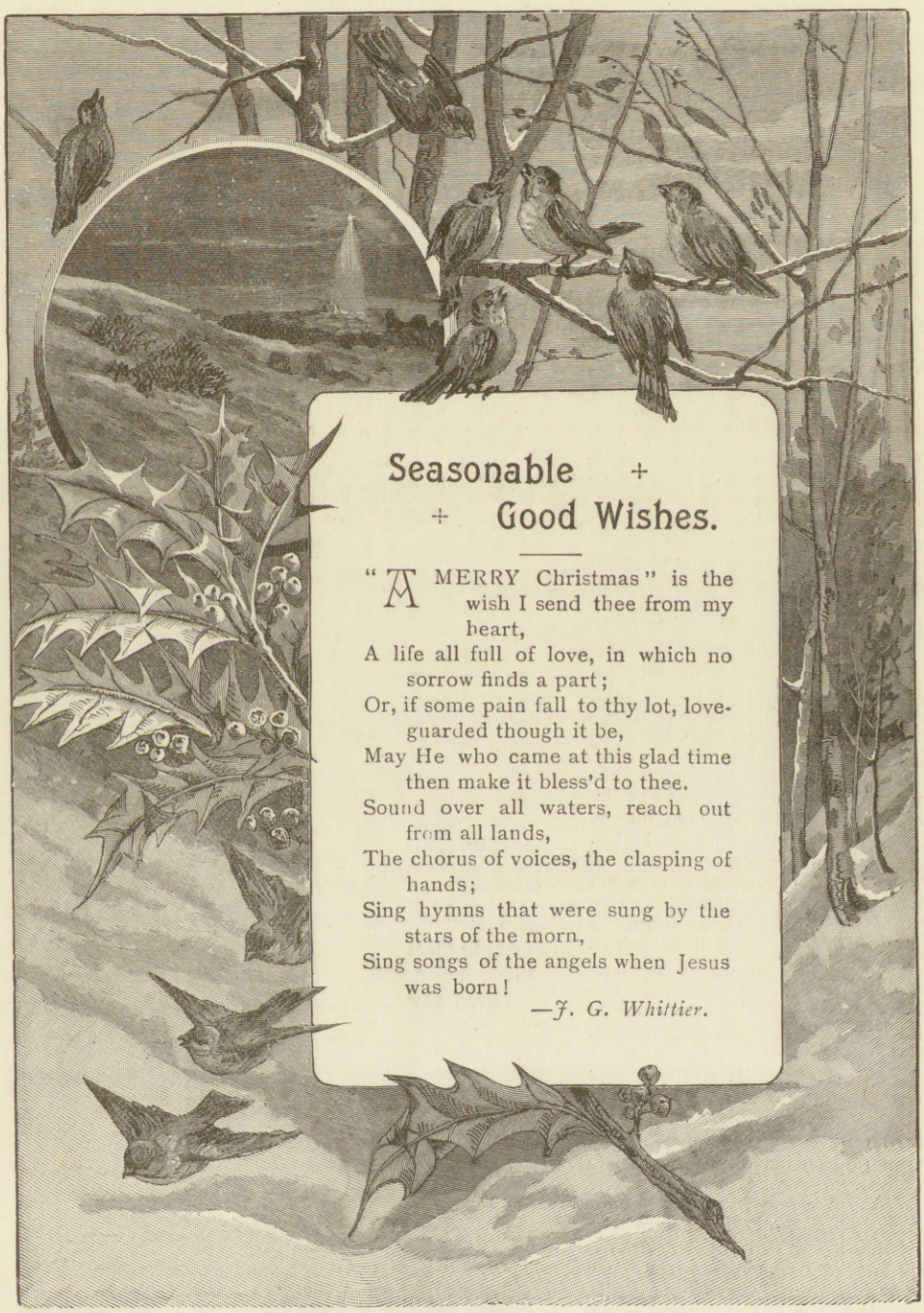
Bason: "I see they have put a sounding board at the back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for?" Egbert: "Why, it's to throw out the sound." Bason: "Gracious! If you throw out the sound, there won't be anything left in the sermon."

"Does your wife take any interest in current politics?" asked the earnest woman. "Naw," replied Mr. Sodfarm; "she don't. But if its currant jelly, or currant pie, why, I allow she could tell you more things about 'em 'n you ever dremp of."

Digler: I courted my wife three years before I got her, and it was nearly all wasted time.
Bigler: Why, isn't she a most excellent woman?
Digler: She is indeed; but I've discovered since that I could have got her in three months if I had had the gumption to ask for her.

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Nov. 6.—Scottish Temperance League formed, 1844.
" 9.—FIRST BAND OF HOPE MEETING, 1847.
" 17.—United Methodist Free Church Temperance League formed, 1888.
" 22.—National Temperance Society formed, 1842.



Seasonable + + Good Wishes.

"A MERRY Christmas" is the wish I send thee from my heart,
A life all full of love, in which no sorrow finds a part;
Or, if some pain fall to thy lot, love-guarded though it be,
May He who came at this glad time then make it bless'd to thee.
Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

DECEMBER, 1897. *All rights reserved*

A WESTERN WAIF.

BY "OLD CORNISH."

Author of "From Cot to Crown," "Pete and his Daddy," "Mop and Meg," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT DISCLOSURE.

THE news of poor Phyllis Tregelles' death swept like wild-fire through the village. It was so unexpected that the fisherfolk were stunned; and all that many of them could say at first was was, "Eh, dear! and poor Phyllis gone!"

Then, recovering themselves from the shock, they might have be seen in little groups, standing around their cottage doors, and saying one to another,

"Well, well, she wer' a good woman was Phyllis, an' no mistake. But, poor thing, she's 'ad 'er trials though—iss, she es now haavin' 'er reward. An' she do deserve en, too. If any woman upon earth do deserve a reward, that there woman is Phyllis Tregelles. See 'ow she ded nurse that baby when she didn't haave 'ardly a crust for 'erself; and 'ow she ded 'tend 'pon poor Joey when 'e wer' that wild that nobody knawed whether 'e wud go to the dogs or the devil. Aye, and 'ow she ded watch over un when 'e fell'd over the cliff, and they took un up nearly dead; an' 'ow ever since she haave been that proud o' un that she cudn't say 'er prayers wi'out thankin' God for 'er boy. Eh, dear, an' she's gone! Iss, an' gone just at a time when Joey wer' payin' 'er back in love and good works, and when Lord Fitzmaurice wer' goin' to raise un as high as 'isself, they do say. Well, well, et es zackly as our hymn do say, 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' But, then! s'pose ets all right though, 'cause, don't ee see, ef the dear Lord dedn't think et wer' right, 'E wudn't never do it 'E wudn't—'E's too good for that."

And so in their rough-and-ready way the poor fisherfolk attempted to indicate the ways of God to men, and strove to find comfort in the thought that Phyllis was better off now she had gone to that land where the inhabitants can never say they are sick.

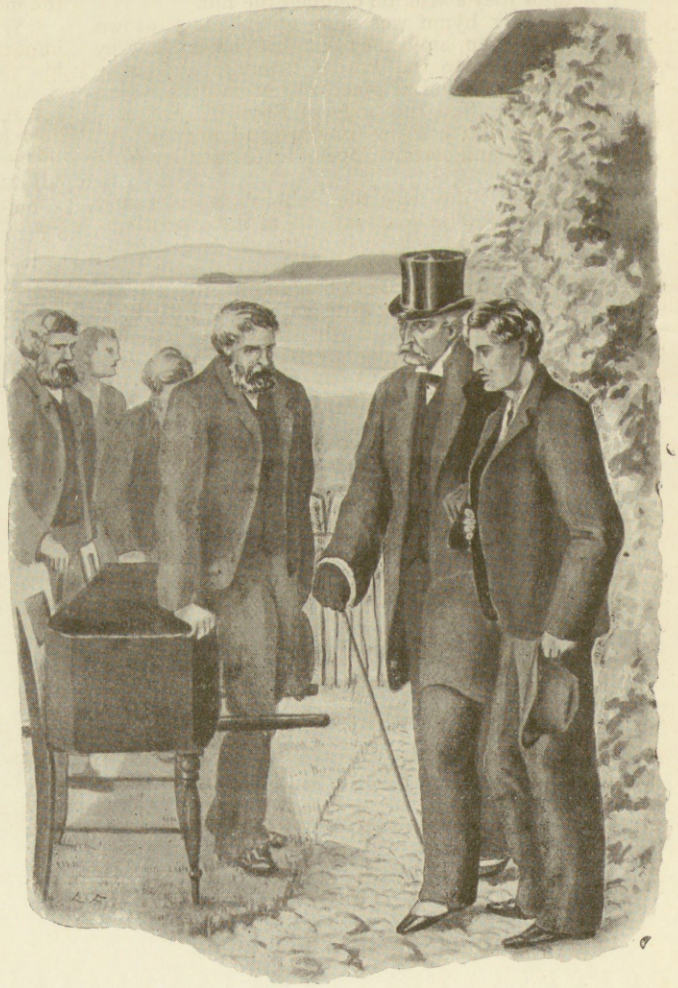
Then the day of the funeral came, and the village folk vied with each in their attempts to do honour to the dead.

Phyllis had expressed a wish which they were resolved to respect. She had said on one occasion, when referring to her end, "Don't ee bury me on a Sunday. Let that be a day o' rest. Car' me up Church-town on a Saturday, ef you like, but don't ee do it on a Sunday, for then, don't ee see," she playfully remarked, "you can go down to chaapel on Sunday and sing, 'Rejoice for a sister deceased;' or, perhaps, what is more fitting, you can give the dear Lord thanks, Who do give 'Es beloved sleep."

And on a Saturday she was buried. It was a lovely day. The sun rose without a cloud. The great and wide bay looked resplendent with the silver on its breast; and as its waters ran in and out among the rocks they seemed as if they were chanting a requiem for the dead.

Early in the afternoon they brought the coffin out of the cottage and set it on trestles made of a couple of kitchen chairs, when six big bronzed burly fishermen arranged themselves on either side, to carry the dust of the dear departed one up the hill to the churchyard.

Mourners there were many; and as Joey, a tall handsome young fellow, with figure erect as a poplar, but, with bowed head, stepped out and took his place at the head of the coffin, the crowd were surprised but pleased to see that



Lord Fitzmaurice was standing by his side. His lordship had come expressly to pay his last respects to the dead. He had travelled all night in order to be present. And he asked it as a favour, though he might almost claim it as a right, that he should stand side by side with Joey as the chief mourners on that memorable occasion.

Then, as is the custom in those western parts, before starting the procession a hymn was announced and sung; and as the weird music, set to the words, "O, God, our help in ages past," went echoing amid the hills, and floating afar off upon the sea, it so affected his lordship that he was seen to weep. Then, when the verse was reached, "A thousand ages in Thy sight are like an evening gone," the coffin was raised from its resting place, and the sympathetic crowd moved on.

The hill which led to the church was difficult of ascent, yet, such was his lordship's respect for the deceased, that he could not be prevailed upon to enter his carriage, but preferred to follow the custom of the place, and so, taking hold of Joey's arm, he climbed the hill.

Another hymn was sung at the Church-town bridge, when, amid the tolling of the knell, they carried her to the Parish Church, and from thence to the burial place of her fathers, where they committed the body of Phyllis Tregelles—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust"—in sure and certain hope of a resurrection from the dead.

The next day was the Sabbath, a calm and quiet day. The boats lay still at their moorings. Not a soul was to be seen on the sands, excepting those who were on their way to the sanctuary, and, forgetting all about fish and fishing, a large and attentive congregation gathered in the little chapel under the hill, where Phyllis Tregelles for so many years had worshipped God, and listened to the word of life from the lips of the dear old preacher, Mr. Tremayne.

Taking for his text, "She hath done what she could," he preached a most appropriate sermon, specially dwelling upon the simple godly life of the woman whose remains they had carried the day before to their last resting place on the hill; and then, in apt and telling words, he enforced the lesson of her life upon his hearers as being summed up in the three-fold expression, "Be good, do good, and good will follow."

Lord Fitzmaurice was greatly impressed with the service, and was heard to remark as he was leaving the sanctuary,

"Be good: Yes, the first essential that. Do good: Ah, profession without practice is worthless. And good will follow: Nothing more certain under heaven. And she has her reward has Phyllis Tregelles, there can be no doubt about that."

Insisting that Joey should accompany him in his carriage across the Green to the hotel, Joey, as to the manner born, stepped into the carriage, and, amid the admiring gaze of the villagers, was seated by his lordship's side.

"Tregelles," said his lordship after they had lunched, "this is not the day for business, but as you must go back to your Sunday School, you say, I just want to state that I must see you in the morning on business of importance."

"Name your time, my lord, and I will be at your service."

"Then say ten o'clock precisely."

"Where, my lord?"

"Well, let me see—say at your cottage."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Ten precisely, Tregelles."

"I will be ready, my Lord."

And with that Joey left his lordship for his Sunday School, wondering, as he retraced his steps across the Green to the little fishing village in the bend of the bay, what his lordship could want, and praying that God might guide him in what perhaps might be an eventful moment of his life; and then, thinking of his lordship's recent proposal in his letter, that he should renounce his religion, he exclaimed in an agony of soul, "Lord, make me bold to take up, and firm to sustain, the consecrated cross."

That night Joey was restless, he could not sleep. The day had been somewhat exciting, and he was fearing as to what there might be on the morrow.

"What could his lordship mean? Business of importance! Surely he is not going to repeat his proposal—'Companion to his lordship, on condition that I renounce my religion.'" And all at once he exclaimed, "No, never till my hair is grey—and no, not even then!" when it seemed as if he heard his mother saying, from the adjoining room, "The Lord's name be praised!"

Kept awake until the early hours of the morning he thought of a thousand things. He thought of his mother, she whose saintly example had saved him from hell, and would be one of God's greatest blessings to him all through life. He thought of his own unfaithfulness, and he was humbled in the dust. He thought of the goodness of God which had attended him all through life, and his heart swelled with a gratitude that was too big for expression. And then he fell sweetly asleep, and for a few brief hours had unbroken rest. When he awoke in the morning the sun was shining in his chamber, and his full heart burst into a song.

Opening his Bible, his attention was arrested by a passage, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Then, said Joey, "I will trust and not be afraid." And from that moment all fear of his lordship's appearance was removed.

Precisely at the stroke of ten his lordship's carriage drove up to the cottage door, and Joey having taken the precaution to secure the attendance of Mrs. Morlaise—"for," said he, "it is awkward to be without a lady in the house"—she received his lordship with a hearty "Good morning, my lord!"

"Ah, you here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my lord; helping a little."

"Ah, that's right, Mrs. Morlaise. Putting into practice the remarks of the parson of yesterday, old Mr. Tremayne—'Do good, and good will follow.' Ah, but I have forgotten his first point, though—'Be good.' Yes, Mrs. Morlaise, you and I need to lay that first lesson to heart, everything depends on that."

And so saying his lordship and Joey Tregelles passed into the little inner room, where they were closeted for the rest of the morning.

It is impossible to record all that transpired between the two in that inner room, but this much may be said, that his lordship, who had the reputation of being a straightforward business man, and one who liked coming to the point at once, had the utmost difficulty in doing so that morning. He was awkward and hesitating, although he was a man renowned for great freedom of speech.

At length he spoke of more than one-and-twenty years ago, when he had an only child, a daughter, to whom he was most devotedly attached: and how she had formed an acquaintance with a man who was unworthy of her hand; how he disliked the engagement, and prohibited it; how they had resented his interference, and would have none of his dictation; how eventually they married, and he, mad with rage and disappointment, prohibited them from ever crossing the threshold of his door. Then, with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed,

'I have sought her all these years, but have found her not."

"Indeed, my lord," replied Joey, "yours must be a painful experience."

"A painful experience, my lad! Aye, it is more than that. Then," continued his lordship, "I went to the Academy in London, and there, as I gazed upon that incomparable painting, 'Great Possessions,' by Montague Morlaise, I saw a face which smote me in a moment. 'Why, it's my daughter's face,' said I; 'and that must be my daughter's child.' And then I felt for the first time for twenty years, I had a clue which might lead to the whereabouts of my daughter."

"And did you discover your long-lost daughter?" interjected Joey, wondering all the time what his lordship could be driving at.

"No, no; would to God that I had!" his lordship passionately exclaimed. And then pausing, as if in pain, he eventually said with intense emotion, "But I found her shadow—her shadow! but only her shadow! Phyllis showed it me."

"What! my mother?" said Joey, in surprise.

"Yes, Phyllis Tregelles; she showed me the photographic group. The face was hers—hers—yes, hers; but she was drowned! Phyllis saw her drown." And, prostrate with grief, his lordship bowed his head and sobbed.

Joey looked amazed, but could not utter a word.

At length his lordship exclaimed, "God forgive me! When I saw that face—the face of my daughter—and thought of what she had done, I felt that I could neither forget nor forgive, and I was resolved that I would visit the sin of the mother upon the child, and I would renounce her babe. But the sight of that woman, old Phyllis Tregelles, smote me to the heart, and I said, 'Here is a woman spending her life for the boy, sacrificing her all for the lad—the finest type of religion the world has ever seen—I will claim my daughter's child. The youth is mine!'"

"What, my lord!" exclaimed Joey, "do you mean to insinuate that I am not the son of Phyllis Tregelles, my mother?"

"Tregelles," replied his lordship, "you are the son of my daughter! Phyllis saved you from drowning when a babe, and brought you up as her own! And now, from henceforth and for ever, I claim you as my heir, and all that I have is thine."

For a moment Lord Fitzmaurice and Joey were speechless, but hanging upon each other's neck they wept aloud. Then his lordship, taking his grandson by the hand, led him into the kitchen, and said to Mrs. Morlaise,

"Madam, I owe to your dear deceased husband a debt of gratitude I can never repay. It is to that picture of his—the face in that picture—I owe the circumstance of this morning. Allow me the pleasure of introducing to you my long-lost daughter's child, Joey, heir to Lord Fitzmaurice, of Belvidere Castle."

* * * * * * * *

Another and more skilful and accomplished pen must tell how Lord Fitzmaurice's heir rose to the requirements of his position; how the principles instilled into his mind in the cottage continued to influence his conduct in the castle; how he wooed and wed Marjorie Morlaise, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the deceased artist, who was as good as she was beautiful; how another Phyllis arose in the person of his first-born, who would clamber on his knee and fling her little arms around his neck, and to whom he was never weary of telling of that good, kind-hearted Phyllis, who had gone home to heaven. But this, at least, may be said, that he lived to prove that "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

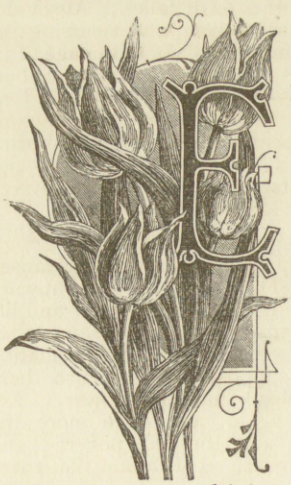
THE END.

Popular Delusions.

BY W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

"BETTER HOMES AND BETTER EDUCATION WILL DO AWAY WITH INTEMPERANCE."



ENVIRONMENT has a great deal to do with moulding life and character. Given good surroundings there should be evolved a good man or a good woman. It is upon this doctrine that the fallacy above stated has its origin.

Poverty, misery, vice and wretchedness are found in connection with those who are the slaves to strong drink and the victims of

intemperance. The believer in the fallacy says—"How can you expect a man or woman to be sober under such conditions. The drink they have is their only solace and comfort. Would you make them still more wretched by removing the only thing that brings them a little relief and enjoyment? The public-house is the only place that offers them comfort and cheerful society. The only place where for a brief space they can forget their griefs and sorrows."

All this may be true, but it is no support of the fallacious belief. The question is—"Does drink cause the poverty and ignorance; or does the ignorance and poverty cause men to become drunkards?"

A careful survey of the facts will show that whilst in a few cases, poverty may drive some to drink, in order to drown their care, yet with the vast majority it is drink that is the cause of the poverty. Remove the drink and the poverty will in a large measure cease.

APPETITE.

This is something that is not generally taken into account by believers in the fallacy. Strong drink is no respecter of persons. The rich, the learned, the wealthy, as well as the poor and ignorant fall under its influence. Give a man a pleasant home and bright surroundings, will that prevent him from being exposed to the risks attending the using of strong drink? There are tens of thousands every year who have these surroundings, but who become the victims of drink. There is neither preventive force nor restorative force in the surroundings. A man takes strong drink, he likes it, he uses it with greater and greater frequency. It becomes a habit and then a passion. Work is neglected, business is forgotten, the good home and the pleasant surroundings have no attraction for him. He has one desire and one only, and that is to satiate his depraved appetite. Education, wit, genius, position are alike powerless to save the man. It is in the nature of alcohol to so undermine the good side of life, to lessen will power, and to assert itself in a dreadful craving, that the descent to ruin is easy. Without going further, there are many names, prominent in history and literature, of men who have fallen. Alexander the Great stands out as one who reaching the pinnacle of man's ambition sinks at the age of 33. Coleridge, Burns, Byron, Poe leave behind them the marks of genius, and names that will live, but they also leave behind them the testimony that drink could become their master and bring them down.

It is the drink itself that is responsible, and not the home or the surroundings.

A TRANSFORMATION

is often seen when the home of poverty is cleansed from strong drink. There is at once an upward tendency, the home does become better and life happier and brighter; but it was the removal of strong drink that wrought the transformation scene, not, as some suppose, that because there is a better home drink has less power. Let strong drink enter again, and once more the scene will change, and the old poverty and wretchedness will recur. It is a fact that there are in the submerged ten thousand in the slums of our great cities, men and women who have occupied good positions in society, ministers, doctors, lawyers, officers of the Army and Navy, schoolmasters, business men. Surely it was not the want of better homes and better education that led them to drink, and yet they have sacrificed everything to it.

REASONS FOR DRINKING.

It may be said, that if drink brings poverty to so many, how is it that the poor cling to it in the way that they do? There are many reasons; habit and appetite are both potent, but there is still a greater reason. It is, that alcohol has the power of blunting sensibility and of deadening sensation. The narcotic power of alcohol is such that the user sees things differently to what they are. Thus the poor and wretched woman has her load of care lifted, and the burden of life seems to weigh less heavily. Thus the working man escapes from the wretchedness of his home and quaffs the drink that makes him forget his ragged and quarrelsome children, and for a time gives him some sort of sensual enjoyment. It must be borne in mind that whilst the griefs and sorrows of life may be rendered a little less poignant, and cares may be for a time forgotten, at the same time every other sensibility is also blunted and deadened. Hence all feelings of tenderness and kindness vanish; all ideas of right and wrong are to an extent, and in some cases wholly, suspended. The moral nature, like the nervous system, is rendered less acute. In this we see, perhaps, the greatest factor in leading men and women to use strong drink.

THE REMEDY.

There is only one remedy, and that is to be found in Total Abstinence. The education of the masses in the evil effects of strong drink, and the cultivation of Total Abstinence principles, or else the entire removal of strong drink by State prohibition, must effect this. The present conditions are antagonistic. Whilst strong drink is countenanced by the Church and by Christian people; whilst it is looked upon as a sign of good cheer and hospitality; whilst it is regarded by some as a food, and by others as an efficacious medicine; whilst it is placed in the way of everyone, and children are familiarised with it from their earliest years, there will always be an immense number falling victims to its use, and a consequent sinking into poverty and wretchedness.

A HOPELESS TASK

is that of trying to cure drunkenness, and the evils arising from the use of strong drink, by anything short of total abstinence. Take the drinker out of his wretched home, and put him in a bright and decent place, he will soon be in his former condition, unless at the same time you alter his character and eradicate his appetite. Intemperance is responsible for the poverty, and not the poverty for intemperance.

ALCOHOL is not included in the scheme of life.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

THE BROKEN JUG.

From the "Westminster Gazette" by permission.

THE other morning I took a walk through one of the poor quarters of the town. The narrow pavement was thick with oozing mud; the street was strewn with the foul refuse of a market, where food was to be bought dirt cheap—flabby meat, stale fish, and rotting vegetables—the refuse of other markets. Even these leavings were precious. A withered beldame, with fierce features sharpened by hunger, was bending over the foul mounds, and picking out bones, paper, tins, string, and other valuables. Round her waist was slung a bag, into which she sorted her findings. I stopped to watch her, but she crooned to herself, and paid no heed to me. A few dreadful faces red with drink, white with want, set with despair, hung out of the windows. This was easy, for many of them were broken, frames and all, though the fastidious ones had stuffed rags or papers into the fractures; and a century's grime served for upholstery. One of the women laughed, and said I was a missionary man.

I walked slowly on, and every few yards revealed some beetling court, some furtive alley, which filled one's soul with a fearful melancholy.

Yet, through the misty envelope which poverty ever breeds, the glorious sun shone upon the windows of even these foul dens, and such glass as remained shimmered like sheets of burnished gold. It was, indeed, a glorious morning; but those who lived in this Alsatia cared naught for its beneficence.

Did it shine? Then the great beer crop lay a-ripening; there were sweating pence to be picked up in the markets, in wharves by the river side, in public places; the rich would be basking in its light with purse of tempting protuberance. Did the clouds hang heavy in the sombre sky? Then the sordid harvest lay in another direction. Was the fog strangling Babylon? Then there were a thousand and one chances of picking up unconsidered trifles. Did the rain souse the foul town? Then there was the mud crop with its possibilities. Or perhaps it was the snow.

A Sphinx would have wept for the children, shoeless, half-naked, with blighted eyes, and the cares of a century imprinted on their tiny faces. I stood at the mouth of a court which was full of them. It was dinner time, and some of the lucky ones were hurrying home with steaming soup, which they carried in broken ewers, in bottles, in old tins. Others bore loaves of dark bread, others fried fish, others a herring.

Full of pity, I turned away, and was hurrying out of the hideous maze, when my eyes fell upon a lad, who carried in his arms a blue jug without a handle. He wore no cap, his hair was cropped close to his scalp, and stuck up in bristles. One foot was bare and thick with dirt; on the other he wore a man's boot, cracked and curly at the toes. He wore half a pair of a man's trousers. They had been cut off at the knees, and at the waist bellied out like a balloon half-filled. Some rag did duty for a shirt, and showed half his little bosom. With such material was his tiny frame sheltered from the elements. "Poor little arab!" said I to myself. "Poor little arab!" He was now only a few yards away, when he suddenly stopped, looked round furtively, and lifting the blue jug to his month drank deep. "Milk," said I to myself. "Poor little arab! Poor thirsty, hungry, starving, naked little arab!"

Then my melancholy musings were interrupted by a loud crash.

The blue jug had slipped from those tiny fingers, and lay scattered on the hostile ground in a thousand fragments. Beer it had held. I could now smell it.

"Poor little arab!" said I, striding up to him. "Poor little arab!"

He didn't speak.

He gazed down at the fragments and the good liquor floating over the pavement.

He gazed up at me with a far-off look in his big blue eyes.



Then his lips moved :————(a vile oath).

That is all the poor little arab said.

Then he tumbled on to the ground, and pounced on a fragment which still contained some liquor, and supped it up.

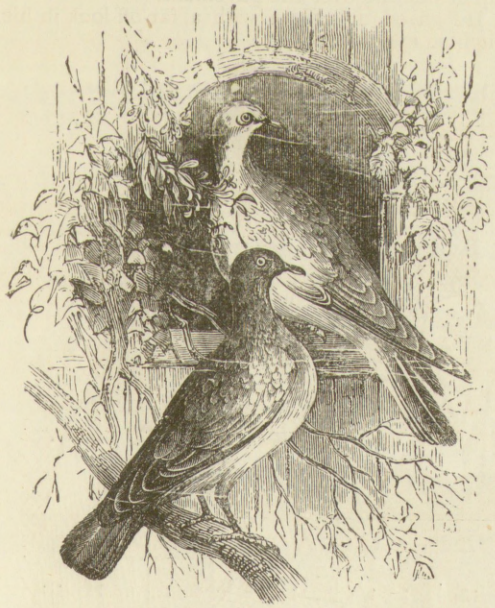
Poor thirsty, hungry, starving, naked little arab! —*C.M.*

Pets I Have Petted.

By Go-Ahead.

. . . PIGEONS. . . .

I SUPPOSE there is nothing more fascinating in the whole range of English pets, than the elegant little bird which I have chosen to-day for my monthly "gossip." Even if there were nothing which bore the name, beyond the glossy, graceful, "commoner," it would still be a prize which all who possess a mania for pets would yearn to call their own; but when the wealth of variety which nature has lavished upon this single species of "feathered fowl" is considered, there can be no two opinions about the prominent place it should occupy.



Take the Jacobin for instance, with its "Elizabethan collar," the fantail, with its daintily spread snow-white feathers, the enormous and stately runt, the owl, so full of conscious beauty, the carrier, so refined looking and so useful withal; *everybody* must love the very name of *pigeon*, and the words "pigeon pie" which our vegetarian friends would shudder at, certainly sound as though they had within them a treacherous ring, a smack of subtlety, which ought to make us (if we were possessed of the full civilisation aimed at by those estimable food reformers), blush and shudder.

It is some years since I kept pigeons as pets, but years make no difference to the abiding affection I have for them. I had at one time nearly 100, I should think, and their abode was a pretty pigeon-house on the top of a zinc covered building, there they revelled, and increased and multiplied until they became too numerous for pleasurable possession. I prided myself in their excessive tameness, in fact, a pet has no charms for me unless it is bereft of all fear and has learnt to treat me as a companion and friend.

I taught my pigeons to come at my call, and to *settle upon me* and it was a sight which quite captivated the neighbourhood to see me go out and stretch forth my arms horizontally to their utmost limit when at a given signal there would be a mighty rush of pigeons from their various resting places, and my head and shoulders, and arms (right up to the tips of my fingers), would be smothered with their coo-ing, fluttering, little bodies, and while competing with each other for an inch of foot-hold they would reach across to help themselves to peas from my mouth and *sometimes*, I am bound to confess, in their impetuosity, would *nearly* help themselves to a modicum of lip, nose, or cheek at the same time! Eventually, I was compelled to check their exuberant affection, for not only were they a tremendous weight, almost weighing me down at times, but they had not the power of discrimination which enabled them to distinguish between "Sunday-go-to-meeting toppers" and the more prosaic week-day "tile," and as they became more and more fearless, they would not wait for instructions, but would swoop down upon me directly they saw me come out of my house. It became a rather serious matter, for it does not require a very great stretch of the imagination to conceive of what my appearance was after the "interview" with several scores of pigeons on a wet muddy day, all scrambling for standing room on the top of a shiny "boxer" and a broadcloth coat!

Then their extraordinary tameness took the form of directing their energies to enter the house by door or window on every available opportunity and even so keen a lover of their sweet little bodies as I am, was compelled "to draw the line *somewhere*," as the boy said *he* must after the twelfth mincepie, and I drew it at the spectacle of a general scramble of pet pigeons through the window to my dining room table when dinner was going on, and an upheaval of crockery and glasses which would have sent many a straight-backed old maid into convulsions on the spot! So the poor pigeons had to go, but the fault was with me, not with *them*, dear things.

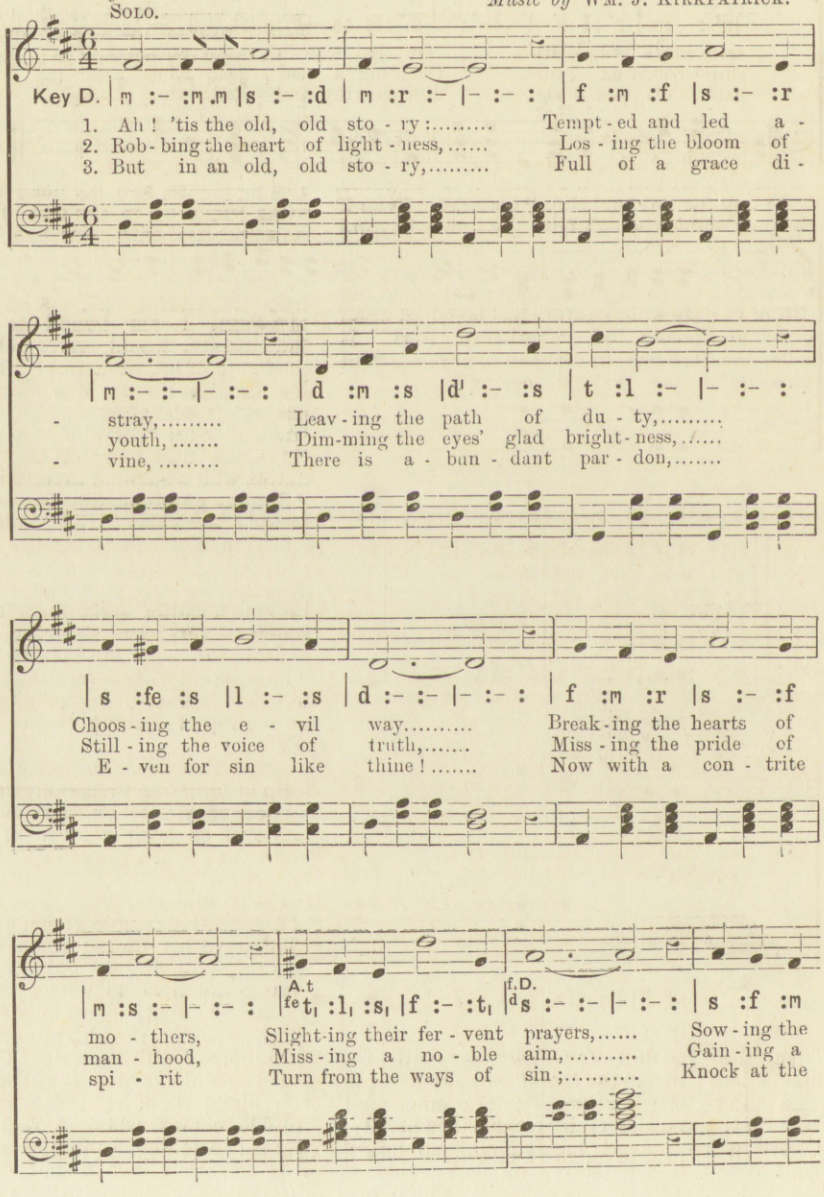
If you only keep a few it would not matter if you made them so excessively tame, but the trouble comes when a regular "flight" are trained to so high a pitch of affection. Anyhow, I would rather have them *too* tame than anxious to escape the moment they caught sight of me. Wouldn't *you*?

Sensuality is the grave of the soul.

AH! 'TIS THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(From the popular Service of Song, "DAISY'S INFLUENCE," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 123, Portland Street, Manchester.)

Words by MRS. C. M. SHACKLOCK. *Music by* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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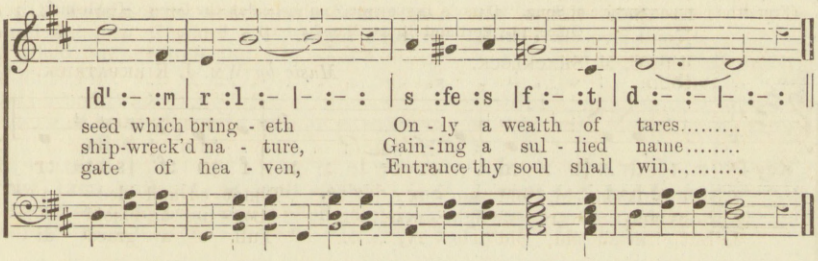
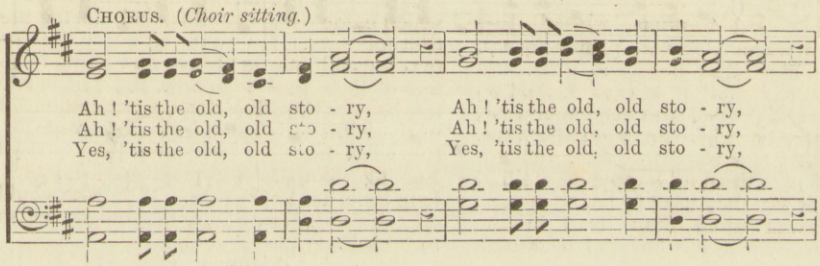


CHORUS. (*Choir sitting.*)



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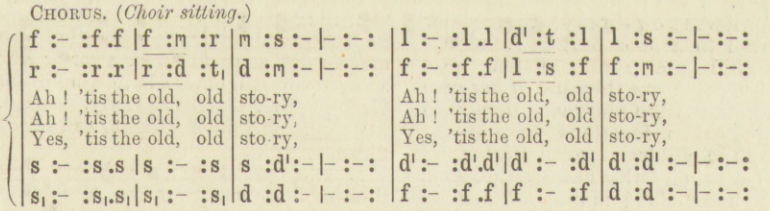

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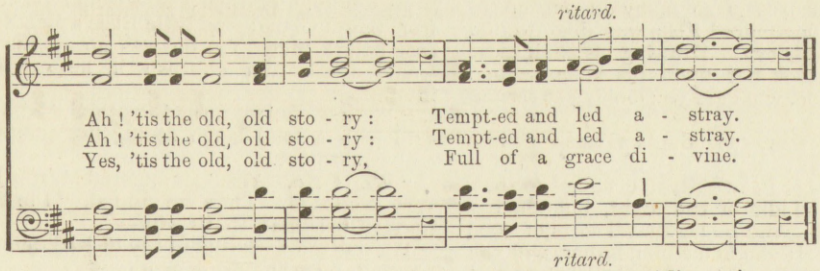

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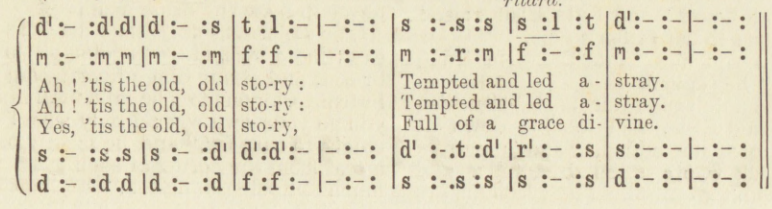


SANTA CLAUS.

By Paull Jewill.



"MOTHER, who is Santa Claus? Mabel Pearse says he comes to their house on Xmas Eve, and brings a present for each of them. I wish he'd come here," said little Elsie Martin with a sigh. She was the eldest of the family, and had just turned seven, then came four-year-old Jack, and lastly wee baby Madge. Elsie had often wished that they could have warm clothing, plenty to eat, and nice things like other boys and girls, and wondered why their mother always looked so pale and sad. Mrs. Pearse, who lived next door, had rosy cheeks and a bright smile on her face. Perhaps, if Santa Claus were to come, thought Elsie, he might make them all happy, as she had heard her mother say they used to be, once upon a time. That was when they lived in the country, in a pretty cottage covered over with creepers and roses. Elsie remembered but little of that period, for it was now three years since her parents had moved to a poor part of London.

Mrs. Martin did not reply to her little daughter's inquiry. She was thinking of her own joyous childhood, and of the pleasures denied to her darlings. Just then footsteps were heard approaching, and the children looked frightened when a moment later their father entered the room.

Martin was a fine-looking man, and a good workman also, when he was sober, but the drink was his curse, as it is of so many in our merry England. Golden-haired Elsie was dear to him as the apple of his eye. Drawing his chair close to the fire he took her upon his knee, saying, "Well! little one, what are you looking so serious about?"

"I wonder, father, how Santa Claus gets into people's houses; does he slide down the chimney? Mabel Pearse says he comes to their home in the middle of the night, but she has never seen him. And he leaves all sorts of good things behind. If you know him, father, will you tell him to come here?" and little Elsie raised pleading blue eyes to her father's face.

"What would you like Santa Claus to bring you little one?" he replied.

"I should like a doll the same as Mabel's, with a pink frock," said Elsie, and looking down at her bare little toes, she added, "and a pair of shoes. And Jack wants a top dreadfully, and shoes too; he can't go to school now 'cos his are worn out. I wish ever so much that Santa Claus would bring mother a warm shawl. Do ask him to come, father dear. We'll promise to go to sleep 'cos he doesn't like anyone to see him."

When it was Elsie's bed-time, she said her little evening prayer, and paused a moment with bowed head before rising from her knees. "I asked God if He would please send Santa Claus to us with nice things, father," she said as she went to his side to receive the good-night kiss. Martin was very quiet the rest of the evening, and seemed lost in thought. The truth was, memory was busy with Elsie's father that winter's night. He knew it was his fault that Santa Claus did not pay them a visit, for he seldom leaves anything at the drunkard's home.

It was just a fortnight to Christmas Day, and across the murky atmosphere of the city came the sound of sweet chiming bells. Suppose he were to turn over a new leaf, and little Elsie had her desire, thought Martin; and with the Christmas bells a new born purpose arose in his heart. He determined that Santa Claus should not forget them that year.

Mrs. Martin could not understand the change which came over her husband during the days that followed. He went out every evening after tea as usual, but he always now came in sober at ten o'clock, and somehow, she fancied he had not been at the Blue Boar, a public-house he was in the habit of frequenting. When at the end of the week he gave her more money for house-keeping than she had received from him for a long time, her hopes rose. If only he would leave off the drink, how happy they might be, she said to herself.

But on Christmas eve, as Martin was returning from his work with the money which he had saved jingling pleasantly in his pocket, he met an old acquaintance, a sailor who had been away from England a long time in foreign parts. Greeting Mr. Martin heartily, he said,

"Come and have a drink, and let's hear all the news."

Martin hesitated; he knew that going to the public-house to have a drink meant that probably he would not come out until his pockets were empty, and then there would be no visit from Santa Claus; and little Elsie's pleading face rose before him. Yet he was afraid his friend would think him churlish if he refused his invitation.

"P'r'aps you've turned teetotal," the sailor said with a loud laugh seeing his companion's embarrassment.

"Well! No,—Yes," stammered Martin, looking very confused. Then he added, "I'm a-savin' up for Christmas, that's why—"

He was too cowardly to say he had determined never to taste the drink again.

The sailor was not altogether a bad fellow; he saw that a struggle was going on in his friend's breast, and giving him a hearty slap on the back in true sailor fashion, he said, "All right, old chap, you go your own way; I only wish I'd a wife and chicks to care for," and he hastily brushed away a tear from the corner of each eye. "I ain't had much happiness mysel'," he muttered as he slouched off, "but I'm not a-goin' to spoil another man's fun, fer all that."

When Elsie's father arrived home, he found a bright fireside and a comfortable supper awaiting him. After the little ones were put to bed,

Martin told his wife how he had been working hard during the past fortnight to give them all a happy Christmas, and how nearly he succumbed to the temptation to drink which would have spoilt it all; adding humbly, "I am resolved, God helping me, to keep from it in the future," which you may be sure filled Mrs. Martin's heart with joy.

Late that evening they went out shopping together, and came home laden with parcels. The children were fast asleep or they would have been very curious to know what was inside the funny-shaped packages.

"Santa Claus will call here to-night, won't he wife?" said Martin with a smile.

When Elsie awoke the next morning, she jumped up eagerly feeling sure that something had happened, and there on the chair by her bedside, hung a big stocking. Peeping out of it was a beautiful doll in a gay pink frock with cape and hood to match, and underneath was an orange and two rosy apples, and from the bottom, Elsie's little fingers drew out a pair of boots. Jack, too, had a stocking by his side, and in it he found a beautiful top, the largest he had ever seen, and a pair of boots also, which fitted him exactly, besides sweets and apples.

Baby Madge had not been forgotten, and rejoiced in a famous rattle with an india-rubber doll attached to it.

"Oh! mother," cried Elsie and Jack as Mrs. Martin came into the room, "see what Santa Claus has brought us!"

"Yes, darlings, and he has paid me a visit too, and has left this lovely shawl for me," replied the mother, and there were tears of joy in her eyes as she held it up for them to admire. I think if Santa Claus could have seen that happy household, it would have made his heart glad.

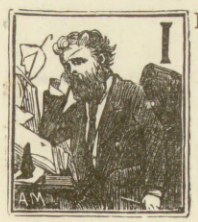
The Martin's never tire of talking of the visit that Santa Claus paid them on Christmas Eve, and they are eagerly awaiting his coming again this year.

Talks about Ourselves.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "The Young Abstainer's Laboratory," "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.

XII.—CONCLUSION.



IF you have read carefully these little talks, you have learned several important truths.

You have learned the truth of what the Bible says, that your body is "fearfully and wonderfully made." The little that I have been able to tell you is a trifle compared to what there is to be learned on this important matter. Learn how your body is made, find out the right way to live, and so keep the body in so healthy a condition that you may be able to perform all the duties of life with pleasure to yourself, and profit to others. Never indulge in any habit which will injure the house you live in.

You have learned also that very great mischief is done to the body by placing alcohol in the mouth. Of course, there are many other bad habits that injure the body—too much eating, walking, or bicycling; all these injure the body, but no habit does so much harm as the drinking of alcohol; this stands as the first of all the enemies of the body.

I have had no opportunity in these talks to tell how Alcohol injures that part of ourselves which we call the mind.

If I were to attempt the task I should have to paint so black a picture that you would shudder to look at it. You only have to keep your eyes open as you go along the streets and you can see for yourselves how this habit of drinking alcohol degrades many who indulge in it.

Look at this poor old woman with ragged dress and dirty face and hands, she reels to and fro, a crowd of noisy children following behind her, hooting and laughing. You turn aside disgusted, but not I hope without some feeling of pity in your heart.

Now, remember that this poor creature was once a little innocent child. Who knows, she may have acquired the taste of intoxicating drink when quite a child; and now the habit has grown so strong it seems impossible she should ever become good again.

If you go to a big lunatic asylum, you will see men and women who have lost their reason; some raving and dangerous; some silly, talking nonsense, and doing the most childish actions. Many have been brought to this condition by the love of intoxicating drinks.

If you visit a great prison, like that at Portland, you will see many men dressed in prison clothes, working in the quarries, toiling without pay, not allowed to see their friends, deprived of their liberty for many years. Could you trace the history of these men you would find that most of their crimes in some way or other were associated with intoxicating drinks.

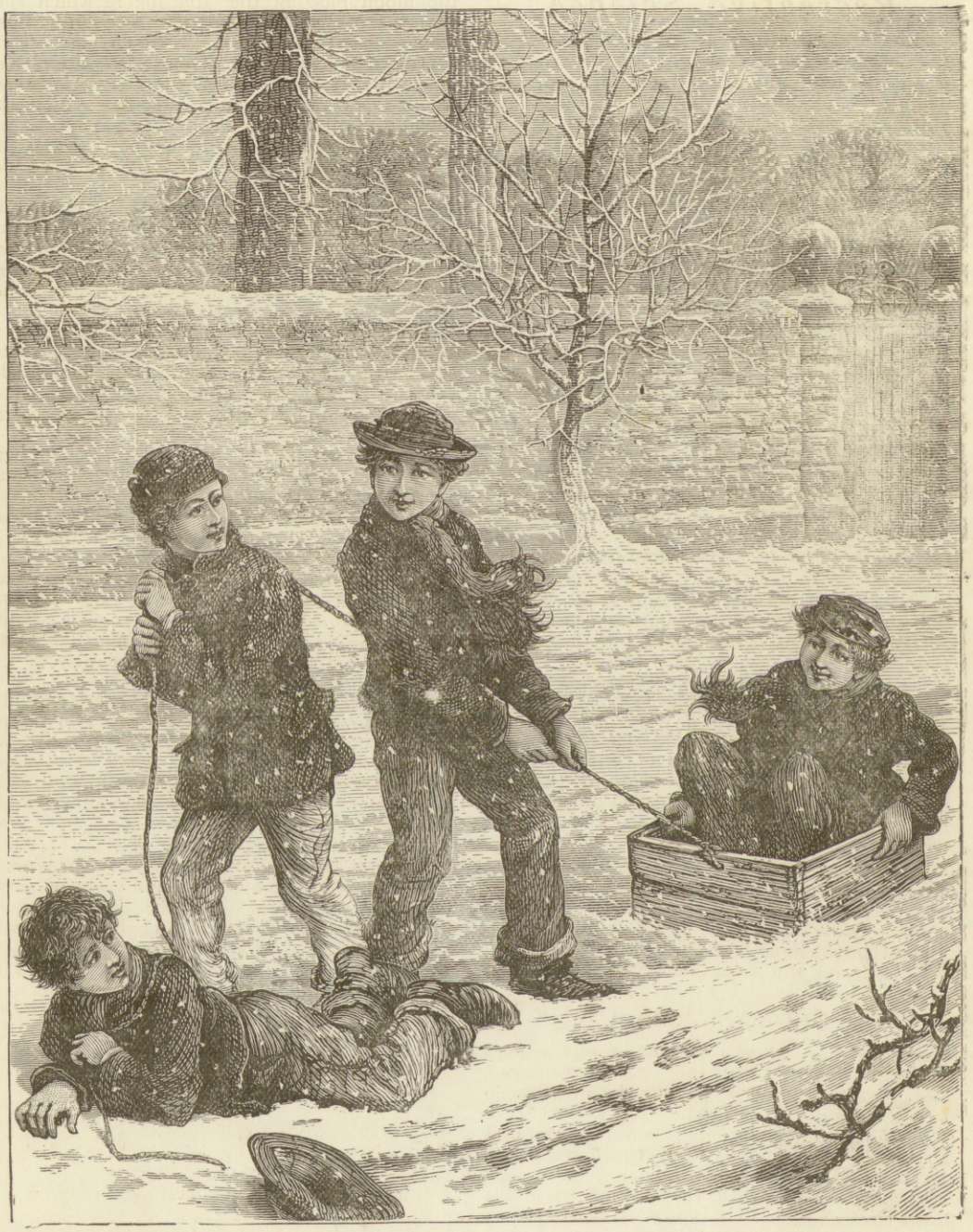
THERE IS ONLY SAFETY IN TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Shut your mouth firmly against alcohol; never mind who asks you to drink, always firmly refuse. You cannot help living with, and associating with those who drink, but you need not drink yourself. Your example will be of the greatest good to others. Don't give way to temptation. Remember the words, "*Be thou faithful unto death,*"—constantly offer this prayer, "*Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.*"

THE EARTH'S BRIGHTEST TREASURES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

WHEN the snow from the clouds is a-falling,
Like the feathers from a wand'ring spirit's wing;
When the wind o'er the hills is a-calling,
And the ice has stopped the water's murmuring,
Then the boys that we love go a-playing,
A-playing o'er the carpet made of snow,
Where the branches thin and bare are a-swaying,
A-swaying, weird and ghostly, to and fro.



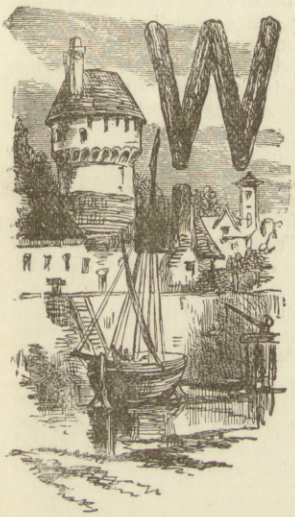
Though the voice of the wind sounds a-weary,
And blows its cutting breath around their ears,
'Though the sky o'er their heads looks a-dreary,
And sheds upon their limbs its frozen tears;
Yet the lads keep the sun in their faces,
And go dancing through the winter's icy chains,
While they brighten the darkest of places
With the glow of summer warmth within their veins.

Oh, the boys are the earth's brightest treasures,
And we love the merry gleaming of their eyes,
And pray that no cloud mar their pleasures
Or turn their cheery laughter into sighs;
For the heart of the world still rejoices
In the warmth and tender beauty of their joys,
And beats to the music of their voices,
Oh, a thousand thousand blessings on the boys!

Recreative Science.

By Ruth B. Yates.

XII.—A QUEER JOURNEY.



WHO has not wished he could take a journey through space to some of the beautiful heavenly bodies? Astronomy teaches us that possibly some of the planets may be worlds very like our own, peopled with inhabitants similar to ourselves. How we should like to soar aloft and see for ourselves.

Perhaps in the great eternity God will allow us to visit the planets and stars, and learn many wonders of the heavens, so that we may understand perfectly those mysteries of which even the wisest and best of men on the earth can but really know a very little.

Suppose, however, in imagination, we visit a nearer neighbour, our own beautiful silver moon. Travelling in a railway train going forty miles an hour, without stopping day or night, we should arrive at our destination in about eight and a half months.

Perhaps someone says in astonishment, "I thought you said *nearer* neighbour!"

I certainly said nearer, and so it is; very near in comparison, for if we were to travel to the sun in the same way, at the rate of forty miles an hour, day and night, it would take us 1,260 years to reach it.

Our thoughts must carry us away, away beyond the clouds and the atmosphere surrounding our earth. As we rise higher and higher we find the sky no longer blue, but black. The stars are wonderfully brilliant, while the moon grows larger and more distinct. The curious markings are more plainly seen, the face of the moon seems to be pitted over with hollows, some larger, others smaller.

When we are near enough to see plainly, how strange is the sight! Great rugged mountains and deep hollows, many of which remind us of volcanoes upon earth; very likely these are extinct volcanoes.

Oh, what a bleak, desolate, barren land it is! No oceans, no rivers, no lakes; and so, of course, no vegetation, no grass, no trees, no smiling greenness anywhere.

Now, at last, we have reached the moon, and stand upon it. Perhaps the first thing that strikes us is the terrific heat. It is not caused by the moon being nearer to the sun than the earth; the difference is very slight indeed, but the moon has not the atmosphere which surrounds the earth like a curtain, and protects us from such intense heat.

Here the sun's rays beat mercilessly down. So hot is it that were it possible for rain to fall it would instantly be converted into steam; but such an event is impossible, for no clouds hover over the moon.

We are standing upon a plain, on our left hand is a long, high range of rocky mountains—miles long—casting deep, black shadows in the fierce glare of the sun. Upon the plain are many round hollows, surrounded by hard, rocky ridges.

It is fortunate that we are only visiting the moon in thought, as no human being could possibly exist in this dead world. It would be impossible to breathe for there is no air.

Great meteorites, boulders of rock, fall with terrific force upon the scorched ground which, falling upon the earth, would have made a noise like thunder, but here there is no noise, because there is no air to carry sound.

Suppose we ascend the high ridge of rocks. No need for laborious climbing, as at one spring we easily clear forty feet, and so soon reach the summit, and stand on the wall surrounding the great crater of an extinct volcano, more than a hundred miles across.

The scene is dreadfully dreary; the awful silence that oppresses us, the great black shadows, the black sky overhead, and the burning white glare of sunshine all round. No blue or green tints anywhere to rest the eye upon.

But look up. What a glorious sight! The sun is immensely more magnificent seen without a veil of earth's atmosphere. Long radiating streams of light, in gold and colours, stretch far out into space, yet the black sky is begemmed with myriads of brilliant stars. What is that beautiful object that looks to us like a very lovely moon, but sixteen times as large, and surrounded by a hazy band? Can you not guess? That is our home, the earth. That hazy band is the earth's atmosphere; and the earth seen from the moon shows its quarters, halves and full, just as the moon appears to us.

The moon's day is a long one, being equal to fourteen of our days, and, of course, her night, too, is a fortnight long.

Suppose we stay and see what the night is like. The sun has gone down at last, and suddenly night comes upon us. It is not dark, for the stars are shining radiantly, and the earth-shine when at her full is equal to more than a dozen full moons. The desolate scene is lit up with cold, bright, silvery light, but, oh, what a desolate place it is, with its vast, harsh mountain ridges and deep, dark, silent valleys.

If the heat in the long day was intense, the cold in the long night is dreadful, colder than our Arctic regions, so cold that had there been any water it would have been straightway turned into the hardest of thick ice.

In fact, it is colder than we can even picture to ourselves, for there is no atmosphere to retain the heat. So we will return from our imaginative journey to our own beautiful planet, thankful that God has provided for us such a good, fair world to live in, one so well suited to our necessities.

Ancient Arms Amplified.

By J. G. Tolton.

"ODI PROFANUM."



"I HATE whatever is profane" is the device of the Earl of Listowel, County Kerry, Ireland.

One does not know if there were any special reasons why the Earl should have chosen these words for his motto. Possibly, a hatred of everything profane was in him from his earliest days. But this abhorrence of profanity is not by any means universal. A man whose name is known all over the world, and whose books will be read through all the ages, says of himself—"It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will; being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, and put forth itself both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals (especially considering my years, which were tender, being but few), both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me."

This is the account given of himself by John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in the year 1628. His father was a poor man, earning bread for his wife and children as a mender of pots and kettles—a tinker, working in neighbours' houses or at home at such business as might be brought to him. In those days schools were few, and the vast majority of the rising generation grew up without the advantages of schooling. Young Bunyan was more fortunate than some. He was sent to a grammar school at Bedford to learn to read and write according to the rate of other poor men's children. The lad's imaginative powers were exceptionally active, and being under no religious influences, there is little wonder that the child's inventive faculties developed themselves in the direction of lying and profanity.

These attainments appear to have been popular at that time, and he who could excel in them obtained unstinted applause. Bunyan grew up a wild lad, the ringleader of the village apprentices in all manner of mischief.

"But," says John, "though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, and also take pleasure in the vileness of my companions; yet, even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things done by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit that it made my heart ache."

In time, Bunyan came to see that if profanity was wrong in others, it could not be right for him. His love for evil turned to hatred, and at last he could with perfect sincerity say, "*Odi profanum.*"

At seventeen years of age Bunyan became a soldier, and served in the civil war.

"When I was a soldier," he says, "I was with others drawn out to go to such a place (Leicester probably) to besiege it. But when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my stead. Coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel he was shot in the heart with a musket bullet, and died." In after years, Bunyan considered this occasion one of several providential escapes from death.

John married early, and soon after came under better influences. "I fell in with a poor man that made profession of religion, and talked pleasantly of the Scriptures." He "began to take great pleasure in reading the Bible, especially the historical part."

Like his own Pilgrim, he felt he had a burden on his back, and wanted to be rid of it. Much of Bunyan's own life is detailed in that wonderful journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

Bunyan became a preacher, for "he had a gift of speech, which could not long remain hid." He preached wherever opportunity served—in woods, in barns, on village greens, or in town chapels. He became extraordinarily successful—too successful for his own comfort, for his rapidly acquired reputation aroused slander and persecution. The preacher was arrested, and thrown into prison. The magistrates tried to persuade Bunyan to cease preaching, but remonstrances and entreaties were of no avail, so the determined man was committed to Bedford gaol.

"I saw what was coming," he said, "and had two considerations especially on my heart—how to be able to endure, should my imprisonment be long and tedious; and how to be able to encounter death, should that be my portion. I was made to see that if I would suffer rightly, I must pass sentence of death upon everything that can properly be called a thing of this life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my health, my enjoyments, all as dead to me, and myself as dead to them. The parting with my wife and poor children had often been to me in this place (the gaol) as the pulling of my flesh from my bones, because I should have brought to my mind the hardships, miseries, and wants my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides."

In this prison, Bunyan spent his unoccupied hours in making tags for bootlaces, which his wife and children did their best to sell. This imprisonment lasted in all for more than twelve years.

But these twelve years were not wasted. We

owe to them, and the undesirable place in which they were spent, those two masterpieces of literature, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War."

"I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

But he did not die in the den. Bunyan lived for sixteen years after his release from the prison, and those years were spent in the peaceful discharge of his congregational duties, in writing, in visiting, and in preaching in the villages and woods. "The Pilgrim's Progress" spread the fame of the writer over England, over Europe, and over the American settlements. It was translated into many languages, and has had more readers than any other book, except the Bible. He received offers of promotion to larger spheres of action which might have tempted most people. But Bunyan could never be induced to leave Bedford. He was happy in his family. His blind child, for whom he had been so touchingly anxious, had died while he was in prison. His other children lived and did well. Bunyan's own health suffered somewhat from his long confinement. He died in 1688, sixty years of age.

When we see the device "*Odi profanum*," we are sure to recall the history of John Bunyan, who, from a profane swearer, came to be mightily eloquent in the cause of truth and righteousness, "obtained a good report, and died in faith."

"IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL."

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

"YOU are a sneak, Henry, and I'll never speak to you again," said Joe Livesey to one of his school-fellows.

"Won't you? We'll see about that," replied Henry, as he went away whistling and smiling.

"No, I won't; I hate you!"

Now, Henry Robinson was a good lad, and always tried to act rightly, and, certainly, Joe had been very provoking, but he resolved to try and forget all about it, and meet Joe as though nothing had occurred. For two or three days Joe sulked but on the fourth day he came up to Henry with outstretched hand, saying,

"You are a brick; you won't quarrel, and I've been horrid. Will you forgive me?"

"Oh! there's nothing much to forgive, Joe; you know it 'takes two to make a quarrel,' and I don't care to be one of the two on such occasions."

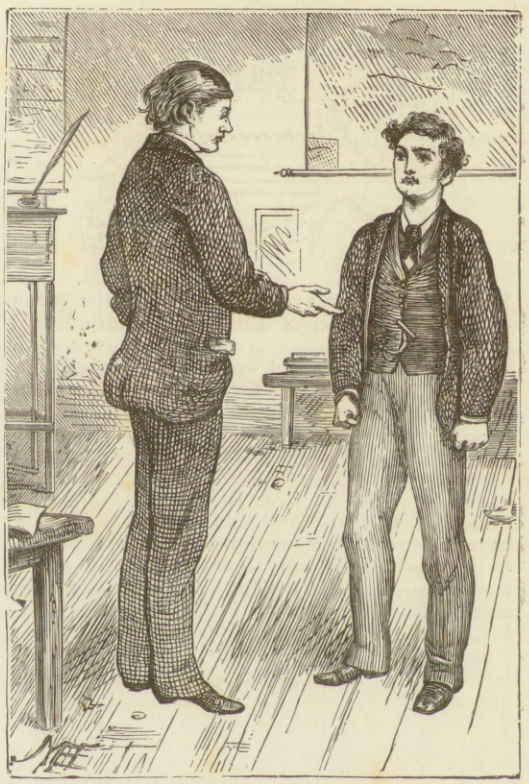
The two were friends ever after.

* * * * * * * *

Mary Perkins and her friend, Sally Smith, were out for a walk; one wished to go one way, and the other another.

"Now, look here, Mary," said Sally, "we have often gone the road up the hill, let us go down into the woods to-day, it is so pretty."

Mary acquiesced in a sullen sort of way, and during the rest of the walk scarcely spoke at all.



When the girls separated, she said "You had your way, but I shall not go walks with you again."

Sally was quite surprised, and was inclined to be huffy too, but, thinking better of it, she said sweetly,

"I hope you don't mean it, Mary; we always enjoy our evening walks and talks. I shall call for you on Friday as usual."

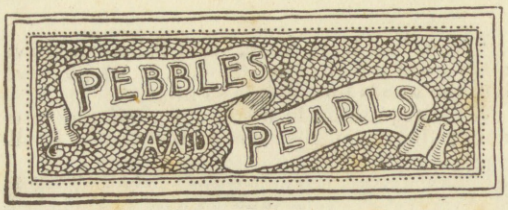
She did, and by then Mary had worked off her ill-temper, and saw how foolish she had been.

"You are a sweet-tempered girl, Sally, and have taught me a lesson; there would be no surly quarrels if everyone was like you."

"'It takes two to make a quarrel,' and it always seems to me so foolish and sinful to quarrel about trifles; and I hope I may never make one of the two."

The two girls kissed each other and were better friends than they had previously been.

You must not only work, but you must order your work with intelligence; you must be preparing the way for what you intend to become, as well as do what lies to your hand.



RUN not out of the path of duty lest ye run into the path of danger.

PARSON THIRDLY: And now, my dear brethren, I want to say a few words before I begin.

ST. PETERSBURG has a novel way of inflicting punishment for drunkenness, which is, to march the offender out and set him sweeping the streets, no matter what his social position may be!

POKEBY: Say, Shearer, why don't you get a new editor for your "Woman's Department?" Of all the silly, ignorant twaddle I ever read, those articles are the worst.
SHEARER (Editor in Chief): That's just what we want. Just think what pleasure and pride it gives every woman who reads those articles to reflect on how superior she is to the common run of her sex.

WHY NOT?—"Do you suppose," thundered the irate father, "that I am going to give my consent to the first man who asks my daughter to marry him?" "I don't see why you shouldn't," replied the suitor, "she did."

HUMAN NATURE.—"When the weather first gets hot, people say they can't stand it because they are not used to it." "Yes—?" "And, afterward, they say they can't stand it because it has been hot so long."

THE teaching of temperance is now compulsory in the public schools of Ontario. It is stated that no fewer than 150,000 pupils are studying the question in the public schools of the province, and over 13,000 in the separate schools.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure, Mr. Askin?" said Miss Elder, to a young man whom she knew to be engaged
"I haven't got that far yet," was the frank reply, "but I'm pretty well convinced that courtship is bankruptcy."

Notable Events in our Calendar.

Dec. 8.—Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance died, 1856.

" 19.—Slavery abolished, U.S.A., 1862.

" 24.—Temperance and General Provident Institution formed, 1840.

" 30.—Sunday Closing Association formed, 1863.

BODILY labour alleviates the pains of the mind; and hence arises the happiness of the poor.

GRANDMOTHER: "Now, Minnie, what's the plural of penny?" Minnie: "Plural of penny, grandma? Why, twopence, of course."

JONES: Chilly day, isn't it?
Brown: Yes. I forgot my overcoat this morning, and I have been trying to forget it ever since.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

* * * * * * *

But in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

LOOK OUT FOR OUR

JANUARY NUMBER,

which will be very bright and interesting, and will contain the Opening Chapters of Florence M. Broome's Fascinating Serial—

"*HER SACRIFICE.*"

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—International Juvenile Templar—Irish Templar—Happy Home—Young Days—Animals' Friend, &c.

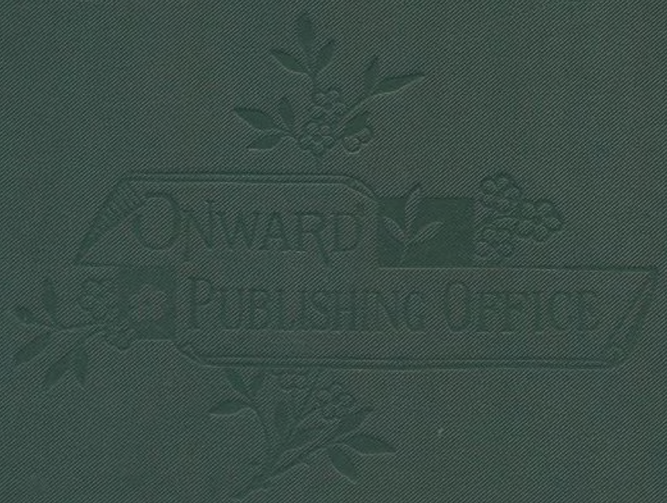
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence, editorial or otherwise, and all books or magazines for review, must be addressed to THE EDITOR, "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

No contribution received and accepted for insertion in "Onward," will be paid for unless agreed to in writing when accepted. Contributors must state if, and at what rate, remuneration is required. The Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts sent voluntarily, but if accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes they will be returned if unsuitable.

Received with thanks: Rev. J. Johnson, Mrs. Isabel M. Hamill, J. G. Tolton, Mrs. Ruth B. Yates, Mary M. Forrester, W. N. Edwards, F.C.S. E. W. S. Royds, A. J. Glasspool, Master P. Fletcher, Miss A, J. Cope, "Old Cornish,"&c.

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