ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1898

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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:

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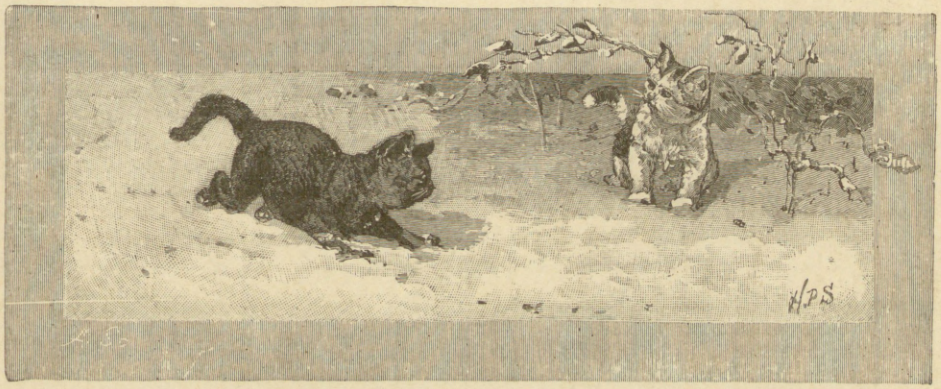

1898.

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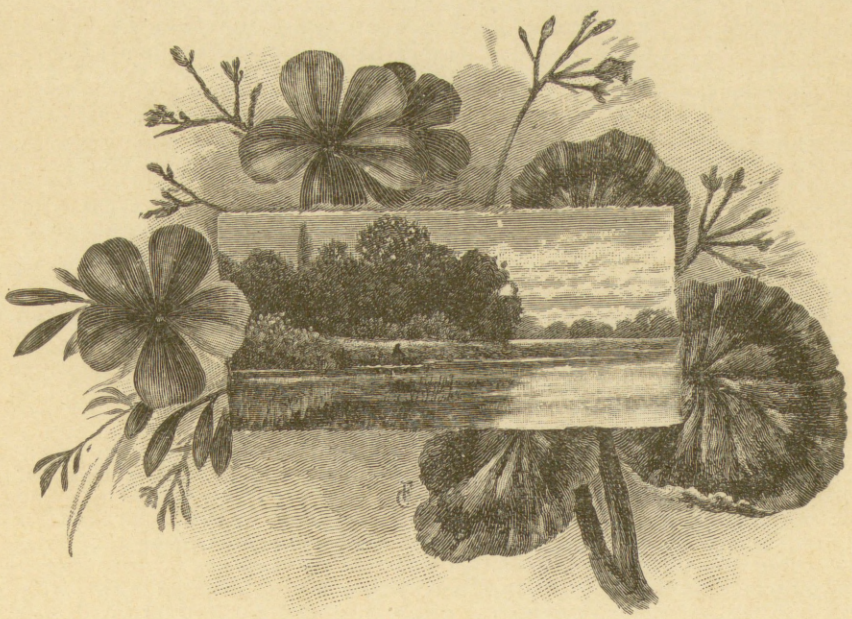
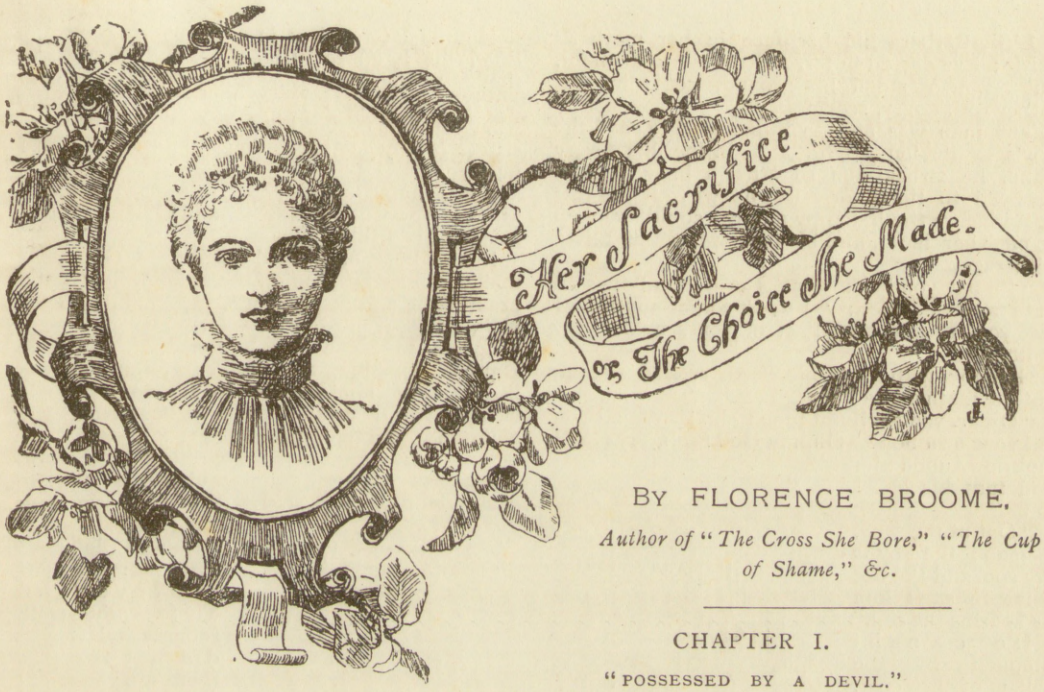




BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"POSSESSED BY A DEVIL."

Deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that will not yield,
But bravely, silently bears her part—
Lo! there *is* a battlefield.

WHEN Eve Horsfall married Oscar Gatenby it was in utter ignorance of his besetting sin. She had been educated at Bristol, and her holidays were few. No one seemed to want her since her mother died, when she was a child of eight. It is true Miss Horsfall, her father's sister, had undertaken to clothe and educate her, but she said nothing about *loving* her, and, indeed, regarded the child as a burthen and a trouble.

So when Eve came home to Chester, prior to seeking a situation as governess, Miss Horsfall was glad to know that Oscar Gatenby admired her, and did her best to foster his growing attachment. He lived a little way out of Chester, and was one of the wealthiest farmers in all the cheese county. He was not yet thirty, a man of fine physique and bearing; and though not even his most partial acquaintances would call him handsome, he was pleasant to look upon and genial in manner.

But Miss Horsfall knew that he was not a strictly sober man, and she was at pains to hide this from Eve, feeling sure that the girl with her "absurd religious scruples" would shrink from union with one who could so dishonour the God who made him.

Eve was only eighteen then, and for ten long years there had been no one to love her. There is small wonder, then, that her heart opened to Oscar Gatenby, as the flowers open to the sun, and when he asked her to marry him she scarcely dared believe that such happiness was for her.

Alas! and alas! for Eve. It was not long before she learned her husband's failing, and not all her love, her prayers, her tears availed to stop him in his downward course. She hoped when her first child was born that the very thought of its helplessness would touch the father's heart to repentance; but little Stephen made no difference in his life. Then Barbara and Eve were born, and before the latter could well run alone Gatenby had become a confirmed and notorious drunkard, had parted with two of his farms, and had a heavy mortgage on the old homestead.

People glanced askance at him, and ceased to invite him to their houses, because invariably he would disgrace himself at the table, and cover his host with shame. Everybody, however, pitied poor Mrs. Gatenby, who struggled with all her power to save her husband, and to avert the impending ruin.

But the crash came at last. Stephen was then fourteen; Barbara and Eve were aged respectively ten and eight. Everything was lost. So their beautiful house fell beneath the auctioneer's hammer, and the mother gathered her children about her, weeping wildly as she speculated on their dreary future.

But not even this calamity could arrest Gatenby in his terrible career. On the eve of the sale, before the hour was far advanced, he rolled into the room with flushed face and wild eyes. He had been drinking heavily and was in a violent mood.

JANUARY, 1898. *All rights reserved.*

Little Barbara hid her face in her mother's skirts; Eve darted in terror from the apartment, but Stephen stood his ground, regarding his father with angry, scornful eyes.

The man was not too intoxicated to read the boy's expression aright, and lifting his heavy hand, he struck him so cruel a blow that he dropped to the floor. But he was on his feet again before the unhappy mother could so much as offer her hand, and his face was set and livid with rage.

"I'll pay you back when I'm a man," he said in a strange voice; "I won't forget anything I owe you, or one brutal act of yours against my mother."

Gatenby, with a terrible word, rushed at him, but the mother ran between crying,

"Oscar, you shall not touch him! Would you kill your own boy? Oh, my God! oh, my God! look down upon him and turn his heart to us."

"Out of the way, woman; the boy is my son, and I'm not going to spoil him by sparing the rod."

He caught Stephen by the collar of his coat, and brought down the cane he had been carrying heavily across his shoulders. The mother screamed in terror, but the boy, looking bravely at her said,

"Don't cry mother, dear; I can bear it. *He* shan't make me shriek—oh! how I hate you!" and he stood unflinchingly whilst a second and third blow fell.



He caught Stephen by the collar of his coat.

Then an unlooked-for diversion came. Little Barbara, who had been watching her father with wide, frightened eyes, sprang forward, and whilst she gripped the cane, cried,

"Don't daddy, dear; oh, don't! you are making Jesus sorry."

The drunkard's arm fell to his side; he allowed the child to take away the cane, and even said,

"Steve, my boy, I didn't want to hurt you, but you shouldn't look so confoundedly impudent. I've a right to do as I like, and I won't stand any interference or impertinence from you. There, shake hands and be friends."

"No," said Stephen, smarting more with a sense of wounded pride than actual bodily pain. "I don't want to be friends; I don't mean either to forget or forgive;" and he walked out of the room leaving Gatenby staggered by his boldness.

* * * * * * * *

Months later, when in a drunken frenzy, he lifted his hand to strike Eve, the merriest of them all, Stephen sprang at him exclaiming,

"If you do that I will kill you; you may do what you like to me, but you shall not touch my sisters or my mother. You are a coward, and I hate you."

That, unfortunately, was always the boy's attitude towards his father, and Gatenby reciprocated his dislike fully.

In the hour of their deepest need, Gatenby's maiden aunt appeared on the scene. She had a great liking and respect for his wife, and showed it in a very substantial way. She possessed property in Stoke Newington, not far from Dalston Junction, and she suggested that the little family should move to London, as she would give them the use of a house, and the children would have a better chance of education.

"It isn't a grand old homestead like this, Eve," she said, "but it is a comfortable little place, with every modern improvement. There are eight rooms, and if you did not require them all you might take in a lodger. I shall go up with you, and perhaps may be successful in finding employment for Oscar. Of one thing he may rest assured—if he won't help himself I shall have nothing to say to him."

So the Gatenbys moved to town, and Aunt Honor, seeing that Stephen's bent was chemistry, placed him with a clever friend of her own, only stipulating that he should return home each evening; "because," she said, "he will be a protector to his mother and sisters, and will not grow out of touch with them."

Then she obtained—by dint of pertinacity and persuasion—a post for Oscar Gatenby, and, being a home-loving woman, returned to Liverpool. But on her way she caught a chill, which rapidly developed into pleurisy and bronchitis. But before the end, which indeed came very quickly, she made a will, by which she bequeathed to Eve Gatenby the sum of two pounds weekly for the term of her natural life. At her death the money was to be equally divided between the three children of her marriage. The house she had generously placed at their disposal was to be regarded as Mrs. Gatenby's; but so careful had Aunt Honor been for her welfare that Oscar could raise no mortgage upon it, or

at any time dispose of it, for in the event of his wife's death it was to pass to Barbara and her heirs.

The years went by, and Gatenby sank even lower and lower. He had lost situation after situation by his excesses, and at last declared "he would be at no man's beck and call; his wife had property and must support him. He was a gentleman, and to labour for bread was *infra dig.*"

Money was generally very scarce at Alpha House whilst the children were young, for Oscar Gatenby would indulge his dreadful craving even though his wife and little ones went hungry and almost bare-footed.

So poor Eve, acting upon Aunt Honor's suggestion, let the upper part of the house when she could; but very few lodgers stayed long, being annoyed by her husband's ways, or alarmed by his drunken passions.

Twelve years had passed; Stephen was now a qualified chemist, holding diplomas from the Pharmaceutical society, and hoping soon to be appointed manager of his employer's projected branch business. Barbara had grown into a beautiful young woman of twenty, with a mass of sunny brown hair, and the sweetest grey eyes. Owing to her mother's delicate health she had been unable to leave home, but she had a few pupils, for she was a skilled pianiste; and Eve had been fortunate enough to secure a berth in the neighbouring post office.



Mr. Anthony Dormer.

Two rooms in the house were let to Mr. Anthony Dormer, a young fellow engaged as under-master in a private school, so that the Gatenbys should have been in easy circumstances. But they were not, because when the wretched head of the family could not borrow, he would steal their moneys, and he was so crafty that he discovered all their hiding places; so violent that his most unhappy wife preferred to grant his demands rather than hear and see him in his terrible rages.

There came one awful day which none of them would ever forget. Gatenby had been drinking so heavily that he was threatened with an attack of *delirium tremens*, and poor Eve, summoning all her courage to the fore, absolutely refused to supply his needs. In a white fury he turned upon her; Stephen was from home, and who was to stand between him and his desire? In vain Barbara, clinging to his arm, prayed him to be calm, and not to harass mother. The dreadful drink was killing him, would he not be warned in time?

He shook her off, and advancing to his wife said roughly,

"Give me your purse, Eve; it is mine by right, and I *will* have it. I am dying of thirst—what! you won't, woman?"

"I will not, Oscar. I have been wrong to yield so often; it is like helping you on to perdition Oh, my dear; oh, my poor, unhappy dear, try to keep away from the drink, just to-day, and to-day's abstinence will lend you strength for the morrow. You are breaking my heart; but oh! far worse than that, your are losing your soul!"

"Give me money! I *will* have it," he cried, his voice rising to a scream.

"No, Oscar, no; I dare not do it."

The door opened and Stephen stood within the room. Barbara flew to him.

"Oh, save him from himself, dear Steve, save him!"

Stephen took a forward step, his face grown darker and graver than usual, but before he could reach his mother, Gatenby had caught her by the arm and was trying to wrest her purse from her clenched hand. When she struggled he, being beside himself, lifted his hand and struck her so heavily upon the breast that, with a moaning cry, she fell backwards, lying across the steel bar of the fender, whilst her head dropped with a sickening thud upon the hearthstone. With a hoarse cry Stephen rushed at his father, but Barbara, running between them, implored,

"Look to mother, whilst I get him away."

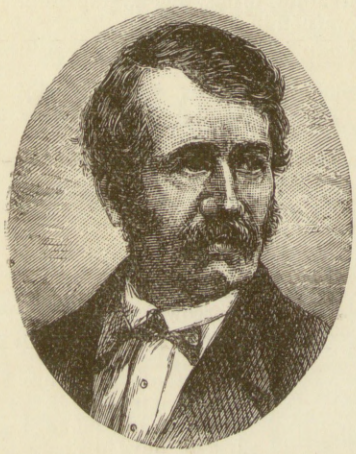
(To be continued.)

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body—it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can possibly befall us.—*Addison.*

Famous Men and Women.

By J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



IN a rather poor home at Blantyre, near Glasgow, David Livingstone was born. His father kept a small grocer's shop, and his mother, he tells us, found it hard to make both ends meet.

All great men, with the proverbial exception, have sprung from noble parents. It was so with Livingstone. "He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage," said David Livingstone, speaking of his father once, "for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent, pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He is equally proud of his mother. "She was pious and noble, full of gratitude for the smallest attention, and one who, amidst all the struggle, never repined for herself but for us boys having such a hard life."

Poverty drove the lad David to enter the mill as a "piecer" when only eleven years of age. He rose at 5-30 in the morning, and with two breaks would go on to 8 p.m. There was no "eight hours movement" in those days.

When he got home he began with his books, and this sometimes kept him up till eleven o'clock. Indeed, in the mill he contrived to tie his Latin book on to his "jenny," and each time he passed it, read a sentence. Thus, by the time he was sixteen, he had mastered Virgil and Horace, and had laid the basis of a good education.

"Judge me by my books," is a good maxim. David had been asked by his father to take up some theological books of the day, but his taste was not that way. Two books of a scientific, yet theological character, arrested his attention however, later, and changed the thought and action of his life. These books stirred him so intensely, that at once he dedicated his life to God. There grew in his mind the thought of being a missionary in China. The one book was "The philosophy of Religion," and the other "The philosophy of a future state" by Dr. Thomas Dick.

At nineteen years of age, he was promoted to be cotton spinner. This meant more work, but more wages. More money then meant the hope of University in the winter, and he stuck to his lessons with renewed vigour. He went to the University and took his degree of doctor, believing that the most valuable help to one who intended to be a missionary.

David Livingstone proposed to go to China, but God sent him to Africa, the Chinese war shutting the door of that country. He went to stay with the two greatest hearts that ever worked in Africa, Robert and Mary Moffat, at Kuruman. Here he remained three months, trying to understand the conditions of his future work, learning the language of the Bakwain people he intended to live amongst, and learning, if learning is required, to love his future wife.

For six months he left this pleasant home and lived alone amongst his future congregation.

Then there opened out to him, what he considered a larger sphere of usefulness, that of the explorer.

We can get from his letters to his mother his ambition at this time.

"If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil; above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this inland slave trade, I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution that, in His all-embracing providence, He has been carrying on for ages."

When Livingstone returned from his tour in 1844, he married Miss Moffat, who had all her father's ambition and mother's tenderness.

His journeys had convinced him that the Bakhatla (or "they of the monkey") tribe would be an excellent mission centre. He had won their confidence, and thither he went with his wife and settled at Mabotsa.

It was here Livingstone went out like Benaiah of old, to slay a lion. Five lions had been attacking the place, and a great hunt was instituted. They came to the wooded hill where the lions had gone, and Livingstone shot at one of the lions.



"Starting and looking half round, I saw a lion just in the act of springing upon me. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground together. He shook me as a terrier does a rat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though conscious of all that was happening. . . . Mebalwe fired both barrels of his gun at 15 yards distance, but missed fire and the lion left me and laid hold of Mebalwe, biting his

thigh. Another man tried to spear the lion, and was immediately attacked by the brute. The bullets taking effect saved the man's life."

After two years here, he removed to Chonnane, fifty miles distant, the residence of *Sechele*, who became a most earnest listener to Livingstone.

"You startle me, these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. My forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner?" (He referred to Livingstone's description of the Great White Throne.) They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going." A question hard to answer.

After some years, Livingstone baptised this man on his profession of faith in Jesus Christ, which nearly brought on a civil revolution. Sechele was a well-known rain doctor, and he renounced his position. Unfortunately, a long drought followed, and Livingstone was blamed for this. But a greater trouble was the sending back of the many wives he had, who were generally the prettiest of the tribe. But, after what he had been taught, his duty seemed clear, and one after the other was sent home ladened with gifts. Wives who had children were allowed to remain in houses specially prepared for them.

In speaking of their daily work at this time, Livingstone says:—

"We rise at six o'clock. After worship and breakfast, we keep school, men, women, and children being united. This lasts till eleven o'clock. My wife then takes herself off to her domestic duties, and I become a blacksmith, carpenter, or gardener, or doctor, as may be required of me. If I did work for the people, they did work for me. We then had dinner and an hour's rest. My wife then had her infants' class, a hundred strong, to attend to. In the afternoon I am a doctor, pure and simple, and have my patients to visit. A little time may be spent in writing, and at sunset our day's work is over. But a wife's work is not finished, as you well know. I then go to the village to have a gossip on general affairs or on religion."

On the first of June, 1849, Livingstone started to find lake Ngami. He had with him two travellers, Murray and Oswell. No white man had ever been able to cross the Kalahavi Desert, so scarce is water.

"Let us go back," was heard more than once, but Livingstone's words nerved them on.

"If we go back death is certain. We are more than half of the journey now, so let us hurry on."

The discovery of Lake Ngami, on Aug. 1st, 1849, only whetted Livingstone's appetite for further discovery. He deeply wished to meet the chief Sebituane, and to get a way to the sea.

Sebituane also wished to find a way to the sea for the white trader to enter his country. His sudden death caused more sorrow to Livingstone than the death of any other black man he knew.

The successor of Sebituane prepared an escort for Livingstone as he prepared to find a way for the coast. And what a journey that was! What discouragement! What opposition! What fighting against the ravages of fever! But he gained his object and landed at Loanda, where he had the pleasure of meeting an Englishman who gave him the necessities he had so sorely missed the last few weeks of the journey.



Livingstone felt he had not accomplished his work, although he had found a way to the sea. The way was too long. Could he not find the sea by the East route? To think it was to attempt, and off he started and soon accomplished his task, and after a journey to England, returned to Lete, to take back to their own country the men who had so bravely followed him in his wonderful career.

It was his joy to meet his wife at the mouth of the Zambesi. A special boat had been sent over for his use, and he immediately set to and pieced it together. Now came the sorrow of his life. Mrs. Livingstone died and was buried in the country he loved so well. A despatch from Lord John Russell recalled him, and he came to England and began his great book of travels. But he had made up his mind to return to Africa and he did so and remained so long in silence, that a Government expedition was sent to find out if he was alive. After a long search, the explorer was heard of as alive, although not seen, and the expedition returned to England.

His continued silence again aroused public opinion and representations were made to the Government to send another expedition to find him. But a stranger came to the rescue, in Mr. Bennett, of New York, who, wiring to H. M. Stanley said:

"Go to Africa and find Livingstone cost what it will. Find about him if you cannot find him," and Stanley started. Everybody knows how poor Livingstone starved at Aljiji, the victim of mismanagement. We have all read Stanley's account of his meeting Livingstone.

"He has a cap with a gold band around it, his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth, and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats and I say 'Dr. Livingstone I presume?'" And he said, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.* But Livingstone would not come back."

It requires a book to tell how he aroused the enthusiasm of everyone in Britain and America by his daring, and when the report of his death was confirmed and his body was brought over to this country through the faithfulness of his two followers, only one place could be the resting place of that body—amid the illustrious dead in the English Valhalla, Westminster Abbey.

A WELL-PLAYED GAME.

(A PARABLE)

By Uncle Ben.



FRED MAWSON was a football boy. All through the winter season he watched the progress of the teams with the deepest interest. When the matches were on he read the daily papers, and waited anxiously for the results in the evening papers. His zeal was enthusiastic, he followed the local matches, the county and the international contests with keen excitement. As he played in the Association rules he was perhaps more concerned in the Association welfare than in the Rugby game, although his great delight was to watch the famous teams of either Rugby or Association play a well-disputed game.

Fred was the captain of the second team of his school; he was a good goal keeper, but best as a forward player, and was very popular among his school-fellows. He was swift of foot, quick and active, and full of energy and pluck; he enjoyed a severe contest, and always played a fair and straightforward game.

But Fred was not much more than a football boy; it was with him football or nothing. He was behind in his studies, low down in his form, and never did any more work than he could possibly help. The headmaster of the school, Mr. Chinock, loved sport, and had a great admiration for the boys' good in games, and held in his heart a very soft place for Fred. Both at school and college the head master had distinguished himself in rowing, had been in the University eight, and was more honoured for this achievement by the boys than that he stood very high in the classical tripos.

Mr. Chinock took a great interest in the school matches, and generally watched them with keen observation. In fact it was a bitter disappointment to the boys if he were absent. The boys never played so well as when he was present. His presence was always an incentive for victory. One day, after a well-fought fight the second team was beaten by one point. When the game was over the head master sent for Fred and shook hands with him warmly, and congratulated him on his good game and the way all the team played for the honour of the school.

"But," said the astonished Fred, "please, sir, we are beaten."

"That does not matter to-day; if you had played another ten minutes or a quarter of an hour you would have wiped them off the field."

"Thank you, sir. We shall not mind our defeat now, sir."

"There was one other thing I wished to say to you, Mawson, and that is I wish I could be as proud of you as a scholar as I am of you as captain of 'the Second Football.' You are too low in your form for your position in the school. You stand high in every respect except in the form-place. I think more of character and conduct than of learning, and I have great faith in a lad who does one thing well. I believe you could do quite as well in some other subject you gave your heart and mind to, as to football. To be good all round is a very rare feat to accomplish, but to be poor all round is a very low ambition. It would never do in football. Take any subject you find easiest and like best in lessons and do it well with all your might, and your place in the school record will be something more than a 'football boy.' I remember I nearly ruined my place in the tripos by my love of boating."

"But please, sir, it would have been a misfortune if your place in the tripos had ruined the boat-race, for Cambridge seldom wins," said Fred, with earnestness.

The next term saw Fred Mawson the first in his form in history, and also promoted to the first football team.

Temperance Physiology.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

I.—A HEALTHY BODY.

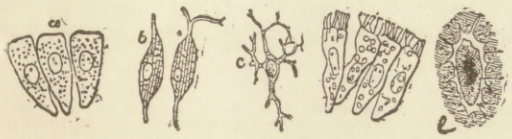
ONE of the most important lessons in life is to learn how to take care of our bodies. We eat, drink, work, exercise, rest and cleanse our bodies, all with this idea of caring for them, and keeping them in good condition. But we may eat wrongly, drink harmfully, work too much, rest too little, and in quite a variety of ways do our bodies harm instead of good, if we are ignorant of the laws of health and of nature.

Physiology denotes the science of learning about our bodies, how they are constructed, what will do them good, and what will do them harm.

Our bodies, we all know, are made up of bone and flesh, and blood and nerves. We have a head, and eyes, a stomach, and a brain, and many other organs. We shall want to find out what these organs do, and whether strong drink will help or hinder them in their work.

A GREAT WONDER

is presented to us, if we take any particular part of the body and examine it under the microscope. That which to the eye appears a mere piece of bone or a mass of flesh is seen by the microscope to be made up of a definite pattern or structure. Strange as it may appear, this structure is due to the work of individual parts, exceedingly small, called cells. Thus a number of nerve cells in proper order form a nerve. Bone cells form bone tissue, muscle cells form muscle tissue, and so on throughout the whole body. These cells derive their nourishment and life from the blood.

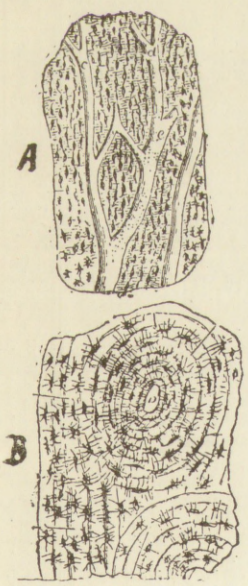


Various forms of Cells.

Here are a number of cells from various parts of the human body, very highly magnified. A. are cells found lining part of the intestines; B. are cells found under the skin; C. are cells found in connective tissue; D. are cells from the membrane lining the throat; whilst E. represents a bone cell. These cells vary very much in size, ranging from $\frac{1}{3500}$ of an inch in diameter to $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch. The important lesson to learn is that Physiology teaches us that the life of the body is the sum total of the lives of the individual cells composing it. However different various parts of the body may be, each is built up of myriads of little cells, and of tissues made by them, each doing its own work, and acting whilst the body is healthy, for the common good.

THE FRAMEWORK

of the body is made up of bones, and is called the skeleton. These number in all 240, made up as follows:—Head, 63; trunk, 57; arms, 60; legs, 60.



A.—Section of Bone cut lengthways.
B.— „ „ cut across.

We sometimes think of bone as a very hard and solid substance, but here again the microscope shows us that it is of a wonderful structure. Canals are seen running in every direction, and it is through these that the blood vessels pass, in order to convey nourishment to the bones. A piece of bone cut across looks almost like the trunk of a tree sawn across, and showing its rings of layers of wood. During life a bone needs nourishment, and it must therefore be supplied with blood, the liquid which conveys food to every part of the body.

Bone is made up of two kinds of substance, earthy or mineral matters, and animal or organic substances. In childhood the animal matter is in larger quantity, whilst in old age the mineral matter is in greater amount.

NOURISHMENT

must be supplied to the bones constantly during life, and we have already learned that bones are supplied with blood vessels for this purpose. The larger bones have a special artery running to them called the nutrient artery. As the blood flows through the tiniest vessels, called capillaries, it is in close contact with the living cells, of which we have spoken. The cells of any particular organ take from the blood just the food they require. So that if there is any food in the blood that can be used for building up bony tissue, the bone cells will be able to abstract this and use it for that purpose.

WHAT BONE IS MADE OF

is the next thing to consider. We have already seen that there are two chief things present—animal matter and mineral matter. The latter is made up of the following—

Phosphate of lime, Phosphate of magnesium,
Carbonate of lime, Fluoride of lime.

So that we see that various kinds of lime must form one of the chief of the bone foods. You will say, perhaps, that we do not eat lime. No, not as such, but in various foods we should find, if we burnt them continuously until nothing more could be consumed, that after all there was something left that would not burn away, and this something is called mineral ash, and it consists of just those very things we need for being formed into bone. If we eat a piece of bread, or drink a glass of milk, or partake of almost any other natural food, we shall be taking into our bodies some of the stuff to build up and strengthen bone. Two simple experiments (*see experiments* 35 *and* 36 *in Temperance Science Lessons*) will show us that alcohol does not contain any of this bone forming food, for it may be completely burned into carbonic acid gas and water, leaving no ash behind at all.

THE USES OF BONE

are, first as a support to the body, giving firmness and strength, and, secondly, as a protection. The heart, the lungs, and the brain, the most important and the most tender and delicate of the organs of the body, are specially protected by bone, the heart and lungs by the ribs and the backbone and breastbone, and the brain by the skull. A further use is that of giving leverage, enabling great strength to be exerted by the arms and legs and body. The whole body is built up on this bony framework.

We may here, however, call to mind the fact that the body, like everything else in nature, is made up of chemical elements, in combination one with another. If the substances composing the body were resolved into their simplest forms, then we should find them as shown in the following table:—

	per cent.		per cent.
Oxygen	62·430	Sulphur	0·162
Carbon	21·150	Chlorine	0·081
Hydrogen	9·865	Sodium	0·081
Nitrogen	3·100	Magnesium	0·027
Calcium	1·900	Iron	0·014
Phosphorus	0·946	Fluorine	0·014
Potassium	0·230		

Alcohol consists simply of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and as every one of the substances mentioned above are necessary for the maintenance of a healthy body, we can see that alcohol contains none of them excepting the first three. We shall learn later on that even these are not supplied to the body, although they form part of the substance Alcohol.

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO.

Words by G. B. — Temperance Chorus. — *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegretto. *mf*

SYMPH. *f*

1. There's something for us
2. There's something for us

Key G.

all to do In this great world of ours; There's work for me, there's work for you, Heav'n
all to do, What-e'er may be our lot; From jew-ell'd roy - al - ty un - to The

B.t.m.l.r.

all to do In this great world of ours; There's work for me, there's work for you, Heav'n
all to do, What-e'er may be our lot; From jew-ell'd roy - al - ty un - to The

cres - - cen -

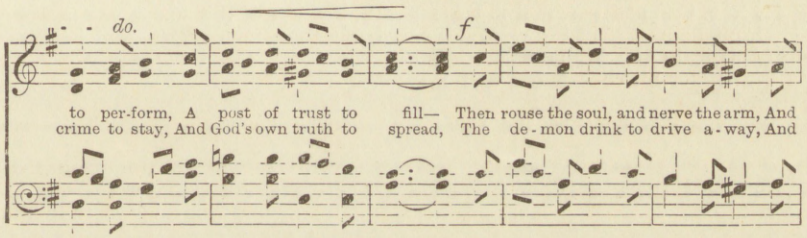
sends no i - dle hours, Heav'n sends no i - dle hours. Each has a mis - sion
pea - sant in his cot, The pea - sant in his cot. There's ig - nor-ance with

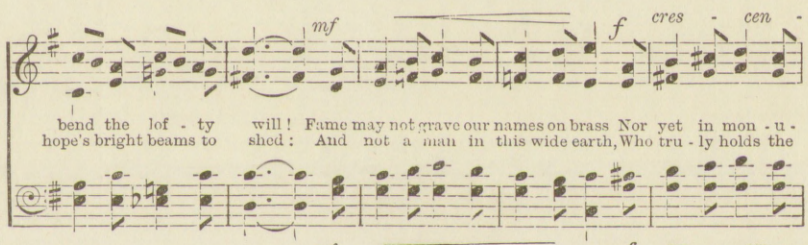
r.s.d.f.G. *cres - - - cen -*

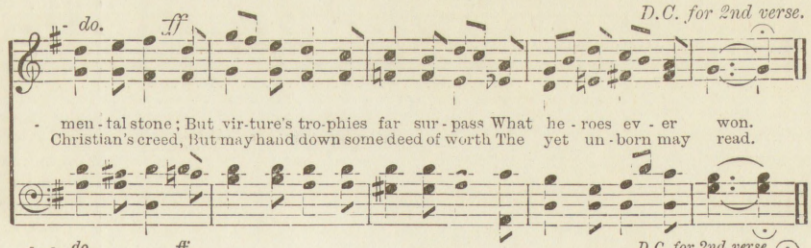
sends no i - dle hours, Heav'n sends no i - dle hours, Each has a mis - sion
pea-sant in his cot, The pea - sant in his cot. There's ig - nor-ance with

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO.









Chats with Notable Temperance Workers.

Rev. Canon Hicks, M.A.

THE Rev. Canon Hicks is well known throughout the country, and especially in the Midlands and the North, for his courageous and untiring advocacy of the Temperance cause. President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, member of the Executive Committee of the C.E.T.S., and the United Kingdom Alliance, he is at home either as a chief speaker at the crowded meeting, or as an adviser in the conference. A man of catholic sympathies, ready to grace the Temperance platform, whether in the public hall, the Church school, the Wesleyan meeting room, or the Primitive Methodist hall, revered and admired alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists, a man as zealous in the domain of social reform as in that of scholarship, his utterances ever command respect. For, while he speaks from conviction, with an earnestness that admits of no compromise with drink, he recognises that converts must be *won* over to Temperance, and, consequently, his addresses are always full of persuasiveness, of argument and of affection.



Rev. Canon Hicks, M.A.

A recent sermon preached by him in Manchester Cathedral, in celebration of the Band of Hope Jubilee, a sermon as fearless as effective, one of the finest expositions of the aims of the Temperance movement, full of facts and arguments of great value to the workers (who will be glad to know that it is being published for general circulation by the "Onward" Publishing Office, Portland Street, Manchester) has led to many expressions of desire to hear more of Canon Hicks. Accordingly I sought and obtained an interview with him, the substance of which he has kindly permitted me to give to the readers of this magazine, the one stipulation being that "the butter-tub" be not used.

* * * * * * * *

"I don't know about the dentistry!"—this in answer to the Canon's greeting that interviews were like mental tooth-drawing ordeals—"but if you will consent to the painful operation the result will gratify many who want to know more about you and your views than they get from your appearances on the platform.

"Well, be it so!" and the Canon proceeded to give information from which it seems he was born in Oxford, the City of Colleges, in 1843; that he attended Magdalen College School, and afterwards entered the University as a scholar of Brasenose College, a college famous in his day for its athletes, especially on the river and the cricket field.

"Never got into the eights, did you, Canon?"

"No! while I took my share in athletics I secured no prominence, but I did carry off several University prizes." Here the Canon, who values scholarship most highly, evinced a pleasurable and justifiable pride in his success—"And having obtained two first-class honours in classics in 1866, was elected a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, where I remained as tutor seven years."

"And then?"

"Having a great desire to become a clergyman, I took orders, and in 1873 was presented to the College living of Fenny Compton."

"I have heard much about your stay at this South Warwickshire village; evidently you were not buried alive there."

"No! I found plenty of scope for activity; indeed, so engrossed was I in the village that my friends jocularly remarked, 'You must think

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Fenny Compton the centre of the universe.'"

On my expressing a desire to learn the reason for this, the Canon remarked,

"Well, in many respects, Fenny Compton is a remarkable village. It is intersected by two railways and a main trunk canal, and the population always includes a considerable number of comers and goers — platelayers, artisans, and others, whose presence adds much variety and interest to village life. The village has a curiosity in the shape of a Waterworks Co., which not only provides pure water from the hills, but also manages to pay a respectable dividend to the shareholders. Visitors are usually much interested by the notice over the National School door—'Office of the Fenny Compton Waterworks Co.'"

"Speaking of the schools, Canon, and knowing how deep an interest you take in educational matters I should like to know whether you experienced any of those religious and other difficulties we are hearing so much about just now."

"No; during my residence at Fenny Compton Churchmen and Nonconformists worked most harmoniously together. Indeed we started a Voluntary School Board for the maintenance and management of the National Schools, of which I was chairman. We had no religious difficulty, and some of my best friends and supporters were those who were not members of my church. I have always been fortunate in having the goodwill not only of Churchmen but of Nonconformists too. But, then, the Temperance movement has no sect. We also started a village library, housed in a building of its own."

"This was rather a daring experiment, was it not?"

"At first it *was* rather difficult to get the labourers to take heartily to it, but by nursing them carefully with good wholesome fiction of the type of Edna Lyall's writings, and Charlotte Yonge's, we were able, ultimately, even to awaken an interest in works such as those of Dickens, which at first were severely left alone because they were 'too townified.' Our people were a very abstemious people, and very thrifty, and although our population was small—under 600—a co-operative store was maintained, whose turn-over averaged about £1,400 per quarter."

"I believe it was at Fenny Compton you first began to take an active interest in Temperance matters?"

"You are right. Soon after I arrived at the village I got into contact with the working men and found many of them, especially the Primitive Methodists, were teetotalers, and wanted badly to form a Temperance Society. They came to me and asked me to take the chair. Although I was not then an abstainer I did so, and what I heard at the meeting set me thinking, and I decided, as a *dubious experiment*, to try teetotalism."

"And you found the experiment very satisfactory?"

"Yes! like all other men who have tried it. But I did not sign the pledge then. In fact it was not until the year 1877, when a life-long friend of my wife, the late Rev. Prebendary Grier, came at my request to conduct a week's mission. We had many walks and talks together. He led me to see what the Temperance movement really means, and converted my experimental teetotalism into a definite pledge, and I became a subcriber to the United Kingdom Alliance. So that in fact you may say I owe my introduction to practical total abstinence to the working men of the village, and my acceptance of its responsibilities and my complete conversion to Prebendary Grier, of whom I should like to say that in all the Temperance work I undertake I feel that I am only doing what he would wish to have done, and that his spirit is always with me."

"Evidently, Canon, you were not like some others who simply take the pledge and sit down to do nothing for the Temperance cause?"

"No. I felt it laid upon me to help others to the knowledge I had gained, and in our village, in addition to the united Temperance meetings already being held, I started a Band of Hope and a Church Temperance Society, and was able, along with the Rev. D. W. Sitwell, vicar of Leamington Hastings, to do a good deal of Temperance work in the villages of South Warwickshire."

All of this, the Canon might have added, in addition to pastoral duties, and to the many burdens imposed upon him as Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral, and an active member of the Diocesan Board of Education and other agencies.

It was easy to see that it was with no little reluctance Canon Hicks left sylvan Warwickshire for grimy Manchester, in 1886, to become first Principal of Hulme Hall, and lecturer in Classical Archæology at Owens College, where he laboured for six years. At the same time he was actively engaged in prosecuting Greek researches for the British Museum, and published several volumes on his favourite studies, one of which, "A Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions," has been very popular with Greek students, and is now practically out of print. Indeed, while I was with him the Canon took from his pocket a letter from his printers asking him to prepare another edition.

"I suppose you will accede?" I asked.

"I fear not. My parish duties and Temperance work leave little time for undertaking such a task."

I could not help expressing my regret at this reply, for the Temperance Movement has not associated with it too many men of recognised standing in the world of letters.

"When you got to Manchester, you were not long in becoming identified with local Temperance work?"

"Oh no! In Manchester, I felt I had come to the centre of Temperance effort and very soon became allied with the local branch of the C.E.T.S. and the United Kingdom Alliance as a member of their committees, and when, in 1892, the Bishop of Manchester honoured me with a canonry of Manchester Cathedral carrying with it the charge of the great parish of St. Philip's, Salford, I became more and more deeply immersed in the Temperance agitation."

"Your parish is, I believe, very much affected by the drinking habits of the people ?"

"Oh yes! But our parish is not worse than many town parishes. Still, as you suggest, intemperance is a great bar to religious effort."

"Do I understand you consider Temperance work a *necessary* complement to pastoral work ?"

"Certainly. Indeed I think the total abstinence of a minister is an invaluable aid in the discharge of his pastoral duties. It enables him to give an example which must be a safeguard to others. Thorough-going Temperance work is decidedly necessary as a part of Christian enterprise; and I feel strongly that so long as the hearted support which the Canon receives in his own family, all the members of which are pledged abstainers, for as the Canon was heard to tell a large public meeting,

"The best Band of Hope is the *home* Band of Hope, like the one I have, of which I am the president, my wife the secretary, and our children the members."

How much the Canon must miss social relaxations only those can estimate who possess his amiable qualities, and, like him, are so passionately fond of music. From a general conversation on the interest which the Canon has taken in civic and municipal life, in nursing and similar



R. BANKS, Photographer. MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL. 126, Market St., Manchester.

public-houses are far in excess of even what some might consider a legitimate demand, as a clergyman I must push on with Temperance work, for the Church's work is practically neutralised by the drink traffic."

Those who best know Canon Hicks as rector of this large parish feel how strongly his actions support this view. Unceasingly, while neglecting no other department of his duties, he attaches the utmost importance to the effectual promotion of total abstinence.

"Amusements!" said he, in answer to my inquiry. "My amusements are reading and the Temperance agitation."

At this I remarked that Mrs. Hicks must sometimes regret his complete absorption in spiritual, philanthropic and social work; to which he replied,

"Mrs. Hicks is wonderfully good—our wives *are* good"—a beautiful tribute to the whole-

institutions, we went on to chat more particularly about the Temperance movement. I inquired,

"How do you explain, Canon, the general aloofness of the cultured classes from the Temperance movement ?"

"Well," said he, "the cultured and educated people are wonderfully ignorant of the reality of the life of the masses. They *think* they know a great deal, but in fact they know little. Mark you, I do not say there is less love than there was between the masses and the classes, but there is a very progressive sundering, not in point of sympathy but in point of acquaintance. The attention which we are giving to sanitation, to the health of our boys and girls, and to environment, is leading those with means to seek for more spacious surroundings. Here and there heroic men, like the late Frank Crossley of Manchester, with all their wealth, live and die amid the people whom they loved. The majority,

however, seek their residences away from the masses of the people. The natural result is, that by reason of this very spaciousness, they do not become acquainted with the evils of intemperance in their very aggravated and aggregated forms such as we see them in populous districts. Not that the classes are more temperate. I believe there are as many drunkards proportionately among the cultured as among the ignorant, but they only see solitary instances, which they look upon as *strange lapses*, and do not feel so vitally moved thereby as those who see the enormous and concentrated evils which intemperance causes.

"Further, most social reform literature runs upon such topics as 'Sweating,' 'Living Wages,' 'Conditions of Labour,' rather than the conditions under which the people live. Before much can be done among the cultured classes they must know how the people live, and what a blessing the Temperance movement confers upon humanity, cultured and uncultured alike."

"It has been suggested that the Temperance people have themselves created the opposition of educated people."

"It may be so in some cases. The old-fashioned teetotaler was a strong individualist, not devoid of egotism, possessed of little culture. At the same time he was intensely in earnest, and a real philanthropist, and you know 'one man with a conviction is, as a social force, worth ninety-nine with only an interest.' Unfortunately, however, the classes looked upon him as a crank, a faddist, and hence came contempt and antagonism. Happily this type is dying out, though there is still room for more culture among the rank and file of our advocates, and especially for a better knowledge of their own movement."

"But this notwithstanding, you think the Temperance cause has made great progress?"

"Undoubtedly it has. Just consider for a moment what it means in the space of a few years to have changed the attitude of the community. Not long ago teetotalism was considered to mark lack of repectability; now the practice of teetotalism is reputable. It is quite true the amount of drink consumed per head of the population is about equal to what it was thirty years ago. But this only shows what a lot of hard drinking still exists. We *have* made real progress. Professional men, business men, doctors (whose press I cannot understand in neglecting the vital statistics afforded by Temperance societies), clergy and ministers, who a few years ago were, almost to a man, against us, now, if not actually supporting us, give an acquiescent approval. No one can consider for a moment the wonderful growth of the Temperance Orders, the increasing influence of Temperance Organisations, and the growing political power of the United Kingdom Alliance, the fact that we have 7,000,000 adult and juvenile abstainers, that Temperance instruction is given in our schools, that Temperance sermons are regularly preached in our pulpits, without feeling that we have made real advance. Perhaps one of the most notorious signs of our progress is the fact that the liquor people themselves are beginning to use literature to support drinking. For example, Messrs. Dewar send us a pamphlet giving bogus statistics to show that whisky drinking is good for health, and Messrs. Peter Walker send out a pamphlet, speciously written, to delude the people into the belief that their well-being is fostered by drink. Positive and negative signs—many more than I have time now to enumerate—all prove the advance."

"But you are by no means satisfied?"

"Oh no! There is an immense field of labour before us."

"What do you consider the pressing need of the movement?"

"There is scarcely one Temperance man in fifty who attempts to understand the movement. There is great need that Temperance workers should make themselves acquainted with the accumulating evidences in favour of total abstinence and the increasing mass of facts and figures, which all go to show the real need for and value of the Temperance movement. For example, how forcible it would be to show that the average longevity of the abstainer is increased from five to ten years over that of the drinker, all other conditions being equal. I think there is great need that our workers should let go doubtful arguments such as that based upon the number of people employed in breweries as compared with other trades, for definite indisputable facts of the better health, extension of life, improved surroundings, material gain and spiritual welfare promoted by Temperance."

"I suppose, Canon, you must have had very strange experiences in some of your meetings?"

"As a rule I have been remarkably well received. At Northampton, however, in the Town Hall, the liquor men packed the room with a noisy, drunken, tippling crowd, and kept the meeting in hopeless disorder. Perhaps the strangest experience, however, was at Lichfield when, during a recent Parliamentary election, I went down, on behalf of the Alliance to oppose the brewer, Fulford, and to appeal to Temperance men to sink their politics and not to vote for a liquor man. The ire of Fulford's supporters was rather alarming. Having, however, taken the precaution of first chaining our waggon to Dr. Johnson's statue, I managed to get a hearing and to enter my protest against liquordom."

Just then the clock reminded me that the end of the interview had come, and, thanking the Canon for his courtesy, I took my leave. Before, however, doing so, I received the following message from him - a message which, coming from an eminent Greek scholar, a select preacher to the University of Oxford, and a Temperance worker who is one of the experts of the movement, will doubtless be of especial interest to our readers:—

"Tell the workers," said the Canon, "I consider Temperance work useless, unless with preventive effort it combines at one end rescue work among the drunkards, carried on in the spirit of the Gospel, and, at the other end, an intelligent support of all legislative reform, and, in particular, the granting to the people of the power of Local Veto." —W.C.W.

Poems of the Home.

By Mary M. Forrester.



I.—
Mother's Empire.

When the doors of the house are closed
And the blinds are down,
When no longer I hear the buzz
Of the distant town;
When the world and I are apart,
With the walls between,
Then my home is the only world,
And I am its queen.

And my empire is ruled by love,
And its laws are writ
O'er the throne of my children's hearts,
Where in peace I sit;
And into this world of mine,
No foemen intrude,
While the crown that I proudly wear
Is my motherhood!

When the doors of the house are closed,
And my world is free
From the clamour of warring men,
Then unto my knee
My people draw softly near,
My children so fair,
Who have known not the breath of strife,
Nor the cloud of care.

And I gather them to my breast,
These subjects so sweet,
Who have sought me to lay their hearts
At their monarch's feet;
And with lips that are fresh and pure
As the wild-rose tips,
They tender their treasures of love
To my hands, and lips.

There's no foemen, however strong,
Can destroy my throne,
And no enemy wreck this world
Where I reign alone;
For the empire is in the hands,
Of the One above,
And its people and queen are one
In the bonds of love.

Ah, kingdom! whose throne is bright
As the brightest star,
Dear home-land, whose laws were made
In the heavens afar!
What world can compare with thee,
In thy peace serene?
What monarch is half so fair
As thy mother queen?

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

"THE MAN THAT DINED, NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL."

ARE we, in this nineteenth century of boasted progress, "living to eat, or eating to live?" I ask; or, to twist the familiar words into a more comprehensive query to include our national crime of "lifting the elbow," are we "living to eat and drink, or are we eating and drinking to live?"

What's the matter with everybody? In a land of doctors and nurses we ought to be well, but nobody seems quite "sound" (I don't mean financially, gentle reader), but little ailments seem to be, octopus-like, creeping over the nation: pills are being sold by the ton, and potions nestle in rows upon ten thousand shelves (waiting to be shaken and then taken). Every newspaper is a trap to catch the dyspeptic, the most fascinating headings are almost inevitably holes dug to precipitate the unwary reader into a medicine chest, till an overwhelming dread of being brought face to face with Beagle's Syrup, or John's Blue Pills renders each piece of news in our "daily" a flat and uninteresting bit of fiction until the last line is reached, and until, with a gasp of relief, we realise that we are *safe*, and the medicine man has not been shadowing us. Well, what's the matter? I ask. Simply this, we are masters of the world, and we can penetrate to every corner of it in search of what it contains, both eatable and drinkable; and just in proportion to the length of our bill of fare, so is our doctor's bill. A chemist said to me one day, pointing to a splendid cart horse, "If we had as much sense in feeding ourselves as we have in feeding our horses we should be a nation of giants."

In that sentence is wrapped one of the secrets of England's greatness, for surely a sound mind in a sound body means health, and an unhealthy nation sooner or later must step back.

Simplicity of living is difficult to attain, but it is worth a struggle, and when once it is cultivated we shall appreciate the keen enjoyment of a personal realisation of the truism—"Choose that course of life which is best, and nature will soon render it most delightful."

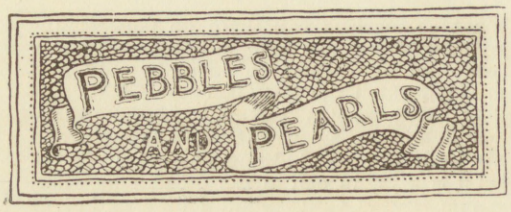
What comparison can there be between the enjoyment got out of a hunk of bread, and a slab of soap (in the form of a lump of cold suet dumpling), which the lusty labourer calmly puts out of sight at his mid-day meal, and the delicately sliced tongue, or the finely minced veal of my Lady Kill-time? None whatever! To the yokel it is a joy to eat, to the other a penance. The one follows God's natural laws, and earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, the other too frequently shrinks from the absolutely essential substitution of exercise, even in the form of her tennis or her bike, and spends her day lolling in her boudoir, reading rubbishy novels and wonders "why she can't enjoy her dinner!"

But if we sin in our *eating*, we are immeasurably guiltier in our *drinking*. The "Three-bottle man" is not yet a thing of the past, although we often lay to ourselves the flattering unction that he is so. We have yet to live longer to see



the day when men shall have a conscientious dread of dining "too well," and when they shall eschew the bottle as an enemy to their digestion, and a downright affront to their intellects.

Few men would, upon any consideration, be seen sitting in a state of semi-collapse at the dinner table, as a result of their excesses, yet few have the courage to dine *wisely* in the sense of eschewing alcohol *entirely*, and "giving nature a chance." Now let us begin *as a nation* to act up to what we know to be true, and let us cease to "hark back" to past centuries, and move heaven and earth, and other places too, in order to find a precedent for injurious habits and vices, which advanced civilisation and untrammelled science year by year make harder for us to ignore if we desire to steer clear of the sin of holding the truth theoretically and despising it practically.



God never makes a mistake.

Alcohol, ether, and chloroform, are all protoplasmic poisons.—*T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., F.R.S.*

A Chinese Jest.—A man, seeing an oyster vendor pass by called out, "Give me a pound of those oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

Mistress: A caller? Is it a lady or a gentleman?

Servant: I don't know, mum; it has the voice of a lady, an' the clothes of a gentleman.

Time too Limited.—"What was the cause of the trouble in the women's club?"

"The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each woman for speaking on any one question to three hours."

Sixty Years Ago and Now.—Close upon sixty years ago, 80 men were discharged from Sweeney New Colliery, near Oswestry, for being abstainers. Now teetotalers are preferred. In the Thames Ironworks there are nearly 500 working men teetotalers.

An Argument.—Mr. Crusty: No, sir; I think you're a fraud. I don't believe you're blind at all.

Medicant: If I wasn't blind do you think I'd ever ask such a miserly-looking fellow as you for anything?

On Historic Ground.—"Yes, sir, this is the place were the battle was fought."

"Have you any relics of it."

"Yes, sir. John, mould the gentleman about twenty bullets, and tell the blacksmith to hammer out a bayonet, quick."

Did You Know

THAT ON

Jan. 3, 1888, Public-houses Closing (Scot.) Act came into operation.

,, 14, 1892, Cardinal Manning died.

,, 16, 1834, The First Temperance Convention in England was held.

,, 20, 1790, John Howard, Prison Philanthropist, died.

,, 26, 1504, A law was passed empowering English magistrates to suppress ale houses.

,, 31, 1892, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon died.

He is temperate who on no occasion prefers what is merely agreeable to what is best.—*Xenophon.*

A mother should, in order to supply wholesome milk to her child, partake only of plain and wholesome food, avoiding intoxicating drinks such as spirits and beer.—*Dr. Niven, Medical Officer of Health, Manchester.*

VERY LUCKY.

"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"

"Remarkable!"

"Caught some beauties, eh?"

"I didn't get a nibble."

"But you said you were lucky."

"I was, I fell into the river and didn't get drowned."

Because They Cannot Stop.—"Mother," said a little boy, looking out of the window, "why does that man stagger as he goes along?" "Because he is drunk," she replied. "But, mother, why do they not stop drinking?" "Because they either cannot, or think they cannot." "Well, then," said he, lifting his face to hers, "why do they ever begin?"

There are not many gentlemen in their eightieth year who can boast, as can Mr. Thomas Wyles, of the Buxton College, of being able to carry a knapsack through a three week's walking tour, extending over a distance of nearly 300 miles, on three occasions ascending to an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet, and many times up to 7,000 feet above sea level. But then, Mr. Wyles, who is an ardent abstainer, says he pays due regard to his three doctors—Water, Diet, Exercise.

A Champion Cricketer.—Prince Ranjitsinhji, of India, the famous cricketer, said recently to an interviewer, "With regard to drinks, boys generally drink ginger beer, lemonade, and where they are allowed it, beer. I assert, although I fear there will be a great preponderance of opinion against my theory, *that water is far and away the best*; failing that, I advise *non-alcoholic drinks*. . . . I do not advise them to take anything more than a little water, just to wet the throat and rinse the mouth. This is all that is necessary; it will quench the thirst effectively."

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, Sword and Trowel, &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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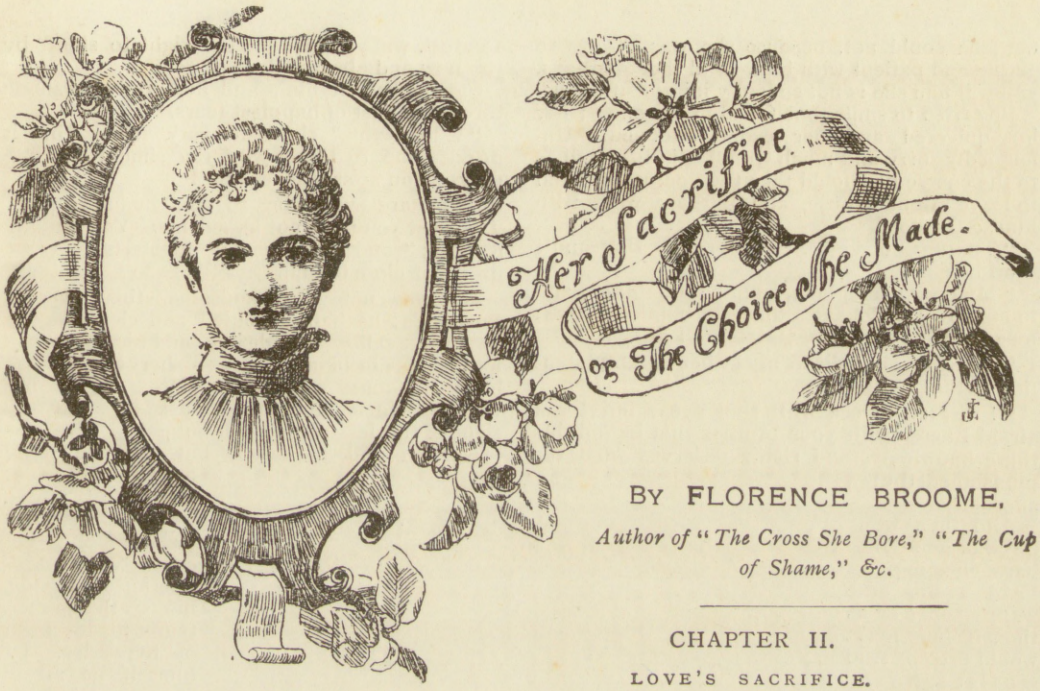

BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Gethsemane
Denied our Lord all human sympathy;
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for others' sake,
Smiling the while, lest loving hearts should break
For our relief.

O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no 'plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the life you give is found;
Somewhere we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice.

WHEN Stephen attempted to raise his mother she moaned and writhed with pain, and a terrible dread filled the young fellow's heart, because in all the world there was no one so dear to him as the frail, patient woman who had given him birth.

Even Oscar Gatenby was sobered by the catastrophe, and allowed himself to be led from the room; and Barbara, having despatched the little maid for Dr. Evans, returned to her brother's assistance.

Mrs. Gatenby was moaning weakly, and there was blood on her hair and brow. The girl felt sick and faint, but this was not the time to indulge her own weakness, and procuring towels she began to bandage the poor wounded head.

Stephen, with a terrible expression in his eyes, had bent over his mother.

"Can you tell me where you are most hurt, dear?" he asked unsteadily.

"It is my back, Steve darling; it is numb until I try to move and then the pain almost kills me."

He caught his breath, but she, getting fast hold of his hand, said,

"Steve, he didn't mean to do it, and we must try our best to shield him. When he is sober he is quite kind and tender——"

"And he is *never* sober," the son answered bitterly; "I will do nothing to cover his offences."

"But he is your father, Steve; and once he was so different. Oh, my boy! Oh, my boy!—and you, Barbara, be merciful to him for my sake. Promise that you will tell no one how this came about, not even little Eve. You will promise?"

"Because you ask it, mother darling, yes," said Barbara; but Stephen shut his lips with a grim expression, and before more could be said Dr. Evans entered.

With his help Stephen contrived to get Mrs. Gatenby to bed, and after an exhaustive examination he rejoined the brother and sister.

"I have nothing but sad news for you," he said pitifully. "Mrs. Gatenby has seriously injured her spine. I am afraid there is no hope of her recovery; I am even fearful lest her brain may be affected by her fall. How did it occur? Of course it was an accident?" And he glanced keenly from one to the other.

"Mother fell over the fender, with her head upon the hearthstone," Barbara explained with averted face. But Stephen broke in stormily,

"My father struck her in his drunken rage; I saw him do it, but she and my sister wish to shield him; only I say, use your knowledge as you please."

"Poor Steve," the girl said very gently, "he is not quite himself, being so angry with father. But, Dr. Evans, if you would show my mother kindness you will repeat nothing of what my brother has told. Father did not mean to hurt

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her; he could not, because she was always so gentle and patient with him. And then, perhaps, you will find she is not so badly injured after all."

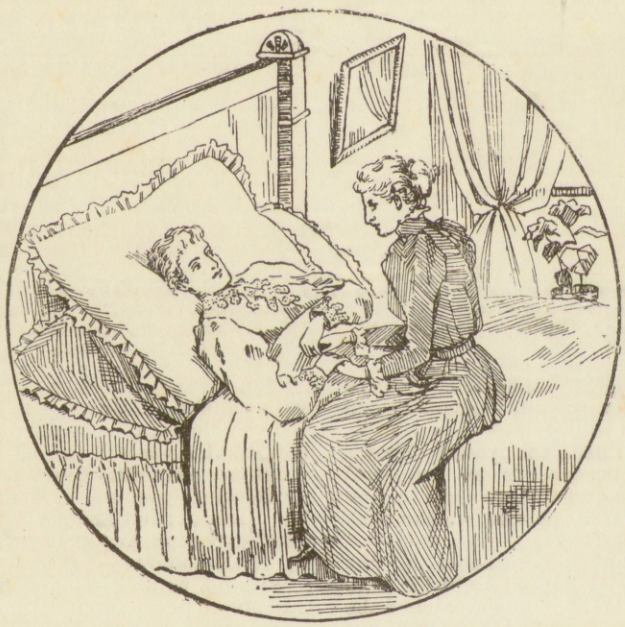
She tried to smile, but failed in the effort; her lips quivered and her eyelids drooped. Unfeignedly sorry and much troubled in his mind as to the course he should take the doctor prepared to leave Alpha House, and Barbara went with him to the door.

"There *is* hope? Oh tell me only that and I shall be content."

"My dear young lady, I am not infallible; and to-morrow I may have a different opinion to give; for your sake and Mrs. Gatenby's I hope so."

"And you will believe my father had no intention to hurt her?"

"I will try to see with your eyes; but I am afraid I agree with your brother that he did this thing knowingly, and richly deserves whatever punishment the law affords."



"Promise me, Barbara; promise!"

And then when he was gone Barbara, leaning her head against the wall, sobbed as though her heart would break. And whilst she so sobbed the hall door opened and a young man entered.

"Miss Gatenby," he exclaimed in shocked tones. "Barbara, what is it?" And, half unconsciously, he put an arm about her, as though he feared she would fall.

"Mr. Dormer, it is my mother; she is ill—very ill, and I am afraid for her. I cannot tell you how it all happened; you must ask Steve, but if my mother dies, and Dr. Evans fears she will, although he does not say so much, what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Try to be calm, Barbara, and let me hear the story from your own lips, and whilst you tell it remember always I love you, and every grief of yours must needs be shared by me."

In the midst of all her passion and pain, his words brought a strange new joy to her, and gave her courage. She had never dreamed he loved her, and now to feel that she was dear to him lifted her out of the slough of despond, for if any could help her surely it was he.

"I did not mean to speak, Barbara, until I had something worthy to offer you, but somehow it seems wisest to throw prudence to the winds. You want help and sympathy, and although I believe both your brother and Eve love you dearly, they are not the helpers they should be. Dearest, will you give me the right to stand by you now and always?"

She looked at him, and her grey eyes shone through a mist of happiest tears.

"I love you," she said very softly, "but it puzzles me to think why *you* should hold me dear. You are so clever and I ——"

"You are everything to me," he interrupted, "and yet you have not kissed me. You will do it now;" and with tender masterfulness he drew her close to him.

He was not very handsome, this lover of Barbara's; he had a refined and clever face, a somewhat sallow complexion, and his dark eyes, for all their brilliancy, were so short-sighted that he needs must use an eye-glass. What use were spectacles to him, he asked, when the sight of the left eye was all but gone? He was broad set and muscular, but not above the average height of men, and there were many who disliked him because of his intolerance of vice, his scathing contempt for any form of hypocrisy. Of himself he rarely spoke, and, indeed, Eve had dubbed him "the mystery," because he never received any letters, and no friends ever called upon him.

But Barbara was very proud of her lover, and, now that this new tie existed between them, hid nothing from him that should be told, except just her father's violence to her mother, and Steve took care to inform him of that.

Mrs. Gatenby openly rejoiced in her daughter's engagement, although the father grumblingly said with her beauty she ought to have done better. But Barbara was accustomed to his complainings, and heeded them not at all.

Then, too, she had so much to occupy her time and her thoughts. It was found that Mrs. Gatenby's spine was so terribly injured that paralysis of the brain must inevitably follow, and so long as memory endured she persisted in the statement, "I did it myself, I stepped backwards, and entangling my feet in my skirt fell across the hearth."

No one believed her; but no one proceeded against her husband, perhaps because they felt any harm that befell him would precipitate the end for her.

But daily she sank; and one morning, after she had lain hours clasping her head

between her hands, she called Barbara to her.

"My dear one," she whispered, "let me speak to you now before the end comes, and the darkness falls upon me. I am going from you, and it may be I shall go in silence, unconscious of your presence and your love. Give me your hands, child of my heart; so——oh, my God! give me strength and clearness of brain to say what is in my mind—Barbara, promise me, promise me, when I am gone, never to forsake your father, although the world will say, 'Do it in justice to yourself.' Steve will leave him, and our pretty Eve; but if you follow them, then there will be no hope for him. What love he has in his heart is all for you, and if you fail him he is lost for ever. Promise me, Barbara; promise!"

"Rest content, dear mother, I will never leave him."

"God bless you, Barbara; and remember always *that I trusted you*. I have tried to lift my poor Oscar from out of his misery and have failed; but perhaps God will give you the victory, you are stronger and cleverer than I."

Those were the last reasonable words poor Mrs. Gatenby spoke. Gradually she grew weaker and weaker. She suffered no pain, and knew nothing of her wretched husband's goings and comings. She lay with vacant eyes looking around, not hearing Eve's bitter condemnations of her father, or Stephen's savage reproaches. She was even unconscious of Barbara's presence and Barbara's love. And so she sank and died.

Oscar Gatenby attended the funeral in a state of maudlin drunkenness; but when the sad little party returned home, having comforted himself with a generous libation, he became quite cheerful, and prepared to discuss business matters with his children and Anthony Dormer.

Stephen listened until the droning voice died out, then he said,

"The time has come for us to part; I have resolved to separate from you, and Eve will cast in her lot with me. Until Barbara becomes Anthony's wife I hope she will consent to do the same.

But Barbara started to her feet.

"Stephen, I could not do it. I promised mother always to stay with him; and God, who heard my vow, will exact its fulfilment from me."

"But," broke in Stephen, "this is absurd; you cannot feel yourself bound in any way to the man it is our misfortune to call father. He must learn to help himself."

Barbara crossed to the astounded man.

"Dear," she said, ever so softly, "it was my mother's wish we should be always together, and so I shall not leave you."

"But," urged Anthony, "I have surely a voice in this matter. You belong to me; and I am quite willing to do what lies in my power to assist Mr. Gatenby so long as he agrees to remain apart from us."

"Anthony! my promise! Oh, I dare not break it. You must wait for me, dear; for I will not vex my mother in heaven by breaking faith with her."

"Suppose," said Stephen, "that we leave this question out of sight until we have settled money matters. You know, of course—turning to his father with a look of utmost contempt—"that mother being dead, Aunt Honor's legacy becomes divisible between we three. This house is Barbara's, and it would be well to remember that you are a pensioner on our bounty. My share of the little income I am willing to make over to you, if you will sign an agreement to leave us unmolested. Thirteen and fourpence—the exact sum coming weekly to me—should be sufficient for your needs."

"I am your father," whined Gatenby.

"That is my misfortune."

"You would not leave me alone in the world? And how is a gentleman to exist on the pittance you propose? Why cannot we live as we have always done?"

"Because I will no longer be disgraced by you, sir. I am severing every link between us, and from to-day, of my own free will, I will never exchange words with you. You are as one dead to me."

"If your poor mother,——" began Gatenby, when Stephen advancing said,

"If you dare to take her sacred name upon your lips I will fell you. She was the victim of your vice, your rage, and that I will never forget. Years ago I told you I would pay back every blow you gave me, every act of violence towards my mother, and I do it thus. Barbara, you loved your mother, bid this man go."

She burst into terrible tears.

"I cannot go against my conscience; it is the will of God that I should remain with him."

"If that is your decision I have no more to say. Eve, you and I must find another home, our sister no longer needs us."

"Oh, Steve! oh, Steve! have patience, and be pitiful to me. It is not easy to do my duty; do not leave me."

But he, holding his hand to Eve, said,

"Come, further delay is useless. I will send you an address, Barbara, to which you may apply, when you are weary of your absurd self-sacrifice."

(To be continued.)

"THE supreme duty of the hour is to convince the moderate drinker that he is doing himself harm. If only this belief was general, men would soon become a law unto themselves to such a degree that statutory enactments would be but the outward expression of an inward grace. Upon the sullen fortress of moderate drinking the artillery of Temperance reform must concentrate in future years. It has been an incalculable gain to make drunkenness a disgrace instead of an amiable peculiarity, as it was 100 years ago; or a pardonable peccadillo, as it was in the memory of the oldest inhabitant; or a necessary evil as it was a generation back. The forces that have worked to this end are precisely the same that must now be directed against so-called 'moderation.' We must stoutly maintain the position that there is no moderation in the use of what is harmful. Happily, in taking this position we have 'great allies,' of which the greatest is the dictum of the modern sciences."—*Miss Willard.*

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

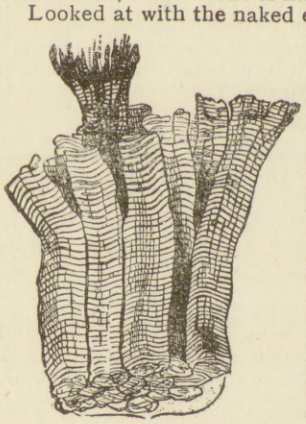
II.—THE MUSCLES: MOTION AND LOCOMOTION.

COVERING the bones we have a mass of flesh consisting of fat and red flesh, or muscle. All the parts of red meat that we may see in a butcher's shop were muscles in the living animal. It will be convenient for us to get some idea of

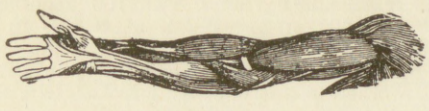
WHAT MUSCLE IS LIKE.

When we were learning a little about the bones, we found that the microscope could teach us some wonderful things about the way in which they were built up. In a similar way we shall see that muscle is still more wonderful in its construction than bone. Muscle is soft and elastic, whilst bone is hard and rigid.

Looked at with the naked eye, muscle appears to be a mere lump of flesh, but the microscope reveals that it consists of a large number of bundles of fibres, and that when these fibres are separated they consist of a very large number of cells. So that we get this fact, that just as the bones were made up of living cells, building up the hard and solid bone, so the muscles are made up of an infinite number of cells, but remaining soft, and having the power of contraction and expansion. These bundles of fibres are all covered with a soft skin or membrane holding them all together, and keeping them in proper shape. At the ends of the muscle the bundles are all attached to a piece of very tough material called a tendon. One end of the tendon gathers up all the fibres of the muscle, and the other end of the tendon is fastened strongly to the bone. This is very clearly shown in the figure illustrating some of



Muscle Fibres.



Muscles of Arm, showing Tendons.

the muscles of the fore arm. We can also see from this the great number of muscles, enabling us to move the hand and arm in any direction.

The next thing for us to learn is that there are

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MUSCLE.

The muscles of the body may be divided into two great classes. Those called *voluntary*, or striped muscles, like those in the figure showing the muscle fibres. They are called striped because the lines of the cells give them this appearance. These muscles are under the control of the will. All the muscles of the limbs are of this kind. They only do work when directed to do so by the will.

Then we have what are called *involuntary*, or unstriped muscle. The cells of involuntary muscle are altogether different in shape and constitution from those of voluntary muscle, as we may see on reference to the sketch. These muscles are not under the control of the will. They are found in the muscular walls of the internal organs and vessels, such as the muscular coats of the stomach and the muscular coats of the arteries. Thus the arteries do the work of contracting and expanding, night and day, just as well when we are asleep as when we are awake.



Involuntary Muscle Fibre.

In addition to these two great classes, there is a special kind of muscle of which the heart is composed. The heart has to do great and constant muscular work. It must never stop, or life at once ceases. Nature has therefore provided a kind of muscle cell that can meet this requirement. On examination we find the heart fibres are striped owing to the arrangement of the cells, and yet they are involuntary in their action

We have learned a little about each kind of muscle, and it will be necessary now to find out

WHAT MUSCLE DOES.

It might seem at first a very simple thing to express what muscle does. This single word, work, seems to convey everything; but these bodies of ours are so wonderful and so complex that there is a great deal more to be said than that. It will be enough for our purpose if we think of four things only :

1. Power of responding to a nerve stimulus.
2. By contraction, power to do work.
3. Production of heat as a result of contraction.
4. Waste matters carried away by blood.

Muscle does not work because it must work. It has the power to do work, but it must first receive an impulse by means of a nerve. No sooner do we will to do a thing, than the nerves convey the stimuli to the various muscles concerned, and they contract accordingly, and the necessary motion is accomplished. We can hardly conceive of the extraordinary rapidity with which this occurs, but we can get some idea of it when we remember that the wing of an insect (which is moved by muscular contraction governed by the will of the insect) moves several hundred times a second.

Every time a muscle contracts and expands food conveyed in the blood to the muscle is used

up, and heat is produced as a result. This accounts for the fact that the harder we work the warmer we get, and the heat has to escape more rapidly, and so we feel very hot.

As a result of this using up of food, and of the production of heat, there is a large amount of waste matter, which is carried off by the blood as it flows through the capillaries of the muscle.

HOW MUSCLE IS FED.

If muscle works it must have food, and the conditions for a good, healthy muscle are as follows:– It must be

WELL WORKED, CLEANSED, FED.

Exercise and work make muscle grow and become strong and healthy. It must be cleansed, as we have seen, by the carrying off of waste products, and then it must be fed.

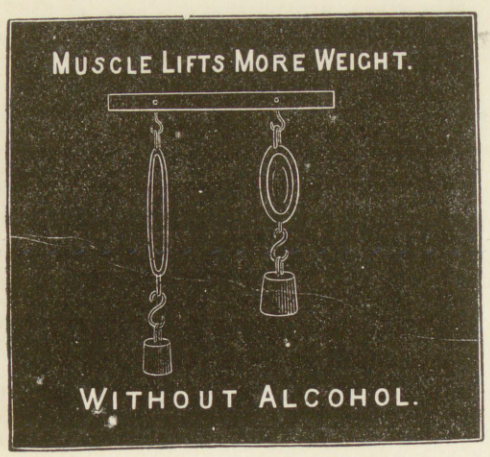
Muscle tissue must have for its food material containing nitrogen. It cannot live on nitrogenous substances alone, but it is also true that it cannot grow and become strong and active unless nitrogenous substances are present in the food we eat. Bread, milk, eggs, peas, lean meat, and cheese are all good illustrations of food containing nitrogenous matter.

Food is chewed, digested, absorbed into the blood, and so carried to the muscles, where the active, living muscle cells can use it. This accounts for the fact that the harder we work the more hungry we become, and the better appetite we possess. We must now give a little attention to a very important inquiry,

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES FOR MUSCLE.

First of all, we may say what it does not. It is certain that it cannot feed muscle, for it does not contain any particle of nitrogenous material.

It always does harm so far as muscle is concerned, and this harm is threefold in its character. First, alcohol is a muscle paralyser; that is to say, better work can be done without alcohol than with it. Sir B. W. Richardson, a great

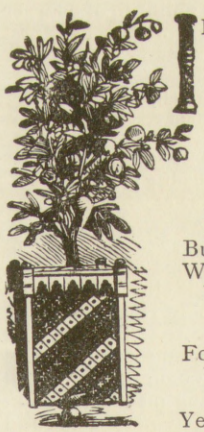


doctor, tried many experiments to prove this, and our sketch illustrates one of these experiments. He found that if he took two muscles of the same size from a recently killed animal, and soaked one in a little water, and the other in some water and alcohol, the one which had been soaked in the alcohol could not contract to anything like the same extent as the one which had been soaked in water only. It had lost power. The experiment was repeated in a variety of ways and under varying conditions, but the result was always the same, showing that alcohol had paralysed to some extent muscle power. We get an illustration of the same thing in the case of a man under the influence of drink. He has lost muscular control and muscular power. Experience also testifies the same thing in showing that men can accomplish more hard work and greater endurance without alcohol than with it. The notable case of Weston, an abstainer, who walked 5,000 miles in 100 days, is a good illustration of this.

Then, secondly, alcohol absorbs water from muscle tissue, for it is greedy for water everywhere, and in the third place it retards the removal of waste material. But we shall learn more of this in a later lesson. The great points to remember are, that alcohol cannot supply muscle with food, and that it lessens the power of muscle to do work.

"OUR OWN."

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.



IF I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you heedless pain;
But we may vex "our own"
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

A QUAINT GAME WITH A QUEER HISTORY.

By Ruth B. Yates.

THE JOLLY MILLER.



WHEN the little folk are enjoying themselves in their happy games they little think they are perpetuating the traditions of bygone ages. Yet so it is, for many of the games played by the children of to day are identically the same as those which delighted their youthful ancestors hundreds of years ago. In these games, also, are handed down to us the quaint manners and customs then in vogue, and in many instances the words used—though now obsolete—are still sung by children at play.

For example, there is one which we venture to think is familiar to every reader of this magazine, as, not only is it a favourite with every British child, but it is also enjoyed by children of a larger growth, many of whom join in it with hearty zest during their festivities.

There is a jolly miller,
And he lives by himself,
As the wheel goes round
He makes his pelf.
One hand in the hopper
And the other in the bag;
As the wheel goes round
He makes his grab."

This game requires an uneven number of players. All the children, except one, stand in couples arm in arm, each couple closely following the other. This forms a double ring or wheel. The odd child stands in the centre. The children forming the wheel walk round in a circle and sing the verse. When they come to the word "grab," those children standing on the *inside* of the wheel loose hold of their partners' arms and try to catch hold of the one standing immediately in front of their previous partners. The child in the centre (or miller) tries (while they are changing places), to secure a partner and place. If he succeeds in doing this, the one then left out becomes the miller.

The above is the version with which we have been familiar from infancy, and this seems to be one of the oldest and most correct. Versions of this game are known in almost every county of England and Scotland, with remarkably little variation, except such as comes from the corruption of the words so often repeated.

For instance, in several counties, "wealth" is substituted for "pelf" as being a more modern term and better understood. "Hopper" is corrupted into "upper" in Yorkshire and again into "other" in Nottinghamshire.

At Leicester, the mode of playing is somewhat different, as the miller stands *outside* the wheel or ring instead of being in the centre, and it is the outside children who change places.

The miller used to be an important personage when everyone had to have their own corn ground, and bake their own flour into bread; that was in the days when bakers' shops were a commodity found only in chief cities, and not always even there. The cornmill, which was turned by wind or water, was a familiar object on every village green, and the dusty figure of the miller forms the subject of many an ancient ballad song.

This verse doubtless owes its origin to the fact that, in the olden times, the miller was not paid for his work in money but in grain. At each turn of the wheel, as the corn ran down the hopper, or wooden trough, that carried it to the mill, the miller made a grab, and the handful he obtained was his fee. With constant practice it will be seen that with "one hand in the hopper and the other in the bag," a clever miller would be able to convey from one to the other a considerable amount more than the stipulated handful.

So much for the jolly miller who lives by himself; but, naturally, when by selling the contents of his bag of grain to the poor people, and again taking his "grab" as he ground it for them, he soon made his "pelf," or fortune, and then wished for someone to share it with him; and so the game carries us on to another custom which formerly prevailed, and we see how he obtained his wife.

The ancient custom of "grabbing" for sweethearts and wives at the public festivals is clearly shown in this game, though we think our readers will agree with us that such a method must have been a very unsatisfactory one. Here is an instance where the "grabbing" took place in real earnest.

At Campbeltown, all who did not find themselves happy and contented in the marriage state were indulged with an opportunity of parting and making a second choice.

Accordingly, once a year, all the unhappy couples in Campbeltown were requested to assemble in the parish church. At midnight, all present were blindfolded, and ordered to run round the church at full speed. The result may be very well imagined, groping their way along, some fast, some slower, they soon became hopelessly mixed. At a given signal, each one stood still, and without a moment's delay to give anyone time to get a sly peep, the word "Cabbay" (meaning seize quickly or grab) was pronounced, upon which every man laid hold of the first person wearing petticoats he could feel.

We are not told whether the couples were always benefited by the change, but as the lady "grabbed," whether old or young, handsome or ugly, good or bad, was his wife till the next anniversary of this custom, we are inclined to think that it must have led to some very awkward complications.

A more ancient instance still of "grabbing" for wives is recorded in the Bible, in the book of Judges, when the men of the tribe of Benjamin

grabbed the daughters of Shiloh and carried them away as their wives.

Thus we see that whenever the children join in the merry game of the "Jolly Miller," all unknowingly they perpetuate the memory of very quaint old customs.

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

OFF TO KLONDIKE.

DON'T expect "Old Fogey" to be very keen about going to Klondike. When we begin to be "old fogeys" we put our thinking caps on. Oh, yes, we haven't lived for nothing. I remember once hearing an elderly "fogey" say: "What's the good of gettin' old unless you get cunnin'?" The blood in our veins is getting a bit cooled, and we look at things with our spectacles on our nose, and we say, "Steady on, there, don't drop the reins on the horse's neck; look before you leap, make sure of the ground before you jump on it." But when we have had our say, and a very wise "say" it may be, born of dearly-bought experience, the young blood will tell us to hold our peace and let him have his fling, and he *has* his fling, and he flings himself into a morass of sin and sorrow, and mental and physical torture, and then he puts on *our* spectacles and he says: "I see it all now, whyever couldn't I see before?"



But what is the secret of this Klondike fever? Gold hath charms far above music for the man of the world, and for "filthy lucre" he will sacrifice *everything*. Gold, gold, gold. How men *crave* for gold. Gold before health, gold before comfort of body, gold before rest of mind, gold before an interest in Christ, gold before heaven and its endless glories.

Strange, but true; for gold men will risk their lives in swimming foaming cataracts; for gold they will climb the ruggedest mountains; for gold they will scale the most dangerous heights; for gold they will encounter wild beasts; for gold they will mingle with savages; for gold they will suffer tortures indescribable; for gold they will undergo gnawing hunger; for gold they will suffer terrible thirst; for gold they will ruin characters (their own or other people's, it matters not which); for gold they will rob; for gold they will lie; for gold they will sacrifice every comfort; for gold they will endure all hardships; for gold they will rush hither and thither, with care and worry stamped on their restless brows; for gold they will neglect their nearest relatives; for gold they will forsake their dearest friends, and then, after screwing and hoarding and scraping and saving for a lifetime, and after having made shipwreck of everything worth living for, they will die and leave their gold to some scape-grace relative, who will commit as many sins and get to himself as much misery in spending it as the hoarder did in amassing it. Such is the love of gold.

Let "Old Fogey" say to all and sundry who are Klondike mad, "The game isn't worth the candle." Don't make too much haste to be rich. There are fortunes waiting the *good* in our tight little island; and the *bad* are better without them. After all, what a will-o'-the-wisp is a gold bag! A millionaire was once asked what he felt like. He said, "Well, I feel just the same as I did before I had the 'pieces.' I can only eat one meal at a time, and I never lacked for food to satisfy my hunger when I had none of the world's riches. I can only wear one suit of clothes at a time, and I never wanted for raiment to keep my body warm when I had a slender purse. And then," he continued in this strain, "I now have innumerable *acquaintances*, but scarcely a single *friend*. Everybody seems to be looking at my millions, and *I* am 'nowhere.' I am pestered year in and year out for my money. Not a post comes in but I have scores, sometimes hundreds, of applications from the needy. If I give to all, my millions would be gone like the morning dew. If I hold it back I am denounced as 'an unfeeling capitalist.' I am scowled at by the jealous, which is even worse than being eternally fawned upon by sycophants. The investment and care of my riches becomes an intolerable burden, and I often envy the stonebreaker on the road."

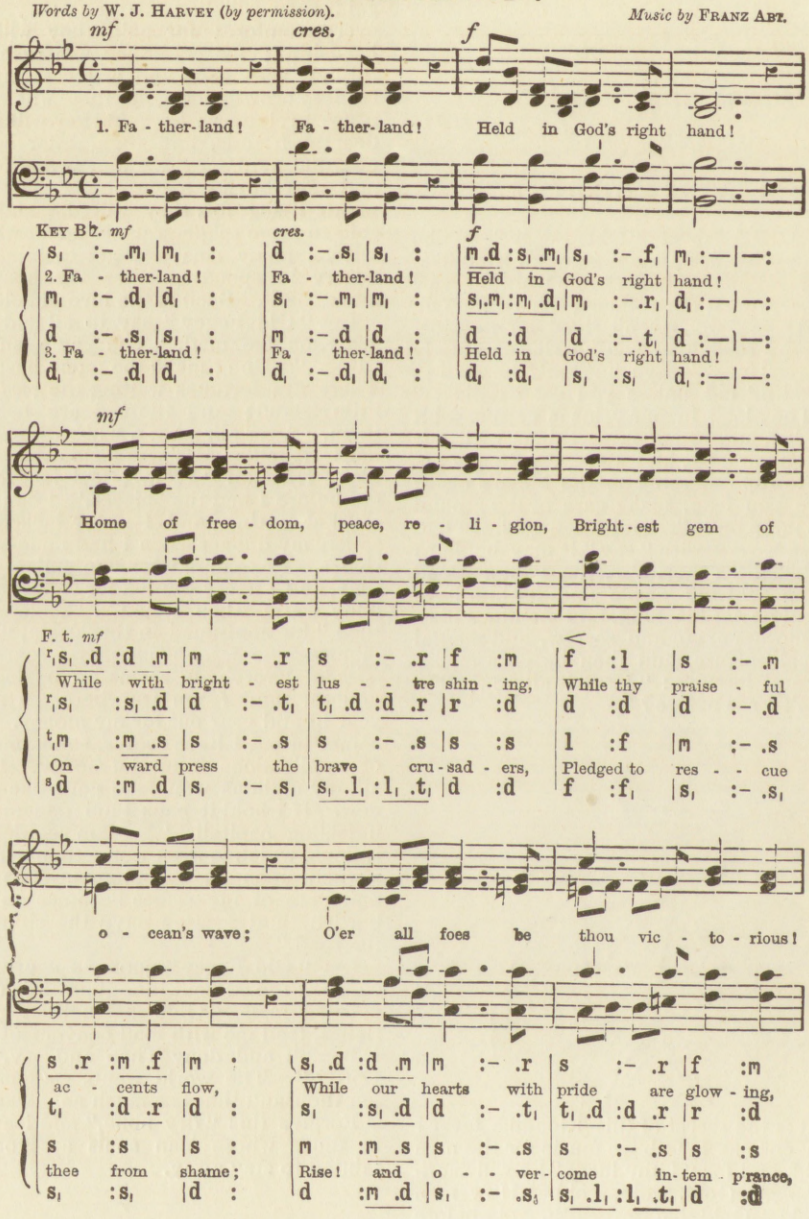
Let "Old Fogey" quote to every gold-hungry chum at the present time the words of the wisest of wise men—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee and say, Who is the Lord?" The world wants *gold* men just now, ten thousand times as much as it wants *rich* men.

Forgive this "dry bone," and leave Klondike to those whose lean souls are too mammon-tainted to stay away.

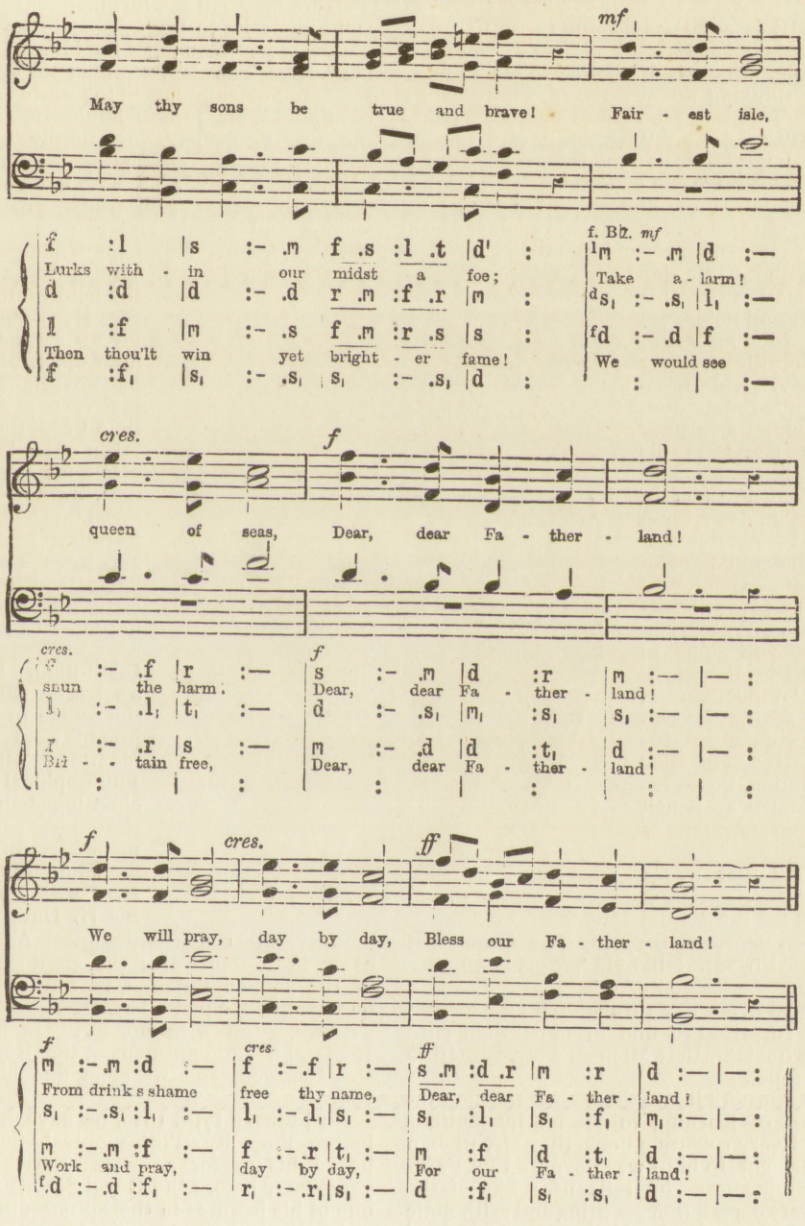
At Brookston, Indiana, a man who had been served with drink by a saloon keeper, became intoxicated, and shot at and wounded a bystander. The wife of the injured man sued the liquor dealer, claiming damages for her husband's loss of time and the cost of nursing him. The court awarded her 833 dollars, thus placing the responsibility on the right shoulders.

FATHERLAND!

Words by W. J. HARVEY (*by permission*). *Music by* FRANZ ABT.



FATHERLAND!—*continued.*



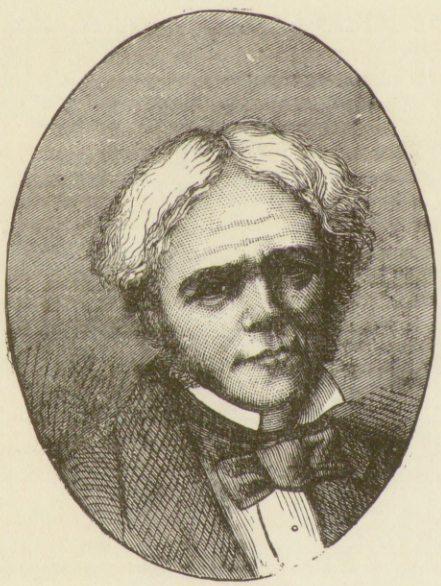
Famous Men and Women.

By J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

MICHAEL FARADAY, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

THERE is a charm in the name Faraday that is not found in any other scientist's name, which is hard to explain at first. On thinking about it the reason becomes apparent. There was no more charming character than Faraday's. "Nature," said one of his friends, "not education made Faraday strong and refined. A favourite experiment of his own was representative of himself. He loved to show that water in crystallising excluded all foreign ingredients, however intimately they may be mixed with it. By some such natural process in the formation of this man, beauty and nobleness coalesced, to the exclusion of everything vulgar and low." A noble testimony worthy of emulation.

Yet Faraday was a poor lad. You could, in his early days, have seen him carrying his little sister in his arms, taking her for a walk. His clothes betokened the child of a working man. Later, you see little Michael as a newspaper boy. Ask him, "What are you going to be, my boy?" His answer is ready—"A bookbinder, sir." But as the days go on you will hear his answer resolved, and, after much hesitation, he leaves the bookbinder's bench and becomes a man of science.



Michael Faraday.

Michael's father was a blacksmith at Newington Butts when his third child was born, on Sept. 22nd, 1791. The father had very poor health, as he tells us in one of his letters—"I am under the necessity of being from work a part of almost every day through pain"—so that we are not surprised to find in 1801, when corn was £9 the quarter, that Michael's father had to get public relief.

There is nowhere like a bookbinder's shop for a boy fond of learning to get his inclinations satisfied. Every scientific book that Mr. Rieban (his master) got to bind was devoured by Faraday. His education, he tells us, "was of the most ordinary description—writing and arithmetic at a common day-school. My hours out of school were passed at home or in the streets." It shows how well he used the seven years' apprenticeship as a bookbinder when we find him ready to leave that trade for an assistantship with the great Sir Humphrey Davy.

This came about in rather an interesting manner. Faraday was wise early in life to pick the best of companions. Any young man interested in science he became friendly with at once. Several of his master's customers became interested in Faraday, and a great treat was given him when Mr. Dance sent a ticket for four lectures by Sir H. Davy, at the Royal Institute. This we may call the turning point in his career.

"The desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind, induced me," says Faraday, "whilst an apprentice, to write, in my ignorance of the world and simplicity of mind, to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. Naturally enough, 'No answer,' was the reply left with the porter."

But, if rebuffed, he was undaunted. "My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter the service of science, which, I imagined, made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold venture of writing Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way, he would favour my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken of his lectures."

It was not long after this that, owing to one of the assistants being dismissed, Faraday was engaged at 25/- a week and a room, "to attend and assist the lecturers and professors in preparing for and during lectures" at the Royal Institution. Launched on a scientific career he threw the whole of his energies into his work. He became identified with the City Philosophical Society, and, choosing half-a-dozen of the most earnest of the members, formed a class for mutual improvement. He then travelled with Sir H. Davy for eighteen months on the Continent. As his master came in contact with the great scientific men of the age, Faraday was soon recognised as one likely to equal his master, and was everywhere treated with honour. On his return to England his appointment at the Royal Institute was renewed, and we soon find he has £100 a year.

On January 17th, 1816, he gave his first paper before the City Philosophical Society, which began his career as a lecturer. It was four years later before the Royal Society incorporated one of his lectures in their proceedings.

An event of even greater importance than this took place about this time. He met his future wife—Miss Sarah Barnard, daughter of a silversmith, of London, who was also an elder of the Sandemanian or Glassite Church, to which Faraday belonged from youth to death. The marriage of Faraday was an exceedingly happy one. His wife was indeed a helper to him, as

this letter, written to her from Birmingham, will show: "After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasure of home, and here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you *in quiet*. Oh, what happiness is ours. My runs into the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more." He publicly, after his marriage, one Sunday morning in the Sandemanian Church, confessed his sin and his love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and until his death was a member of that Church.

About the year 1830 came the great temptation of his life, and his resistance of this has proved to us the real greatness of the man. It was true, as Sir H. Davy told him, the rewards of science are few. His income of £100 a year and coal, etc., was not excessive for one who had to keep his mother, as well as pay for many expensive experiments. He therefore became an analyst.

In 1830 his income from this source rose to £1,000. In 1832 he was compelled to face the question—"If you forsake your scientific experiments and go on with your work as an analyst you can make £5,000 a year. If you give up your analyst work your income will not go much above £200." He chose to continue his scientific researches, and we find in that year his professional gains were only £155 9s.

It is impossible to follow Faraday in the many brilliant discoveries he made during the next few years; yet in nearly every manufacture you will find some trace of Faraday's hand and genius. The electric light, only now beginning to be understood, reached its present state largely through his discoveries and experiments.

He was one of the most popular lecturers in England, and was in demand everywhere. Lady Pillock, speaking of his lectures, says: "It was an irresistible eloquence, which compelled attention and insisted upon sympathy. It waked the young from their visions and the old from their dreams. There was a gleaming in his eyes which no painter could copy, and which no poet could describe."

His special delight was to lecture to children on the deep things of science, in language so simple, with experiments so understandable, that every child was entranced.

Royalty came to hear his lectures, and the honours of the world were offered to him, but he had little inclination to court the society of the wealthy. He had never forgotten his vows to God, and, amidst all the honour, he went to the little church where he had become an elder, and took his turn in preaching to the people.

In 1841, owing to the severe work he was doing, his health broke down, and for a year he read nothing, but enjoyed the beauties of Switzerland. The tone of his mind then can be seen from the following entry in his journal. He is looking at the falls of Giessbach: "The sun shone brightly, and the rainbows seen from various points were very beautiful. One at the bottom of a fine but furious fall was very pleasant; there it remained motionless while the gusts of cloud and spray swept furiously across its place and were dashed against the rock. It looked like a spirit, strong in faith and stedfast in the midst of the storm of passions sweeping across it; and, though it might fade and revive, still it held on to the rock, as in hope, and giving hope."

He was offered, but declined, the honour of being President of the Royal Society. A pension of £300 a year he also declined, because he thought it was given grudgingly. When, however, he was urged to accept it as a tribute to science he consented. Although he said very little about them, he had no less than ninety-five titles and marks of merit. Indeed, almost every honour (home and abroad) then given to mark genius, came to Faraday.

In 1858 the Queen offered him a house at Hampton Court, which touched him deeply, and here he ended his days in quietude. Calling on a friend paralysed he said; "Barlow, you and I are waiting; that is what we have to do now, and we must try to do it patiently." He wrote to the Comte de Paris at this time: "I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for His time and mode of releasing me, according to His Divine word, and the great and precious promises whereby His people are made partakers of the Divine nature." On August 25th, 1867, the waiting ended, for God took him.

Faraday was one of the great men of his time; great in intellect, greater in heart. His death caused countless tears. His faithfulness to duty, his enthusiasm in his work, his simplicity of character, won universal respect. "If I serve God, He will provide for my needs," he once said; and his life was a beautiful example of man's faith in God and God's faithfulness to man. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful goodness to the children of men," the life of Faraday causes us to repeat. His kindliness of heart and generosity won him the love of man, and as he once said to Tyndall, "My work has brought me so very many friends." He had himself to thank for this. As one says of him—"He could not be too closely approached. There were no shabby places or ugly corners in his mind." He was one of Nature's noblemen, purified by the constraining love of Jesus Christ, and animated by a desire to know the mysteries of Nature.

GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn how to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, learn to keep the bad to medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Look out for No. 2, "Chats with Notable Temperance Workers," next month.

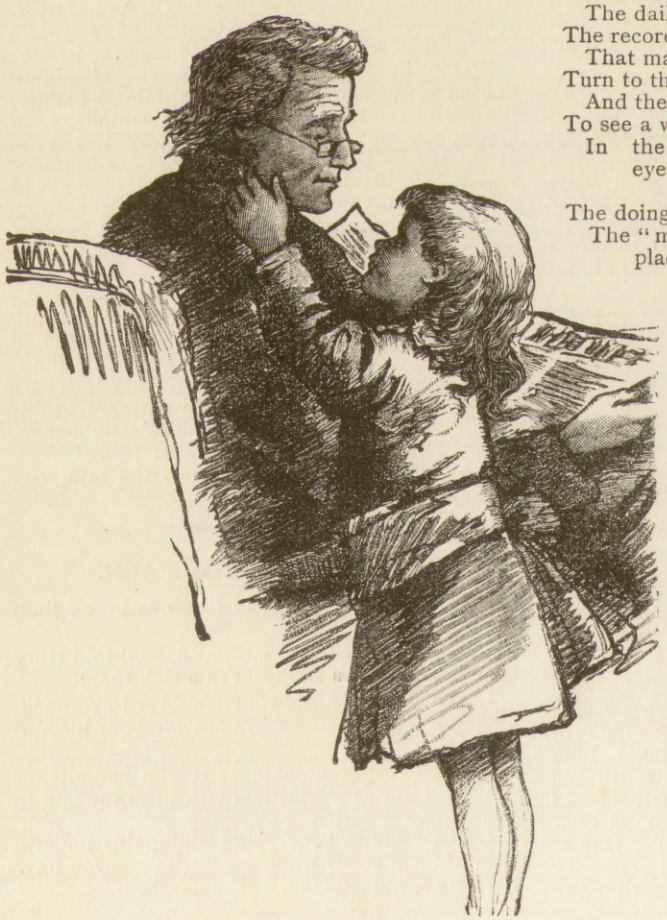
POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.

II.—GRANDFATHER'S FAIRY.

GRANDFATHER'S fairy is four years old;
Is small, and dimpled, and azure-eyed—
The sweetest lamb in the little fold,
That a mother guards with a tender pride;
Soft shining hair, like the light when caught
In the sweeping waves of a corn-grown land,
Is the little spirit the angels brought
To turn the home into fairyland.

Grandfather's brow is an open page,
Where time has written its changeful tale;
And his hair is white with the frosts of age,
But yet he is sunny, and strong, and hale;



And he lets the hands of the little sprite
Lead him away from the shades of time
To the valley of youth with its radiant light,
Its breath of flowers, and its merry chime.

In her he is young and blithe again,
Is strong of sinew, and warm of blood,
Fleet-footed, sure-sighted, and glad as when
In the glow of boyhood he firmly stood;
For the wee wise maiden is such an elf,
That the lightest touch of her dimpled hand
Can draw and lure him right out of self,
And carry him off into fairyland.

For see him turn from the news of men,
The daily stories of sin and strife,
The records of war, of loss, and gain,
That make the history of human life;
Turn to the fingers so soft and warm,
And the face where never a shadow lies,
To see a world that is pure and calm
In the sinless depths of the childish eyes!

The doings of men in the noisy world,
The "markets" and "Parliament" all give place
To the little head with its crown of gold,
And the tinted mouth, with its flower-like grace.
And the fearful records of shameful war
That leave their blood on the world's great breast,
From the old man's thoughts now wander far,
For the land of childhood is love and rest.

Grandfathers' fairies are everywhere—
Dear little spirits of love and light—
Who change into roses our loads of care,
And turn into morning our darkest night.
Ah! empty indeed is the old man's knee
To which there stealeth no little one,
And lonely the home, as lonely can be,
That knows not the sound of a child's glad tone.

- - - MY GIANT. - - -

By N. A. M. Roe.

IT was terribly cold. The wind cut like a knife as it swept around the corners; it seems as if the wind that blows directly from the ocean is colder and more cutting than any other wind can be. I, Robert Ferris, had hard work to stand against it. I pulled my cap down, and put my hands in my pockets, and bent almost double, but even then the wind reached my backbone, seeming to chill me through and through. There was no snow on the ground, and a fine dust was blown into face and eyes and nose, till one would fain have walked the other way, from home, instead of toward it. My thoughts were not pleasant ones. In a certain sense I was going from home. I was walking in a path my mother did not approve. God was disappointed in me, and the oldest friend of my dead father had said only that day: "Robert, do you think of your father?" He shook hands with me, remarking on the severe cold, and passed on; but his words stayed, and my father, honest, upright in all his ways, had been with me all day. I had passed a night of dissipation. Some would laugh at what I called dissipation. It meant with me a late supper, something stronger than coffee to drink, and late, or perhaps I had better say early hours. A gathering where I could not have taken my mother; a gathering where I blushed at some of the stories, and looked away when Hazen rose and with tipsy dignity began to make a speech.

'Tis but a little way from tables with silver, glass, and china, set in a brilliantly decorated hall, to the corner groggery, with heavy mugs, foul smells, and midnight horrors. Only a few days or years, and the years are a day in His sight. Hazen had told me he drank to wake him up, and I had heard most witty evidences of it from his lips, but last night I saw with disgust his efforts, and realized that the final end of that waking would be a torpid brain that would one day fail to be roused when most wanted. I began to think it was a serious matter when Hazen, the brightest, best, most respected among us made a speech that he would blush for afterwards, if indeed he remembered it. I have heard it said that memory is blotted out when under the influence of drink, and I hoped it might be so in my friend's case. But why should I tremble for Hazen when I was going the same way? The time was coming when I should fail to respond to the expectations of my audiences, as Hazen had. I had several times felt the dizzy sickness of a drop too much; I had already known the heavy weight upon the brain that refused to lift. I stopped short, and planting my feet I said aloud: "I'm going to ruin just as fast as any man can?"

"Tould I do wiv you?"

"What in the world—where did you come from? Go where with me?"

"Why, you said you's doin' somewhere, an' I ain't dot no place to do, an' I'se told."

I had said I was going to ruin, and here was a child offering to go with me. I stared. I didn't know any one was near when I made that astounding statement. The streets were empty, for everybody had made all possible haste to get in out of the bitter wind, and only now and then one hurrying on, as I had been, to reach his home.

A boy, almost a baby it was, that stood looking up into my face. He nestled his hand into mine, though he was hardly tall enough to reach far into my pocket. A tattered Tam o' Shanter was drawn over a shock of yellow hair that looked as if it had never seen the comb. Somebody had tried to clip the ends of it with dull scissors evidently, but had only succeeded in making it look more ragged than ever. No coat, no mittens, hands blue with cold, though he stood breathing on the one not tucked under mine. Split shoes, and stockings with big holes at the knees. He was a forlorn looking specimen indeed. The face was pinched and almost purple with cold, but the eyes shone out with a trust that went to my heart, and I thought if the marks of tears could be washed away from the blue cheeks, and the desolateness could be driven out of the eyes, it would be a sweet face.

"I teeps dettin' tolder."

"Poor baby."

"Tan't we det to 'at place pretty soon? I'se told."

I love little children. They know it, and some refusing to make friends with strangers will come to me. I am sorry for homeless dogs, and once when I visited the dog pound in New York City every canine in the place howled when I went out and did not take them with me. I had carried stray cats home, and now here was this baby, evidently sure that I would look after him.

"I'll carry you a little way, shall I?"

A familiar figure turned the corner and a voice called out:

"Hello, Ferris, what have you there?"

"A baby!"

"A baby? My! Where did you get it?"

"It came along. I was talking to myself about going to ruin, and this little youngster announced that he'd go too. I suppose he's lost. I don't know what to do with him."

"Where do you suppose he belongs?"

"Oh, I don't believe he belongs much of anywhere, for you see he hasn't any mittens, and look at the shoes; besides, no child who had any folks would be out such a day as this. He's a lost-looking kid anyway."

"I agree with you, it's awful cold. I guess the thermometer must be something to see."

"It made me feel funny, kind of shivery, you know, to have that child offer to go with me."

Without taking any notice of what the other said, Hazen remarked: "Say, Ferris, Johnson says I took too much last night. I wish I had backbone enough to stop it. It's served me that way two or three times lately. My, how cold!" as a gust of wind nearly swept him off his feet.

"I can't stand talking; take the boy home with you and advertise him in the morning," he shouted, as he hurried away, remembering as he turned that he had not answered the question as to what should be done with the lost mite of humanity.

I caught up the child; his teeth were chattering, and ran a little way, until it occurred to me that he ought to be kept in motion, so I put him down, and clasping the tiny hand tightly we ran as fast as his short legs could carry him. We met a car. It was going in the wrong direction, but we should meet the other one, and surely anything was better than to be out in the wind.

He nestled down to me and I put my arm around him and threw the skirt of my long coat over the stockingless knees, trying to protect him from the cold, which even in the shelter of the car was bitter enough. The yellow head dropped on my arm, and when we changed cars I took him in my arms to make the transfer. My mind was busy. What would my mother say to a waif from the street brought into her elegant home? But then she was used to seeing stray dogs following me about, but never before had a child been brought for her care and sympathy to be lavished upon.

As for the boy his tired eyes never saw where we stopped, and the first thing he did see was a motherly face bending over him, and there seemed to be tears in the eyes; then someone tucked him into a very warm place and he floated away.

When I told my mother about it she came and put her hands on my shoulders and said: "Perhaps, my son, he is given to us to save *from* ruin; who knows?"

I went up several times next morning and found him sleeping, but at last the beautiful eyes were wide open and a smile greeted me when I said: "Hello, Peterkin, awake are you?"

"Yes, is 'is 'at place? I like it," and a look of delight came into the blue eyes that seemed to have lost their desolate expression.

"Are you rested?"

"I'se warm," and the hand tucked the blankets closer around his throat, while contentment beamed on his face. He said not a word about getting up, and I was glad of it, for someway he looked better lying there in the fleecy wool of the blankets than he did in the old tattered clothing, that even looked worse by daylight than it had in the shadows of evening. I sat down by the bed and said: "Now I want you to tell me all about it. How you came to be out such a cold night, and where your home is, and what your mamma would say if she knew about it."

"Pop dot a bottle of med'cine an' he told me to dit right out, an' I hadn't ever been out 'lone before. Mamma an' I used to go both, an' nen we'd tum back, an' I 'membered mamma never 'lowed me to do wivout my toat, an' I asked pop, an' he said I didn't need it an' I'se 'fraid to stay he looked at me so hard, an' I tum away an' I was so told, an' you looked so warm, an' when you said you's doin' to ruin I dessed it would be a warm place, an' I'd do too. Dat's all. I'se glad I tum.

"Where is mamma?"

"She told me if I shook her an' she didn't answer, she'd gone away, an' to tell Mrs. Grady, an' I did, an' Mrs. Grady said: 'The saints presarve ye, ye poor spalpeen.' Are you a saint?"

"No," was my abrupt answer, "I'm a sinner. How old are you?"

"I'se never had but one birthday, an' nen I had a four-storey cake an' choc'late frosting. But mamma said I'd grow old dest the same. I'se five last Trismas, an' my name's Tristopher, toz mamma said once a dreat big giant, I des most as big as you, tarried a little boy no bigger'n me over a dreat wide, deep river, an' the little boy was Trist, an' the giant was Tristopher, an' it minded me when you said last night you'd tarry me a little ways. Mamma wanted me to be like 'at giant, always to help folks. I wish I tould."

There was a wistful expression now in the eyes and tears in my own, as I thought how his wish to help someone had been gratified. I could not resist the impulse to lean over him and say:

"You are a giant, my boy, greater than you know." Never would I go to ruin if this child was going with me. He would carry me over places that I could not cross alone. It seemed as if God had sent His angel to have charge over me, lest I dash my foot against the many stones in my pathway.

There was no advertisement in any of the morning papers, and from what the boy said I thought the mother must be dead, and the father, with his bottle of medicine, had turned the baby out into the street. I hunted up a dozen or more Mrs. Gradys, and at last found it as I surmised. She had taken the child in several times to protect him from his father's wrath, but last night she was gone, and no one knew where Chriss went. His father had been away all night and had not yet come in, but she was glad the boy had found a friend, for he was a "dacent little chap loike."

I don't know whatever became of the father; we never saw him. I don't think little Chriss cared much about him, but of his mother he used to tell many things, and he never forgot her teachings. To me the child was what his mother wanted him to be. He was my giant.

For him I signed the pledge; for him I tried to walk in paths of righteousness, lest travelling the broad way I lead another to destruction. He took firm hold of my life and henceforth he would be its guiding influence.

From *Temperance Banner.*

People I have Met.

BY "THE PILGRIM."

- - THE FLIRT. - -

WHEN I was introduced to her at first, I was surprised at her caressing manner. She was *so* delighted to make my acquaintance, and her face beamed with so much delight, and she gave me so exclusively her company, that—well I knew not she was a flirt of the first water. I have met many like her since, few perhaps, however, having the natural advantages she had.

Flirts usually have

ONE POINT OF EXCELLENCE.

One is a flirt because of her dark eyes which she thinks likely to make an impression. It may be ruddy cheeks. Perhaps she has a good figure. They are vain of one excellence and make it a means of attracting young men around them.

A woman must be entirely void of the nobler sentiments of womanhood, if she desires to be a flirt. Self respect is *not* her predominant quality.

MODESTY HAS NO PLACE

in her character. There is usually a meanness of heart that is very pitiable. You may take it for granted she is ill-educated if not un-educated. Her mission is to make a fool of others, and she cannot do this save by being foolish herself.

If a flirt has a dozen admirers, she is happy because she knows she is stealing eleven young men that possibly otherwise would be paying court to other ladies.

But with her dozen she is not satisfied. She never looks you in the face. Her eyes are looking about for *another* to conquer. Every person she knows is made a tool to get her introductions.

Of course she cannot marry a dozen men, still she wishes to have a good selection. Her motives for so doing will be explained by some jottings I am able to make from the yellow leaves of a "Flirt's Diary."

"Sept. 7.—I like young men. To go to opera, park, flowershow without a young man is misery. Men are so handy. Gus. keeps me in "sweets." The flowers I wear come from Bob Green's hot-house. Jamie sends me all the new songs that come out, besides supplying me with concert tickets. They are all dear boys and seem in heaven if they get a kiss.

"Sept. 12.—Gus. has been so wild; Nelly's brother George joined us at tea and I sat beside him and afterwards we had a walk. He is in a good position and has lots of money.

"Sept. 14.—I am off to a concert with Jamie. I wish he was not so earnest in his love making. I must

GIVE HIM THE SLIP

if he proposes. I cannot marry him, he's too poor. Still he is the best of the lot.

"Sept. 20.—George came to-night; I had on my most charming dress. He told me I was fit for a picture and is to take me to the Academy. I heard he was engaged, but I think I made it impossible for him to keep on with his young lady. I'd tell her he kissed me.

"Sept. 23.—Had a walk with Gus. in the park. What a comical fellow he is! He told me life was nothing without me. Jamie sent me a proposal of marriage and was to call and see me to-night, that is why I went out. Dear-a-me that is the third proposal of marriage I have had this year. How silly men are!

"Sept. 30.—I do believe I am in love at last. I'll have George whatever comes, but he is so cold and cynical. I heard Bob Green has got some money left him. I must invite him to tea."

This poor creature married in the end a widower with five children, because he had money and soon found an early grave. Her husband found she was a moth, not a woman. There were continual quarrels, and she pined and worried herself that much she took a decline and died. I don't think any mourned her loss.

I think it only fair to give you the opinion of

SOME OF HER ADMIRERS

about her. Bob Green writes me—"She was good company to spend an evening with, but to marry her, rather not. She is not the kind of woman to make a wife out of, or that anyone with sense would choose to be the mother of one's children."

Jamie wrote me—"Flirts are the curse of life. She vowed she loved but me, and promised more than once to marry me. Catch me ever trust a woman again."

Gus. said to me—"A walk with her was as, good as a niggers' entertainment and as profitable. She was a silly, empty-headed thing."

George wrote a long letter, but I extract this.—"She was the vainest little body I ever met. I would as soon marry a baboon as a woman like her. She positively kissed me one evening, and but that my sister is engaged to her brother, I would never have darkened their doors again."

A woman must have a low estimate of her worth when she can throw herself before anyone that will look at her. Her kisses must be worth little when she can give them to each young man who seeks them, and to some who abhor them. A woman like this

DOES UNTOLD HARM IN THE WORLD.

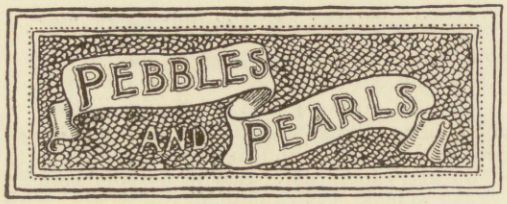
She ruins young men's lives. She seems never happy unless she is robbing some young lady of her sweetheart. She is never particular about the truth, and if her ends can be won by a lie, it is told forthwith. I know the fact that several young fellows (as silly as herself usually) dangle round her, may make her feel important. But as the letters I have given show, they are laughing up their sleeve all the time. No man marries a flirt. No flirt commands respect. It is not fair to your sisters. The end is always full of bitterness and sorrow.

I know some girls seem to be

BORN FLIRTS.

There is no constancy in their constitution. But flirtation is not a virtue to be cultivated, it is a vice to be repressed immediately. I firmly believe in a woman making the very best of her life, and this no flirt ever does. Believe me, every real true woman has more happiness in this world than those poor giddy moths that flutter hither and thither often to their destruction. When we have made up our minds to snub "flirts," and show them plainly we look on them with contempt, their day will soon end. The present day is one for real women, and where these are found, rich blessings are heaped upon their heads.





THE skeleton in many a closet is "the bottle."

THE saloon cannot be mended; it must be ended.

WE regard abstinence as a counsel of perfection.—*The Lancet.*

IT is my belief that more children are immolated in England to the fiend of drink than were ever burned alive in Tophet—*Dean Farrar.*

"A PENNY for your thoughts," said he;
She sweetly smiled, as maidens do;
"They are not worth that much," said she,
"For I was thinking, sir, of you."

SHE: I didn't expect to see you. Somebody told me you had met with an accident the other day. HE: Oh no; that was my brother. SHE: I'm so sorry.

ONLY a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand."

HERE is another story concerning the new English primate: Dr. Temple tells it of himself. He entered during a popular service in an East-end church one night, and, standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a working man, who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily out of tune. The working man stood the dissonance as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said, in a whisper: "Here, dry up, mister; you're spoiling the show."

Did You Know

THAT ON

Feb. 2, 1881, The Christian Endeavour Society was founded at Portland, Maine.

„ 10, 1897, The English Sunday Closing Bill was defeated by 57 votes.

„ 16, 1886, J. B. Gough died.

„ 20, 1869, First Temperance Sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral.

„ 28, 1893, Government Local Veto Bill was introduced to the House of Commons by Sir W. V. Harcourt.

HARD LUCK.—Jimmy: I heard Tommy Jones was sick nearly all through vacation time.

Johnny: Yes; and what's worse he got well just in time to go to school.

AN Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that, "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

SOMEBODY gives the following antithetical advice: "Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more."

THE following lines appear in an auctioneer's notice of a property sale in the city of Liverpool: "A freehold, fully-licensed public house, with the slaughter house adjoining, at present licensed as a public slaughter house."

FROM figures issued from the Home Office it appears that in England and Wales the magistrates last year refused to renew 172 liquor licences. Appeals were made in a number of instances to the Quarter Sessions, but only 32 of them were allowed. As very few licences were granted, the proportion of licences to the population shows a diminution.—*Echo.*

Review.

THE JUBILEE VOLUME OF THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT (U.K.B.H.U., price 2/6), edited by Mr. Frederic Smith, contains 370 pages (Crown 8vo.), and comprises a full account of the Jubilee Celebration, and a complete History of Juvenile Temperance Work, not only from the origin of the Band of Hope Movement in 1847, but from the earliest obtainable records to the present time. It includes articles by well-known writers, and should be in the hands of all persons interested in the various phases of Juvenile Temperance work. The volume is written in a graphic and pleasing style, and no effort has been spared to guarantee accuracy and completeness of information. More than 32 pages of Pictures and Portraits, specially prepared, and beautifully printed on art paper, besides others, are interspersed among the literary portion. It forms a most acceptable present, prize, or library book.

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—Sword and Trowel, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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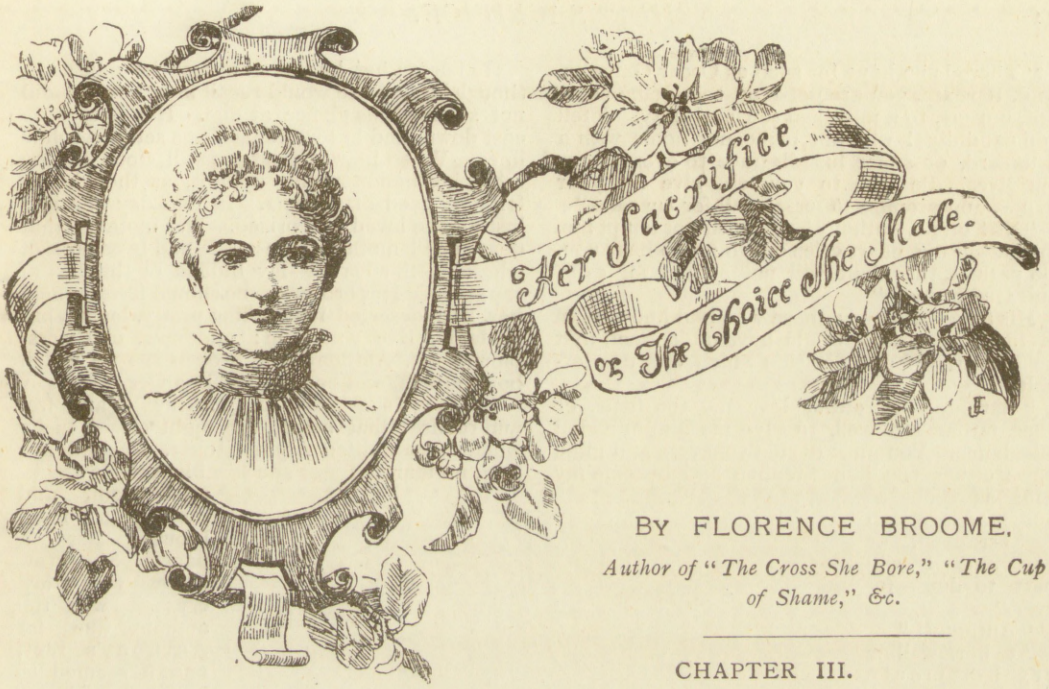

BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER III.

. . . POOR INDEED! . . .

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Bourdillon.*

BUT Eve, who dearly loved her sister, entreated, "Give her time, Steve; let us do nothing rashly. Barbara never thinks of herself, and she promised mother."

"Such a promise should never have been asked or granted," said this stern young man, "and I cannot consider it binding. I was, however, afraid that Barbara would abide by it, and made all necessary arrangements for your comfort. If you are still of my opinion, come; if you decline, why I have nothing more to say upon the subject."

Eve gave one side-long frightened glance at her father, who had fallen into a drunken sleep, then she said, "I will go with you," and turned to kiss Barbara good-bye.

"Oh, you good, unselfish darling, you cannot tell how hard it will be when we are all gone; you will be glad to join us; and I hope so much from Anthony's persuasions. He will effect what we have failed to do."

And Barbara stood like a statue, whilst the girl clung about her.

"You must feel, too, dear, that I cannot take the money; you will need it very badly if you stay on with him. You shall have it all——"

"No, Eve, no! It is very generous of you to offer it, but the less money I have the fewer opportunities he will find to get intoxicated. Now go, dear, before Stephen's patience is exhausted."

Weeping bitterly Eve suffered herself to be led away; and then Barbara turned to Anthony, for she felt that the trials of the day were not over, and that the worst of all lay before her now.

"Come into the next room," Anthony said, "we cannot talk here," with a disgusted glance at Gatenby, "and I have much to say to you."

Without a word she followed him; and when he had closed the door he said, "Barbara, I am vain enough to think you love me dearly."

"There is no one on earth who is half so near and so precious to me."

"And you have promised to marry me? There is no need for delay; my income is small, but you are not extravagant or ambitious. You need a protector; give me the right to stand between you and sorrow."

"Do you mean, Anthony, I am to leave my father?"

"Neither more or less. He has forfeited all claim to your love and duty, and, in even ordinary cases, a wife must forsake parents and home to cleave to her husband. I believe that is scriptural law——"

"Don't ask it, Anthony; oh, don't ask it! I am bound by my promise to mother. You know what she was, a saint, and—God help me—a martyr. Dying, she charged me never to leave him; she hoped, so long as reason remained to her, and prayed, that his soul might be plucked as a brand from the burning."

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"There is no hope for such as Oscar Gatenby. And, Barbara, you are not only sacrificing yourself, but me, to a mistaken sense of duty. I tell you candidly I will not make my home with a drunkard, or suffer his disgrace to overshadow our lives. Be true to yourself, give me your hands, and promise to forsake all for *my* sake."

"No! oh no, Anthony! you must not tempt me, for indeed my heart cries out to me to hear you. Be patient, the night will not endure for ever, and God is good."

His face hardened; those who had known him in his former days would have understood that he had arrived at a decision which was unalterable.

"Barbara, you either love me too little, or your father too well, to give me an undivided allegiance. You must decide your fate and mine now; either you join Stephen and become my wife as soon as our marriage can be arranged, or you and I will part to-day—for ever."

"Anthony!"

At her wailing cry her mouth twitched, he half stretched out his hand to her, only to draw it swiftly back.

"That is my ultimatum."

Just a moment she paused, whilst her heart sent up a cry for help, then she said,

"Good-bye, Anthony; there is no other course open to me."

The man's eyes grew dark with angry pain. Was this her love for him? Had she ever held him dear? And was she not more to him than all that earth or heaven could give? A passionate reproach rose to his lips, but he kept it back. He was a gentleman, and would do nothing to shame that proud title.

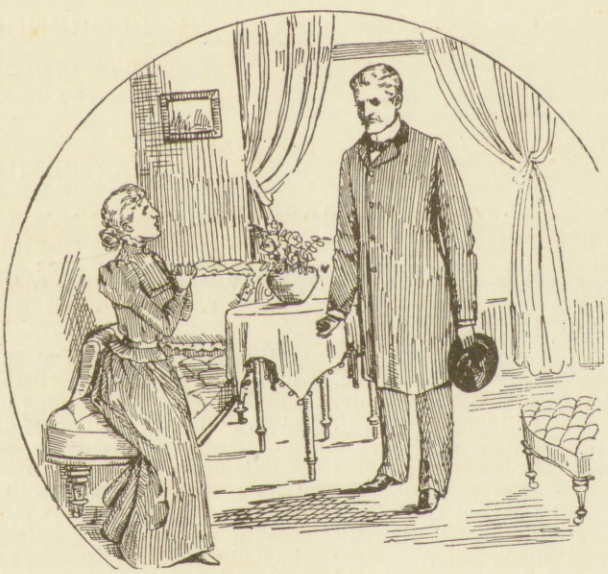
"There is no hope of moving you?"

She shook her head.

"Then it *must* be good-bye, Barbara. I wish with all my soul you had been less a Christian, for then you had been more kind."

"Won't you kiss me good-bye? Won't you shake hands, Anthony? The way which lies before me is very dark and thorny."

"You have chosen it with open eyes; I have no more to say. Only, Barbara, you had been kinder to have sent me away when first I spoke of my love. You have grown to be all in all to me, and my life holds nothing good now that you have gone out of it. Your exaggerated notions of duty will sustain you, your religion will comfort you; you should be well content."



"Anthony!"

He passed her by; at the door he paused as though hoping she would recall him, but she did not so much as glance at him. Her eyes were cast down, and her white face was set in resolute lines. When he was gone she still stood by the table, her hands resting upon it, as though she felt the need of support. In one day she had lost all she loved and prized. Her mother—that dear, dead mother, whose life had been so sad, whose death so cruel—lay hidden by the dust of the grave. Her brother, who should have upheld her, had deserted her, taking pretty, loving, but unstable, Eve with him; and now, oh! worst blow of all, Anthony had broken the tie which bound them, and had left her in anger.

Overhead she heard him moving to and fro, and realised that before the night closed in he would have quitted Alpha House, and still she shed no tear. Later she saw him drive away in a hansom, and the little maid brought her a packet. She threw it down with a low cry; it was the amount due for Anthony's rent, and it seemed to burn her hand. He was gone! He never intended to return. Oh, God, help her! God help her! She was now alone indeed.

She crept back to her father. He was still sleeping and breathing stertorously; a spasm of disgust crossed her face. Everything would have been so much easier to bear if she but loved him; but he had killed all love and reverence long ago. There was nothing left now but duty, and that alone cannot fill an empty heart.

She gently shook her father. "Come downstairs and let us have tea," she said; and he opened vacant, bloodshot eyes upon her.

"Where are the others? Why is the house so quiet?"

"They have gone. Don't you remember? We are quite alone, father; we must be all in all to each other, for mother's sake; she felt it would come to this."

He roused himself then. "Yes, I remember; Stephen defied and insulted me. I'll be even with him yet; and Eve too. Things are coming to a pretty pass when a man is twitted by a bit of a girl like that. I say, Bab, where's Dormer? Ask him to join us; I hate *tête-ê-tête* meals."

"He, too, is gone. Father, please do not talk of him now, we have parted."

"Well, that is good hearing. He is a prig, and only a beggarly usher after all. My dear,

a Gatenby should make a better settlement than that. Oh, I shall live to see you a great lady yet, Bab; but, I say, how about money?"

"We shall have to live very economically. I have my pupils, and my share of aunt's money; and I must try to let the upper part of the house. We ought not to do so very badly."

A frown darkened his brow. "Steve called me a pensioner; I'll make him settle a certain sum upon me."

"No, father. I will do my best to supply your needs, but I will not have you trouble Stephen."

"*Will not!* Am I to be under the control of my own daughter?" said he with drunken perverseness, and he raised his hand as though to strike her. But Barbara had borne so much this bitter day that her patience was exhausted, and she spoke out angrily.

"Put down your arm, father. If you strike me you absolve me from my oath. I do not remain with you because I love you, but because my mother gave you into my keeping." Then her face and her voice softened. "Oh, father, let us try together to exorcise this demon possessing you; to go back to the old days when we, as little ones, still loved and reverenced you. Oh, father! father! help me to bear my life, for it is very bitter, and the burthen of it weighs me down to the very ground."



"Bab, you are wrong to sacrifice yourself thus."

And then began a very cruel time for Barbara. On the morrow she took the betrothal ring from her finger and sent it with other gifts to the school where Anthony taught. She did not know his private address, and she did not seek to learn it. All was over between them, of that there was no doubt, and she would not, by reminding him of herself, reopen the wound she had inflicted.

Other lodgers soon filled the empty rooms, for the house was well and comfortably furnished, and Barbara's time was fully occupied. Two of the lodgers were maiden ladies of small means, who required attendance, and so Barbara was compelled to give up some of her pupils, and, with the help of a small maid, do all the work of the household. And the small maid was constantly leaving, being as constantly replaced by another of her type, for the London "general" is as independent and fickle as she is pert.

Then, too, Oscar Gatenby, freed from the control of his son, and a certain wholesome fear of Anthony Dormer, followed the dictates of his own will, and, when Barbara failed to supply his needs, would surreptitiously remove this or that article from the house to pawn or sell, and thus satisfy his dreadful passion.

At intervals Eve would call after dark, but she never dared enter the house, because Stephen had forbidden her to do so, and she feared lest her father might return and find her there.

"Oh," she said on one occasion, "Bab, you are wrong to sacrifice yourself thus, and it is a shame to treat 'The Mystery' (her name for Anthony) as you have done. I saw him yesterday, and he looked so dreadfully ill. I asked him where he was living, but he would not say until he made me promise not to tell you. 'We have parted,' he said, 'and I am trying to forget her, but it is dreadful work.' Bab, is there any change in father?"

"None for the better," she replied heavily, "and my hope is dying out."

"He doesn't strike you, or really ill-use you, my poor darling?"

"Oh, no. Eve, do you think you will see Anthony again, soon?"

"It is possible."

"Then you will give him this message? You will say that I pray his pardon for the grief I have made him suffer; that if I dared have answered his pleading, as he wished, I should have been the proudest and happiest of women. But God has given me work to do, and I must do it. Say, too, I will try to pray night and morn that he will forget me and marry some other and happier woman, upon whose life no shadow lies, and whose heart has never been seared by shame and bitter woe."

"Barbara, why will you be so hard to yourself? Why will you bear this burthen?"

"Christ has given me a cross to bear, and even if it is not to be laid down until death gives me release, I must still bear it for His sake whose name is Love. And, oh, I thank Him everyday that the call was not for you, my pretty Eve. Must you go? Then kiss me, sister, and keep me in your heart, for I have need of your prayers and love."

At the street corner Eve turned to look at her. the lamplight shone upon her bright head, her uplifted face, and Eve suppressed a little sob, as she saw how wan and white she had grown.

(To be continued.)

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

ELIZABETH FRY,

A "NEW" WOMAN WORTH EMULATING.

NORWICH is a name to day which speaks for much that is holy and full of good report. It had an equally good name a hundred years ago when the Gurneys lived there.

Elizabeth Fry's parents were Quakers, but not of the strictest sort. Indeed some of the Quakers in the town used to skake their heads, and call Mr. and Mrs. Gurney "worldly." If they refused to wear the solemn garb of the Friends, and used no peculiarities of speech, they were none the less pious, and the home of Elizabeth Fry is marked by all that is noble and pure. Elizabeth Fry's mother was a woman of peculiar force of character.

"The mind stands less in need of conviction as conversion," writes Elizabeth Fry's mother, in her diary. "These reflections have led me to decide on what I covet most for my daughters as the result of our daily pursuits. As piety is undoubtedly the shortest and securest way to all moral rectitude, young women should be virtuous and good on the firm basis of Christianity; therefore it is not the tenets of any man or sect whatever that are to inculcated in preference to those rigid, but divine truths, contained in the New Testament."

Happy must any girl be who has a mother inspired by such high thoughts.

Elizabeth Fry was born on May 21st, 1780, at Norwich, and when six years of age removed to Earlham, just outside that town. As a child she was marked for her obstinacy and rather quick temper, failings that with training became the basis of the indomitable spirit she showed in later years. At seventeen years of age she gives a picture of herself.

"I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this day twelvemonths? I know I am happier; I think I am better. I have seen several things in myself that are wrong. I have given way to passions, and let them command me, and I have known my faults and not corrected them. I must not flirt, I must not be out of temper with the children, I must not contradict without a cause, I must not allow myself to be angry, I must not exaggerate as I do, I must not be idle. A thought passed my mind that if I had some religion I should be superior to what I am; it would be a bias to better actions."

To have such thoughts prepared the heart for religion. When William Savery came from America to address the Friends at Norwich, Elizabeth went to the meeting. Mr. Savery had no sooner began to speak than Elizabeth became intensely moved. She wept most of the way home, and invited Mr. Savery to come and see her next morning. Speaking of this meeting, Elizabeth writes: "To-day I have felt that *there is a God*. It has not made me unhappy; I have felt ever since humble. I have longed for virtue. I hope to be truly virtuous. There seems nothing so little understood as religion."

It may surprise us that immediately after this Elizabeth went to London, and for a time was in the whirl of society, with its theatres, dances, and such like. It would have destroyed all the serious thoughts of the majority of persons. With Elizabeth the opposite took place. She felt she must be a thorough Quaker, and at once adopted not only their dress but their mode of speaking.

Soon after this she was courted by Mr. Joseph Fry, of London, a well-known Quaker, and after a period of consideration was married, and went to St. Mildred's Court, London, her husband's place of business. Here several of her children were born; here, too, dawned that spirit that made her do so much in after years.

A woman came to her one day begging on behalf of her child which was suffering intensely with whooping cough. Mrs. Fry wished to go with the woman to her house to help her, but the woman suddenly disappeared. This aroused Mrs. Fry's suspicions. She carefully made inquiry, and found the woman's house. Inside were several children, dirty, full of disease, and loathsome. The woman was slowly murdering the children, and intended to conceal the death, and then keep on receiving so much for keeping them. Mrs. Fry was aroused, and, with the aid of her husband determined to do something for the children. When they went to the house next day it was empty. But it touched her kind heart intensely, and from that day she vowed that something should be done to prevent such crimes.

Her father's death evoked another quality that was to have full scope in the days to come. When the father breathed his last breath, full of hope in Christ, Elizabeth knelt down at his side, and gave thanks to God. This she repeated at his funeral, and from henceforth she was known as a "minister."

Having removed to Plasket, to her husband's country home, she looked around to see what good she could do. She first formed a girls' school, and soon seventy girls were being educated. Then she went among the Irish, who were very rough and wild. Help was given where required; children were taught and vaccinated. It was not long before a change for the better was noticed.

The illness of a gipsy child opened a new sphere of work to her, when each year the gipsies came into her district.

But it is for prison reform her name is best known and honoured. Early in 1813 she visited Newgate with a few, to minister to the felons there.

"Yesterday," she writes, "we were some hours with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much softened; a very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene; the poor

people on their knees around us in their deplorable position."

We cannot imagine in these days what prisons were in those. Women prisoners were kept in two wards or two cells, and in a space that we would think only large enough for 70 to-day, 300 women were crowded. Old offenders and those who were innocent; drunkards and sober; women charged with murder, and little children.



Quarrels and fighting, drinking and swearing went on daily. The task she had set herself to do seemed more than human heart could endure. We are, however, led by ways we know not of. For four years Mrs. Fry had so many home sorrows that she could not carry on her work at Newgate. When she came back to it she showed these four had not been wasted. She was better able to bear the cross such work meant, and, besides, had formulated some plans. The first of these was to deal with the children in the prisons. For this purpose one of the prisoners charged with theft was made the teacher, and so well did this woman work under Mrs. Fry that the Government, in recognition of her services, pardoned her.

The work with the women, however, was a terrific nervous strain on Mrs. Fry and her workers.

"I have just returned from a melancholy visit to Newgate. I found Elizabeth Fricker, who is to be hung to-morrow, much worried, distressed, and tormented in mind. Her hands were cold and covered with death sweat. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed."

She now determined to start an Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate. This was done, and, as a result, a meeting was convened one Sunday in the prison of Sheriffs, Governor, ladies and women. Mrs. Fry read to the women certain rules she wished them to observe, some of which were:

1. That a woman be appointed to supervise the women.
2. That the women get employment of some kind.
3. That there be no begging, swearing, gaming, card playing, quarrelling, or universal conversation. That all plays, novels and other improper books be excluded; that all bad words be avoided, and any default in these particulars be reported to the matron.
4. That there be a good yard keeper to tell the women when their friends came.
5. That the women be divided into classes of not more than twelve, and one be elected monitor.

To carry work of this kind on meant a great deal of money, and we are glad to find the Sheriffs of London granting £80 to help. By the help of business people Mrs. Fry was able to get a sale for the goods the prisoners made, which made the Corporation adopt the system as part of prison routine. We are glad the Corporation was generous enough to put this resolution on

their books:—"That the thanks of this committee be given to Mrs. Fry and the other ladies, who have so kindly exerted themselves with a view to bettering the condition of the women confined in the gaol in Newgate, and that they be requested to continue their exertions, which have hitherto been attended with good effect."

So much interest was taken in regard to prisoners that the House of Commons appointed a special committe, and Mrs. Fry was asked to appear before it and give her evidence.

People were amazed, when the evidence was published, to find the wonderful change that had come over Newgate through the quiet labours of Mrs. Fry and her devoted band of helpers. What we have seen in our day became popular then. The rich in society became interested, and Mrs. Fry was presented to the Queen. This was followed by Parliament thanking her when it passed "That an inquiry into our prison system should be made."

Mrs. Fry determined, for her health's sake, to visit Scotland, where she had a most enthusiastic welcome from the Friends there, and also from the nobility of the land. But she did not forget to visit the prisons there, and found them even worse than Newgate. This so moved her that she determined to visit all the prisons she could, and started for France and Germany. Everywhere she was received with pleasure, and much good was done, as she found out when she came back again.

Whatever amelioration there is in asylums and prisons or penitentiaries to-day, began in the rich, generous heart of Mrs. Fry, and it is no wonder that her name has become a household blessing.

But sorrows came to her of many kinds, the greatest perhaps being the loss of wealth, which hindered her work. Her home at Plasket had to be given up, and she came to London. Then illness broke out in the family. It is in distress, however, we find our friends, and it was so with Mrs. Fry. Everybody felt her work must not suffer, and so we find the Queen sending £50 to the Refuge at Chelsea.

She was invited to the Mansion House to meet Prince Albert, and was busy discussing her schemes with all she met.

"I sat between Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel at dinner," she writes, "I hardly ever had such respect and kindness shown me, it was really humbling and affecting to me, and yet sweet to see such various persons whom I had worked with for years past, showing such genuine kindness and esteem, so far beyond my most unworthy deserts."

Another pleasure that came to her was the visit of the King of Prussia to take dinner at her house in Upton-lane. The King was intensely delighted, and Mrs. Fry not a whit less.

But age grew upon her. She went to Cromer for a few months, which restored her a bit. But the death of several of her grandchildren cast her down. A yearning to worship with the Friends at Plaistow took possession of her, and, amidst much fear she was taken in a chair to the Meeting House. But, to the surprise of all, she gave a most stirring address, and went home comforted.

Then her son William's family were attacked with scarlet fever, and he and two daughters died. She too wished for death, which came suddenly on October 13th, 1845, and she was buried at Barking. A "new" woman indeed that is worthy of the strongest emulation.

Poems of the Home.

By Mary M. Forrester.

COUNTING OUR TREASURES.

FIRST, there's the cottage; yes, it's rather small,
And now the boys and girls are growing so
They need a bigger house, but, after all,
It's like a little palace; and I know
No other home I'd change it for. You see
Its very walls seem part of you and me.

Then, there's the furniture—dear, what a time
It took to get these few wee things together;
How hard you had to work, how high to climb,
Facing the wildest and the darkest weather;
Aye, lad, of course I had to strive, and save,
How could I help, and you so strong and brave?

Ah, well! we got the things just bit by bit,
And nice they look to-day. That rocking chair
Is rather battered, I must see to it.
It's plain the children have been playing there;
Dear little feet—those are their marks you see;
That chair is very precious, lad, to me.

Then there's the garden; I am rather proud
Of these few yards of land before our door;
In spring-time, when the apple trees are bowed
With blossom, and the fresh earth covered o'er
With fragrant herbs, and sweet old-fashioned flowers,
An Eden seems that patch of earth of ours.

Last, there's the children. All this great big world
Has nothing half so fair, so sweet as these—
The living treasures that my arms can hold,
The heavenly gifts God dropped upon my knees,
The little children, with their nameless graces,
Their winning ways, their innocent young faces.

Tom, Robin, Kate, and Mary—just these four,
And one, whose dimpled feet we could not keep,
The little boy who toddled to heaven's door,
And in the arms of angels fell asleep;
God keeps this treasure for us in His breast,
And in our tender keeping leaves the rest.

"Alcohol is not included in the scheme of life."—*Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D.*

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

NURSES AND BOGIE STORIES.



"Now Miss Dorothy," says Jemima the "fat, fair and forty" who had been *highly recommended* from Mrs. Grabfee's register office, "now Miss Dorothy, Ma's gone out a visitin', and she told me I was to amooze you till she came back."

"Oh, but I don't *want* to be amused, Mrs. What's-your-name, I want to play at catching flies and seeing them walk about after I've cut their wings off."

"No, Miss Dorothy, you aint to do it, that's 'ow you gits into crool ways, I shan't let you ev *no* cissors; you've got to sit still and I'll tell ye a pritty stoorey."

"What about?"

"Oh, all about a bogie what used to crawl about under my bed, and what used to say 'Gr-r-r-r-r' whenever I shut my eyes to go to sleep, and what used to sit on the bed jist like a ball o' fire wi' a wolf's 'ed, an' long legs like a spider's, an' big sprawlin' 'ands like a hoctopus."

Dorothy looks very grave and opens her large eyes wide and says with a look of mixed surprise and fear,

"It isn't *true* is it, and what *is* a hoctopus?"

"Oh, it's as true as daylight Missy, and a hoctopus is a great flat thing what sprawls about and hooks everything it can reach; but come on, I'll tell ye all about it."

Dorothy, not much relieved by the description of the characteristics of the octopus, sidles up looking very anxious. When about a yard from "Jemima the shepherdess" (who had only been installed as Dorothy's guide and directress the day before) the little mite received a sudden "grab" and was hastily pulled into her lap with the words "That's how hoctopuses do!" Dorothy turned pale and said,

"I don't like them, they hurt, tell me what bogies do."

The ball being set rolling, Jemima began her favourite topic (which had nearly scared the life out of the two delicate children at her last situation, and had caused one of them to be so frightened at the dark that by no possible means could she be induced to go to sleep without a light burning in the room).

"Well Missy, a bogie's a bogie, there aint nothink else like it in all the world. They aint allers *jist* alike, sometimes they ev flat 'eds and sometimes narrer, sometimes they come in the room a creepin' like a snake, and sometimes they roosh in like a great big bat, sometimes they wriggle in through the cracks o' the door, an' then when they gits inside they swells out like a berloon. Now an' then they slips down the chimdly an' comes flop on the bed and screams like a steam hingine, and their 'air stands all out like a sweep's brush, and their heyes are as red as a beetroot, an' their great long teeth glisten and they foam all over their mouths like soap-suds. What's the matter, Miss Dorothy?" And Jemima turns to her charge to find her paralysed with fear, her face firm set and her eyes almost starting out of her head with sheer fright.

"I don't want to hear anything more about bogies," gasps Dorothy.

"Alright, Missy, I think I'll put you to bed now."

"No, no, no, I don't want to go to bed, there'll be a bogie in the room. Don't let there be any bogies *will* you?"

"I won't if you're good."

Jemima leads the quivering child into the bedroom and puts her to bed, she pulls the sheets over her head and keeps repeating "sometimes they come in like big bats, and sometimes they wriggle in through the cracks of the door," and then, with a moan, she whispers, "oh, I *hope* one won't come to-night."

Suddenly the bell rings.

"Here's yer Ma," says Jemima in an undertone, "don't you say nothink to 'er about 'em else I'll make one come."

"Well, Jemima, how have you got on?" says "Ma," meeting her new *treasure* on the stairs.

"Oh, beautiful, Mum, she's bin as good as gold; I've bin a tellin' 'er pritty stoories, and she's jist gone to bed like a lamb."

"Oh, that's right," says the trusting mistress, "you evidently understand children; I hope you have looked after yourself?"

"Well, mum, I've bin so took up wi' Miss Dorothy that, to tell the truth, I aint 'ad a mouthful since you left."

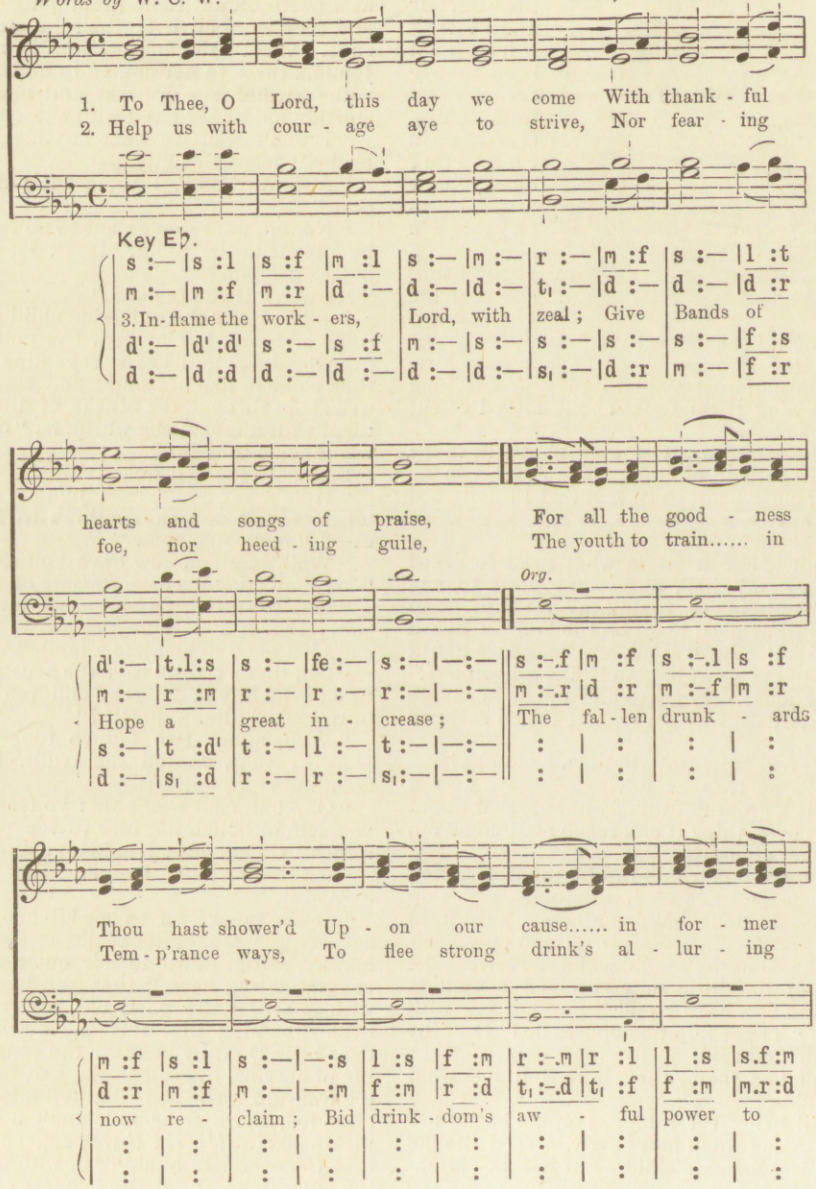
"Oh, but *that* won't do; you mustn't forget yourself, although it's nice to see people so unselfish. Come, now, Jemima, go and get yourself a nice comfortable supper. I'm sure you've earned it."

Jemima sneaks off to her kitchen, and the unsuspecting "Ma," after taking off her bonnet and mantle, settles down in her quiet sitting room, congratulating herself that she has at last met with one of "the good old sort of servants," little dreaming that this one evening with her dear little Dorothy has laid the foundation for a life of nervous hypochondria, and that instead of a "treasure" she has admitted into her house a cruel foe, more dangerous than a burglar or a pick-pocket. Moral: Never engage a servant to take the oversight of children without adding to the questions, "Is she honest?" "Is she truthful?" "Is she clean?" the all important one, "Does she tell Bogie stories?"

Good wine is that which is destitute of spirit alcohol.—*Pliny.*

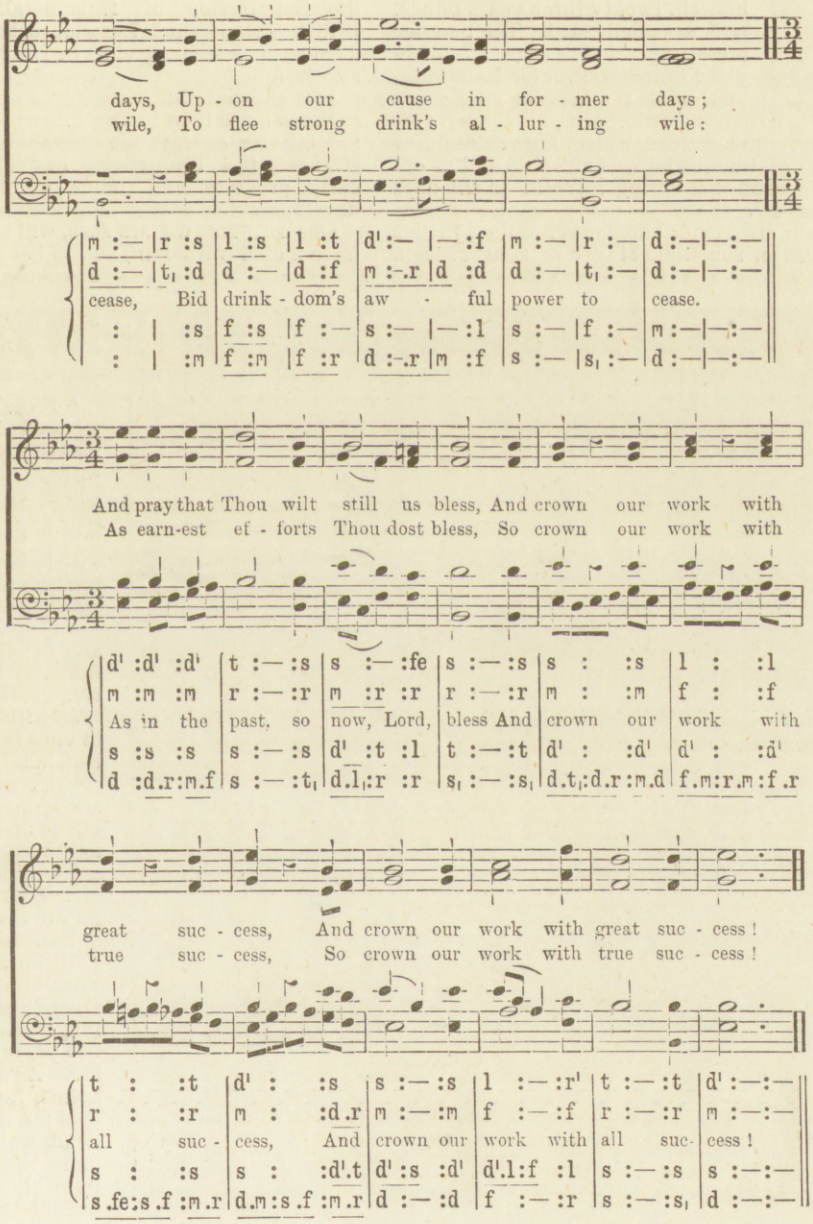
FESTIVAL HYMN.

Words by W. C. W. *Tune,* "SOVEREIGNTY."



FESTIVAL HYMN.





Chats With Notable Temperance Workers.

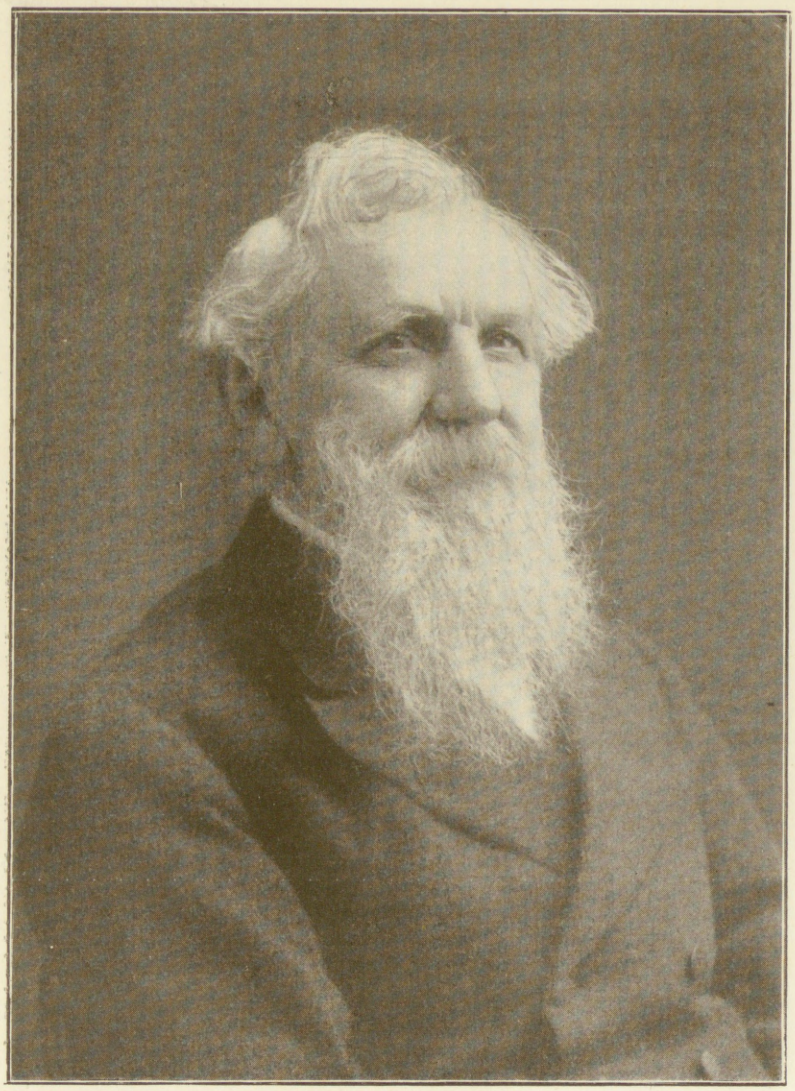
THOMAS WHITTAKER, ESQ., J.P.

ON the 9th of May, 1836, a raw Lancashire lad, for such he describes himself, twenty-three years of age, well supplied with Temperance literature, set out from the birthplace of teetotalism for Lancaster, on the first Temperance Missionary tour, with a determination to win converts for abstinence, and a zeal, which, notwithstanding the lapse of time, is now as vigorous and as enthusiastic as on that spring morning in the days of William IV.

Our dear old friend, Thomas Whittaker, Justice of the Peace, sometime Mayor of Scarborough, it was who, sixty-three years ago, went forth under the auspices of the British Association for the Suppression of Intemperance (now the British Temperance League) to be the father of Temperance advocates, as he has been the most successful.

Few can claim such disciples as he, and to him, perhaps more than to any other man, and to his indomitable energy, his directness, his persuasiveness, the Temperance movement owed its early progress and much of its latter day development.

Our readers, we are sure, will be delighted to have a chat with him, and to hear from his own lips some of his remarkable experiences in the early days of the Temperance movement.



By Permission. THOMAS WHITTAKER, J.P *Sarony, Scarborough.*

* * * *

"I fear I am already so well known as to make any information rather stale," said he, when I besought his help for my readers. "Still there are points applying to early workers but little understood or appreciated.

"My characteristics and conditions are very different from those of Canon Hicks, which I read with great interest in your issue of January last, but if variety gives charm, then it is possible my varied and mixed history may form an interesting chapter."

Enquiries showed that Mr. Whittaker (though he always calls himself a Lancashire lad) was born on the borders of Yorkshire, at a little village called Grindleton, on Aug. 22nd, 1813, two years before Waterloo. As a youngster, it seems, he was remarkable for the size of his head, which earned for him the nicknames—"thickhead," "roundhead," "numskull," and for his fighting qualities—qualities that have as much characterised his moral nature as physically his childhood. His was no easy lot, for, as he says,

"When but a few months over six years of age I had to be up by five o'clock in the morning, and go a mile to a cotton mill, where my daily duty meant a total walk of twenty miles a day, getting home again at eight o'clock at night, and all for the munificent weekly wage of 2/6, from which twopence was deducted as a fine if I happened to be at any time a few minutes late. I knew something then of cold and want and hunger. I also knew something of the oppression of power and the iniquity of law."

I thought I detected piquancy here, and wanted to know what this meant.

"Well, you see, my father, an unlettered, honest, industrious and very determined man, had rented a small farm belonging to the owner of a foundry and iron works where he was employed. Another tenant, owning a saw-pit, desired further accommodation, and was told by the landlord to stake out as much as he required. This he did, staking some of our land, without even consulting my father's wishes, who, with a giant's strength, tore up the stakes as fast as they were put down. This resulted in a long and expensive law-suit; my father was cast into prison, even our beds were taken from us, and we were left desolate. Under these penniless circumstances what little schooling I might have had was prevented, and I became a child mill-hand, with a burning hatred of what seemed to be the law."

Space limits, or much might be told of the boy's successes in the factory, of his attendance for a time, while residing in Preston, at Mr. Joseph Livesey's night school for lads, of his yielding to the customs of the day, and of the long hours and pitiful conditions under which operatives, young and old, were employed in those days. Those who desire to know more should get Mr. Whittaker's autobiographical sketch—"Life's Battles in Temperance Armour," for to his other qualifications Mr. Whittaker has added that of authorship. How Mr. Whittaker became a teetotaler he shall tell himself.

"Even from early days I was never a big man, only amongst little ones, and though never picked up out of the gutter, the Preston men, early in 1835, found me in a cellar, six feet below the level of the street, at a rental of a shilling a week, though I could, and frequently did, earn £2 a week. I had faith in beer, and that was where my money went. Joseph Livesey came with the Preston missionaries to Blackburn, in which town I then lived. They engaged the Theatre Royal for a week, supplying the speakers every night, then returning home in their 'teetotal car,' under the smile of a blue sky and the blessing of God. Oh yes, the memory of those days lives. They were Apostolic times. *Bargaining for Gold* had no place in our ranks then.

"At one of the first meetings in the Theatre I was present in the gallery, and Mr. Livesey, whom I had learned to love and esteem as a youth in Preston, gave his famous 'Malt Liquor' lecture. That lecture settled my belief in beer, and I closed the account on the spot. It has never been opened since. My good brother William—he was the only good one among the eight of us—challenged me to sign. Mr. Swindlehurst, then known in Preston as the 'king of reformed drunkards,' who was on the stage at the time, heard my brother press me, and exclaimed, 'Do it, my lad, it will be the best night's work thou ever did.'

"I replied, 'Do you think so?' whereupon he ejaculated, 'I am sure of it.' *That is how and why I signed the pledge.*"

"It was not such an easy matter to be a teetotaler then as it is now?"

"I should think not. My experience as a cotton dresser became a trying one among my fellows, for they believed that if I succeeded in doing work without beer the masters would lower the wages. They treated me as an enemy to my class, and objected to my working with them. At the time this was the sorrow of my life. I had got a welcome hearth and a bright home. My association with the church to which I was attached was a joyous one. The town which had formerly been a hell had become a heaven to me. It is not where we live but how we live that settles that business. The condition of things named drove me from the town, and with a heavy heart and burdened mind I turned my steps towards Preston, and walked the nine weary miles cogitating how to proceed when I got there. I had not then completed my 22nd year.

"I called at the Temperance Hotel opened by Mr. Livesey for the accommodation of the Temperance public. I had left Blackburn without breakfast, sick at heart, and I needed rest and sympathy. While seated in the coffee-room over a modest breakfast, Joseph Livesey came in. I ought to say that I was not unknown to him, for two weeks after the Preston men had occupied the Blackburn Theatre, Mr. Livesey came again at the request of some of the friends to repeat his Malt Liquor lecture. He was anxious before he began that some one who had hard and hot work to do, and who had signed at the former meetings, should say how he got on. I was selected to perform that task. That was my first public appearance. The result was that Mr. Livesey determined that my gun should go off at the Preston Whitsuntide Anniversary.

"When I gave my reason for coming to Preston, he was much troubled. Some little while after he came into the room again after reading over his letters, and said, 'Thomas, would you like to go out as a Temperance advocate?'

"'Oh dear no,' I said, 'I am not fit.' But the result of the conversation was that I did go out, and laboured mainly in Lancashire, under his direction and guidance up to the 9th of May, 1836, and then left for a tour in Westmorland and the far North, returning to Preston the following September. During that time I covered most of Westmorland, Cumberland, Northumberland, North Yorkshire, and Durham.

"My success was phenomenal. I had no lesson but the lesson of life, yet my experience was a record and a triumph. I was seldom opposed, and joy and gladness surrounded me and went with me into every town and village. The memories of 1835 and 1836 in the counties I covered cannot be rubbed out.

"During that tour my chief difficulty was with

Town Criers who would not disgrace themselves by crying teetotal meetings. At Burton, in Westmorland, however, a joiner, a reformed drunkard who had been blessed by a visit, made a 'rattle' and said, 'Now if you tell the people what you are going to do I will spring the rattle.' That rattle proved invaluable. It summoned many thousands to our meetings and has won many converts. I treasure it very much. It is an heirloom, and money will not buy it.

"Which was the most unique incident I experienced? It is impossible to say. So many curious events have happened in my long journeyings."

I pressed for a few examples.

"For instance, after one meeting held in a Primitive Methodist Chapel, at Haltwhistle, where I had, as was often the case, to be secretary, committee, chairman, speaker, and everything, a gentleman present asked me home to supper. The cloth was laid just as we arrived and on one corner of the table stood a mug of ale. Presently we sat down, and my host, looking across the table at me, said, 'How long have you been going on in this way?' I told him. 'I am afraid you will never stand it,' said he, 'but it's worth every sacrifice if drunkards can be reformed; my heart is with you, but I am afraid you will never bring the system down,' and with that he swallowed the liquor. He is, I am afraid, a sample of many present day people.

"At Kettering, on the Sunday before my arrival, two Nonconformist ministers took occasion to preach against teetotalism from the text, 'Be not righteous overmuch' and 'Beware of false prophets.' At the meeting one of these gentlemen was put in the chair, and announced that questions would be allowed, and that if no one else did so he would take me in hand himself, and finished up by hoping the time would come when every working man would have at least two pints of ale a day. (This minister shortly after became a teetotaler, built a Temperance Hall, and did valiant service for years.) Upon that several men began to flourish bottles, and there was terrible uproar. Finally, some one fired some loose shavings on the floor—a cry of 'Fire' excited the audience, and the roughs made a rush at me. Mr. Gotch, a local magistrate was sent for, and a wine merchant and a local farmer escorted me from the room. Between them I walked through the streets of Kettering followed by a howling mob, the magistrate in the front and the policeman in the rear.

"That night the wine merchant lodged me, and, before retiring, signed the pledge, and from that day never sold another bottle, remaining true till death; and so also did the farmer, as, later, did also the minister chairman, all becoming most useful and valiant Temperance workers."

"Of course, you number many thousands among your converts, and among them several notable men?"

"Yes. Jas. H. Raper was my son. He was begotten in 1836, when I sprung my rattle and upset the poor mountebanks, who were performing in the street before a crowd of people at New Shildon, at 3 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, the hour of my meeting in the Primitive Methodist Chapel. The music of my rattle stopped the performance. When I announced my meeting the crowd filled the chapel, and numbers signed.

"J. H. Raper, for the last 40 years of his life, was the magician of the Temperance platform, and the whole army mourns his loss. Jabez Tunnicliff, who is credited with the late Mrs. Carlile as a founder of the Band of Hope movement, crossed my path at Northampton, in May, 1837, and became a teetotaler."

"I understand now why you are called the 'Grandfather of the Band of Hope movement.'"

"The teetotalism of the Lawsons, of Brayton Hall, Cumberland (the father of the present President of the United Kingdom Alliance, was one of my converts), and of the Trevelyans, of Wallington Hall, Northumberland; and of Charles Jupe, of Mere, Wiltshire, belongs to me. How some of them, during their lives, served us both in gold and good deeds it is needless to say. That I should, in the early forties, have carried the leaven of teetotalism into so many families is more to be attributed to a virgin soil and a pioneer reaper than to any special capacity. In all parts of the country there were to be found men and women who saw the truth in the love of it, and it made them free."

"What characteristic do you consider most helped you in your work?"

"If I had a speciality about me it was *forbearance with those who thought what I had once thought myself.* Had any one said to me as I walked down to that early Temperance meeting in Blackburn, that I should sign the pledge, I believe I should have felt inclined to have knocked him down, if I could have done. I had more faith in beer than I had either in beef or bread. Why, my father, a very sober man, used to dip his porridge in beer in preference to milk,



WIDOW'S COTTAGE—only place where Mr. Whittaker could get lodgment on first visiting Brayton district, Cumberland.

though we at that time milked our own cow. I had more sense than to knock off a man's head who could not see; he never would see had I done that. This suited the Quakers in the West of England, as well as in the North, and everybody who knows anything of the true history of the cause knows how much we owe to the Fothergills and Backhouses and Pease families; the Eatons, the Charltons, the Richardsons and Priestmans, the Thomases and the Thompsons and Bowleys and Clarkes of the North and West.

"You ask what I think my most trying public gathering. I had so many it is difficult to say. Here is one, held in the open air, on what was called the Castle Garths, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in June, 1836. In the afternoon of the day of the meeting the Committee met in a little coffee-house, where I was lodged. During the meeting they doubted the wisdom of the proposed open-air gathering. They deputed Thos. Wilcke, the proprietor of the little coffee-house, a phrenologist and an able man, to examine my head, and see if I would have courage enough to take the waggon alone. He reported that I should. At that they themselves plucked up heart and joined in the waggon.



BRAYTON HALL—seat of Sir W. Lawson, where Mr. Whittaker was entertained on his second Cumberland visit, two years after.

"There was a big crowd, some of them soaked with beer. When I had been listened to for twenty minutes, a man, sensible, but not sober, cried out with a distinct voice, 'Look here, my canny mon,' so I looked there; 'A quart of ale is better for a hard-working man than a quart of water,' and the crowd cheered vociferously. I saw it pleased, and as I was not quite ready with my answer, I replied, 'Say it again.' He repeated his challenge. There was a short pause.

"'I am obliged to my friend in the crowd,' I said, 'but he has not put his case fairly. A quart of ale costs sixpence, a quart of water costs nothing. Now to start fair you have got a quart of ale in one hand, but no sixpence. Take that sixpence and go to my friend, G. Charlton, the Blacket butcher, and ask him for as nice a piece of steak as he can cut you for fourpence. Then go next door to Mrs. Bell, the greengrocer, for a pennyworth of potatoes. Turn towards home, on your way call at the baker's for a pennyworth of bread. Now you have spent 6d. When you get home I hope your wife knows how to cook a steak and boil a potato. She has a nice bright fire, a clean hearth-stone, a nice table, a hot plate, a little pepper and salt, and you go to work. Now, working men of Newcastle, tell me if a quart of ale is better for a working man than a quart of water; and they called out 'Beef steaks for ever, my canny mon.' I never looked behind me after that in Newcastle.

"Opposition! The opposition was not in the crowds in the street, but in some of the pulpits. One Sunday morning, in a leading and popular congregation, the preacher for the day—a very great favourite, but on our question as blind as a bat—during his discourse said, 'Teetotalism is a trick of the devil.' That minister within six months became a teetotaler, and as such lived for thirty years, and died true at 90 years of age. Two years ago last summer the Rev. Dr. Clifford, of Westbourne Baptist Church, was invited to preach the annual Temperance sermon in the same pulpit."

"Now, Mr. Whittaker, what you have told us of that early time cannot fail to be most interesting; will you tell me what you consider the most pressing need of the Temperance movement to-day?"

"Before doing so, let me say that my most serious and violent meeting was at Harlow, in Essex, in 1840, where the barley growers and maltsters' labourers were primed with beer, and took possession of my meeting. And I had to fly for dear life, and, by out-running them, got to my home, a respectable farm-house in a retired part. The opponents were determined I should not stay in the parish that night. A minister and a doctor came down to the farm to see if I had got in with safety. They stayed to supper, and we were rejoicing together that nothing worse had happened, when suddenly such a howling was set up by an infuriated mob armed with bludgeons and excited by drink that we were all panic-stricken. They broke the windows, opened the front door and demanded my body. The lady of the house fainted, and received such a shock that she never fully recovered from it. I secreted myself upstairs but heard the mob declare they would drag me out of the parish and throw me in the river which ran behind the farmstead. The affair resulted in an Assize trial at Chelmsford.

"But now to the most pressing needs. They are—in my judgment—pledge signing, united action, and striking for Local Option. While the sectional Temperance operations by the churches have given us a status we did not possess before, they do not tell with any tangible result on the outside public. We need an open and a neutral platform. Further, the churches are too much like people who keep a shop; some do it badly, and some do nothing else. Some of the ordinary Temperance societies have slept because some-

body else was watching and working. They want rousing. Many of the Temperance societies in connection with religious organisations are only used as some decent people use the family bible—put in a bag, seldom or never opened—like a spare bed, to be used when occasion serves. Reality and thoroughness are great needs of the Temperance movement to-day. There is also great need that the accumulated and daily accumulating facts concerning the terrible results of the use of intoxicants, written on every court house, should be burned into our souls, while the undeniable truths, gained from the sixty years' experience of the Temperance Benefit and Life Assurance offices, that teetotalism has increased the national life nine years, and the national health more than that, need rubbing into the bones of the people by our press, pulpit, and platform.

"My message to the old is: Go on living. The house you live in is, or ought to be, the temple of the Lord, and He is the Landlord. Take care of the property, keep it well, and make it last long. If we can be witnesses for Christ it cannot be difficult to be witnesses for teetotalism. 'Skin for skin; all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Let people see and feel that you are living, and while you so live let somebody be the better for it.

"To the young: Sign the pledge and keep it. The smoking and drinking among the young are shameful and destructive habits. Neither contributes to health or long life. Take care of the house you live in. Mind what company you keep. Be sure they are such of which you are not likely to be ashamed. Have a *purpose* in life, and be fixed in your determination, 'and what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' That is, do it as if you meant business, and you shall not labour in vain, nor spend your strength for nought. Let this motto, if needs be, be written on your forehead—'They that honour God He will honour; they that despise Him will be lightly esteemed.' This is the way, and the only way, by which the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come, can be secured." —W.C.W.

Temperance Physiology.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

III.—THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS: WHAT BECOMES OF THE FOOD WE EAT?

An old proverb says that "some people live to eat;" we ought, however, only eat in order to live. We know that every part of the body, whatever its name, or whatever its duty, must have nourishment, and we also know that different parts of the body require different kinds of food—mineral matter for bones; nitrogenous matter for muscles; carbonaceous matter for warmth; certain salts for the nerves. All these various forms of matter are contained in our foods, and in this lesson we want to see the wonderful way in which nature dissolves the food, makes it liquid, and passes it into the blood, so that it may feed and nourish the body.

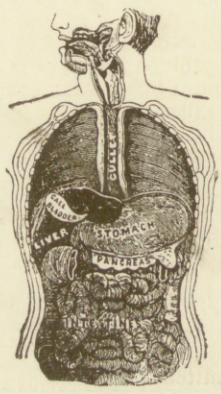


Fig. I.
The Digestive System.

Here is a picture (Fig. 1) of the digestive apparatus. The following is the order of the different parts: Mouth, gullet, stomach, small intestine, large intestine. From it we can see the stomach, connected with the gullet, or passage, by which food is passed into it from the mouth. Laying over a part of it is the largest organ of the body—the liver. Immediately underneath, and as though the stomach was resting upon it, is the pancreas; and at the opposite end to that covered by the liver is a small organ called the spleen. The end of the stomach immediately beneath the liver is joined to the small intestine, which, as you observe, coils and twists about in a wonderful fashion. We see that the end of this coil joins the large intestine which ascends up one side, goes right across, and then down the opposite side to the end. The whole of this apparatus, commencing with the mouth, is called the alimentary canal.

In the mouth food is chewed. The teeth grind the food, and the tongue rolls and turns it over and thoroughly mixes it with the watery fluid of the mouth called the saliva. This part of the work is called mastication. The saliva is made from the blood by glands called the salivary glands. There is one of these just below each ear; these are called the parotid glands, because they are near the ears. Then there is one on each side, just beneath the tongue, and these are called sub-lingual glands; whilst there are two others, one on each side, by the lower jaw, and these are known as the sub-maxillary glands, six in all. As blood circulates through these glands they have the power of making from it the fluid called saliva; and every time we begin to chew, these glands pour out the liquid in order that it may mix with the food. As much as forty-eight ounces of this fluid may be poured into the mouth of an adult daily.

What does the saliva do to the food? is a question that may now be considered. Much of the food we eat, such as bread, rice, arrowroot, oatmeal, potatoes, contain large quantities of starch. Now this substance is only soluble in boiling water, a temperature far higher than that afforded by the heat of the body. Therefore starch as such is of no use as a food. By a chemical change starch can be converted into sugar, and this is the work that the saliva accomplishes. Although saliva very largely consists of water, it contains a very powerful agent known as ptyalin, and it is this substance that does the work of changing insoluble starch into soluble sugar. One part of ptyalin can change two thousand parts of starch into sugar.

The food, now thoroughly chewed and mixed with the saliva, enters the gullet and is pressed gently forward by muscular contraction until it reaches the stomach.

The stomach is a bag, something like the shape of a pear lying on its side. It is a very wonderful bag, as we shall see on learning a little about it. If we were to look at a stomach we should say that it was made of skin, but on examining it by the aid of a powerful microscope we should find out that this skin is built up in a very wonderful way. Fig. II., *a*, is a picture of a small piece very highly magnified. The section 1 shows us the interior lining of the stomach, and under the magnifying power this appears to be full of little holes, each of these holes, however, is simply the outlet of a peptic gland. It is estimated that there are about five million of these openings on the inside surface of the stomach. Section 2 shows us these glands side by side, quite close together. We shall see an enlarged view of one of them a little later on. The outer part of this bag consists of muscles, some laying across called transverse muscles; we can see the fibres of these cut across at section 3, and immediately below them we have the muscles running from end to end, called longitudinal muscles, shown at section 4. We have these facts before us then. The inside of the bag consists of a great number of active glands, and the outer part consists of muscular layers, by means of which a churning motion is caused, moving the food from one end of the stomach to the other, and so thoroughly mixing it with gastric juice which the peptic glands are making.

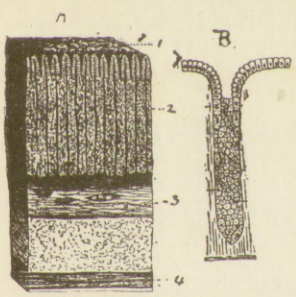


Fig. II.—Interior Lining of the Stomach, magnified.

A closer view shows us the beautiful construction of the peptic glands, see Fig. II., *b*. They are, of course, exceedingly minute and microscopical. We see that they are composed of cells, each of which is active in making from the blood a watery fluid, something like the saliva, but instead of containing ptyalin as the active agent, this juice or fluid contains pepsin, which does not act upon the starch, but does act upon the albumen and gelatin and casein that may be found in such foods as lean beef, peas, bread, milk, cheese, etc.

As soon as the chewed food, mixed with the saliva, enters the stomach muscular contractions begin, moving the food from side to side and from end to end, and the peptic glands begin to pour out the gastric juice, and the pepsin contained in it begins at once to attack the albuminous parts of the food, so as to render them soluble. As soon as any quantity of the food is rendered into a soup-like condition, it can pass out at the small end of the stomach into the intestines, where the work of digestion is completed. That part of the process we shall consider in the next chapter.

The temperature of the stomach is about 99 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is present a very small quantity of hydrochloric acid, about ·2 per cent., without which the gastric juice will not do its work at all well. The conditions of digestion in the stomach are—

1. Heat.
2. Action of pepsin in presence of hydrochloric acid.
3. Motion.

The albuminous part of the food is changed into what are known as peptones, and the whole of the food as it leaves the stomach forms a semi-fluid mass known by the name of chyme.

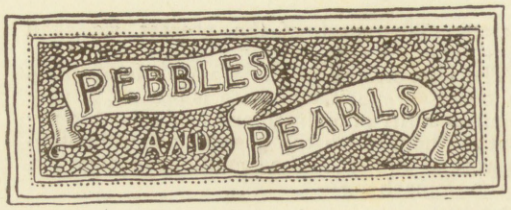
It cannot be said that alcohol has much action on the first part of the digestive work, that of the mouth, but it has a very marked action on the digestion of food in the stomach. It irritates and inflames the gastric glands, and although for a time it causes them to pour out more juice, it precipitates the pepsin, and thus prevents it doing the work of digestion. With larger supplies of alcohol the surface of the stomach becomes inflamed, and many of the glands cease to do their work. A characteristic property of alcohol is not to soften food, and thus to help in its solution, but to preserve and harden food, and thus to retard digestion. The experiments of Dr. Monroe, of Hull, confirm the fact that alcohol does this work of retardation. The experiment showed the following results:—

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.

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.

[See experiments Nos. 62 to 67 in "Temperance Science Lessons."]

A GREAT DELUSION.—"I am an abstainer because, having examined the question on all sides, I have come to the conclusion that the smallest quantity of alcohol limits my usefulness and those lawful pleasures which Providence has provided for me with so bountiful a hand. Don't imagine it conveys strength. There is not a greater delusion on this matter than that alcohol gives strength. It cannot give strength; it can take it away."—*H. S. Paterson, M.D.*



To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow.

CHARACTER lives in a man; reputation outside of him.

THE possessions of others more than the wants of ourselves are the causes of our discontent.

IRATE Customer: I've worn these new trousers only a week and they already bag at the knees.

Dealer: Yah, dot was recht. Dose are our new padent pants vot makes beoples dink our gustomers go to ghurch dree times effry Sunday.

MATTIE: Now, Bridget, as mamma is away I will help you get breakfast in the morning if you will wake me early.

Bridget: Oi don't nade no hilp at all. Jist shlape, an' don't yez dress and come down till yez wake up.

MCLUBBERTY *(sternly)*: Moikey!

Little Mike: Sor?

McLubberty: Yure mither is afther tellin' me that yez hov been ingaged in divilmint the whole day. Now, me young buck, whoilst Oi am at home yez'll hov to behave yuresilf dacintly or not at all; d'yes moind thot?

"I'LL try" is a blade that will win its way
Through many a hard-wood knot—
Will patiently seek for the surest path
To reach a coveted spot.
"I can" is a sword both trusty and true,
Which wins when others have failed;
Its temper is perfect, its edge is keen,
Its lustre has never paled.

Did You Know

THAT ON

March 3, 1832, The King of Sweden issued a proclamation approving Temperance Societies.

" 7, 1879, Elihu Burritt died.

" 23, 1832, The Preston Temperance Society adopted Teetotalism.

" 26, 1842, W. S. Caine was born.

" 29, 1874, Baptist Total Abstinence Association was formed.

" 30, 1887, Native Races Committee was established.

"PAW, what is your busy day?"

"Well, happy urchin, it is when I stay at home to rest, and your mother gets me to do a few little odd jobs around the house."

WHEN Her Majesty was at Balmoral, some time ago, she visited an aged cottager living near. On leaving, Her Majesty said to the old lady who had been entertaining her, "Well, you will now no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit." "Ah, ma'am," replied the old dame, "It's not yerself I'm frichtened at—'tis them grand servants!"

MR. SAYLES: Why, my dear, why are you crying?

Mrs. Sayles *(with sobs)*: Oh, John, don't you remember my new crepon skirt I got at such a bargain last week for fifteen shillings?

Mr. Sayles: Yes, what then?

Mrs. Sayles *(weeping afresh)*: I p-p-assed Messrs. Rags t-t-to-day, and they were all m-m-marked down to fourteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings—Boo-boo!

BE SOMETHING.

BE something in this living age,
And prove your right to be
A light upon some darkened page,
A pilot on some sea.
Find out the place where you may stand,
Beneath some burden low;
Take up the task with willing hand;
Be something, somewhere, now!

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet,
A spring beside some dusty way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workman's roll,
Go sow, go reap or plough;
Bend to some task with heart and soul;
Be something, somewhere, now!

A PRETTY FICTION.

The Lancashire County Coroner, recently addressing a jury, said they had got hold of a pretty fiction, that if a man took too much drink, and died from the effects of that drink, he died from natural causes. He took it that that jury would perpetuate that fiction, but as an individual he should quarrel with it, because if a man knew that drink knocked him up, and he died from the effects of taking it, he absolutely committed suicide. If it was by reason of some weakness from which he suffered—some tremendous craving that beset him,—he should say that when the man took the drink he was of unsound mind. He was not going to invite the jury to deviate from the usual course, which perhaps charitably looked upon a man who had drunk himself to death as having died from natural causes. But, at the same time, he thought it was a fiction and a pure fallacy to return any such verdict.



BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

SORROW ENDS NOT WHEN IT SEEMETH DONE.

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow;
Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

BARBARA pursued her dreary way with unflinching courage. Lodgers came and went, frightened beyond measure by Gatenby's mad outbreaks. The house began to wear a somewhat shabby and forlorn look, and a smaller rental was consequently demanded for the rooms. Gatenby had never again lifted his hand to strike his daughter, perhaps because he felt that to do so would be to sever the last link which bound her to him.

Once he went to Stephen's place of business and created a dreadful disturbance, which ended by his being thrust out of the shop by a burly porter, whilst his son looked coolly on, and advised that a constable should be sent for. Once he waylaid Eve as she was returning to the home she shared with her brother, and the next day he received a note from a solicitor (employed by Stephen) stating forcibly that any insult or violence offered Miss Eve Gatenby would be promptly dealt with.

About six months after her mother's death, a big, hard-featured man called at Alpha House requesting to see Miss Gatenby. He refused to give his name, and as he was rather more than respectably dressed the maid ushered him in to Barbara's presence.

He had called, he said, on a little matter of business. Mr. Gatenby had probably forgotten that his "first payment" was overdue, etc., etc.

Barbara, regarding him with astonished eye, answered,

"I am unaware that my father has contracted any debts. What does he owe you? And when was the money borrowed—for I suppose it was borrowed?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, if Miss Gatenby was really ignorant of the loan granted it was a pity, but, doubtless, her father had reasons for concealing the truth from her. Ladies should never be troubled with business matters; especially lovely young ladies."

Barbara stayed his flow of speech with a haughty gesture.

"I want to hear the truth."

"Well, it was like this. Mr. Gatenby had given a bill of sale on the furniture of the lower apartments; he had done so in his daughter's absence, because he did not wish to harass her. He had borrowed twenty pounds of the Blandford Loan Society, for which he was to pay the very moderate sum of forty pounds. The Society did not wish to press him unduly, but its claims must be satisfied, and as Mr. Gatenby was known to be the owner of Alpha House, of course he could pay."

Barbara turned her white face upon the man.

"You are mistaken. The house and all that it contains belong to me. My father had no right to raise one penny upon it. What are you going to do?"

 All rights reserved.

"Well, miss, unless you or some other friend of his will pay the piper he will be in queer quarters; and I can't give you more than twenty-four hours' grace."

"If the money is not paid—and, indeed, I have not forty shillings—what will happen to him?"

"I would rather not say; but it was getting a loan under false pretences, and that's an ugly crime. If you can't pay, and he won't, it means going to prison."

She sat down trembling, her hands fast clasped, her eyes wild; then suddenly she said,

"I must have time for thought. Will you come again this evening? I will try to get the money for you. But must it *all* be paid at once?"

"Oh no, miss," with alacrity, "only the longer the debt is unpaid the greater the interest. Of course, if you keep up your payments we shall not press you, and, indeed, shall be pleased to oblige you at any future time."

"Thank you, I shall not put you to the test," Barbara said coldly, and bowed him out.

Left alone she fell on her knees and prayed passionately for help. She did not know what to do, or how to raise so large a sum of money at such short notice. She had hardly any hope that Stephen would help her, even if he could, because this was her father's debt and not hers. Still, she rose presently somewhat comforted by that brief communion with the God who heeds even the sparrow's fall, and will not suffer one of His little ones to perish.

Her eyes rested a moment upon her piano; no, she must not part with that, she needed it daily for her pupils, some of whom having no instrument at home paid a small additional sum to practise upon it. Clearly she must go to Stephen; he was the head of the family, and if he could not assist her percuniarily, he could at least advise her.

Dressing hurriedly she went out, and made her way to his lodgings. He was in the habit of returning each day to dinner, and she would thus meet both brother and sister. She hoped a great deal from Eve's pleadings, for very rarely could Stephen deny the girl a request.

When she entered their pretty sitting-room Eve sprang up gladly to meet her; but Stephen's greeting was more constrained. He guessed, by the expression of her face, that she was in trouble, and had a conviction that that trouble was connected with his father, and his heart hardened within him. Then, too, he had never quite forgiven Barbara for remaining with her father.

"Say you have come to stay," cried Eve; "it will be just lovely, for luckily I am quite at your disposal, this is an 'off day' with me."

"I cannot stay long, as I have a great deal yet to do. I came really to see Stephen on a matter of business. The fact is—I hardly know how to tell you—but father——"

"Is in some scrape," Stephen interrupted quickly, "and you want me to help him out of it. Well, Barbara, flatly, I won't."

"Oh, but Steve, this may mean imprisonment for him. I would not come to you, but it was my last resource. I thought at first I would sell my piano, but I cannot even do that, because I remember it was included in the inventory of furniture, and it would not bring me in nearly as much as I need."

"You are talking high Dutch to me. What mischief have you been doing?"

"I have done nothing, but to-day I have learned father has raised twenty pounds upon the household goods, for which he is to pay a most exorbitant interest. He—he, somehow, was so unfortunate as to convey the impression to the Society that the house, and all it contains, belonged to him."

Stephen's lips curled contemptuously; after a brief silence he said,

"Well, make an end of your story; as long as *he* is connected with it there is worse to hear."

"The first instalment is overdue, and the Blandford Loan Society are pressing him. Something must be done before the day closes. If I could sell or mortgage the house, dear Steve, I would not come to you, but Aunt Honor's will makes either course impossible."

"She was a woman of sense. What is the full amount of this debt?"

"Forty pounds now; the longer it remains unsettled the greater it becomes."

"Just so. Our respected parent has fallen into the hands of a thoroughly unscrupulous firm. They will press him so far as they dare, but they would rather keep the matter out of court, as the magistrates have been rather sharp with them on two or three occasions lately. I'll tell you what I will do, Barbara; I will see a decent lawyer, and get his opinion."

"But there must be no delay. Oh, Steve, we cannot let him go to prison, and that is what the dreadful agent threatened."

"It would be the best thing for us and for him."

"But mother loved him, and forgave all his offences against her; she would pray of us, if now she were with us, to follow her example."

"He murdered her!" Steve said fiercely; "I can never forget that."

Then Eve, who knew better how to deal with her brother than poor honourable Barbara, leaning forward laid her hand upon his arm.

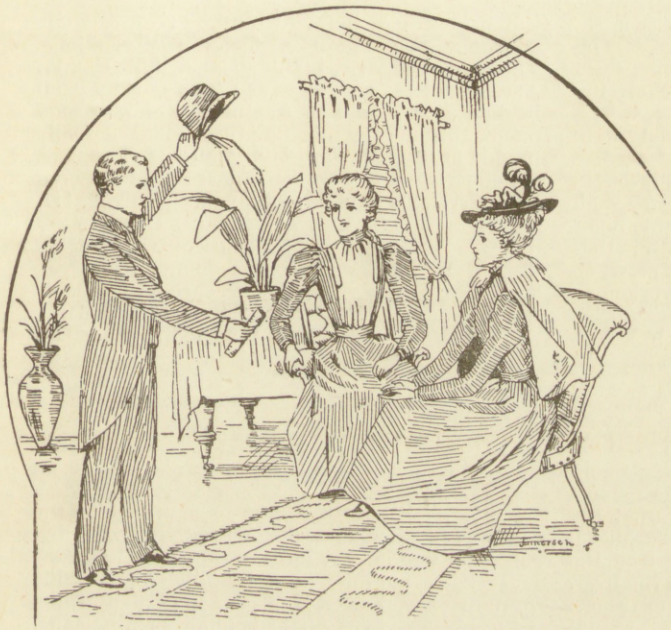
"I am willing to do my share," she said, "if only to save our name from open disgrace. It would never do for you to be pointed out as a felon's son, especially after the proposal Mr. Carlyon made you yesterday—and father would not scruple to drag us all down with him."

Stephen listened in moody silence; but it was evident that her words had weight with him, and she went on, addressing herself now to her sister,

"Mr. Carlyon" (Stephen's employer) "has offered him a partnership in the business. He is to manage the branch business at Sunderland, if he decides to accept the proposal. Mr. Carlyon might withdraw it if what father has done should be made known."

"But," cried Barbara in greatest distress, "you are not going so far from me? I shall be doubly alone, and oh! I need help and comfort so often."

"You have your remedy," Stephen said coldly; "it is madness to remain with such a wretch longer; and chiefly because I wish to forget him



He tossed a legal-looking document into Barbara's lap.

and all his misdeeds I accept this post. I am ambitious, and I do not intend to be dragged down by a drunken reprobate."

"Steve! Steve! you must not speak of our father so. God knows how bitterly I reproach myself that I have no love left for him in my heart; only a shuddering repulsion, which makes it so much harder for me to do my duty."

"You have exceeded your duty. You have cut yourself off from your friends, lost a lover, of whom any girl might be proud; you will sink and sink until you fall to his level."

"Don't, Steve," cried the younger sister, as Barbara burst into tears, "you are hurting her so cruelly, and she is so good she will not even reproach you. Bab! Bab! my darling old Bab! don't fret. You are an angel, and I am a selfish girl, unworthy to be called your sister. Steve, say something to comfort her. You do not understand her, but at least you must love and reverence her."

The young man's face softened. He even went so far as to lay his hand gently upon Barbara's bowed bright head, which was in itself a caress from him.

"I think you will do me the justice, Bab, to acknowledge I am ready always to help you; but you make me angry by your mistaken loyalty. It does not do to be too quixotic, and you may let your religion carry you too far. There, child, dry your tears. For your sake I will do my best to get—that man—out of this trouble; but I vow never to lift a finger again to help him, and you will make him understand that."

"Oh, Steve! what a load you have taken from my heart; and I will honestly repay you."

"Not a farthing. You have enough to do without taking his debts upon your shoulders. I shall try to start you again unhampered with any liabilities, but you must not apply to me for further assistance. Eve, you will see that Barbara does not leave until my return." And then he was gone.

Two hours later he returned; his dark eyes wearing an expression of decided triumph. He tossed a legal-looking document into Barbara's lap.

"There is the receipt in full. I knew the people I had to deal with, and told them they might accept thirty pounds or leave it; I would give not a farthing more to save my father from the just consequences of his fraud. They urged that it would do me harm if it were known he was convicted of fraud and imprisoned. I said, personally I did not care what became of him; I only gave him another chance out of regard for you. Then I added, if it would give them more satisfaction to hale him before the magistrates than to accept the sum I offered I had nothing more to say, except that I had observed lately they had lost several cases, and the magistrates were evidently prejudiced against them. They gave in then; so, Barbara, you are free."

"Oh, Steve! how clever you are," cried Eve admiringly; but Barbara, holding out her hands to him, said,

"It was our mother spoke to you, and, thank God! oh thank God! you listened. Why do you try to make us think you hard, when you are so kind and generous?" And she kissed him.

(To be continued.)

Temperance Physiology.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

IV.—THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS: WHAT BECOMES OF THE FOOD WE EAT?

—Continued.

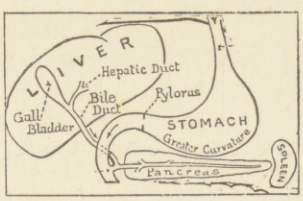


Fig. I.

THE object of digestion is to make food soluble; so that whatever solid food we eat, it may be changed into a liquid condition, something like thin soup. This is essential before it can get into the blood, and thus become capable of nourishing the body. The saliva acts upon starches, changing them into soluble sugars. The gastric juice acts upon the albuminous foods, changing them into soluble peptones.

Foods such as soluble salts and sugars, water and other liquids, need no digestion; being soluble and liquid they begin at once to enter the

blood by soaking into the walls of the stomach, and entering the blood capillaries there. The bulk, however, of both food and drink passes from the stomach to the intestines, where the digestive processes are completed.

A reference to Fig. I. shows us that food enters at one end of the stomach, known as the cardiac end, because it is near the heart; and it leaves in a semi-liquid condition at the narrow end, where the intestine joins it. Just at this point there is a very strong ring-shaped muscle that can press the tube of the intestine quite close, so as to shut it like a door or a gate. This is known as the pylorus, or gate-keeper. The muscle only relaxes as quantities of food are in a condition to pass. Were it not for this, much food might pass before it had been properly acted upon by the saliva and by the gastric juice. A further reference to Fig. I. shows another organ, lying lengthways under the stomach. This is the pancreas, and it has the power of making a substance known as pancreatic juice. Lying above the stomach is that great gland called the liver, and this has the power of making another digestive juice called bile. The juice flowing from the pancreas meets the juice flowing from the liver, and the two enter the intestine at the same place.

We must remember that up to this point certain portions of the food have been acted upon; insoluble starch has been changed to soluble sugar; insoluble albumen has been changed into soluble peptones; the salts are already soluble, but the fats remain unchanged.

Now the digestion in the intestines will finish any work that has been left undone by the saliva and the gastric juice, and will also, by the aid of the bile juice and the pancreatic juice, render the fats into a fit condition to enter the blood. These juices are able to do this work because they are alkaline in character; and just as the soap maker uses an alkali, like soda or potash, to break down fat, and render it into a soluble soap, so nature acts upon the fatty foods, and makes them into an emulsion, so that, like the rest of the food, they become soluble.

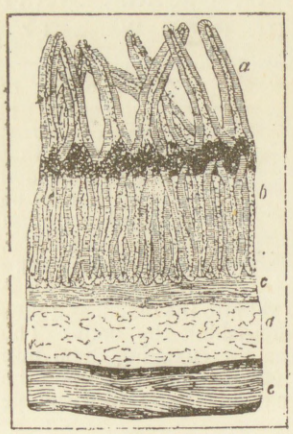


Fig. II.

The structure of the stomach is wonderful, that of the intestines even more so. They really form a pipe, or tube, about twenty feet in length; but this is coiled and convoluted in a curious fashion, with a view to prevent the hurried passage of food, and to keep it for a long time in contact with the digestive fluids. The walls of the pipe are strongly muscular, so that its contractions gently push the food forward. The inside of the tube has an appearance something like velvet. It is not flat, like a piece of leather, but, like the pile on the velvet, there is an immense number of tiny finger-like projections. These may be seen, highly magnified, in Fig. II. These projections are called villi, one by itself being called a villus. As the semi-liquid food passes through the intestine these villi are really bathed in it, and a very wonderful thing happens. To understand this we must learn a little about the marvellous structure of a villus. In Fig. III. we have two of them very highly enlarged, and we see that the outside is composed of tiny cells (1), whilst inside there is a network of blood-vessels (2) linked round a white tube (3). The blood-vessels join an artery (4) and a vein (5), whilst the white tube, called a lacteal (3), is connected with the lymphatics and not with blood-vessels.

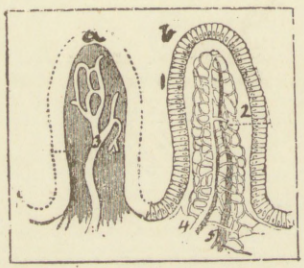


Fig. III.

The digested food is surrounding the outside of the villi, and each villus is actively absorbing the dissolved food. The soluble sugars, salts, and peptones find their way through the thin walls of the capillaries into the blood; the emulsified fats, looking very much like milk, being absorbed by the lacteals.

So the food now enters upon two journeys. That which finds its ways into the blood vessels is poured by them into the portal vein, and carried by it to the liver, where it undergoes changes that we shall consider in a later chapter. After the work of the liver has been done the blood is poured into the hepatic vein, and thence on to the great vein, the inferior vena cavæ, and so on to the heart, from whence it will again be issued as life-giving blood. The food which enters the lymphatics takes an altogether different journey. It does not go to the liver, but is gathered up by the various lymphatic tubes until it reaches one that runs right up the back, near to the backbone, called the thoracic duct. This empties itself into a vein in the left shoulder, and so the food reaches the blood in the superior vena cavæ, and so on to the heart in that way. The whole process of the food getting into the blood is called absorption, because there is no gateway or opening for it. It must soak through the walls of the blood-vessels, or the lymphatics (*see Experiment* 66 *in* "*Temperance Science Lessons*").

It will be interesting to see what may constitute an average daily diet that would give us about the proportions of food that would be required by the body of an adult in 24 hours.

	Per cent.	lbs.	oz.	grains.
Water	81·5	5	8	320
Albumenoids ...	3·9	0	4	110
Starch, Sugar, etc. ...	10·6	0	11	178
Fat	3·0	0	3	337
Salts	0·7	0	0	325
Phosphates	0·3	0	0	170
	100·0	6lbs.		14½oz.

Such a diet can be furnished by the following:

	ozs.	
Bread	18	6 lbs. 14½ oz.
Butter	1	
Milk	4	
Bacon	2	
Potatoes	8	
Cabbage	6	
Cheese	3	
Sugar	1	
Salts and Phosphates ...	c¾	
Water	66¼	

Different foods require different lengths of time for digestion. The following shows this:—

Tripe and rice, 1 hour.

Eggs, salmon, trout, apples, venison, 1½ hours.

Tapioca, barley, liver, milk, fish, 2 hours.

Turkey, lamb, pork, 2½ hours.

Mutton, fowls, beef, 3½ hours; veal, longer still.

There are two points of great importance to us. (1) That water is so essential to the welfare of the body, that out of a total of 6 lbs. 14½ ozs., over 5 lbs. must be water, alcohol not being a necessity at all. (2) That alcohol does harm by hardening food, by precipitating pepsin, by inflaming the stomach and intestines, and by retarding the process of absorption.

Simple food, out-of-door exercise, plenty of fresh air, and water as our beverage, will ensure a good digestion and consequent freedom from many ills.

POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.

THE BOX IN THE ATTIC.



THIS is the box, my darling;
The old, old box,
Where I keep the baby's playthings
And little frocks;
There's a thousand thousand memories
Beneath that lid,
Of the waxen face, the daisies
And cold clay hid.

You don't remember her, darling,
Ah, she was sweet!
These are the little slippers
That clasped her feet;
I can fancy I hear them patter
Across the floor—
The dimpled feet that are resting
For evermore.

These are her socks, all faded,
They once were blue;
There, where they're worn, my dearest,
Her toes came through—
Pink little toes, that nestled,
All warm and soft,
Here on my breast, where I pressed them
And kissed them oft.

This is her book of pictures,
Faded with age;
These are the marks of her fingers
Upon that page.
This is her sash, all tangled;
Straighten it? No!
Crumpled she left it, darling
We'll leave it so.

This is a curl from her forehead,
A wee, bright curl;
I seem to see 'neath its glitter
My baby girl;
My fancy doth paint her smiling
In childish grace,
And out of the curl there groweth
A living face.

Hands that are soft and tender
My neck caress;
And lips that are warm and rosy
My forehead press.
Bright ring of hair, you have opened
The daisied sod,
To give me again the baby
Who went to God.

THE LATE FRANCES E. WILLARD.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, the President of the W.C.T.U., the most powerful and most convincing woman speaker the movement has ever known, passed away amid universal lamentation on Thursday night, February 17th, 1898.

She was born at Churchville, near Rochester, N.Y. State, America, on September 28th, 1839, and was a daughter of the Hon. Josiah F. and Mary Thompson Hill Willard. At an early age she had an experience not unlike what is known as "roughing it," for, with her parents, she made the journey to a far Western State, at a time when railways were unknown beyond Chicago. The rest of the distance was covered by means of waggons, and covered slowly. At night a halt was made, and camp fires were lit on the prairie, whilst sentinels kept watch against Indians on the prowl. Settled at last in the lonely farmhouse, the young girl and her brother spent the long winter evenings in the study of Aristotle or Plato, Shakespeare or Tennyson.



Although Miss Willard and her brother and sister were allowed to live a wild, free, country life, their mother did not neglect their education.

Mrs. Willard, her mother, was a remarkable woman, a repository of the primitive wisdom and plain godliness of a frontier race. It was to her mainly that her children owed the formation of their characters. Miss Willard was fond of reading, and the books which influenced her most were a children's "Pilgrim's Progress." and the "The Slave's Friend," a little abolitionist Sunday School book. As a child her genius for organisation was apparent. She and her brother started a small family paper, entitled "The Forest Home Tribune," in which she contributed "the literary part." She also organised and drew up the constitution of an imaginary town known as "Fort City."

When eighteen she entered the North Western Female College at Evanston, and graduated in 1858, with the intention of devoting herself to teaching. In 1862 she was Professor of Natural Science at the North Western Female College, Evanston, and in 1866-7 Preceptress of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, New York. In 1868-70 (about two years and a half) she travelled abroad, studying French, German, Italian, and the History of the Fine Arts; visited nearly every European capital, and went to Greece, Egypt and Palestine. In 1871 she was elected President of the Evanston College for Ladies. It was the first time such an honour had been conferred upon a woman, and her fitness for the office was abundantly manifested. She ruled without rules —except those adopted from time to time by a vote of the students.

In December, 1873, there had begun in America an outburst of popular agitation known as the "Women's Whisky War." Under this movement (the actual origination of which was due to Dr. Dio Lewis and Mrs. E. T. Thompson, daughter of a former Governor of Ohio) the leading residents of towns in Ohio would assemble in some place of worship early in the morning, and then, after a service, the women would march in procession through the streets to the liquor saloons, and there have singing and prayer, and beg the dealer to give up his business. If they were not allowed to enter the premises they would form in line along the footpath in the street, and hold what was often a continuous prayer meeting throughout the day, relief bands of women coming forward every two hours or so, while the programme would be repeated on subsequent days, until the dealer finally surrendered. In some instances a "tabernacle," moved about on wheels, was placed in front of the premises, and the singing and praying were conducted in it. These tactics naturally attracted much attention, and they were quickly adopted in many towns, not only in Ohio, but in other States as well, so that what was regarded as a "great moral revival" speedily assumed extensive ramifications. The proceedings of the women attracted to Temperance questions such an amount of attention as had never been known

in the States before, and the immediate result was a wholesale closing of saloons, though many of these opened again later on, when the excitement had subsided.

Miss Willard was still at Evanston when the whisky war broke out, and, some addresses she had delivered two years previously having attracted attention, she was asked to take part in the movement. She did so, and joined in the saloon visitations on one or two occasions.

Her remarkable eloquence, which was quite different from anything heard before—or, indeed, since—marked her as an exceptional woman; and when the first enthusiasm of the movement had abated, it was in response to a universal request that she undertook the secretaryship of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union.

From that time until her death she worked literally night and day for the cause she had so much at heart. At first confining the programme of the party she was so rapidly forming to Temperance only, she soon discovered that no legislative results were worth the paper they were written on in America, unless the same moral forces that had succeeded in obtaining them had also a voice in choosing the executive that was to carry them.

Shortly afterwards she became President of the Chicago Women's Christian Temperance Union. At first there was no salary attached to this position, and for the first few months, until her mother interfered, she went hungry and penniless. In 1875 she founded the United States National Women's Christian Union, and became its first National Secretary. Miss Willard had become convinced that unless women were enfranchised the evil of intemperance could not be successfully grappled with. She recognised that the two movements were essentially connected.

In 1879 Miss Willard was elected President of the National W.C.T.U., a post which she continued to hold until her death. One respect in which the late Miss Willard shone more brightly than some whose names and objects have been associated with hers was the admirable breadth of view which allowed her to work side by side with all whose aims were "Peace, purity, and the elevation of the people." When she finally quitted Mr. Moody, who had objected to her appearing on a platform with Unitarians, she wrote, "I fail to see that it is for us to decide who shall work in this cause side by side with us, and who shall not. I cannot judge how the hearts of earnest, pure, prayerful women may appear in God's clear sight."

In 1880 she was President of the American Commission which placed the portrait of Mrs. President Hayes in the White House, as a testimonial to her example as a total abstainer. She made the tour of the Southern States in 1881-3, and everywhere introduced the Women's Christian Temperance Union, for the cause of Gospel Temperance, total abstinence, the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks, and the ballot for women. She at that time travelled 30,000 miles in the United States, visiting every State and territory, accompanied by her private secretary, Miss Anna A. Gordon, of Boston.

Miss Willard gave to the National Women's Christian Temperance Union its motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," and classified its forty departments of work under the heads of Preventative, Educational, Evangelistic, Social, Legal and Organisation.

During her visit to this country in 1893, she and her fast friend, Lady Henry Somerset, addressed large audiences in the metropolis, and the principal cities and towns in the provinces, and everywhere met with the most cordial reception. She regarded these meetings as especially memorable.

Miss Willard was a handsome woman, with a high-domed head. Her hair was of a pale brown, and fell into natural waves, falling in rich folds over her finely-modelled forehead, and keen, seraphic face. Since her mother's death (in 1891) her health has been so broken that no one who only heard her speak in England can have any notion of what she was in her prime. But at her best very few speakers, either men or women, have surpassed her.

She was full of homely wisdom, epigrammatic, pointed, and with great literary quality; and her higher flights of eloquence, sustained and beautifully balanced in their phrasing, will remain as some of the most remarkable feats of eloquence in the language. In private life she was a most delightful companion, always good-tempered, always cheerful, and to her intimates always amusing.—*A.N.*

THE WORK OF LOVE.

A CENTURY since, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face.

It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, on old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors, and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

—*The Humanitarian.*

SIGN THE PLEDGE!

A Temperance Song with Chorus.

Words by F. SHERLOCK. *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegro maestoso.

dim. *in - u - en - do.*

ACCOMPT. *f*

SOPRANO SOLO, OR ALL THE SOPRANOS. *

With fervour.

cres. *dim.*

1. Sign the pledge! we now en - treat you, Come with us and take your stand;
2. Sign the pledge! the pro - mise giv - en, In the name of God Most High,
3. Sign the pledge! the chil - dren's voi - ces Ri e to heav'n—oh, heed their cry!

Key D.

s	:-.s	fe :s	l	:m	s	:f	r	:m	f	:d'	t	:l	s	:—
m	:-.m	re :m	de	:de	m	:r	r	:de	r	:f	f	:f	f	:—

p *cres.* *dim.*

cres.

Ma - ny friends with joy will greet you, Give you wel - come to our band!
Will en - cour - age some who've stri - ven From the dan - g'rous path to fly!
Ma - ny a fresh, young heart re - joi - ces, Ma - ny a cheer sup - plants a sigh;

A.t. f.D.

s	d	:f	m	:t_1	r	:d	l_1	:f	f	:m	t_1	:d	r	:-.d	^{d}s	:—
m	l_1	:l_1	se_1	:se_1	m_1	:l_1	l_1	:la_1	s_1	:s_1	f_1	:m_1	f_1	:f_1	$^{m}m_1$	t_1 :—

cres.

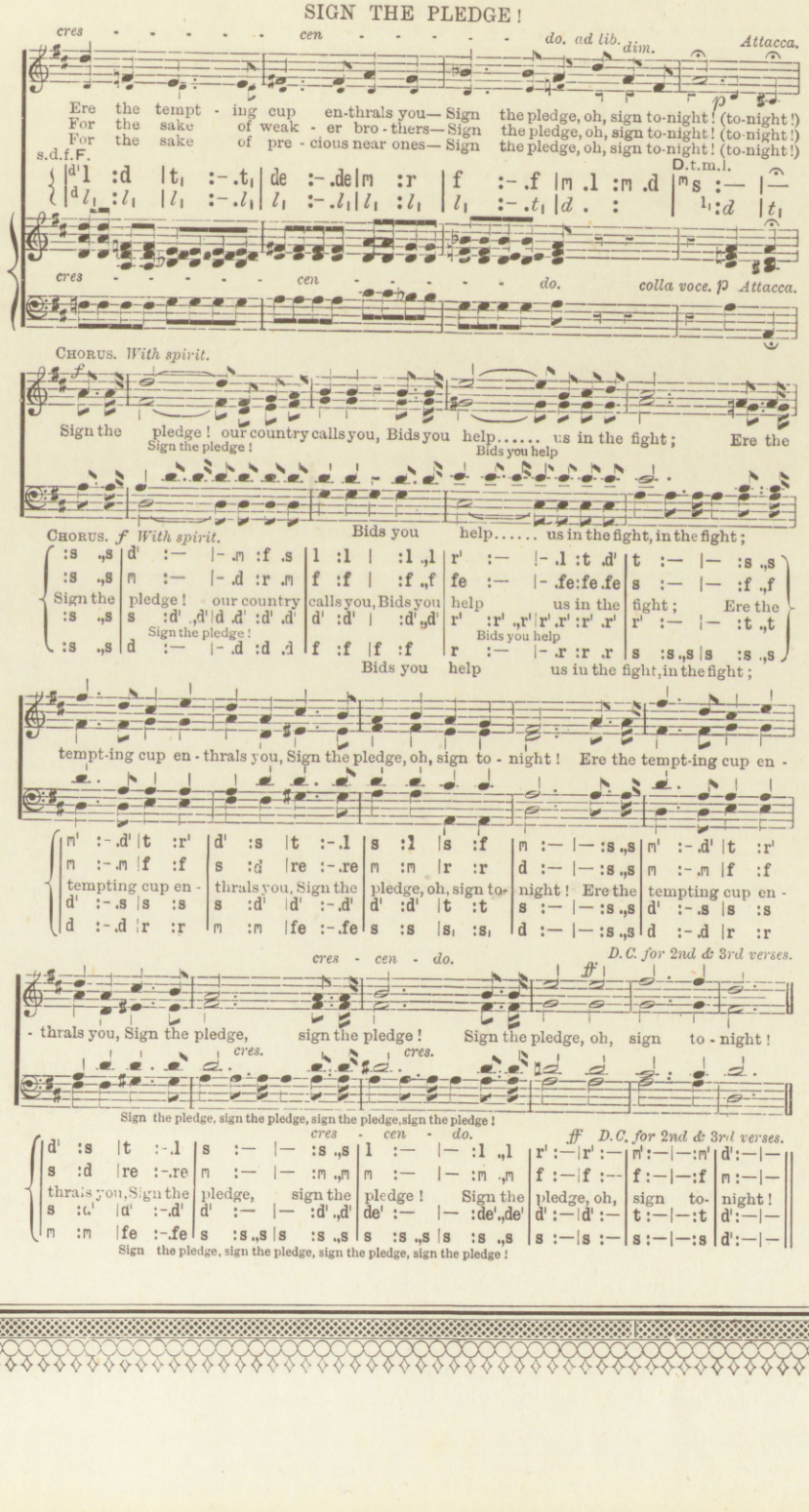
Sign the pledge! our coun - try calls you, Bids you help us in the fight;
Your ex - am - ple thus to o - thers Shall be as a guid - ing light;
When fond par - ents help their dear ones In the bat - tle for the right,

s	:s	l	:-.l	r'	:d'	d'	:t	s	:s	l	:-.l	r'	:d'	t	:—
t_1	:t_1	d	:-.d	f	:m	r	:r	t_1	:t_1	d	:-.m	fe	:fe	s	:—

p

* One of the verses may be taken as a Duet, the Alto taking the small notes.

SIGN THE PLEDGE!



HOW LING FOW WAS MADE A LIFE ABSTAINER.

By Uncle Ben.



LING FOW was a Chinese boy, the servant of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, good Christian people in Shanghai. They were very anxious that Ling, the son of an opium smoker, whom they had taken from a missionary school, should continue in Christian ways, and be kept from all narcotics.

Ling was a very silent boy, and seldom spoke much, and then only in broken "pigeon English." He was deep and artful, and always went about his work in a quiet, mysterious way. He was very trustworthy and honest, did most of the shopping for the family, and could secure much better bargains in housekeeping than anyone else in the household. Nothing pleased him better than to bring back more change than was expected.

He would often appear not to know or understand what was said to him in English, and would look almost as blank at any foreigner who spoke his native language. He seemed as much to depise the foreign accent of his mother tongue as he did English. But the ways and doings and the food of the Britisher greatly interested him. His curiosity was unbounded. It far exceeded all the reputed inquisitiveness of the fair sex. He invariably tasted everything he could, not after, but before, the family meals. He sampled every fruit and delicacy to see all was right for master and mistress. Rebuke was useless. It was a matter of honour and conscience. He followed literally the Scripture injunction "prove all things," but he carried it out especially in the eating department.

He was a most excellent servant except for these faults of prying and eating, and his silence was oppressive. Even when he returned triumphantly from some errand or expedition in which he had secured some tempting purchase below the usual market rate, and was closely questioned as to how he obtained the article at the price, he would only say, "me talkee talkee," leaving the impression that it was simply his eloquence which had prevailed. If so, his fluency of speech in the commercial world was a miraculous contrast to his speechless condition in the domestic realm. He was never known to idle and gossip with the natives, in fact, Ling was a social mystery.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were abstainers, but a gentleman who came out from England, to stay with them for some time until he got a house of his own, was not. Much against Mr. and Mrs. Simpson's wish, being an old friend, for his health's sake, he insisted on being allowed to have bottled beer, which he ordered himself and had sent up from the store.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson did their very best to fully explain to Ling that this was very nasty stuff which their visitor took at meals; they thought it very bad for everyone, but their friend took it against their wish as medicine. They knew Ling would try and sample the drug, and if he saw the keen enjoyment and profound satisfaction that their friend openly would manifest, no amount of exhortation would persuade him that it was so really nasty as his master and mistress, who never tasted it, supposed. At any rate they knew he would, before long, prove for himself the real value of "Bass's mild bottled pale ale." Knowing this, they thought it might be wise to forestall the experiment and invite a trial, but on consideration they deemed it best to leave the matter, merely asking their friend to let a good sup be left in the glass; and, in order to impress the mind of Ling that the stuff was really nasty, they put some cayenne into the balance that remained, feeling sure Ling would not let the opportunity go by unimproved.

On the day on which this little event happened, when "the mild pale ale" appeared for the first time, Mrs. Simpson, just after dinner, went into the apartment used as a kitchen, where the washing up was done, and found the two female servants in a great state of alarm at Ling's conduct, for he had suddenly put his head under the tap of cool water, breathing in the most extraordinary painful way. They could get nothing from him but sighs and groans. All they could say was that Ling seemed to be taken with a violent and quenchless thirst and looking burning hot in the face, with tears running down his cheeks. They could make nothing of him, only fearing he was taken ill, or had a fit in the throat. For the rest of that day Ling was much subdued and went about smelling a piece of bread, as he had seen his master do when mustard had bitten his tongue.

Shortly after this incident, the friend changed his beverage for bottled stout. Mrs. Simpson, knowing Ling's propensity, told him the beer was mild, that this black fluid was stronger, and asked him if he would like to try any. Whereupon he shook his head and replied at length, "Me no takee fire-water, me like you and master, life long abstainer."

However others choose to act
Towards the Temp'rance cause,
We hail its blessings to our home
And strictly keep its laws.

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

THE "OLD BOY" WHO WAS ALWAYS IN A HURRY.



WHAT a job it is, to be sure, to live without being in a hurry! Everybody seems tarred with the same brush, and nobody seems able to escape the whirlwind of hurry.

"Hurry up, there!" is the watchword of ten thousand people to-day, whose forefathers would nearly rise in their graves at the very thought of having to live on perpetual "wires," as the average man of the nineteenth century does. "Beware of the trains," *used* to be the cry; *now* it is "beware of the bicycles," and keep your head revolving at lightning speed every time you venture across the road, for fear you should be tumbled ignominiously into the mud, before you reach the opposite pavement.

Stage coaches *used* to be thought marvellously expeditious. *Then*, when we got trains at twenty miles an hour we began to wonder what the world was coming to, but *now*, what with Scotch expresses and Irish mails, and whirling lengths of sleeping-cars and dining-saloons, we hardly know sometimes whether we are standing upon our head or our heels. Everything is "breaking records;" even the poor butcher's horse, which never was allowed to take things easy, is at fuller pressure, and has to put on extra paces, as the hurried, scurried, blue-coated, hatless "purveyor of meat" (ah, I forgot, we mustn't talk about *butchers* now) throws nineteenth century vigour into the snatching of the reins and the goading forward of the hapless quadruped.

Yes, yes; we have lived for something. Telegraphs whirl our thoughts through space in less time than it takes to commit them to paper. Half-penny postcards flood the earth, taking the place of the sixpenny and tenpenny missives laboriously delivered to our forefathers. Electricity, held imprisoned, to be let furiously loose at the touching of a button, or the twist of a screw, greets us on every hand. We listen to the singing of our "professionals" regardless of their presence with us, or of the distance they are removed from us. Cinematographs flash their shimmering wonders before our eyes; we are going too fast and *we shall have to stop*. What mean these swarming madmen and madwomen in our ever-increasing lunatic asylums? What mean the continually recurring deaths from heart disease, and what mean the unnerved wrecks of humanity which abound on every side? Old Fogey knows, and he will tell you. We are using up our vital forces too prodigally, and we are paying for our fierce competitions, and our eternal strivings, and our boasted pre-eminence, too dearly. Don't do it! Far better die with a lean will and a larder of bread and potatoes at three-score years and ten, than drop off at fifty with a big purse and a fat larder, leaving an hereditary taint of physical weakness to those who rise up to follow you in the battle of life. Make it a matter of conscience not to be in a hurry. A good clergyman of the Church of England, a truly converted man, once said in my hearing, "Never be in a hurry!" He was not a drone, in fact he was a *continual plodder*, but he rightly judged that the spirit of the age had a wrong tendency, and, in the long run, time was lost by the restless, unsatisfied, break-neck attitude of the world.

See the "old boy" in the little illustration above. He has started out with the intention of catching the ferry boat, he knows the boat starts at ten o'clock, he knows also that it takes ten minutes fair travelling to reach the ferry from his house, but he has followed out his usual habit of leaving five minutes to do it in. He leaves his home in a whizz and a whirl, his delicate wife is left with "palpitations" which will last her till he returns at night. The cat, in her efforts to get out of his way, entangles herself between his feet as he scrambles pell mell from the kitchen, and she, poor beast, remains with a broken leg to tell the story. He snatches a furiously hasty breakfast, resulting in indigestion for the rest of the day. The handle shakes off his bag, and half a score of eggs, which were cosily settled inside, are smashed to atoms, mixing beautifully with his wife's best bonnet, which he is taking to the milliner's for her vanity to be gratified by a change of feather; he strains his ankle in the rush, his hat flies off and gets besprinkled with mud, and he arrives at the ferry with his temper gone, his boat ditto, his day's work spoilt, and nothing to show for it. He drops into the "Crown and Anchor" as a solace, and finishes up by returning home far less a "man" than he was when he started. Moral—"Make as much haste as you like, but avoid the black demon of 'hurry,'" so says "Old Fogey."

A SHOWER OF GOLD.

There is a Chinese tradition which tells that, four thousand years ago, the Emperor of China was much troubled with the wretchedness and destitution of his people, many thousands of whom lived amid scenes of squalor and brutishness. At length he became most anxious to do something to relieve the "bitter cry" of miserable and outcast China. All at once he recognised that the bad habits of his people had much to do with the bad habitations in which they were existing. The Emperor, by a wise act of authority, with a stroke of his pen closed up every liquor shop in China; and the tradition records that for three days the heavens rained gold, and the people, being sober, were able to gather in the rich harvest of the bountiful skies.

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

LUTHER: THE MAN WHO SHOOK THE WORLD.

LUTHER, the most notable of the reformers, was born of poor parentage. God seems to have a wondrous contempt for the elder sons of Jesse, and picks the despised, ruddy, youngest son whom the world despises.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, on the evening of the 10th December, 1483; his father, John Luther, being a miner, and Margaret Luther, the mother, the daughter of poor peasants. The home of Martin Luther was permeated by a spirit of piety. His parents were better educated than the majority of the class they belonged to. These things, no doubt, had a great influence on the lad.

In his early days his parents removed to Mansfield, where, by industry and perseverance, his father's worldly circumstances improved, and he became the owner of two small furnaces, and was elevated to some civic dignity in the town.

In the "Latin School" young Martin began the preparation for the future work God had for him to do. Not that he was a good scholar —just the opposite—for as often as fifteen times a day was he flogged. The master, however, must have been as much to blame as Luther. Those were the days when they carried out most severely "not sparing the rod that the child be not spoilt."

From Mansfield he went to the school of the Franciscans at Magdeburg, then nearer home to Eisenach. It was whilst at this place, singing for bread in the streets, as was the custom of schoolboys in Germany, that his fair face and clear voice attracted the attention of a lady named Cotta, who provided him from that time onward with a comfortable home. The impression this made on his young heart is shown by the advice he gave afterwards, never to despise the poor boys who sing at your doors and ask bread, for the love of God.

When eighteen years of age the question arose, "What profession am I to enter?" His father, who saw Martin had more than ordinary talents, suggested the law. This seemed to win his approval, for he started for Erfurt University, and soon was in the midst of hard work. This resulted in his M.A. degree when twenty-two years of age.

Before this event, however, another took place that was to have more influence on the future of his life and country. Turning over the books in the library he fell upon a copy of the Vulgate. Again and again he returned to this sacred book, and his amazement grew as he read the wonderful stories of the Evangelists and Apostles. God spoke to him, however, in another way, that helped to impress his awakened mind and heart. Coming back from a visit to his parents he was overtaken by a thunderstorm. The lightning struck his companion, and Luther, so overcome with gratitude that he had been spared, fell down on his knees and dedicated himself to the service of God.

When he returned to Erfurt he called together all his college friends and gave them a grand supper. At midnight they departed to their homes, and Luther, with a *Virgil* and a *Plautus* under his arm, knocked at the door of the Augustine Convent, and thus separated himself from the world.

It was Luther's lot in life to know what it was to endure hardness, and so became fitted for his post of reformer. When he entered the convent he had to sweep and wash floors, and other humble duties. He was sent out with the bag to beg food, and no time was left him for study, until a friend interposed on his behalf.

A fierce struggle now possessed him. The light of God's truth was penetrating into his soul, and the darkness rose in revolt. He prayed, he fasted, he became a monk of the monks. "If ever monk could have got to heaven by monkery," he says of this period, "I might have done so. I wore out my body with watching, fasting, praying, and other works." But no peace came to Martin, and he nearly killed himself by fasting.

It was Stanpitz, the Vicar General of the Augustines, who led Luther to peace. He noticed the earnestness and melancholy of Luther, and asked his confidence.

"It is in vain that I promise to God; sin is always too strong for me."

"I have myself," Stanpitz said, "vowed more than a thousand times to lead a holy life, and as often broken my vows. I now trust only in the mercy and grace of God in Christ Jesus."

"But guilt haunts me day and night, and forbids me peace in my heart."

"Look at the wounds of Jesus," said Stanpitz; "see the Saviour bleeding upon the cross, and believe in the mercy of God."

"But repentance does not come to me, despite my fasting and prayer."

"There is no true repentance," said the Vicar General, "but that which begins in the love of God and of righteousness. Conversion does not come from such works as you have been practising. Love Him who has first loved you." And from that hour there was more light than darkness in his soul. "I saw the Scripture in a new light," he says, "and straightway I felt as if I was born anew; it was as if I had found the door of Paradise thrown wide open."

In 1507, he was ordained a priest and went to Wittenberg, and lectured at the university on dialectics and physics. His heart was not in those subjects, however, and he pushed on until he became a bachelor of divinity, and was allowed to lecture on the Holy Scriptures.

"This monk," remarked the Rector of the University, "will puzzle all our doctors, and bring in a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church, for he takes his stand on the writings of the apostles and prophets, and on the word of Jesus Christ."

He soon started preaching, and startled the people by his fervour and learning. But this was interrupted by his being sent to Rome, where he saw much that awed and disgusted him.

This was increased when he was sent on a tour of inspection of the monasteries. "The whole ground," he said, "is so covered up, nay, heaped up, with the rubbish of all manner of strange doctrines and superstitions, so that the truth can barely shine through, nay, in many places not a ray of it is visible." In such a temper of mind a spark would make a conflagration. That spark came when John Tetzel and Friar Bartholomew cried out, "Come and buy! Come and buy!" and offered indulgences to the people of Jüterbock, a town near where Luther lived.

At first, the Pope took no heed of what was going on in Germany, but so persistent were the enemies of Luther, that at last Leo X. was compelled to appoint a council to try him. He was summoned to Rome. But this meant certain death, and the Elector Frederick demanded that the trial should be in Germany. His request was granted, and Luther was ordered to appear before Cajetan at Augsburg. The reality of the trial will be seen from the fact that Cajetan had in his pocket the signed sentence—recantation or excommunication. Luther did not know this.



LUTHER NAILED HIS NINETY-FIVE THESES ON THE GATE.

The pulpit has ever been the throne of the reformer, and into this Luther went furious as he saw how the people thronged to Jüterbock for the indulgences.

"God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum," and he nailed his ninety-five theses on the gates of the church. By this act he asserted the need of spiritual repentance and the uselessness of indulgences, even if blessed by the Pope.

This act created the wildest excitement. The greatest scholars of the age—as, for example, Erasmus—expressed sympathy with Luther. But his great friend Dr. Eck published a counter-blast, and the various parties who gloried in the power of the Pope rose against Luther.

however, or he would not have gone to Augsburg.

"Most reverend father," said Luther, "deign to point out to me in what I have erred."

"You must revoke your errors, and accept the true doctrine of the Church," was all the answer.

"I ask for Scripture; it is on Scripture my views are founded."

"Do not you know that the Pope is above Scripture and above Councils? Retract, my son, retract! It is hard for you to kick against the pricks."

In anger the Council closed, and then Luther heard what the design of Rome was, and returned to Wittenberg, where he was received

with wild enthusiasm. Rome suppressed Tetzel and his indulgences, and went a great way to silence Luther. But Dr. Eck challenged Luther, and the whole of Germany rang with the controversy. He then wrote his letter to the "Christian nobles of Germany," which came like a thunderbolt. Rome retaliated with a Papal bull, which Luther publicly burned at Wittenburg. This severed him from Rome for ever

When Charles V. came to the throne Rome used its greatest power to get him to persecute Luther. He went the length of ordering the books of Luther to be burned, but the States refused to carry this out, as the books had been condemned in the absence of Luther. He was, therefore, summonsed to Worms.

"I will be carried hither sick if I cannot go sound. Expect everything from me but flight and retraction," wrote Luther. On the road he was encouraged by many. At Wiemar he found the imperial messengers' edicts commanding all who had books of Luther to give them to the magistrates. Asked if he was not afraid, Luther replied, "I will go on although they should kindle a fire between Wittenburg and Worms to reach to heaven. I will confess Christ in Behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth."

"Carry back," he said to Spalatin, "that I am resolved to enter Worms in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the housetops."

Over 2,000 welcomed him in Worms, and on the night of his arrival he held a great reception. He appeared before the Diet next day, when a sight met him that might have made a braver man tremble. Indeed, when asked if he would recant, and he asked a day to think over it, his friends grew alarmed. But they need not have troubled themselves. Listen to his prayer that night and judge what he will say to-morrow:

"My God, O my God, stand by me against all the world's reason and wisdom. Thou must do it—Thou alone, for it is not my cause but Thine. I would have good, peaceable days and free from tumult. But it is Thy cause, Lord, the eternal cause. Stand by me, Thou true, eternal God. I have not taken it upon myself, O God. The world must leave my conscience unconstrained; and though it be full of devils, and my body, Thy handiwork and creation, go to the ground, and be sent to fragments and dust, it is but the body, for Thy word is sure to me, and my soul is Thine and shall abide with Thee for ever. Amen. God help me. Amen." And then for two hours, in German and Latin, he poured out his soul before the Diet. "Unless I am convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything, for my conscience is captive to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. There I take my stand; I can do no otherwise. So help me God. Amen." The scowls of the Pope's friends betokened no good for Luther, and he was glad when ordered to leave Worms. But his friends were not so glad, and they carried him by force to the castle of Wartburg for safety. Here he lived for a year the life of a knight with the study of a monk. He made the ground sure during the year, and then entered Wittenburg, and commenced his positive exposition of what is now Protestantism.

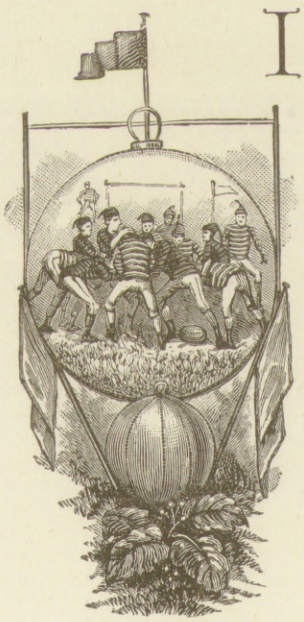
His life was full of conflicts, for he had many enemies; yet he laboured at his God-appointed task. Everything he did, of course, was not only open to objection but misapprehension. This applies even to his marriage. But the fire he had kindled spread over Germany, and the chains of Rome were broken.

Luther as a father presents the softer side of his nature. In his later debates one finds him overbearing; in the home he is tenderness itself.

It was on January 23rd, 1546, he left Wittenburg to conciliate the Count of Mansfield. "When I come back," he says, "I will lay me in my coffin; the world is weary of me, and I of the world. Pray God He may give me a peaceful death." He scarce finished his work of conciliation before he died. God gave this great worker peace after much labour. There is need for another Luther in this age. Pray God he may speedily arise.

- - SPORTS MAD. - -

By "The Pilgrim."



I WORSHIP enthusiasm, whether in sport or more serious work. As captain of a college football club, the men I always left out of the team were the "don't-care-if-I-play-or-not" sort. A poor player and much enthusiasm is better in the long run than a good player without enthusiasm. I am not therefore adverse to "mad" men. Indeed, but for the fanatics there would have been no slave liberation movement. Had we a few more zealots the Temperance movement would go twenty times faster than it is going.

But there is a madness that is not healthy. There is a zeal which is immoral in its tendency. There is a fanaticism that is detrimental to our best interests. When a man allows zeal in a *lower* form of life to rob him of power in a *higher* form of life, that zeal is a curse.

Charlie Robbins was a good enough fellow when I knew him first. In his merry laugh I heard honesty. His open face expressed sympathy. The sparkle of his eye told me that he could be intensely enthusiastic if his sympathy was won. When he went to see Notts play

Lancashire at Old Trafford I went with him, and delighted in his enthusiastic remarks at the clash and dash of Maclaren, or the clear driving of Gunn. I even thought no worse of him when I heard he had saved up enough to go and see England play Scotland.

I'll tell you when I became alarmed. I saw a pink paper in his pocket one day. He soon gave up reading books for the *Sporting Life*. He was learning shorthand, but he threw it up in disgust and began to do a little at sprinting, although I knew his lungs were not of the strongest.

In past days I could always find him at home on Wednesdays and Fridays, but when I call now his mother's white face looks at me sadly as she says, "Charlie's not at home. Indeed he never stays in of an evening now; I'm so disappointed in him. I hoped he would have been made cashier when Mr. Green left, but his master evidently does not think so highly of him now as he used to do."

Indeed, to tell you the truth, Charlie's physical appearance had altered during the last few months. He had lost his ruddy, cheerful look and become white and *blasé*. Even his dress had altered from neatness to loudness. He had become vulgar in his tastes. He could smoke a good heavy cigar, and even take more than two half pints of an evening. If he knew very little about "stocks" he knew plenty about league matches. I cannot say he knew much about the lives of the great men who are ruling our scientific, religious, and political world, but he was an authority on jockeys, footballers and cricketers.

Even his speech had acquired a colour not hard to define. "I'll back you I'll dribble a pen over a sheet of paper as fast as any man." His pen was called after some noted footballer. His walking stick was named "Ladas."

He seldom went to church now, unless the minister preached on "The Derby," "The Great International," "An Ancient Wrestler," or some such sports title. He was too much taken up discussing the Saturday's football returns to think of the house of God. Indeed, he had no time to think of his work. Once or twice the master saw Charlie rush out when the newsboy passed the office. He warned Charlie such conduct would not be tolerated. In the end Charlie was dismissed. Instead of looking after another situation he haunted the fields of one or two clubs. If he had not the money himself to enter the sports field he borrowed it. Even when he got his next situation he informed his mother he was only getting 14/- a week, when he was actually drawing £1.

When he met Jeannie Murray once or twice at my house, and a slight feeling of awkwardness came over him, I secretly rejoiced. For a time he seemed restored to his normal state again, and not only dressed neatly but spoke in Queen's English. Jeannie was a nice girl, with certain definite ideas in her head and good purposes in her heart. I knew she would make a man of him if anybody could. I was not sorry, therefore, to see him take an interest in her. I don't think Jeannie was either. I knew Jeannie adored Charlie's mother.

Several times Charlie came from the city with Jeannie. I soon discovered Charlie not only knew where she worked, and when she left work, but what flowers she liked, and that chocolates were her weakness. He came to church after her, and I rejoiced to see him in church from any motive. When I saw him kiss her (of course I had no business to see this, but I did all the same) at our door one evening, when both were coming to supper, I knew things had gone pretty merrily. For his sake I rejoiced, for if ever a young fellow had a sweetheart he could honestly be proud of that fellow was Charlie.

He asked her one Saturday to go and see Aston Villa play Derby County, and she most emphatically declined.

"You promised to come with me to Aunt Barbara's house, and they are expecting you to tea To put off Aunt for a football match is ridiculous."

"But, Jeannie, Aston Villa, if they defeat Derby County, will be in the semi-final."

"I don't care what they will be in. You made me a promise and I acted upon it."

"But I did not know the match was to be played so near. Come on, lass, I'll easily appease Aunt Barbara," he said coaxingly.

I'll not reveal more of that painful scene, but the last words of Jeannie—

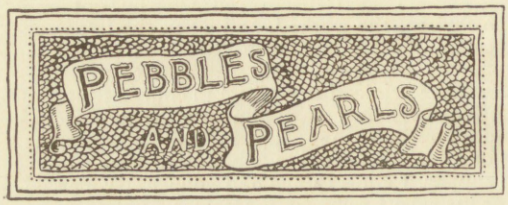
"If you can spend 10/- a week on sports *now*, and care so little about pleasing me *now*, I have no wish to commit my future life into your hands. You have let sport eat the soul out of you." And with bitter words they parted.

He did marry, years later, but not Jeannie, I am glad to say, for her sake. He found a girl who was fond of the crush of the football field, and who knew a little of horses, too. His marriage broke his mother's heart, but Charlie did not see that.

He went from business to business, master to master. His wife, poor woman, had a hard time of it. Charlie even grew so engrossed in sport that the poor little children suffered. Whoever wanted, Charlie had to get money to see the "match," or meet a "race."

The curse of the day is a misused enthusiasm Recreation is as necessary as work; but there is a proportion in life. A young man has other things to think of besides sport. Business is so exacting that if our young men are to succeed, much of their spare time must be used in self-improvement.

Surely we have a duty to perform to the world. Our fathers have fought for the civil and religious privileges we enjoy. Are we to accept all and give nothing? Is the world to be none the better for our having lived in it? Each age hands to the new generation a trust, which in honour we are bound to hand down to the generation that is to come, unimpaired and augmented. No man is doing his duty who allows sport to eat out of his heart all desire for self-improvement and national and civic glory. I believe we are growing a race of young men who will know how to use, not abuse, the world and its recreations. Will you, reader, help the race towards this end? Pray for and pity the heedless herd who rush unthinkingly into the sea of unmanliness. The cry for us to day is—"Play the man." God help us to do it.



HOBBS: Don't talk to me now; I'm busy with a column of figures.

Slobbs: Don't worry; I know better than to disturb an adder.

MRS. HORNBEAK: Ezry, why do these city hotels have their bill-o'-fare printed in French?

Farmer Hornbeak: Because they wouldn't git their warmed-over vittles eaten if they didn't.

THE temperate man does not use in any measure things contrary to soundness or a good condition of life, for this would be a sin against Temperance.—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

FIRST BOY: My papa knows more than your papa does.

Second boy: I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches 'way down to the back of his head.

A LITTLE west-end girl said to me the other day, "Uncle Jack and I have been teaching mamma to ride the bicycle."

"Indeed, you have? And what did you do?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack held her on and I stood around and sympathised."

"THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

—*Old Adam in "As you like it."*

Did You Know

THAT ON

April 2, 1896, The Temperance Ironsides were established.

,, 6, 1855, The National Division, Sons of Temperance was organised.

,, 10, 1829, General Booth was born.

,, 21, 1876, B.W.T.A. was formed.

,, 27, 1876, British Medical Association was formed.

,, 31, 1880, Young Abstainers' Union was founded.

NOT AT ALL.—"Don't you think him greatly to blame for marrying her for her money?"

"It wasn't his fault. He couldn't help being born poor."

"I hear, Cap'n, that you needs a waiter on board dis man-o'-war."

"Yes, Silas; but did you not ask for your discharge about a year ago?"

"So I did, Cap'n, but de ship was going to de West Indies, an' I was engaged to my gal."

"Well, the ship is going to China now, Silas."

"So I heerd, Cap'n, but I'se married now."

GOD keeps a school for His children here on earth; and one of His best teachers is named Disappointment. He is a rough teacher; severe in tone and harsh in his handling, sometimes, but his tuition is worth all it costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same stern old schoolmaster, Disappointment. —*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

DR. SMOLLETT, the historian and novelist, says (in his "Travels through France and Italy")—"The longer I live the more I am convinced that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human constitution; and that, for the preservation of health, and exhilaration of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to simple water."

ANXIOUS to explain the meaning of hyperbole, a Presbyterian minister said, "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word 'hyperbole.' This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep, that would be a hyperbole; for there is not above one-half of you sleeping."

MILTON, in his "Paradise Lost," his "Samson Agonistes," his Sonnets, and particularly his "Comus," shows his appreciation of the strictest Temperance, and his life corresponded with his doctrine. These words of his are ever memorable—"Who can be ignorant that, if the importation of wine and the use of all strong drinks were forbid, it would both rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the use of these intoxicating liquors?"

SMILES.

How many smiles there might be
If people only knew
That they feel better every time
Their faces smile anew.
How many smiles there would be
If people simply thought
Their look is fairer when they smile
Than when they're smiling not.

How many smiles there could be
If folks would only say:
"Good morning, neighbour, let me give
A helping hand to-day,"
How many smiles there will be,
My friend, when you and I
Have learned to practice what we wish
These other folks would try.

—*J.F.T.*



BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cut of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER V.

STORM AND STRESS.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I wonder why 'tis so?

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.—*Ryan.*

EVE walked home with her sister. She was full of Stephen's prospects, and said her only regret was that she must leave the office, and act for awhile as his housekeeper.

"It is rather a pity," she said, "because if the business at Sunderland pays, it is quite certain Stephen will ask Maggie Carlyon to marry him, and Mr. Carlyon will not say no. Of course, when he has a wife, he will not need me, but," shrugging her shoulders, "'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and it is not improbable that I may have a lover."

"No," Barbara said, somewhat abstractedly, "you are very pretty. But, dear, remember mother's bitter experience, and don't be in too great a hurry to settle. You should know well the character of a man before you take the irrevocable step."

Eve glanced at her under lowered lashes, then she said, "Bab, don't you ever want to hear about Anthony?" and she felt the hand upon her arm tremble. "There isn't much to tell, and I am afraid that little is not good."

"Go on."

"He has left his lodgings and his school. He used to come occasionally to see us at first, but he soon ceased doing so. I don't mean, Bab, that he was proud, and certainly he was not wild; but I think he was dreadfully hurt by the stand you made, and we reminded him too painfully of it, and—and—and—oh! you poor dear, I think he has consoled himself for your loss."

Barbara drew her breath sharply. "Say what you have to say quickly."

"Well, Stephen felt you had treated him rather badly, and when he did not come to us we resolved to go to him. The landlady told us he had left her house exactly a week; a young and pretty woman, dressed in most expensive mourning, had called upon him, and carried him off. The landlady heard nothing of their conversation but the words 'Darling Anthony, I have been at such pains to find you! How could you leave me to such terrible suspense? Why did you so doubt my love for you?' What he said I do not know. But, you remember, I always called him 'The Mystery,' and I hate mysteries. Steve said the lady was evidently a former sweetheart, and you cannot blame Anthony for returning to his allegiance. Oh, Bab! Bab, darling, don't look like that. Why did I let my tongue so trip?"

Barbara, with white face, walked onwards, her eyes staring blindly before her. Anthony, her Anthony, had forgotten! In six short months he had buried his love for her; and she, oh, she would love him so long as God gave her memory and life.

"You are quite sure there is no mistake?" she gasped at last.

"I am almost certain. Oh, poor Bab, and you let slip your happiness for father's unworthy

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sake. But you will try to forget—you are so young—and if Anthony could put you out of his heart so quickly he is not worthy of remembrance."

"Eve, you don't understand. Leave me to myself, dear; I can bear it better so. And do not blame Anthony; remember, that above all I would have him happy. I had my choice; I have no right to complain if my lot is harder than I thought."

She had had her choice! Oh, yes, and had all but broken her heart in making it; and, if it seemed to her that life could hold no future good, well, then, God who reads the secrets of all souls would have compassion upon her, and give her peace in the end.

She parted with Eve at the door.

"You will write me when you are about to leave; you must not go without a good-bye. And you will tell Stephen how full of gratitude my heart is; how deeply I feel myself his debtor. If the time ever comes when I can repay his goodness I shall esteem myself a happy woman."

She crept up to her room like a bird on broken wing, and, kneeling by her bed, sobbed aloud in the extremity of her woe. Anthony was lost to her, and for the sake of a miserable drunkard, who had not even occasional spasms of kindness to fan his daughter's dying duty into a flame of love.



"Take me, Lord."

"Mother, mother, mother," she moaned, "I wonder, when you exacted such a promise from me, if you guessed how hard was the fate to which you condemned me! Oh, dear Lord, I am too weak for the burthen laid upon me; give me a little joy before my end comes; shall I go mourning all my days?"

Then, suddenly, from the street below there arose a woman's voice; it was not trained or sweet, but it was powerful and vibrated with intense emotion. Lifting her weary head, Barbara looked out; below, a little group of people were gathered, and she recognised some of them as belonging to the parish church. But she forgot to pay heed to any but the singing woman, who, with lifted face and rapt eyes, sent her voice pealing upwards and onwards.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Verse after verse was sung, for now the little band had taken up the burthen of the hymn. But once again the woman's voice alone was heard, and it had grown wondrously soft and tender.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

In a flush of passionate self-surrender Barbara cried, "Take me, Lord; do with me as Thou wilt. Speak to me that I may hear and obey."

A stumbling step in the hall aroused her; she sprang to her feet, saying to herself, "Christ trod a bitterer way before me; shall I, His servant, fail before the heat and burthen of the day is upon me?" And then she went to meet her father. He was sober, but in an evil mood; but she had that to say which must be said, and she braced her courage to the sticking point.

"Father," she said, "when you have had your tea I want to talk with you."

"You need not wait until then," he rejoined surlily; "if you can prepare no better meal than that" (with a contemptuous glance at thin bread and butter and water-cress she had provided) "I'm no vegetarian, and I prefer a flagon of good ale to a brew of tea. Look here, Barbara, I'm tired of your economical ways."

"I am afraid we must be more than ever economical. I have two rooms empty now, and we have nothing certain except my poor income."

"Thanks to your precious brother and sister. We could have lived comfortably enough on their united incomes, but Eve is an ungrateful jade, and Stephen——"

"Say nothing against him," Barbara interrupted, with a flash of temper; "but for his generosity you would find yourself a prisoner to-morrow. Father, I know all; a dreadful man came here to-day, threatening your liberty and—and your honour. Oh! how could you do it? How could you so deceive me?"

He professed at first not to understand her, beginning to bluster and to swear. She waited until his violence had left him breathless, then she took out the receipt which Stephen had given her.

"This is my proof, father, and the sign of your freedom. Stephen has taken the debt upon

himself, has robbed his own purse that you may have liberty."

"It was his bounden duty," Gatenby broke in callously, and tacitly admitting his guilt, "he is my son; I clothed, educated, and fed him until he could earn his own bread; it is high time I reaped some benefit."

The girl regarded him with a sick disgust she scarcely could conceal. All his life Stephen had been stinted of a father's love, and ill-treated. Gatenby grudged him even the barest necessaries, and out of the fulness of her heart spoke:

"Stephen has exceeded his duty. Few sons would have been so generous; but I am to say to you he will no more be responsible for your debts, he considers himself free of every obligation to you."

"Is that so? Well, I'm afraid I shall have something to say to this young autocrat before long. Am I to be threatened and set at nought by him? I believe the law gives me the custody of my daughter until she is of age? Very well; I shall assert my authority and reduce Mistress Eve to a state of submission, which may be bitter, but will certainly be wholesome. My dear Barbara, you will make such preparations as are necessary for your sister's return. She will sleep to-night under her father's roof."

Barbara caught her breath sharply, and her white face grew whiter yet as she sprang to his side, locking her hands about his arm.

"Father, dear father! you do not mean it? Stephen has been so good to you, you would not want to hurt him. And think how young our Eve is. Let her live her pleasant, happy life unmolested. I will try to make home brighter for you. I am sorry if I have said anything that was undutiful or undaughterly."

"I thought I could bring you to your senses; and I'll have Stephen on his knees yet. His sister Eve is too pretty and dainty to share her father's society and home. Well, she will return to both; and I'll have no airs or graces. I mean to show that my rule is absolute. And what right has my son to be in possession of such a sum of money as thirty pounds, when I haven't thirty pence? Oh, oh! but to-night will see the downfall of his pride, and the establishment of my power."

"Father, you will not do this thing? Oh, for my mother's sake, let the better self within you control you now. I will work for you willingly; I will do all that my conscience can approve if you will but leave Eve in peace and security. Think, think, I implore you; she is the living image of my dear, dead mother—your own child."

"That is it!" Gatenby interrupted with a shout, as he brought his fist heavily down upon the table. "No child of mine shall defy me with impunity. When I have rested awhile I'll go down to Steve's place; he is never at home until nine, and you shall have the pleasure of welcoming your sister to such poor shelter as we can afford, do you hear?"

"Yes," said Barbara, and spoke no other word, only if Oscar Gatenby had been looking at her he would have seen the light of resolve in her clear eyes, and that the sweet mouth had taken a firmer expression.

But after he had fumed awhile he lay down upon the couch, and presently fell into an uneasy slumber. Then Barbara, having written a brief message on a slip of paper, leaving the room, opened the hall door and glanced cautiously out. A small boy she often employed to carry messages was playing in the gutter.

"Tommy, take this note to Mr. Stephen's business place; you must give it only to him,



"Tommy, take this note."

and must tell no one where you have been. Will you do this if I give you sixpence? Can you remember? Oh, and if Mr. Stephen should chance to have left the shop, go on to his lodgings and ask Miss Eve to read it."

"Alright, Miss," rejoined Tommy, pouncing upon the sixpence, "I won't forget," and he sped away as quickly as his short legs would allow, whilst Barbara re-entered the house in an easier frame of mind.

The message she had sent was this: "Eve must leave you without delay; choose some safe place of concealment, because to-night father intends to compel her to return to Alpha House. He says the law will help him. Steve, dear Steve, she must *not* suffer daily martyrdom; save her for the love of God."

Waking from his heavy slumber, Oscar Gatenby rose, and, having made a hasty toilet, went out chuckling with delight over the surprise he held in store for Eve and her brother. And Barbara waited in a state of suspense and fear for his return.

It was not until midnight he re-appeared, and then he was in a drunken condition. Lurching to his chair he said, "They've clean gone; no one knows where."

"Thank God!" cried Barbara, "oh, thank God!"

(To be continued.)

"I NEVER felt any need for wine, or any other strong drink, after the hardest day's work; but have always found that the hardest work can be sustained without it."—*Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte.*

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

V.—NATURE'S LABORATORIES: THE LIVER AND THE KIDNEYS.



TO keep the body strong and in good health not only must the blood be supplied with nourishing matter by the process of digestion, but there are many changes which the food itself must undergo before it can become living tissue; besides which waste matters need constantly to be removed from the blood. The liver and kidneys are the principal organs engaged in this work. The liver not only has the function of making bile juice from the blood that flows through it, but, in addition, it has the power of changing sugar into an entirely new substance, called glycogen, or animal starch.

In previous chapters we have seen that the digested food passes by absorption into the blood vessels of the stomach and of the villi in the intestines. All these blood vessels are branches of the portal vein. It follows, therefore, that all the food that is dissolved by the saliva, the gastric juice, the bile juice, and the pancreatic juice finds its way at last into the portal vein (with the exception of the emulsified fat which we have seen is absorbed by the lacteals).

This great vein goes direct to the liver, where it again breaks up into a great number of tiny branches which penetrate the liver cells in every direction.

Intersecting the cells there are the channels by which the bile juice is carried off to the gall bladder. Whilst the blood from the portal vein is making its way through the capillaries of the liver cells the sugar derived from the food undergoes the change of being converted into glycogen, and in this form it is stored up, so that it can gradually be retransferred into sugar, and sent to the tissues, by way of the hepatic vein, as their needs demand, to supply them with material for their energy and heat.

When water is forced into the portal vein of a liver removed from an animal, and continued till it issues from the hepatic vein, sugar will be found in abundance in the water. On continuing this the washings will presently contain no sugar. If the liver be now left for a few hours and the process again repeated, sugar will again be found. The experiments show us that the liver cells have the power of storing up the glycogen, re-converting it into sugar, and giving it out to the body as required.

The two principal kinds of work then that the liver does are as follows:—

The making of bile juice to aid the process of digestion, and the storing up and distribution of sugar to maintain an equal amount of heat and a constant supply of energy.

The liver is a somewhat shapeless mass when removed from the body. It is the largest gland in the body, and in an adult weighs between 50 and 60 ounces. A great deal depends upon the liver being in good condition, for good health cannot be maintained when this organ is out of order.

When alcohol is taken into the stomach it needs no digestion, but at once begins to be absorbed into the blood vessels, and as these blood vessels form branches of the portal vein, the alcohol quickly finds its way there, but as this vein quickly breaks up into tiny branches in the liver, the alcohol is brought into speedy contact with that organ. The most common effect of alcohol is to kill numbers of the liver cells, and thus to render the organ less capable of doing its work. In hard drinkers, especially those who use spirits, the liver shrinks and hardens, the outer skin being drawn into furrows with parts sticking up like the hob nails of boots.

It is very doubtful whether a drunkard could be found with a liver in a healthy condition, and it is quite certain that those who are in close contact with strong drink suffer enormously from liver diseases. This will be seen from a table prepared by Dr. Ogle, superintendent of statistics at the General Register Office.

Diseases.	Mortality among men generally.	Mortality among liquor dealers.
Alcoholism	10	55
Liver diseases	39	240
Gout	3	13
Nervous diseases	119	200
Suicide	14	26
Kidney & urinary diseases	41	83
Diseases of the circulatory system	120	140
Other diseases	654	764
	1,000	1,521

From this it will be seen that 240 liquor dealers die of liver complaints, where 39 ordinary persons die of that complaint. Six times as many liquor dealers come to their death through liver diseases as ordinary people.

It is quite certain that an organ of such delicate construction and doing such important work cannot be exposed every day to the action of even small quantities of alcohol without great danger being incurred.

The kidneys are two in number, and are situated in the lower part of the back, one on each side of the spinal column. They are about four inches long, two and a half inches broad, and one and a half inches thick. The weight of each is about 4½ ounces.

The construction of the kidneys is very complicated, and the work they do of a very wonderful kind, so that in a brief and elementary article such as this it is impossible to convey any

adequate idea of the important functions that the kidneys perform.

The important work of the kidneys is that of cleansing the blood and the removal of effete and waste matter. The blood circulation is very active in the kidneys, which may be said to act in the capacity of filters.

We can easily understand that if these natural filters get out of order, impurities that ought to be removed remain in the blood and are sent round the general circulation again and again, resulting in serious forms of ill health.

As there is a rich and copious supply of blood to the kidneys, alcohol is very quickly brought into contact with them, and just in the same way as its presence proves disastrous to the liver, so the kidneys also suffer. These forms of kidney disease always result in other serious forms of disease, often speedily followed by death.

A reference to the mortality table previously given will show that twice as many liquor dealers die from kidney disease as ordinary persons.

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

"TOO MUCH TO DO."



HI, small boy, there; what now? You'll twist your feeble shanks into knots, and sprain your little wrists, and turn yourself inside out if you're not careful. You've *got* to do it, have you? Well, more's the pity. You're in a hard world, and I suppose you must make the best of it, like the rest of us have had to; but, "if you can't take it aisy," as the Irishman said, "take it as aisy as ye can."

Since the time when Pharaoh commanded the taskmasters of Egypt to cause the people to make bricks without straw, the world has been defiled with taskmasters. Go where you will, they are there. Dive into the strongholds of the nineteenth-century sweaters, and drag the victims forth to the light of day. There they sit, those lean-looking, hungry, lantern-jawed women, not only "weary and worn" after the manner of Hood's heroines of "The Song of the Shirt," but *dying out* their little lives in tortured quiet; no eye to pity, no arm outstretched to rescue. Here's a lassie, winsome once, but now leaden-eyed and withered, thirty summers have not passed over her, but she has seen fifteen of married life. Five tiny, unnatural-looking, wizen little ones hang around her, and as she fiercely drags the heavy sacks to and fro, which a so-called human being pays her fourpence a dozen for making complete, she pitifully speaks out from her dumb countenance "Too much to do." As she finishes her day's desperate battle, and knows that the morrow will be but a repetition of to-day, she gives vent to a heart-broken gasp, a sigh of such weird, excruciating anguish that even her wan offspring, accustomed continually to ejaculations of agonised mental outbursts, start and shiver as they drag their trembling limbs away from her gaze, lest the very force of the overtaxing of their unhappy mother's energies should cause her to lose control of herself, and do grievous bodily harm to them in spite of her willingness to sacrifice her life's blood in saving them from starvation.

Turn away from this spectacle of diabolical woe, and stand with me in the scullery of the mansion of the rich gin distiller. Here is the prosaic "Betsy," sleeves up, face cruelly flushed, knuckles bleeding with uncared-for chilblains, away from home for a life of "service," parents broken down in yonder village after a career of honest industry at the princely price of ten-shillings a week. Betsy has, in company with four brethren and sisters, "swarmed from the hive," and got a "good situation," where she will get a "better livin'," and will be taught how to "serve" in the cringing method demanded by unscrupulous money-grabbers.

Old Fogey once saw a "British workman" of the smooth-tongued, soft-palmed type, with a tool basket slung over his back, pacing along the centre of a small street crying out, as he foxily gazed from side to side and fixed his stare upon the bedroom windows, "Willin' to work and can't get it, 'ard oop and sorry for it." The pennies that showered around him as a result of his promulgation of so industrious a leaning would, it is sadly to be feared, check successfully all future desire to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Poor Betsy's cry is not "Willin' to work and can't get it," but "Willin' to work and *must* do it." Yes, *do it*, until she breaks down, with no hope of ever regaining her former strength, and we find her lying on a hospital couch, moaning out the bitterest agonies of an overtaxed frame, given up by the doctors, and with unconscious humour gasping forth the serio-comic stanzy of a former Betsy, whom history records as exclaiming:

"Farewell, dear friends, I am goin'
Where there'll neither be scrubbin', nor washin', nor sewin';
Farewell, dear friends, when death us do sever,
I'm goin' to do nothin' for ever and ever.

Yes, "too much to do" is the wailing cry of

ten thousand voices; the world is upside down, and Old Fogey only has one cure to urge. It is the cure which was proclaimed a thousand years ago, the eleventh commandment—"Love thy neighbour as thyself." It is a certain cure for the world's spurring and urging and crushing pressure. It can save it from either doing too much to its own injury, or forcing others to do too much to theirs.

A wonderful cure for earth's ills is LOVE.



TWO BRAVE BOYS.

JOHNNY, a certain little boy, who is a zealous member of a Temperance school, during the holiday week went with his mother to dine with an aunt. Other guests were at the table, uncles, aunts and cousins, and a glass of beer was placed before each. Johnny did not touch his. "Drink your beer, Johnny," said his aunt.

"No, I thank you, I don't want it," said the boy. Not wishing him to appear impolite his mother said: "Johnny, you must drink your beer. You see we all drink it."

"No, mother, I cannot," he replied. His uncle thought him stubborn, and he, too, urged the little fellow to taste his beer, but all to no purpose. That vexed the uncle. Said he: "If I had a boy who would not obey me, I'd punish him severely, that I would; he should be made to obey!"

"Johnny, why won't you drink it?" asked the mother, receiving in reply these words from the brave little fellow:

"Mother, I have learned that if a boy drinks beer he will want something stronger by and by. When I grow up I want to take care of you and I must earn money to do it. I want a clear head, and I can't have it, nor a strong body if I drink beer or other liquors. You won't make me drink it, will you?"

Did she? No, indeed! She was proud of her boy, showing it by the loving look bestowed upon him, while tears came to her eyes at this expression of his love and desire to care for her. The others said he was "on the safe side."

Another little fellow who had learned also the nature of the drink had enrolled himself as a member of a Band of Hope. Not long after he was taken ill, and tossed about in his crib, burning with fever. The doctor said he must take wine every day to keep up his strength. The boy heard him.

"No, I can't take it, doctor," said he. "I promised never to touch it."

"That's all right, my boy," said the doctor; "you don't need it when you are well, but you must take it now as a medicine, because I tell you to," and, thinking to frighten him into obeying, added, "You may die if you don't take it."

"Well, I'll die rather than break my pledge," said the boy: "I'll take the bitterest, nastiest kind of medicine, doctor, but I won't take any wine." Then he began to cry.

The mother quieted him by saying, "We'll have something else in place of wine, dear; you must drink plenty of nice sweet milk and beef tea, and keep perfectly quiet."

The boy did not die. By careful nursing he soon was able to sit up in his crib. One morning as he sat bolstered up playing with his favourite toys, the doctor entered the room. "Well, doctor," said the boy, "you see I'm getting well after all, and you can't say the wine cured me, for I didn't take it."

"You know too much," said the doctor.

THE THREE R's.

BY BERESFORD ADAMS.

REJOICE, rejoice, for Temperance work
Can bring the purest joy,
And fill your hearts with happiness,
Free from the world's alloy;
A broad and pleasant field of toil
To myriads it has been,
And we have often found our hearts
Made glad this field within.

Resolve to do your very best
Wherever you may be,
To bring deliverance to those
Held in drink's slavery;
And as resolve within your soul
Shall be devoutly made,
May holy courage rise that you
May never be afraid.

Recruit with energy and zeal;
Let this your watchword be—
"King Alcohol must be o'erthrown,
The people must be free."
Let young and old and rich and poor
Together be enrolled,
To march against our country's foe
With courage true and bold.

Rejoice, *Resolve*, *Recruit*, and thus
The Temperance cause extend,
And with a cheerful energy
Its principles defend;
The light of heaven upon your path
Shall then with brightness fall,
While those you win to Temp'rance ways
Shall bless you one and all.

A QUAINT GAME WITH A QUEER HISTORY.

By Ruth B. Yates.

"LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN."



LONDON Bridge is broken down,
My fair lady;
How shall we build it up again,
My fair lady?
We will build it up with bricks and mortar,
My fair lady;
Bricks and mortar will not stay,
My fair lady;
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady?
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair lady;
Build it up with iron and steel,
My fair lady?
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
My fair lady;
Build it up with wood and clay,
My fair lady?
Wood and clay will wash away,
My fair lady;
Build it up with penny loaves,
My fair lady?
Penny loaves will mould away,
My fair lady;
What has this poor prisoner done,
My fair lady?
Off to prison he must go,
My fair lady.

In playing this well-known game two children hold up their hands to form an arch, the rest form a line holding to each other's dresses and run under. At the words—What has this poor prisoner done? the girls who form the arch catch one of the line (generally the last) and retain her as their prisoner. Each stanza is repeated three times, and as the last is being sung the captive is marched off to prison, and game begins again until all have been caught.

This game is played by children to-day all over England and Ireland, varying a little in different districts. Three versions introduce watching by a man, a dog, or a cock, and five versions introduce a prisoner. Watching or keeping guard over the building has evidently been brought in as more in accordance with modern ideas, but the prisoner appears in all the most ancient versions.

In every case there seems to be considerable difficulty in rebuilding the bridge by ordinary means, and without suggesting that extraordinary means should be adopted, a prisoner is suddenly taken without any apparent reason.

This plainly points to a foundation sacrifice.

It used to be believed, as it still is in heathen countries, that the spirits would wreak their vengeance upon those who dared to invade their territories, and that any bridge, gate, or building whose foundations required to be sunk beyond a certain depth would be destroyed by those outraged spirits, and many tales are told of builders whose day's work was all undone in the night, and the only way in which the work could be completed was by offering a foundation sacrifice to propitiate the spirits.

As recently as 1872, when Hooghly Bridge was constructed, the natives said that Mother Ganges was indignant at being bridged, but had at last consented to submit to the insult on condition that each pier of the structure was founded on a layer of children's heads.

In Siam, when a new city gate was being erected, it was customary for a number of officers to lie in wait and seize the first four or eight persons who happened to pass. These persons were then buried alive under the gate-posts to serve as guardian angels.

There are many other instances of this custom; in fact, there is a tradition about London Bridge itself that the stones of which it was built were bespattered with the blood of little children.

Fitzstephens, in his well known account of London in the 12th century, mentions the fact that when the Tower of London was built the mortar was tempered with the *blood of beasts*, instead of human blood.

Even down to modern times the heads of prisoners after execution were placed on London Bridge, and also on the city gates.

These traditions, when compared with what we know of contemporary savagery, distinctly point to the game having its origin in the custom of foundation sacrifices. There still exists an old Norse saga or ballad that gives an animated description of the Battle of London Bridge when Ethelred—after the death of Sweyn—was assisted by Olaf in retaking and entering London, and it is curious and important to note that in its first line, the game rhyme appears thus,

London Bridge is broken down,
Gold is won and bright renown;
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hild is shouting in the din;
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win.

This appears to point out the date when the merry game that is played by our children to-day had its origin. The breaking down of the bridge during the battle, the fear of failure in rebuilding, and the foundation sacrifice offered to Odin by one of the prisoners, who had been taken, being imprisoned beneath the structure.

Truly, "the dark places of the earth are the habitation of cruelty." We may well rejoice that upon us has shone the glorious gospel light, for where the God of justice and mercy is worshipped, and the Saviour obeyed—whose precept is to love one another—these horrible and cruel rites are known no more.

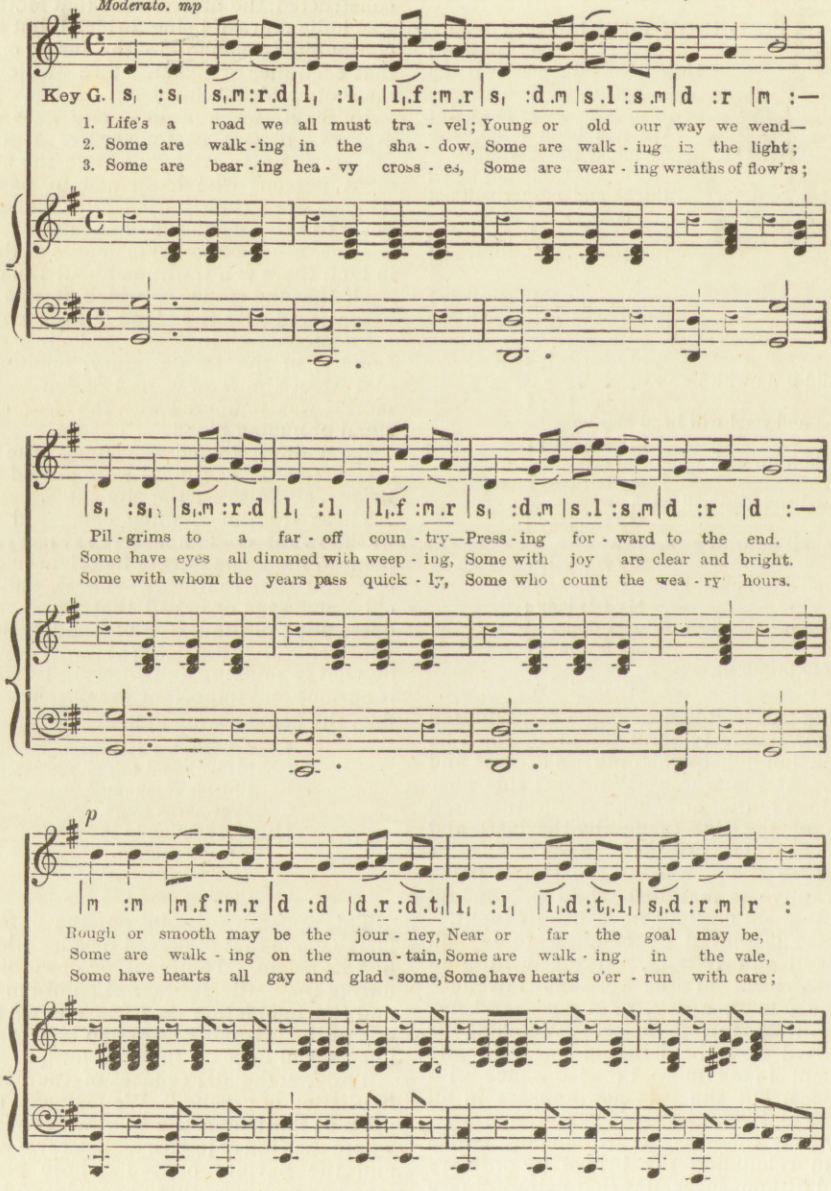
"Alcohol cannot make up for the wear and tear which is constantly going on. It is not a food; it is only a luxury."—*Dr. Edge.*

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Words written and adapted for this Work.
1st v. by R. W., *2nd & 3rd vs. by* A. GREY.

Music by S. W. STRAUB.

Moderato. mp



THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.



p

All be - fore us lies in dark - ness, Just a step is all we see.
Some are ra - di - ant and hap - py, Some have fa - ces wan and pale.
Some are sing - ing songs of glad - ness, Some are seek - ing help in prayer.

CHORUS. *mp*

Thus we travel on life's jour - ney, Till we reach our home a - bove,
Thus we tra - vel on life's jour-ney, Till we reach our home a - bove, There for

CHORUS. *mp*

Thus we travel on life's jour - ney, Till we reach our home a - bove,
Thus we tra - vel on life's jour-ney, Till we reach our home a - bove, There for

p

There for ev - er past all sha - dow We shall dwell in light and love.
e-ver past all shadow, e-ver past all shadow, e-ver past all shadow We shall dwell in light and love.

There for ev - er past all sha - dow We shall dwell in light and love.
e-ver past all sha-dow, e-ver past all sha-dow, e-ver past all shadow We shall dwell in light and love.

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

THE Temperance cause owes more to Lady Henry Somerset than perhaps to any woman in our country, and we believe her work has hardly begun. Nature has endowed her with all the qualities that leadership in such a cause demands. We have not too many of those high in the ranks of the world associated with our cause, and we are therefore all the more proud of her ladyship.

One of Watts' pictures in the Academy, many years ago, was the portrait of a Miss Virginia Pattle, a lady of great beauty. One of the visitors to the Academy was Viscount Eastnor. He was struck with the grace and beauty of this French lady, and took steps to be introduced to her. The result of this introduction was, she became Viscountess Eastnor, and the mother of Lady Henry Somerset.

The home of Lady Henry was one that gave her every chance to develop the very best side of her nature. What money could buy, what the friendship of the cleverest men and women of the age can give, were Lady Henry's. She possessed enough of individuality to make all her advantages helps to progress, not crutches to lean upon.

When Lady Isabel Somers was presented at Court, the eyes of many a young noble were turned upon her. She was not only beautiful, original and clever, but, what the world values more, she had great wealth. She was heiress to Eastnor Castle, Reigate Priory, and Somers Town. She had many offers of marriage, but none that suited her conceptions of what her husband should be. No doubt the fear that she was being courted for her money made her suspicious. Amongst those who proposed to her was Lord Henry Somerset. She refused him. He seemed to take the refusal very sore to heart, and this enlisted the romantic side of Lady Isabel's nature. Her mother thought she had made a mistake in rejecting the youngest son of the noble house of Beaufort. She pressed her to reconsider the question, as, if Lady Isabel married Lord Henry Somerset, she would then be able to live near her mother. When, therefore, Lord Henry renewed his suit he was accepted, and in due time they were married.

What Lady Isabel was most anxious to avoid, however, was realised. Her married life was full of sorrow, and, after a painful law-suit, Lord Henry was compelled to leave this country. She was separated from him, having the custody of their one child. From henceforth she was alone, and yet not alone.

An experience of this kind could only have one of two effects; either she would throw herself into the whirl of society, or, striking her roots deeper, touch the rock that is eternal. The latter was the effect it had upon her. She turned her mind to theology, and, although not overhappy in her choice of authors, the direction was unmistakable. "Seek and ye shall find," is the promise that never fails. The finding may be a slow process; it is sure.

Lady Henry had a party at Reigate Priory, and had gone out into the garden, troubled in mind. "Does Christ really live? If He does I ought to serve Him." But to get certainty on the first was necessary to the fulfilment of the second. As she sat under the shade of a kindly tree the voice of God seemed to speak to her—"*Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am.*"

At first the sense of such advice did not appear to her. When she had, however, repeated and repeated the words she saw what they meant. That night she took St. John's Gospel as her guide—a wise choice. God made His will felt in her heart, and from henceforth she dedicated herself to His service.

The thoroughness of her resolve was shown in her telling her guests next morning what had happened to her. Perhaps they put it down to the excitable French blood in her veins, or as the natural swing from the pain of the law courts. No one expected it to last.

For a time she found rest and solitude at Eastnor Castle, a most lovely dwelling. Here she made sure of her position. She had also to decide under what section of the Church she was to fight God's battle. Dr. Pusey's High Church teaching was inquired into, as well as the simple Quaker teaching of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith. The spirit of the latter has seemed to influence her more than the former.

Unlike most of those who feel they have been called to a mission, Lady Henry looked for her mission at her door. There was her boy to train in all that was good and true. Then those on the estate demanded her help. It was here where the Temperance question first met her. The unfaithfulness of servants was caused mostly by drink. The poverty around her gates, as well as half the misery, was due to drink. If she could stop the drinking she would heal much of the misery and wretchedness. She therefore called a meeting in the school-house at Eastnor Castle. She spoke for fifteen minutes on the curse of drink, and then taking a pledge card she signed it herself. She then invited her hearers to do the same.

She then started Bible readings, which were not only immensely popular but full of blessing. Soon she was invited here and there to speak, although the scandal connected with the name she bore made her task far from light.

It was not to be expected that her introducing evangelists into the villages was relished by all the clergy. Some showed their resentment by staying away from a tennis party she had arranged. Lady Henry took no further notice of their absence than to invite the local cricket club to the feast they had refused. But next time she sent out invitations to the clergy they wisely accepted the same.

It was through reading "Nineteen Beautiful Years"—Miss Willard's tribute to her sister—that Lady Henry became interested in that great leader of American women who, alas! has been called away from earth.

"I saw on my housekeeper's table," says Lady Henry, "a little blue book, and, taking it up,

read the title—'Nineteen Beautiful Years.' I sat down by the fire, and soon became so engrossed that my old housekeeper could get nothing out of me that day, nor did I move until the little book was read. From that time on I was impressed by that personality that has meant so much to so many women."

Lady Henry had now a great desire to see Miss Willard, and to hear from her own lips the story of her work. Mr. Somers, her son, being anxious to go shooting in the Far West, Lady Henry went with him as far as Chicago. There she introduced herself to Miss Willard. The friendship has been of the most enthusiastic nature. Lady Henry was soon induced to speak in America, where she had a most hearty welcome. In this way she prepared herself for being the leader of the Women's Temperance Association in Britain.

She early saw, what wealth can seldom see, that the condition of the servants on great estates is not as good as it might be. It was when the Skye Crofters were revolting that Lady Henry Somerset landed there, having taken a shooting estate for the season. She at once took the side of the Crofters, helped them financially, and then went to the landlord and laid the Crofters' troubles before him. As is too often the case, the landlord knew nothing of the wrongs of the Crofters; his agent had exceeded his authority. By the kindly intervention of Lady Henry things were put straight.

She came back to her own estate to see if all matters there were as they might be. She then started for a mission in Wales, providing tents or hiring halls at her own expense. The good done in this way was very great.

In 1891 there came to her the recognition her work and talents deserve—she was elected President of the Women's Temperance Association. It was hardly to be supposed her election would be unanimous. A section was against her and her policy. She, however, has prevailed so far as to widen the scope of the work of the B.W.T.A. "All moral questions that affect women should interest us as an Association," is the position she fought for. And it is on this ground to-day a very strong feeling is shown against her in her attitude towards the Cantonments Acts of India.

Her election as Vice-President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Association was the natural step following her British Presidency. By introducing Miss Willard to English audiences, Lady Henry gave the Temperance cause in this country a lift forward.



THE LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

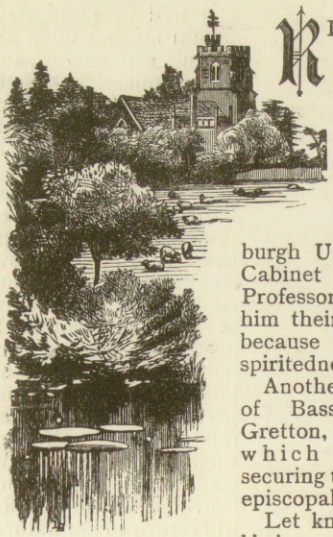
What is to be her future is a question not hard to answer. Her letter to Lord George Hamilton, denying one of the cardinal truths she had in early days fought for, has filled her friends with sorrow, and her enemies with greater distrust. It is not for me here to try to explain what led her to write that letter. The withdrawal of this ill-fated letter has not removed the distrust felt in many hearts. All will acknowledge it destroys our confidence in the sanity of her leadership. It need not destroy our faith in her honesty and intense interest in Temperance, and all that relates to the welfare of women. The present resentment must not last, and will not. She will return to her natural position of leader of the B.W.T.A., and we hope the day is not far off when she will take Miss Willard's place.

Mr. Justice Bigham,

Presiding in the Crown Court, at the Manchester Assizes, on April 19th, 1898, in sentencing a prisoner said:

"DO, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, KEEP AWAY FROM THE DRINK, WHICH BRINGS SO MANY OF YOU PRISONERS HERE."

I Should Like to Know.



RECENTLY, two brewers have been making large gifts. One, Mr. W. McEwan, M.P., presented a large hall, which cost several thousand pounds, to Edinburgh University; and a Cabinet Minister and Professors galore offered him their congratulations because of his public-spiritedness.

Another, Mr. Gretton, of Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, gave a church, which cost £85,000, securing thereby unstinted episcopal blessings.

Let knowledge and religion flourish! The country will be all the better for the increase of its universities and churches, provided by the munificence of her sons.

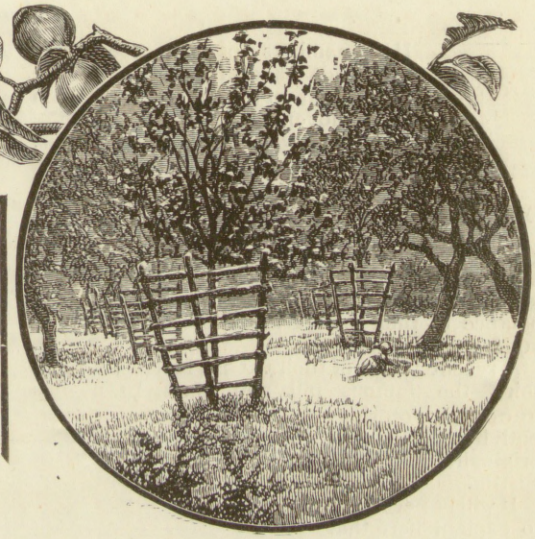
At the same time, I think these two gifts an insult to the community. They are provided out of wealth gotten from the manufacture and sale of a substance which robs men of their brains, blocks the progress of the church and the school, ruins character, and destroys happiness.

I should like to know how many children have gone ill-clad, ill-fed; how many homes have been broken up, how many people have been ruined in health, in mind, in character, and how many have been sent headlong to the devil through the Drink, out of the sale of which these brewers made the money their gifts represent?



Poems of the Home.

By Mary M. Forrester.



The Land of Dreams.

WHERE will our Sleepy-eyes drift to,
When her lashes of russet brown
Fall over her soul's blue windows,
Like curtains that flutter down?
What will the fairies show her,
When into her brain they creep,
And bear her upon their pinions
To the wonderful land of sleep?



Will she sail into dewy pastures,
Where the weather is always May,
And where branches of fadeless blossom
Fall over an emerald way?
Will she listen to wild birds singing,
And paddle in silver streams,
When she sails in the ship of slumber,
Away to the world of dreams?

What will our Sleepy-eyes talk of?
Of the mother who kissed her lips
'Ere she went away with the fairies,
In those beautiful misty ships?
Or, perhaps she will take her playmates,
And bear them away, away,
To walk in the sleepy pastures,
And join in her dreamland play.

Ah, Sleepy-eyes' lids are drooping,
The fairies are near her now,
And my darling is sailing to slumber,
By the smile on her lips, I know;
To sleep, with its glowing pictures,
Its shades and its fitful gleams,
And soon she'll be with her playmates
In that beautiful world of dreams.

The Friends and Licensed Property:

IMPORTANT ACTION.

By the Editor.

THE members of the Society of Friends have always been in the forefront of all reform. To them the movement for the abolition of slavery owed much of its success. It was a Quakeress, Elizabeth Fry, who humanised the great penal system of the country.

In the efforts to liberate our country from the galling slavery of drink, the Friends have taken most effective part. Abstemious, frugal, God-fearing people themselves, they have thrown the balance of their power into the scales against liquordom.

A recent action of theirs at St. Helens, Lancashire—the famous pill and glass town—has become notorious both by reason of its originality and its costliness.

It will be necessary to explain here that the Friends, for the management of their places of worship (meeting houses) and other matters appertaining, hold what are known as monthly meetings, which, in a large measure, correspond to the Church meetings of other religious bodies.

At the beginning of the present century, and up to the year 1817, the Friends of South Lancashire met in the Monthly Meeting of Hardshaw. This monthly meeting, which met at St. Helen's, gradually acquired a number of detached plots of land in and around the town, whose revenues are devoted to helping poor Friends, to spreading the cause of truth, and in such other ways deemed wise and meet. These formed the Hardshaw estate.



The Volunteers' Inn: in Full Swing.

In 1817, however, owing to the large increase of its members, it was decided to divide into two Monthly Meetings: one for the Manchester District, Hardshaw East; the other for the Liverpool District, Hardshaw West. The property, it was arranged, should be held jointly by trustees of both Meetings, and be managed by a standing Committee of Friends, who, with other officers for the administration of the estates, should be appointed by an annual meeting held at St. Helens. This latter, the annual meeting, is constituted by representatives annually appointed by the two Monthly Meetings, but is open to any other Friends of the district who may choose to attend. The trustees of the Hardshaw estate in leasing their property did it upon the three lives and twenty-one years principle.

All the world knows that the Temperance movement has no warmer supporters than the Friends. Imagine, therefore, the consternation which reigned in the minds of the assembled Quakers, at the Hardshaw Annual Meeting, August, 1896, when the management reported that in a few months the reversion of certain properties erected on ground plots on their estate would occur; and that, as a consequence, their trustees must become the owners of two licensed houses, viz., "The Volunteers'" Inn (see our first illustration) in Bridge Street, and "The Plough" beerhouse in Duke Street, the tenures of which expired respectively in May and November, 1897.

It was no "Quakers' Meeting," in the general acceptance of the term, which followed this totally unexpected pronouncement. One after another of those present gravely and earnestly expressed the hope that such licenses would be extinguished. Although it was pointed out that, according to the decision given in the case of Lady Henry Somerset, who had tried to extinguish certain licenses in Somerstown, London, the law does not allow trustees to sacrifice the *corpus* value of their trust (which in this case may be roughly defined as the increased value created by the licenses) by allowing the licenses to lapse, and thereby losing the amount they would produce by sale, a minute was adopted urging the trustees, if desirable, to permit the lapse.

The trustees, anxious to get without the licenses, but fearful lest their successors might hereafter be mulcted in heavy sums by reason of the depreciated value the estate which such extinction would cause, took further special advice, and also consulted the Charity Commissioners, who replied to the effect that they could not advise such surrender of the licenses.

Meanwhile, the members of the Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting were greatly exercised by the fact that despite themselves their trustees were about to become possessed of property used for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and had no legal power to avoid realising a greatly increased value through a trade which the general sentiment of the Society had come to abhor.

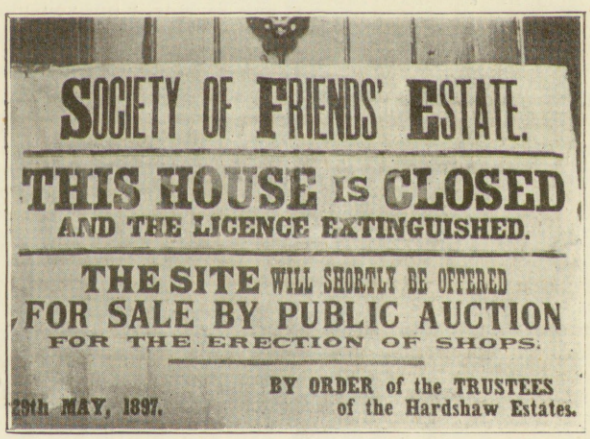
It was determined that such a calamity should be prevented, and at the instigation of Messrs. Walker and Butler, two sturdy Temperance Friends, steps were taken to co-operate with the Hardshaw West Monthly Meeting, where similar opposition prevailed, to provide a solution of the problem. The most eminent legal advice was obtained, among others consulted being Principal Hopkinson, Q.C.

All these steps notwithstanding, and despite the intense feeling that even the possible transfer of a lapsed license was a matter Friends could have nothing to do with, it seemed as if the trustees would have to become owners of licensed property.

But there were some Quakers who were in dead earnest—resolved that at any cost and by all means their hands should be clean, both in disposing as well as acquiring their corporate possessions.

Accordingly they proposed that an invitation be given to Friends to voluntarily advance to the Estate Trustees a sum of £5,500, the *corpus* value as declared by a Charity Commissioners' valuer, to purchase and extinguish the licenses as they fell in, upon the understanding that the succeeding Hardshaw Estate annual meetings should gradually reimburse their contributions by the appropriation of some portion of the surplus income of the estates to this purpose.

Such arrangement, while it would save the estate from threatened loss, would enable those Friends who felt burdened with the possible shame of becoming public-house owners to relieve their consciences by contributing to the loan, and thus sharing the cost entailed.



THE FAMOUS "EXTINCTION" POSTER.

Fortunately, this scheme received the approval of the Charity Commissioners shortly before Christmas, 1896, within five months of the first intimation of the difficulty.

The Trustees, morally and financially relieved, accepted the proposal, the sum of £5,500 was immediately subscribed, and the doors of the "Volunteer" were closed on May 29th, 1897, and the "Plough" in November of the same year, their licenses having been bought up and extinguished.

On the first-named the famous poster, which we here reproduce, was affixed, to signify to the world the determination of the Friends to remove a stumbling block from the way of the people, even at their own disadvantage.

Although some outside the Society of Friends will feel that it would have been better to have allowed the licenses to lapse without the purchase of the *corpus* value in the manner now described, it is evident they were quite *thorough in their action*, for the extinction of these licenses and the reimbursement of the costs thereof will mean that the sum available from the Hardshaw Estates for other purposes will be thereby reduced for many years.

We can only hope that if other licenses should come to them, as we believe there will, the Friends will not hesitate to repeat their action; and further, that in all future leases, a clause will be inserted prohibiting the erection on the Friends' estates of any premises for the sale of intoxicants.

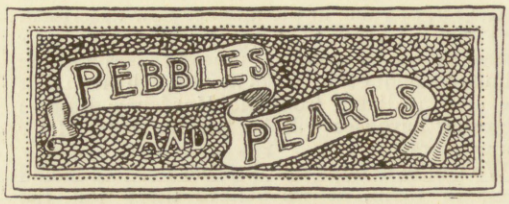
At the same time it is very evident that some alteration of the law relating to trusteeship is necessary to facilitate the extinction by lapse of the death traps of modern civilization, without the incurring of risks such as those which confronted the Hardshaw Estate Trustees, and without demanding sacrifices like those made by the Quakers, and which others might not be wealthy enough to bear.

Everyone must agree that trustees responsible for the conduct and maintenance of estates out of which charities are sustained should be allowed whenever they so desire to get rid of public-house property without themselves or their heirs being held responsible for the enormously increased value which a license to sell intoxicants gives—a value whose concomitants are found in the misery, degradation, and often the ruin, moral and spiritual, of the people whose thoughtlessness and folly keep such places going, and especially so, seeing that the "legalised temptations" are responsible for nine-tenths of the crime, seven-tenths of the disease, and the major part of the destitution of the country.—*W.C.W.*

Blocks to illustrate this article kindly lent by the "Ideal" Publishing Union, London.

WATER OR ALCOHOL?

"MAN in his laboratory makes another spirit—a fiery, flaming spirit, which coarsens the appetite, and vitiates the taste, and scorches the throat, and burns the vitals, and degrades the very manhood of the man who gives way to it, and blights all his happiness, and destroys all the hopes of his family; and if I am to have my choice between these two so-called 'creatures of God,' I prefer the first—that which is harmless, and sweet, and innocent, and not that which has a doubtful, insidious, serpentine fascination."—*Canon Farrar.*



BETTER to aim high and fail to reach it, than to aim at nothing and hit it.

Every man should shun liquor-drinking as he would taking arsenic.

STRONG drink is bad for the health as well as for the pocket.

THE cause of drunkenness is drink; the cure is total abstinence.

WINE may sometimes move itself aright, but always moves the drinker wrong.

IN these days of struggle for existence the working and business man cannot afford to spend money in liquor.

THE quartette of drink, debt, dirt and doubt is to many a man but another version of the game of follow your leader.

COMPARISONS.—A man is said to be as blind as a bat, bold as a lion, cunning as a fox, cross as a bear, fierce as a tiger, proud as a peacock, slow as a snail, busy as a bee, timid as a hare, true as a dog.

"MAY I ask what is going on in the village?' inquired the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's a hundred and one to-day, sir." "And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last thirty years."

Did You Know

THAT ON

May 6, 1896, An English Sunday Closing Bill passed Second Reading.

,, 13, 1855, The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was formed.

,, 15, 1832, First Temperance Meeting was held in the Cockpit, Preston.

,, 17, 1861, Post Office Savings Bank was established.

,, 19, 1897, James Hayes Raper, died.

,, 29, 1897. Dr. F. R. Lees died.

TOBACCO-PIPES are mostly reservoirs of poisonous nicotine, with disease and death in every puff.

A FARMER, unable to read, received a note from a neighbour, asking the loan of an ass. Unwilling to expose his ignorance to the servant, he said: "Very well, tell your master I'll wait upon him myself presently."

THE INVENTOR—"Ah, ha! My fortune is made! Hurray!" His wife—"How?" The Inventor—"I've just perfected a duplex reversible device for automatically indicating to a woman whether her hat is on straight."

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a musical committee for a candidate as organist, music teacher, etc., was the following. "Gentlemen, I notice your advertisement for an organist or music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

"WHERE do you want to go?" asked the lift boy.

"I want to go to heaven, my boy," smilingly answered the Salvation Army man who had stepped inside, "but you may put me off at the top floor."

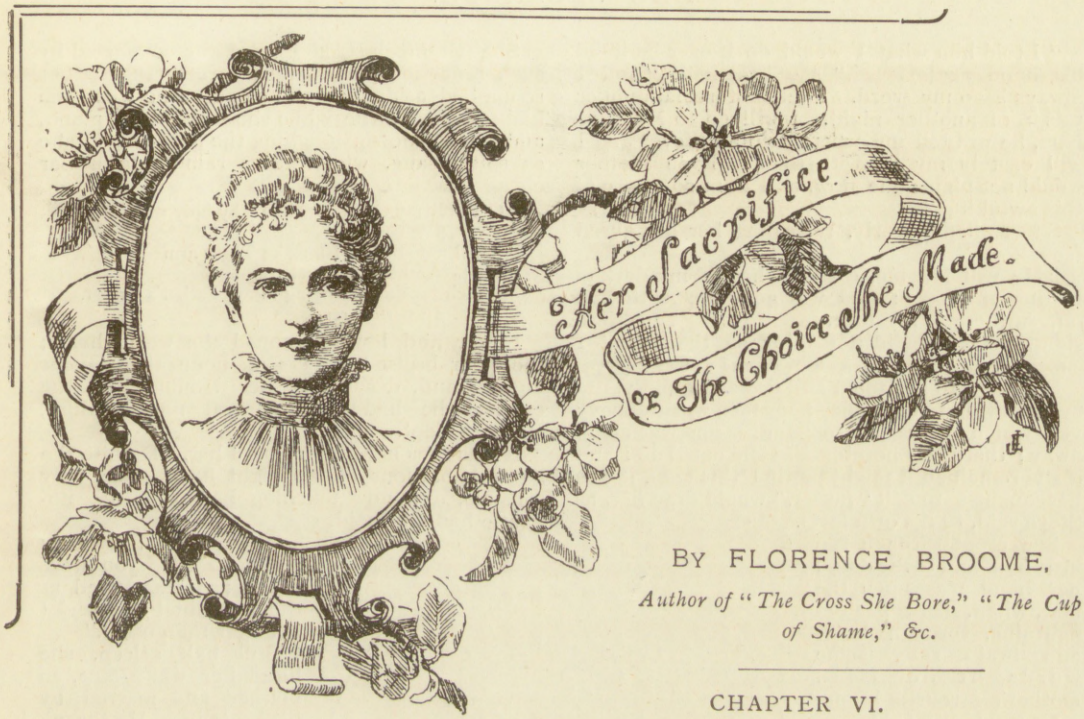
"You must have got in the wrong buildin', mister," rejoined the boy. "There ain't nobody but lawyers on the top floor."

IS IT FANATICAL?—"It is a cheap device to brand the Temperance movement as fanatical. Now I deny that it has a single feature of fanaticism; for it is based upon physiological principle, chemical relations, the welfare of society, the laws of self-preservation, the claims of suffering humanity, all that is noble in patriotism, generous in philanthropy, and pure and good in Christianity."—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

OLD NOTIONS.—"The grand truths taught by science on the subject are now all clear to this effect, that the old belief of alcoholic drinks being necessary as foods for the wants of man is utterly untenable. No verdict rendered from nature was ever more explicit. As a man of science I can say, that alcohol is not necessary as a food, is not necessary for the wants of man or any living thing, but has simply a physiological effect, perfectly unatural, and always dangerous."—*B. W. Richardson, M.D.*

THE REASON WHY.

DR. NEWMAN HALL, who is eighty years old, was asked how he accounted for his splendid physical condition, and he answered: "Sober habits, attention to the laws and habits of health, going to bed in decent time, and not working hard late at night. I have never been a diner-out, or indulged in heavy suppers. I take a cold bath all the year round, and have always been a walker; I can now do ten miles at a stretch without fatigue. My sight and hearing are perfect. Teetotalism has had a great deal to do with my good health. My father and mother were total abstainers, and I have been one for sixty years. I have never smoked."



BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT CAN I BEAR FOR THEE?

What matter if I stand alone!
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

GATENBY'S face flushed a deeper purple; his eyes seemed literally starting from their sockets.

"You rejoice in my discomfiture, Miss, do you?" he shouted. "I believe you are in league with those who defy me. The woman at the house said they went hurriedly, leaving almost all their goods behind. She professed to know nothing of their movements. What do you know?"

"Nothing, father; I am not in their confidence so far."

"But who warned them of my purpose? They could not possibly guess it. There is a traitor in the camp; is it you, you pale-faced, whining idiot?"

Straight and fair she stood before him, only a slender and very helpless girl; but the light of martyrdom irradiated her face, and lifted the shadows from her beautiful grey eyes.

"If to warn my brother of Eve's peril, and to implore him at any cost to save her from it, is to play the traitor, then, father, I am guilty. I sent a note to Stephen, bidding him to carry Eve off whilst there was time—father, oh, father!"

Gatenby rose stumblingly, and his face was terrible to see. Barbara shrank in horror from him.

"You remember what I said—ages ago it seems to me—that if you ever struck me I ceased to be your daughter in that hour; be wise—be warned in time—ah!" For with an oath he rushed at her, and, somehow, her foot caught in the hearthrug, so that she fell, and lay half stunned, having struck her temples against the couch. As her eyes met his, she saw a dreadful purpose in them, and flung up her arms to shield her face. With a savage blow he struck them down, and smote her fiercely across the cheek.

It was then a lodger rushed in, and prevented further violence, saying kindly to Barbara, "Go and bathe your face, Miss Gatenby; I'll take care of your father. He and I are very good comrades." And he carried off Gatenby to his own room, with the full intention of making him "drowsy drunk;" for he himself was an intemperate man, and had the misfortune to be united to a wife who said, "Oh, as long as Dave is kind to me I never complain that he takes a glass or two more than is sufficient. Dave is always easiest to manage when he is 'in his cups;' but with your father, Miss Gatenby, drink has an opposite effect, so I don't wonder you wish to keep him from it."

As the door closed upon the two men, Barbara made no effort to stay them; but, slowly rising, she regarded her reflection in the old-fashioned mirror with anger and indignation. There was already a dark bruise upon the broad white brow, and across the cheek were the marks of four cowardly fingers. She felt sick and giddy; yet that inward rage consumed her, for by nature Barbara was neither patient nor meek.

JUNE, 1898. *All rights reserved.*

"I told him what I would do if ever he lifted his hand against me," she breathed, "and I always keep my word. I will not remain under this roof another night. I will go to Mr. Carlyon, he will tell me where to find Steve, and I will cast in my lot with them. Even mother would not blame me now, and I am so weary of this awful life."

She smiled bitterly, regarding her disfigured face.

"He will kill me, even as he did my darling mother if I stay; so I will go. Oh, Anthony! oh, Anthony! my love, my love! You were right, though I did not think so then; but I suffer for my madness. Oh, how I suffer!"

She went to her room and dressed rapidly, not even staying to cover her poor face with a heavy veil, which lay ready to hand. She was going away; there was nothing else she could do; and if she remained it might be that this man, it was her anguish to call "father," would drag her, as Steve said, to his own level.

She crept through the little hall, and to the door; her hand was upon the bolt, when, like a flash of lightning, through heart and brain rang some words of her dead mother's favourite hymn,

I suffered much for thee,
What canst thou bear for Me?

Her hand fell to her side. What is it she would do? Was her promise to her dying mother of so little moment that she could so easily break it? Could she leave her father to sink ever lower and lower until he met his death in a drunken brawl, or a street accident? If she closed her heart against him what hope or help was there remaining to him? Then a voice whispered to her waiting soul—

"In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted. . . . He shall give His angels charge over thee."

The light of faith returned to her eyes, although her lips quivered and the hot tears stung her cheeks. The God she served would not leave her comfortless; had He not spoken words of gracious love and consolation?—"I will receive you and be a father unto you." And dared she doubt that blessed promise? No! a thousand times no. And if Christ had borne hunger and thirst, the ingratitude of those whom He came to seek and to save, the kiss of betrayal, more bitter than the cruellest blow; the scourge and mockery, the piercing crown of thorns, going even to judgment and to death, why should she, a poor weak disciple, complain that the way was rough beneath her feet, or seek to lay aside the cross it was His blessed will that she should bear?



Taking her blushing face between her hands.

She felt much strengthened and comforted by such reflections, and, quietly returning to her room, laid aside hat and cloak. And when she had prayed a little while she opened her piano, and, sitting down, touching the keys softly, she as softly sang, whilst tears rained down her cheeks,

O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still;
I will not stir lest I forsake Thine arm
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Lower and lower drooped the weary head; the poor bruised face sank upon the slender fingers, and, despite all her troubles, all the cruelty she had endured and must endure, Barbara slept.

It was thus her father found her. Despite the strong potations of the night he was perfectly sensible, and now touching her, with not ungentle hand, he said,

"Come, Bab, my girl; it is high time you were at rest; you are tired as the proverbial dog, and I am later than usual."

Still half asleep, she lifted her white face, so marked and marred by his brutality. He shrank from her startled and half afraid.

"I did not do that? Bab, you never mean I—I struck you? Your eyes tell me I did, and they don't lie; but I didn't mean it. Bab," (hoarsely) "you are not going to leave me too?"

"No," quite softly and steadily, "no, father, my mother's wish is sacred to me," and then, with a great effort, she constrained herself to put an arm about his neck, and kiss him once very gently.

He did not return that caress; perhaps because for the first time in many years he felt a touch of shame. But he wished her good night in more kindly fashion than he had done for very long; and as she crept to her room she tried to hope, as she often prayed, that his better nature would awaken, and he might yet be saved from himself.

And then on the morrow, as though to strengthen her, as well as to cheer, Maggie Carlyon called. She had carefully watched her opportunity, because her father had forbidden her to enter Alpha House whilst Oscar Gatenby was at home.

When she saw Barbara she uttered a swift cry of compassion and pain, and, although the two had been but acquaintances until now, she threw her arms impulsively round Barbara's neck, whilst she kissed her warmly.

"You poor girl! oh, you poor girl! That it should come to this. That he should strike you."

"He did not know what he was doing; I am sure he is very sorry now for his violence," the daughter answered gently. "Miss Carlyon, it is good of you to come."

"Call me Maggie; and oh, dear, how much you need some one to take care of you. If your brother saw you now——"

"I am afraid of what he would do. Maggie, if you have any means of communicating with him you must not tell him of this," touching her bruised cheek lightly. "It does not really hurt."

"But Steve *ought* to know," Maggie burst out, blushing as she spoke the young man's name. "I feel as if I am encouraging your father's wickedness by keeping silence. Oh! how could he do it? How can you forgive?"

Barbara turned from the subject with characteristic quietness.

"I think, Maggie, you have some message for me from my dear ones."

"Yes, or I had never ventured here. Steve made a clean breast of the whole affair to dad, who instantly saw a way out of the difficulty. He despatched them both to Sunderland, where the new business is to be, and—don't be angry—we had to tell a small fib to the head official in Eve's office, so that she should go without trouble. Of course she cannot return, or even hope to get another Government situation, which is a pity; but—but," and here Maggie, pausing, blushed rosy red, whilst she toyed nervously with the ribbons on her gown. "Oh, Barbara," she said presently, in a reproachful tone, "wont you help me out of my embarrassment? I don't believe you've guessed my other secret yet—only—only—I want you to understand that even when—Steve—is married, Eve shall always have a happy home."

"You mean," said Barbara, taking the blushing face between her hands, "that you are to be Stephen's wife. My dear, I could not wish him a better one, or myself a sweeter sister," and she kissed her tenderly.

"How kind you are to me! How I shall love you if you will but let me. And you must feel always that *our* home is open to you; that you will always be a welcome and an honoured guest."

"You are very good to say so, and I am sure you fully mean it. But, Maggie, my proper place is here; and if you would serve me in any way, let it be by trying to create a feeling of kindness and pity for his father in Stephen's heart. I am sure I may trust you to do this, dear. But now tell me how long it is since Stephen and you agreed to spend life together."

"Oh, really I believe that dad brought it all about," laughing and blushing together. "He knew, of course, that Stephen—liked me, and I think he had long guessed I was not indifferent to him—I am afraid, too, that I showed plainly what grief his absence would give me—for after they had talked together, dad called me into the room, and he said, 'Stephen has something to tell you, child, and with my approval.' (Dad is the best father in all the world). Well then, then I promised all that Stephen asked, and said I would be a true and loving sister to you, if only you would have me so. For I must confess, Bab, I was a wee bit afraid of you, because you are so much better than anybody else I know."

"I am not good at all," Barbara said sadly; "only yesterday I was on the point of forsaking him, and forgetting my promise to mother."

"Who could blame you if you did? And I am to say nothing of his cruelty to Steve? What message, then, will you send?"

"Tell my brother I will write him to-day; but it would be wiser if neither he nor Eve addressed me here. If I dared trespass so much upon your kindness, Maggie, I would ask you to receive and transmit their replies to me."

"I shall be only too happy to serve you in any way. And, Barbara, I have other news for you. On my way to you I met Mr. Dormer."

Maggie saw the pale face quiver, and heard the deep-drawn breath; she almost feared Barbara would break down, but before she could frame any comforting speech the girl asked, "Is he well and happy?"

"He does not look either. I was bold enough to inquire for his wife, and he said he was neither married nor thinking of marriage; so after all, Barbara, he may prove truer and nobler than we have been supposing."

(To be continued.)

Temperance Physiology.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

VI.—NATURE'S MOTIVE POWER: THE HEART.

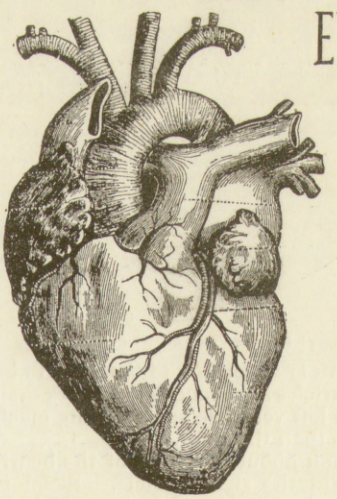


Fig. I.—The Human Heart.

EVERY organ of the body is wonderful, and it would be difficult to say that some are more wonderful than others. One thing, however, is certain, that all the organs depend upon the heart in this sense; that it is only whilst the heart does its work of sending blood round the body that the organs can be maintained. Let the heart cease, then all must stop. The heart is a pear-shaped, strongly-muscular organ. Generally speaking its size may be represented by that of the gently-closed fist. Its position in the body is behind the sternum or breast bone. It lies obliquely in the chest, with the apex of the cone in a downward and forward position, and more to the left side than to the right. Fig. I. gives a a good general view of it.

The heart does not hang in the chest free. It is covered with a coat or membrane known as the pericardium. This is really a bag, the membrane being double throughout, and between the two layers there is a fluid called the pericardial fluid. The fluid permits one surface to glide over the other without friction. Within the bag is the proper structure of the heart supplied like all other muscles with its arteries and veins, nerves and lymphatics, in order that it may be nourished, controlled and cleansed.

The heart is hollow, but the cavity or chamber is not single. A muscular partition divides it into two from top to bottom, so that there is a left side and a right side. These two chambers are each again divided by a partition going across them, making an upper and a lower chamber in each of the two sides. These chambers have communication between them, so that anything received into the upper chamber can proceed by means of a valve to the lower chamber. The heart has thus four chambers, two on each side. These are well seen in Fig. II. The two upper chambers are called auricles, and we have therefore the right auricle and the left auricle. The two lower chambers are named ventricles, and there is therefore the corresponding right and left ventricles. These are much more muscular than the auricles; the left ventricle again being much more muscular than the right. The

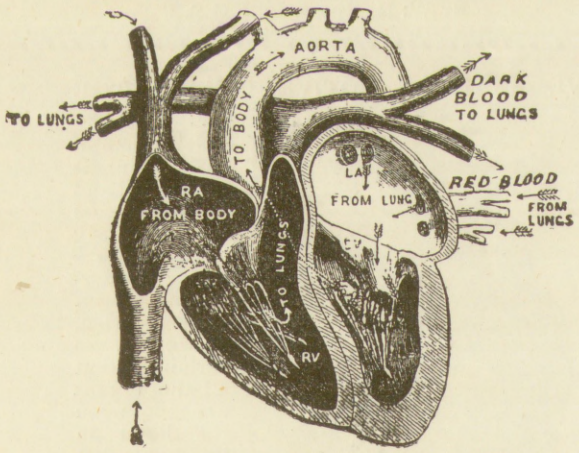


Fig. II.—Human Heart: Interior View, Showing Chambers.

muscular strength is according to the work to be done. The ventricles have much more work than the auricles, the left ventricle again having much more work to do than the right.

Now let us think about the work of the heart. We must start at the right auricle. Blood is pouring into this chamber from the veins leading to it gathered up from all parts of the body. This blood is dark purple in colour, and is known as venous blood. It must be cleansed and oxygenated before it can pass round the body again. The right auricle is soon filled, and the blood flows through the valve into the right ventricle. The auricle also, by muscular power, contracts and forces blood into the ventricle until it is full, but immediately the ventricle is full muscular contraction begins there, and we might imagine that the blood would be forced back into the auricle; the valves, however, prevent this, for whilst they open downwards by pressure from the auricle to the ventricle, they are closed firmly by pressure from the ventricle. The blood must escape from this chamber another way; there is an artery leading from it to the lungs, called the pulmonary artery, and it is into this that the blood is forced by the contraction of the ventricle. Then the ventricle relaxes, receives more blood from the auricle, and so the alternate contraction and relaxation goes on.

In the lungs the pulmonary artery divides up into branches, becoming smaller and smaller, and penetrating the lungs everywhere. It is here that the blood is brought into contact with the air we breathe in, and is changed from dark purple to bright red, and is now called arterial blood. Fig. III. shows very well the relation of the heart to the lungs. The arterial blood is gathered up by the tiny capillaries, ending in branches of the pulmonary veins. These gradually become larger and larger, and finally end in the left auricle; so that this chamber receives the blood that has been refreshed and oxygenated in the lungs. This bright red arterial blood is forced into the left ventricle by the contraction of the auricle. The ventricle

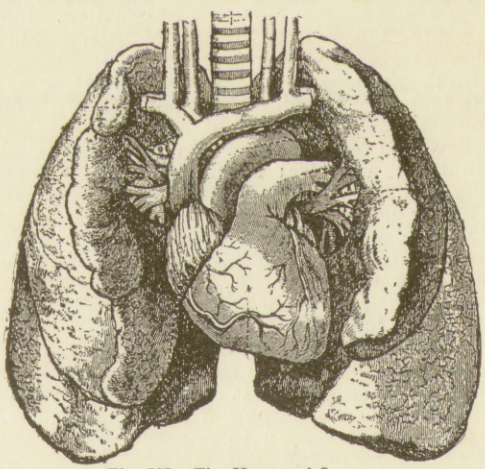


Fig. III.—The Heart and Lungs.

then contracts, the valve between the upper chamber and the lower is closed, and so the blood is forced into the only outlet, a great pipe leading from the ventricle called the aorta. From this, branches run all over the body, so that every part gets its supply of fresh life-giving blood.

The whole may be summarised thus: Impure blood received into right auricle, passing from thence into the right ventricle; forced by contraction from the right ventricle into pulmonary artery, and thus to the lungs. Flowing back from the lungs it is received into the left auricle, and passes thence to the left ventricle. By the contraction of this ventricle it is forced into the aorta, and thus to all parts of the body.

The contraction of the two upper chambers occurs together, followed immediately by the contraction of the two lower chambers. The

whole forms what is known as one beat of the heart. The heart beats about seventy times a minute, or, roughly speaking, there are 100,000 heart beats in the course of twenty-four hours.

Of every heart beat one-fifth is occupied by the contraction of the auricles, two-fifths by the contraction of the ventricles, and two-fifths the whole heart is at rest, so that like every other organ the heart gets its proper rest, but takes it in instalments. The work of the heart is extraordinary. With every contraction of the ventricle six ounces of blood is forced into the aorta, but it is sent with such force that if it had been projected freely it would travel a distance of six feet. Therefore the force exerted by the ventricle was sufficient to send six ounces of blood six feet, or, what is the same thing, to send thirty-six ounces one foot. Add to this the work done by the right ventricle, which, however, is much less, we should, roughly speaking, find that the heart of an adult man had exerted in twenty-four hours a force equal to that of raising 120 tons one foot high.

There are two important things necessary to maintain this wonderful development of force. These are—*a proper nourishment*, conveyed to the heart by its own system of blood-vessels, and *a regular alternation of work and rest.*

The constituents of alcohol show that it is quite incapable of fulfilling the first of these conditions. It cannot supply any nourishment to the heart. The action of alcohol on the heart is such as to seriously interfere with the second condition, for experiments have shown that one ounce of alcohol is capable of increasing the heart's beat 4,300 times, and two ounces of alcohol will add about 8,000 beats. It follows, then, that the period of rest, so important to every organ, is lessened, and the heart therefore is using up its own force at a greater rate than nature intended. Every organ has a certain amount of reserve energy, only to be used under very pressing circumstances. The extra heart beats imposed by the use of alcohol are obtained directly at the expense of this reserve force, so that the heart is weakened and overworked at the same time.

Alcohol also induces what is known as fatty degeneration of the heart, a condition in which muscular tissue is gradually converted into fatty tissue, with a corresponding loss of strength and energy.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

THAT children are not so obedient to-day as they were twenty years ago, is a cry heard on every side. Indeed, the unmitigated selfishness of some children is abominable. But perhaps more ill is wrought for want of thought in this as in other things, than through deliberate evil intention. Some parents, too, are largely to blame for the insignificant position they hold in the esteem of their children. They sacrifice themselves too much to allow the children pleasures they ought to be brave enough to do without. Character is made not by having every wish gratified, whatever the cost may be to others, but is made by reasonable self-abnegation. We have girls to-day who

MUST HAVE A CYCLE,

because that is the fad just now, even if their mother has to go with shabby dresses and disreputable boots.

It may be that it is dress the daughter spends her money upon each season, a change of fashion making demands on mother, even although she, poor woman, has not known for a whole year the luxury of a new dress or bonnet. I have seen a white-faced mother brushing away at a grate or at girls' boots when her two daughters were lazily sleeping in bed upstairs. These girls came down to breakfast and then walked out, leaving mother to wash up and clean the house. As the dinner hour came, so the daughters arrived. The afternoon was spent in visiting or tennis, and so the evenings. Tired after a day's idleness they came home and went to bed. Personally, I felt the mother ought to have resisted such atrocious behaviour, and compelled the girls to take their share of the work. I can only pity any poor fellow who is stupid enough to marry such useless do-nothings.

I hardly think girls realise what joy and comfort they can be to their mothers. A boy is a difficult animal for a mother to deal with. To her daughters the mother looks for companionship and help. I know a mother blessed with two daughters. Both have had the best education this country can give girls at present. Both are dreamers of what *woman* ought to be and do. In the political affairs of the country both take deep interest. You can awake their sympathy with any story of wrong and oppression. But how differently they act towards their mother, who is a white, fragile creature, full of tenderness and love.

Milly has her round of visiting to do in London, Paris, and elsewhere. She makes her own plans and then reports them to her mother. She takes her share in the work of the household when she is there. Indeed, she would pass anywhere as a good daughter. Take, however, the other—*Letty*. Before mother gets up she has a cup of tea brought her by the thoughtfulness of *Letty*. When mother dresses, *Letty* is there to assist. As mother is a good bit deaf, and does not hear the ordinary conversation, and so cannot understand what the laugh is about, *Letty* immediately conveys the story to mother, either by writing or by her high pitched musical voice. She has never gone from home without taking mother with her.

During the afternoon she tucks mother on the couch for an hour's nap. Tea is ready when she awakes. Her evenings are spent in reading to mother or playing games or walking. I know *Milly* is married before *Letty*, who is the elder. I know, too, that *Letty* has

REPEATEDLY REFUSED OFFERS OF MARRIAGE

that any girl would have been proud to accept, simply because she knew mother could not spare her. I have never heard one sad note in the

music of her laughter through this sacrifice. The beam of joy in mother's eyes when *Letty* comes into the room is more than reward for any sacrifice made.

I think it is one of the greatest mistakes from the daughter's point of view that she does not make her

MOTHER HER COMPANION.

Girls seldom remain at home to cheer mother up a bit after her tiresome day in the house. I was delighted the other day with a girl who after a hard day's work in the city came home and had her tea, and immediately afterwards said:

"Now, mother, out you go for a walk. The clough is most lovely just now. You have been stuffed in this house all day and need a change." And the moment mother was gone she did those household duties required. We have not merely to live for our own pleasure. We owe something to mother, and if, when the tired heart of mother rests in the grave, we have no sweet memories of her blessing us, the fact we have gained much will not comfort us greatly. A mother's blessing hath no sorrow and much that is filled with joy.

A minister was asked some time ago to lay down rules for the guidance of girls who wished to be real daughters. I hardly think I can do better than give them here:—

1.—Take your share in the necessary work of the home. You create so much of the work, take your part in bearing its burden. What is not too laborious for mother to do, is equally fitted for you. Religion can be expressed as fully in the "common tasks of life" as in the worship of God. Remember, therefore, there is nothing *mean* in the world but what is made so by a contemptible spirit. To

SOIL YOUR HANDS

is better than to burden mother. A white hand at the expense of a mother's white face is the work of a coward. Labour is prayer, and prayer without doing one's duty at home is blasphemy. See therefore that you do your part of the household work.

2.—Let there be no "bluffing mother." No one has more right to your confidence than your mother. No one can help you better. You need never be afraid of a mother's sympathy. If you have made mistakes, no one will correct with more tenderness. If you need advice, your mother has as much wisdom as any. If you wish to do things mother dislikes, state the case to her. To find it out from other sources for ever, almost, destroys mother's confidence in you. Take no course in life without her thoroughly understanding your reasons for so doing. It will give you a double security that what you are doing is right. Never believe mother is

TOO OLD-FASHIONED TO UNDERSTAND

what you wish to do, and so begin to play "bluff" with her. It is dishonourable to begin with. Next, you are robbing your mother of what she so much needs, the sympathy and confidence of her children.

3.—Don't be afraid to let mother know you love her. Your pocket money may be small. It is large enough to buy the very small present her love delights to receive from you on her birthday or at Xmas.

I LIKE TO SEE A SON NOT ASHAMED TO KISS HIS MOTHER.

It is easier for a daughter to so express her love.

A Scotch lady of title was the daughter of a farmer. The daughter gave a grand dinner to the gentry of the neighbourhood at her castle home. An enemy, wishing to bring this lady of title to confusion, sent a bogus invitation to the mother and father to come to this grand dinner. They so arranged the invitation that the parents had to start almost at once. They were half-an-hour late and the dinner had commenced.

"Mr. and Mrs. Murray of Gasher," said the butler to the lady of title.

"Oh, what a delight," said this dutiful daughter, "to have mother and father with me to-night." And she went out of the room and received the reproaches of her parents for inviting them to such a grand dinner. When the daughter saw their invitation cards, she knew a mistake had been made, for her parents liked quietness. She took her father's arm and led him in to the dinner. Her husband took the arm of her mother.

"My parents have come to join us at dinner," said the lady of title with great glee. There was no shame at the poor (comparatively) dress of the parents. She was not afraid to express her deepest love for her mother, nor need we. A little attention, a small remembrance, goes a great way with mother, and no daughter should neglect to give these to mother.

4.—When you are married and have a home of your own don't forget

YOU ARE STILL A DAUGHTER.

Mother still loves you and thinks about you. Your best friend (and your husband's best friend, *pace* those gibes about mother-in-law) is your mother. Your daughters will take their cue from your attitude to your mother. Treat her with neglect, and it is the rod your daughters will lay on your back. And you deserve it. Brighten the last days of mother's life by the thoughtfulness you display towards mother.

A mother's love
Is an undying feeling. Earth may chill
And sever other sympathies, and prove
How weak all human bonds are,—it may kill
Friendships, and crush hearts with them; but the thrill
Of the maternal breast must ever move
In blest communion with her child, and fill
Even heaven itself with ecstasy and hymns of love!
—*S. D. Paterson.*

UNKNOWN HEROES.—Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small great.—*Charles Reade.*

POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.

MY WIFE.

SHE came through the doorway there,
My bonny bride that was young and fair;
And the light from the outside world
Followed her in with a crown of gold,
To lay on her nut-brown hair.

The picture I mind full well—
The bridal veil like a white cloud fell
Over her eyes that glittered through,
Brighter than stars, and as deep in hue
As the violet's purple bell.

White blossoms were in her hair—
Pure sprays of blossom with fragrance rare;
Emblems of joy and love were they,
And over her girlish brow they lay,
Proud of a throne so fair.

So sweet was my bonny bride,
So very sweet in her girlish pride,
As crossing the humble threshold there,
With flowers and light in her nut-brown hair,
She timidly sought my side.

Most modest of mien was she,
When in her spring-time she came to me;
Her forehead bright with the gleam of youth,
Her bosom rich with the gems of truth,
Chaste as a maid could be.

* * * * * * *

She comes through the doorway there,
My queenly wife that is more than fair;
And a smile from the outside world
Follows her in with a crown of gold,
To lay on her silver hair.

Grand in her aged grace,
Glow of flower, and no sheen of lace
Adorns the brow of my noble wife,
But the tale of a full and well-spent life
Is shining upon her face.

Time has brought many a storm
To bleach her tresses and bend her form;
But her love for me is the very same
As when o'er the threshold my bride she came,
Glowing, and young, and warm.

How beautiful she appears,
As half in gladness and half in tears,
She lays her head with its silver hair
Close to the throne of my bosom, where
She has reigned through long, long years.

Thy summer with flowers was rife,
But fair is the eve of thy noble life—
Fair with the brightness of good deeds done,
Rich with the glory of battles won,
My beautiful, peerless wife.



"O'er the threshold my bride she came."

TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE WE!

Unison Song for Boys and Girls.

Words by W. Downs. *Music by* Percy E. Fletcher.

Allegretto (♩. =100).

f

Key B♭. *mf With animation.*

:s, | s, :- :s, | l, :- :d | d :- :t, | l, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | l, :- :d

1. All Temp-'rance boys and girls are we, In sun-ny youth from
2. No drink we use but wa-ter pure, And have few aches or
3. What if the way is some-times rough! We're do-ing right, and

mf

cres - - -

d :- :t, | l, :- :s, | m :- :m | r :- :s, | d :- :d | t, :- :t,

care we're free, And now we join in "Bands of Hope" A-
pains to cure; Good health is ours, and pros-pects bright—Our
that's e-nough To cheer our hearts from morn to night, As

cres - - -

- - *cen* - - - - *do.* *dim.*

l, :- :m | r :t, :s, | t, :- :l, | s, :- :s, | f :- :f | m :- :m

-gainst an e-vil power to cope! We know that e'en the
heads are clear, our hearts are light! But then, to keep these
long as in this cause we fight! We'll clasp each o-ther

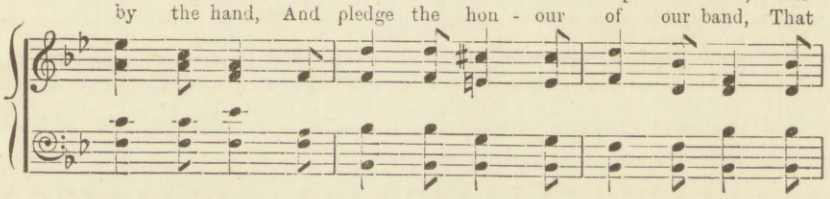
- - *cen* - - - - *do.* *dim.*

TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE WE!

F.t.

| f :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1 | m :- :m | re :- :re | m :- :d | s_1 :- :^{d}f |

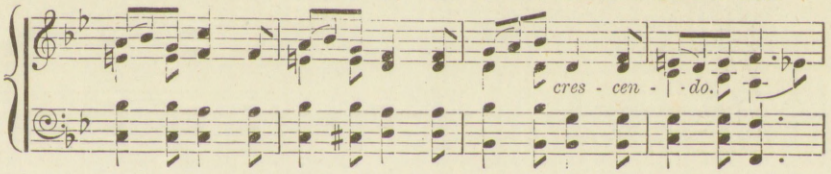
small - est thing Can do some good, or com - fort bring; And
bless - ings all, We ne'er must heed the tempt - er's call; But
by the hand, And pledge the hon - our of our band, That



cres - cen - - do.

| m :f :r | s :- :d | m :f :r | d :- :d | r :m :f | l_1 :- :d | t_1 :l_1 :t_1 | d :- :- |

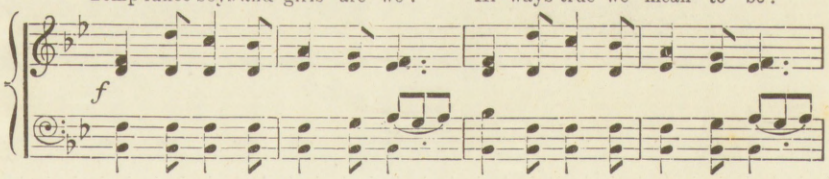
so we will in earn - est strive From all our land this curse to drive!
from strong drink must turn a - way, Nor from the path of vir - tue stray!
true and faith - ful we will be, Till all our land from drink is free!



f. B♭. *f*

| ^{d}s :- :m | r :- :d | t_1 :- :l_1 | s_1 :- :- | s :- :m | r :- :d | t_1 :- :l_1 | s_1 :- :- |

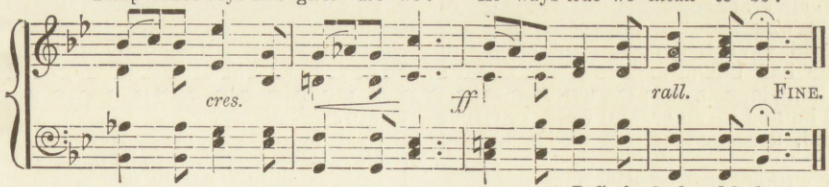
Temp'rance boys and girls are we! Al - ways true we mean to be!



f. E♭. *cres.* B♭. t. *ff* *D.C. for 2nd and 3rd verses.* *rall.*

| ^{d}s :l :s | d' :- :m | m :f :m | l :- :- | ^{s}d :t_1 :l_1 | s_1 :- :d | m :- :r | d :- :- ‖

Temp-'rance boys and girls are we! Al ways true we mean to be!



D.C. for 2nd and 3rd verses.

Narjoldi.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

IN 1857 my father and mother and five of us were stationed at Budaon, in India. My father had become uneasy because of the restlessness of the soldiers. Still, as he had won the friendship of Rajah Ropootam by many kindnesses, we felt pretty safe if the worst came to the worst.

The Rajah had a son, who delighted to find his way to our home, and to eat at mother's table. He was above the ordinary Indian in height; possessing those large eyes and genial face so common amongst the better class of Indians. He was about my age—seventeen—and my friend. We had exchanged tokens of good will; he had taught me Hindustani, and I had taught him English. In the early mornings we rose and hunted together, and were, as father playfully said, a second edition of David and Jonathan.

We were sitting at breakfast one morning, when father's "sub." entered breathless.

"There are very strong signs of a rising, Colonel. It was as much as I could do to get the men to turn out at all this morning. Before many hours I am afraid we will see mischief."

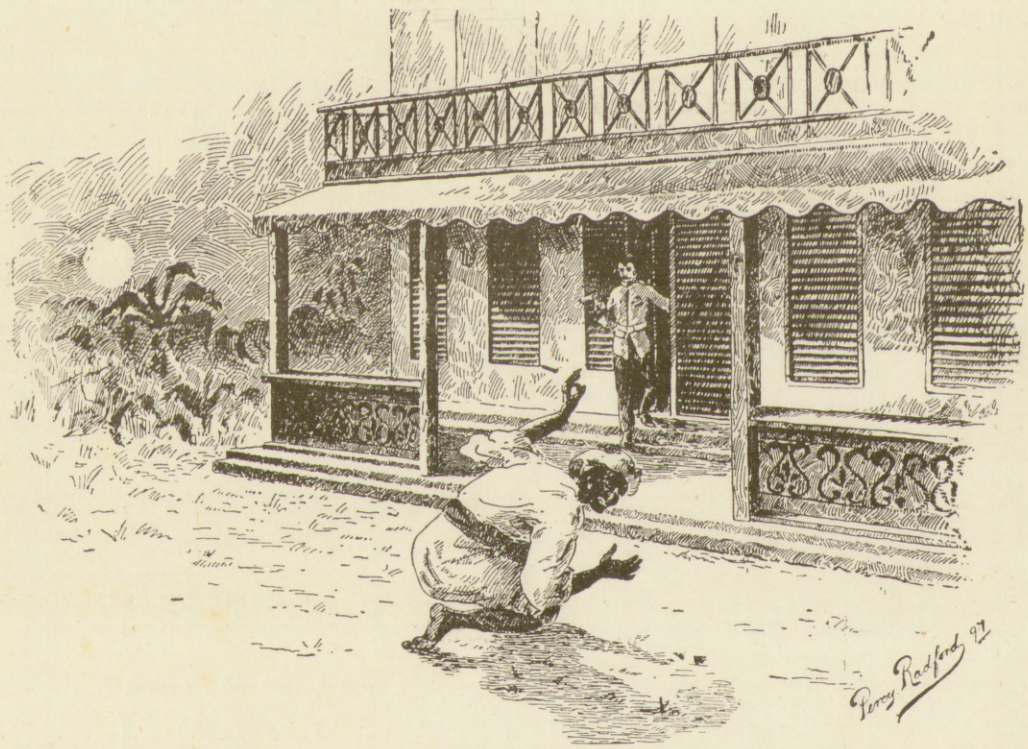
Naturally we were much discomfited at this news. Father, however, rather laughed at the "sub.'s" fears. Yet he went immediately to the Rajah's palace, and sought the help he had so graciously offered us, should need arise.

He laughed at our fears.

"The soldiers may be a bit troublesome, but there is no danger whatever. Still, if you wish it, some of my own trusted soldiers will come to your place. Let me know what you think."

We felt much comforted when father returned and told us what the Rajah had said.

That same day I was walking along one of the roads when a servant of the Rajah's pushed a piece of bamboo cane into my hand. I knew what it meant. I ripped it open with my knife, and extracted the slip of paper inside. It only contained three words—"Beware! accept nothing!" I knew it was from the Rajah's son, Narjoldi.



This upset me much, especially as father had gone away for some days. I puzzled over the matter. The Rajah undoubtedly was our friend; he had shown it in a thousand ways. Yet Narjoldi was my friend too. Of whom was I to be aware?

Next morning a messenger from the Rajah came, asking what was to be our verdict respecting the soldiers. Surely this was what Narjoldi meant. At any rate I declined the offer of help.

It was at sundown, and I had carefully barricaded Government House. All had retired but myself. I had gone to inspect things once more, when I thought I saw a figure stealing up to the house. I hastily loaded my revolver. He drew nearer and nearer. It was evident he wanted me, as he made for my window. He tapped

gently. Suddenly I opened the shutter and covered him with my revolver.

"Move and you are a dead man."

"Sahib, open and let me enter," he said with chattering teeth.

I saw he was unarmed, and allowed him to enter. He drew forth a large piece of bamboo cane, and I extracted this letter:

DEAR BROTHER,—Flee at once. Government House will be stormed to-morrow at dusk. Ring will serve you everywhere. Cannot come myself.

NARJOLDI.

Rewarding the fellow handsomely I sent him off. There was no other course open to us. Mother, my two brothers and two sisters must flee at once, and make for Cawnpore. I awoke them, saddled the horses, gathered together what valuables they could take, and, calling the two guides Narjoldi had sent at my request, bade them good-bye—a last good-bye, perhaps. Father had told me to wait until he came home, and with his "sub." and a few soldiers we prepared for the attack. As we allowed the enemy to know we were prepared there was no attack next day.

The day after that they were in open mutiny.

I had sent a messenger to intercept father, and fortunately he arrived safely. He determined to use strong measures, and, with his "sub.," ordered a parade. Apparently the soldiers were loyal, but, on father ordering from the ranks for degradation several of the ringleaders, they broke into tumult, and angry, threatening looks and acts were directed towards us. Then one fired at us, and we ran for the Government House, and poured upon them a shower of grape shot. This kept them off that night.

On the second day of the mutiny, a soldier was seen prowling round the house with something in his hand. In a moment I fired. He gave an awful shriek of pain. It was only fear, I had not touched him.

He made signs he was friendly and wished to speak to me. I allowed him to do so.

"Have you any letter?" I asked.

"No, Sahib; I have a message and this."

This was a bag of money, and the message was—"Follow the bearer."

I was very suspicious, and asked about his master. "Why has not his Highness Narjoldi written to me? He knows it is a matter of life or death, and if he sent you I am sure he would write."

I was very excited, and perhaps a little too domineering, but this must be excused. Calling to the few faithful soldiers I had, I told them to keep the messenger in the guard room. But they hesitated.

"He is His Highness Narjoldi's most favoured servant," they said.

I pressed him to tell me if there was any reason why Narjoldi had not written as usual. My blood almost froze as I listened to his tale.

"His Highness, the Rajah, discovered that His Highness Narjoldi had informed you of the rising. It destroyed all his hopes of the treasure here. In anger he chopped off the right hand of His Highness Narjoldi. My master made me promise not to tell you."

I could not help it, but the tears ran down my cheeks. It was all for me. I wrote back a letter of sympathy, and excused the servant for his breach of orders.

Three days later Government House was taken, and father, "sub.," and I were thrown into the Rajah's dungeons. I knew what this meant; they intended to force from us where we had hidden the money. When I told them father had taken it away the night we were warned, they were wild with passion. Father told them it was impossible to get it, as no doubt it was then at Cawnpore. They then left us to starve. But, day by day, a supply of fruit came to us secretly. I knew who sent it.

One evening, late, the prison door opened, and Narjoldi stood before us.

"Instant death awaits you! Come! Fly! Every preparation is made. Oh! do not delay!"

But I could not haste. Tears filled my eyes as I looked at his handless arm.

We sped from the dungeon at last, and turned into a side court. Three horses stood ready. We leaped upon them. We were discovered. There was a rush, a shout, two or three shots; but we were off like a whirlwind, and, after some difficulty we joined mother at Cawnpore.

When the Indian Mutiny was over, Narjoldi became Governor of Budaon.

Odds and Ends.

BY "OLD FOGEY."

"LOTS FOR SALE."



"LOTS for sale." Never was a greater truth spoken. Yes, yes, Old Fogey can corroborate *that* statement, and his "yes" shall be emphatic enough to make it impossible for the keenest ear to detect a particle of "No" in it. Lots of what? Lots of young men of the kind who are denoted in the story of the smooth-cheeked masher, who flourished about before a venerable man of business and said, "I always go to sleep in my gloves, and that is why my hands are so vewy, vewy soft." Receiving a prompt reply, "Do you weally, now? and do you always go to sleep in

your hat, and is that why your head is so vewy, vewy soft?"

Yes, yes, there are plenty of young men of that stamp in the market, and there is plenty of demand for them; but, alas, the buyers are the giddy, siren-tongued, brazen-faced damsels, whose mothers have wept tears over them till the fountain is dried up, and the tears refuse to flow for very sorrow. *Plenty* of buyers on all hands for such, of both sexes, but the world, the flesh, and the devil are the only bidders. The spirit of truth doesn't want them; the spirit of commercial integrity doesn't; the spirit of common humanity doesn't; the Spirit of God doesn't.

Here is a "lot" (lot 1), who wants it? A lot of scales and weights, the scales with false bottoms, and the weights with sham sides. See the hands outstretched for this lot. Whose hands are they? The boy who wants to make his mark in the world? No! The man whose character is worth keeping? No! The woman whose daughter will revere her memory when she is in the grave? No! The hands outstretched for this "speculative lot" are grimy, not with honest labour, but with scraping and clawing together the miserable possession of dishonest gains. Leave that lot; don't bid for it.

What's this? Lot 2—a dozen bottles of "good old port." What's it made of? Read the catalogue—"Nothing could be purer, nothing could be more wholesome, nothing could be more genuine, appetising, medicinal; its aroma and bouquet are enticing, its age is patriarchal, its virtues are exceptional." *Don't bid; I saw it made*, and it is as innocent of the "juice of the grape" as yonder ribby carthorse is of old beans.

Lot 3—a public-house licence. Now then, bid up! There is something worthy of your attention. A licence! what will it empower you to do? I will tell you. It will give you liberty to watch the honest workman gradually slide into a shifty, disreputable sot, and it will tie your tongue so that you cannot warn him, and it will so harden your heart that when you hear the bell toll for his funeral you will be able to shake off all responsibility, though you know it was the drink you sold which slew him. It will give you such a longing for gold that you will say that bitter is sweet, and sweet bitter, in order to obtain it. It will so paralyse your love for the pure childhood around you, that you will, 'ere you have held it for a year, glory in seeing even the drunkard's offspring starting in the path which proved his downfall. It will give you the privilege of being one of a body of men amongst whom there is, all the year round, a greater percentage of death than among the typhoid victims in Maidstone during the three months when the fever raged at its worst. It will give you the unenviable notoriety of being the *bête noir* of the insurance societies, and making your premature death so probable that few such societies will welcome you at all, and fewer still unless you pay an increased premium. It will so separate you from the Church of God that you will never attend a place of worship, or if you do it will be a matter of form, and your religion will give you no peace, in fact you will have enough to make you miserable and no more. It will blight your life here, and it will endanger your life in the world to come. Who dare bid for this lot? "Not I, sir; not I. I love life too well."

Lot 4. What have we here? A golden casket, richly jewelled, glistening as the dewdrops before the morning sun. One word only is inscribed on its lid. Spell it out—T-R-U-T-H. Oh, buy the truth and sell it not. Never was the casket of Truth more needed in every home and in every heart than it is to-day. Men extol soberness, they preach righteousness, they magnify chastity, but where is the bold, brave spirit who will rise up in the name of the living God and commence a crusade against LYING? Under the guise of truth falsehood shelters its gangrenous head. Oh for a truthful press, a truthful populace, truthful men and truthful women; truthful boys and truthful girls. Oh for a national craving after Truth, a craving which should know no satisfaction apart from the possession of it. This craving once well formed will carry everything before it, and we shall soon know more of the "Righteousness that exalteth a nation." At least so thinks Old Fogey.

"UNREMEMBERED ACTS."

A KIND action is never lost, cannot be lost, in the highest, truest, and best sense, for angel hands are quick to carry it to the Eternal Father; but on earth many a kind action, many a brave deed goes unrewarded, even unrecognised; and why? Because the bravest deeds, the kindest actions are done silently, cheerfully, unostentatiously. Some people, of course, send the crier round the town to proclaim their philanthropy, and they get what they crave for—laudation in plenty. Others go quiety on their way unnoticed, often unthanked. Many a hero has won his Victoria Cross, yet never received it. Many a worker deserved the statue in the market place which was never erected to him. I do not say it is always so; sometimes even in this world men and women reap an unexpected harvest of gratitude. Sometimes the reward comes a little late, when words of praise fall unheeded on deaf ears, and the laurel wreath that might have been woven, Oh! so much sooner, can only be laid with the white lilies on a coffin lid. It is hard, we think, and unjust that it should be so, but there is a great deal of hardness and seeming injustice in life—yet after all what matters it? Statues and laurel wreaths and medals avail but little at the last. And *some* day the hardness will be smoothed away, *some* day the injustice will be set right. God help us all if we did not believe this. So, *do* the kind action, great or small, *say* the gracious word, *strive* to be noble, pure, and brave, not looking for, nor expecting gratitude or praise. Maybe the reward will come in this life, it sometimes does; maybe not until we reach "the bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and in that country where men see with clearer eyes, we will know the "why" and "wherefore" of the things that perplex us here.—*Edith Herbert Bourchier.*

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

GENERAL GORDON.

THE recent military operations in the Soudan, at Atbara, and elsewhere, part of the advance on Khartoum, have revived interest in the hero who died there doing his duty. General Gordon, however, needs no expedition to revive his fame. If he has left his name in the annals of war, he has left it with a firmer impression on the Christian Church. We have had a few prophets in the last centuries, and Gordon was one of them.

It was on Jan. 28, in the year 1833, that "Chinese" Gordon was born. The natal place was Woolwich. He came of a military stock, his grandfather being one of the prisoners taken at Prestonpans.

Although not physically strong, Charles determined to be a soldier like his father, and after leaving school at Taunton, entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He was very fiery in temper and could stand reproof very badly.

"You have no ability. You will never make an officer," said his instructor to him one day. Charles instantly tore off the epaulettes that he wore and cast them on the ground. He, however, became second lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, and was sent to to Milford Haven. From there he went to Corfu, but volunteering for the Crimea, he arrived at Balaclava on the first day of 1855. Difficult trench work before Sebastopol was his work, and then the destruction of the fortifications of that place when the Russians left it. This earned him the Order of the Legion of Honour from the French Government.

It was, however, China that gave him his world-wide fame. He became assistant Commissioner when the new frontier of Russia was laid down. It was pleasant, if monotonous work, and the command to do similar work in Armenia, made him write home and ask for a change. He went to Armenia, however, as ordered. Here he remained until 1858.

China came to the front again by insulting Her Majesty's representatives, and an expedition against that ill-fated country was immediately started. Gordon was ordered to join this, and became one of the members of a flag of truce party to arrange terms. This company in part was captured by the Chinese, and Lord Elgin, who was in command, hurried on to Pekin. The prisoners were restored, but had endured such tortures that many died. Lord Elgin, therefore, set fire to the Chinese Summer Palace as an object lesson. Gordon had much to do in destroying this Palace. "We pillaged it, burned the whole place, destroying in a vandal-like manner most valuable property, which could not be replaced for four millions." He was made Major for his services, a promotion he was not extra proud to receive for such work.

It was the Tai-ping rebellion that gave Gordon his real work. A schoolmaster proclaimed himself the "Heavenly King," and "Emperor of the peace," and soon gathered 20,000 men around him. His great mission was to exterminate the Manchoo race. He marched to and took Nanking. His success now made him bold and daring, and other towns were threatened with attack. Commander after commander of the Chinese army came to grief, and Gordon was given command.

"I am afraid," Gordon writes, "you will be much vexed to hear I have taken command of the Sung-Kiang force, and that I am now a Mandarin. I think that anyone who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and I also think tends a great deal to open China to civilisation."

He showed he was the right man by the daring and success of his plans. He went to Fushan and attacked Changu. When the enemy fled from here, he took possession. The Mandarins gave him a public reception and his soldiers became good spirited. He began to reform his army however, paying them recognised sums and forbidding plunder. He fed them well, and saw they lacked for nothing necessary. When some of his friends volunteered as officers his heart rejoiced.

The treachery of the commander of Taitsan, who after beguiling the Imperialists into the town, beheaded two hundred of them, made Gordon turn his steps to that place. He had but 3,000 men to fight 10,000. But the place was taken after a stubborn fight. Quinsan was his next place to attack. Here 12,000 men opposed him. With the aid of his little steamer *Hyson* and eighty sail, the attack began. It was more like a sham than a real war, so many and brilliant were the victories of Gordon. Seven hundred of the enemy entered his army through his merciful treatment. The losses on Gordon's side were two killed and five wounded.

He had now to face one of the greatest difficulties of his life. He advised the camp to be removed to Quinsan. The soldiers refused to leave Sung Kiang. When the fall in was sounded for the artillery, no one moved. A paper was given him declaring the soldiers would kill all officers who ordered them to change their quarters.

"Now, my men, I want to know who is responsible for this proclamation, and why you did not fall in when ordered to do so?" No one answered. "Now, are you going to tell me? Very well then, we will lose no time. One in every five of you will be shot."

At once loud lamentations began, and one being louder than the others, Gordon suspected he was the leader of the rebellion. He seized the man and dragged him forth and gave the order, "*Shoot that man.*" The man was instantly shot.

He called the non-commissioned officers together.

"You are ordered into confinement for an hour. If at the end of it you do not give me the name of your leader every fifth man will be shot."

At the end of an hour, Gordon found out his surmise was correct. *He had already shot the leader.* After this there was no difficulty with his men. But the Chinese officers gave much trouble, General Ching going as far as to fire upon Gordon's army, so jealous had Ching become.

Money for the soldiers was not forthcoming through this jealousy, and Gordon became disgusted and left for Shanghai to tender his resignation. But a remarkable circumstance made him hasten back to his post.

One of the incapable commanders tried before Gordon was a man named Burgevine. He was naturally jealous of Gordon's success, and seeing he would never get command again, raised an army of desperadoes, plundered everywhere, and allied himself to the Tai-pings Gordon had been fighting. This man tried hard to get Gordon to join him in conquering China, but Gordon's "You must surrender" settled him. He was sent out of the country.

To work with jealous foreigners, to make pledges on their behalf, and then to have them dastardly broken, tried Gordon much. But city after city fell before him, and his army, justly called "The ever victorious," was a model of what could be done by the right man. When the rebellion was well nigh over, he disbanded his men. From 16th of May to June 1st, in 1864, he began to send his men off. He begged from the Government substantial sums to reward men and officers, but took nothing for himself. The army parted with him after many deep expressions of affection. The Emperor of China bestowed the highest honours of the land on Gordon, which he accepted, as they were valueless, but money and gifts he steadily refused. The Emperor therefore appealed to the Queen to ask her to reward Gordon. But no notice was taken of this; and Gordon wished no notice to be taken. "God is my reward, and I wish no other."



GENERAL GORDON.

On his arrival in England he was made Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend. The people in that town were not long in discovering that a true servant of God had come into their midst. He picked up the boys from the streets and enticed them to Fort House. "Gordon boys" became as well known as the "Ever Victorious Army." He spent his time in Gravesend fighting as earnestly for Jesus Christ as he had done for the Emperor of China.

The local papers truly said: "Our readers will learn with regret of the departure of Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, C.B., R.E., from the town in which he has resided for six years, gaining a name by the most exquisite charity that will long be remembered. Nor will he be less missed than remembered, for in the lowly walks of life, by the bestowal of gifts, by attendance and ministration on the sick and dying, by the kindly giving of advice, by attendance at the ragged school, workhouse and infirmary, in fact by general and continual beneficence to the poor, he has been so unwearied in well doing that his departure will be felt by many as a personal calamity."

The next great work Gordon had to do was to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the tribes of the Nile Basin, and endeavour to stop slavery. His salary was to be £10,000 a year. He cut it down to £2,000. He arrived at Khartoum on March 13th.

"The Governor General met your brother in full uniform, and he landed amid a salute of artillery, and a battalion of troops with a band. It was a fine sight. The day before, your brother had his trousers off, and was pulling the boat in the Nile, in spite of crocodiles, who never touch you when moving. He cannot move now without guards turning out. I have got a good house here, and am very comfortable."

For a man to expect to do much in destroying the slave trade when it was backed up by so many in high quarters was sure to bring disappointment. It was so with Gordon. He was thwarted frequently in his good intentions, and after three years' weary work returned to England.

But he had little rest. He was sent back to the Soudan. This time as Governor General, and being supreme, he expected to do much more. As Egypt was at war with Abyssinia, he was asked to become mediator, and at Khartoum he issued his simple proclamation—"*With the help of God I will hold the balance level.*"

He immediately started off to subdue the enemies that were causing trouble. But he had no soldiers. He passed through disaffected village after village. "God will give me the victory." And it was so. What 10,000 men in battle could not have done was done by this man of God. He says: "Sebehr's son, with his 3,000 men *now* want to help me to ravage the country against my will. Haroun is ravaging the country to the north. I am between two fires. The tribes around Sebehr's son are hostile to me, but asking for help against Sebehr's son. Had ever a man such complications." He called Sebehr's son and told him he was false and intended to break up his army. "They submitted, and I thank God for it," says Gordon.

After a journey of 2,500 miles amongst the horrors of slavery and war and treachery, he came back to Khartoum. "Were it not for the very great comfort I have in communion with God, and the knowledge that He is Governor General, I could not get on at all. Broken in

health he came back to Cairo. But he was soon back at his heart-breaking work.

"In one month I have turned out three generals of division, one general of brigade, and four lieutenant colonels. It is no use mincing matters." Then his expenses were £259,000 more than his revenue. Yet Cairo demanded £12,000. He sent them a demand for that sum. He set off to interview the King of Abyssinia, but it ended in nothing but vexation to Gordon who had to buy his way out of that country.

"I asked your Highness," Gordon telegraphed to the Khedive, "When I was taken by King John on Nov. 14, to send a regiment and a steamer with two guns to Massowa. Your Highness has not done so; and had not the English gun-boat been here, the place might have been sacked." He therefore resigned his post and came home. But several places seemed to need him.

China was then on the verge of war with Russia. He went to China, and working with the Russian Ambassador, war was averted. He next was sought for by the Cape, but his visit was made of little use by threatened war on Masupha with whom he was negotiating. He left the Colony and spent some time at Jerusalem. But he was wanted in the Soudan, for the Mahdi was on the war path. Matters grew worse and Gordon was asked to go to the Soudan to pacify the various tribes. His death at Khartoum is too well-known to need more than a mention. The relief expedition sent to save him was too late, and one of God's noblest men died by cruel hands.

His genuine faith has been the joy of the world. In the troublesome days in front of us, God send us another "Chinese Gordon" to do the needed work of peace bringing.

TRUTH MUST CONQUER.

THE hope of truth grows stronger day by day,
I hear the soul of man around me waking,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray;
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder;
The memory of a glory passed away
Lingers in every heart, as in the shell
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free,
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

—*J. Russell Lowell.*

"TRUE enlightenment in the government of a nation will not display itself in the erection of hospitals, lunatic asylums and workhouses, and gaols, institutions which no civilized community can dispense with, but in dealing with the evil *causes* which tend to undermine the health, prosperity and virtue of the people."—*Earl of Aberdeen.*

EVERY-DAY LIFE MADE PLEASANT.



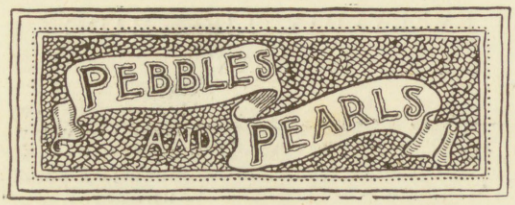
TO make every-day life pleasant to all around is a good foundation on which to build the higher work of God's Glory.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work on earth.

If the present-day life does not thus live in us, how can the past be of any real good? We are sure that those from whom the human life around recedes, will find the sense of Divine life recedes also. Helping, not fighting, we are to delight in; but if we are to fight in the way of helping take it heartily; but in the way of helping, not destroying. The shadow of death is to be turned into the brightness of the heavenly threshold; the victors and vanquished, the wrestlers and the crowned, are all to believe God's word. Then, though sometimes dim their faith, every-day life will be made pleasant, if they can say, "Lord, we do it all for Thee!" There have been many day-dawns of power from heaven. At the beginning there came a power, a first pulse, which grew into a fruitful earth, the harmonies of music, the genius of man, the wonders of Holy Scripture. There are blossoms which never ripen into fruit, but they serve some other purpose.

Do not the histories of all ages relate marvellous rises and falls? Do not our own better judgments find that coincidences exceed all calculations, so that the world is led on by One who has the clue? Though the devil will at times mingle in the dance, does he not, even while outwitting us, lose the game by God's great love helping the faithful? In fearing to do base things, is there not also that valour which makes men bold for the noble? Is not our house of life one of fair work and well furnished for us? We are not men immured within a living grave, in danger of one more faithful and for ever. Every day there comes to us by the Word of God, and the Spirit of God, a light that makes our every day more pleasant, and our life of greater meaning, in the assurance of sin forgiven, and possession of grace to help in every time of need.

We are children of the King Himself, Jesus Christ has made Himself our Brother. In true devotion to Jesus we are on our way to the highest and best greatness.—*Prebendary Reynolds.*



DOUBT indulged soon becomes doubt realised.

TAXATION grows *pro rata* with intemperance. The more drink, the greater poverty.

NEGLIGENCE is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

DEDUCTIVE.—Johnny: "Pap, is a man born in Poland a Pole?" Father: "Yes, my son." Johnny: 'Well, then, is a man born in Holland a hole?"

MRS. PECK: "Here's another case of a man who forgot to appear on his wedding-day." Henry Peck: "And yet they call absent-mindedness a misfortune."

THE LOCATION OF IT.—"Mamma, I's dot a nawful headache." "I'm so sorry, dear. Shall I get a bandage?" "'Es, an' put it round my 'tomach."

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—Bobby: "Pa, they call lawyers legal lights, don't they?" Pa.: "Yes, Bobby." Bobby: "Well, pa, why ain't Mr. Edison an electric light?"

THE noblest goal is never reached, because
Ever withdrawn by the high god that draws;
And He who says, content, "Success is mine,"
Gaining the world has lost the soul divine.
—*J. J. Platt.*

NOT TOO LATE.—Wife: John, if you had told me you didn't have any money with you for church to-day I'd have given you some.
Husband: Well, if it's all the same to you I'll take it now.

Did You Know

THAT ON

June 1, 1853, The United Kingdom Alliance was formed.

„ 2, 1851, Prohibition became law in Maine.

„ 12, 1835, The first Irish Abstinence Society was formed.

„ 15, 1864, Jabez Tunnicliff, one of the founders of the Band of Hope Movement died.

„ 30, 1855, James Silk Buckingham, M.P., died.

A.: "Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?" B.: "Yes; I counted up to eighteen thousand." A.: "And then you fell asleep?" B.: "No; then it was time to get up."

SAID Little Johnny Green,
"This is the funniest world I have ever seen;
A fellow is sent off to bed
When he hain't got a bit of sleep in his head,
And he's hustled out of it, don't you see,
When he's just as sleepy as he can be."

IN London at the present time there are no less than 11,707 children in the Poor Law institutions, workhouses, training ships, industrial schools, &c., chargeable on the rates; State children being cared for and maintained by the London Board of Guardians, the bulk of whom have become so chargeable through intemperance.

BEWARE.—Dr. Adam Clarke says: "'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith' (1 Pet. v., 8, 9). Avoid drunkenness of your senses and drunkenness in your souls. In the original there is a beauty in the verse, and a striking apposition between the first and last words, 'Be sober.' Do not drink, do not swallow down. Strong drink is not only the way to the devil, but the devil's way into you; and ye are particularly such as the devil may swallow down."

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

DARE to be honest, good and sincere,
Dare to be upright, and you never need fear.
Dare to be brave in the cause of the right;
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be patient and loving each day,
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say;
Dare to be gentle and orderly too;
Dare shun the evil, whatever you do.

Dare to be cheerful, forgiving and mild;
Dare shun the people whom sin has defiled.
Dare to speak kindly and ever be true;
Dare to do do right, and you'll find your way through.

A QUEEN'S COUNSEL NONPLUSSED.

SOME twenty years ago a foul murder was committed in Nottinghamshire. It was a case of parricide. A labourer on the estate was called as a witness for the prosecution. He was not one of the timid sort. He answered the questions in a free, off-hand sort of way. So the counsel for the defence thought he would bring him down a peg or two. "Now, my man," said he, "have you been drinking this morning?" "Yoy, I've hed summat to drink." "I thought as much. Pray how much have you had?" "'Ow much? Mebbe a pint, mebbe more." "Oh, indeed!—it might be more than a pint." "Yoy, it moight." "How much more?" "I dunno; it worrent mezzered." "Hum! Was it hot or cold?" "Whoy, it wor hot." "Oh, it was hot—hot and strong, I suppose?" "It wur that." "Well, now, my man, what was it?" "Whoy, it wur a basing o' coffey. Sharp 'un."



BY FLORENCE BROOME.

Author of "The Cross She Bore," "The Cup of Shame," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"HE STILL LOVES YOU."

Joy sat down at sorrow's feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet.
Fain would he make kind return;
"Sorrow, art too old to learn?
Nay? Then tarry yet awhile,
Till I have taught thee how to smile."

Since that hour they both have been
Bound as by mysterious kin;
Since that hour they so exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing strange
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Scarcely can tell the twain apart.

ANTHONY neither married, nor thinking of marrying! What did it all mean? Leaning against the wall, Barbara hid her face in her hands. Had there been some cruel mistake? Yet Eve had seemed so positive in her statement, and then he had never tried even indirectly to approach her since their bitter parting. And Maggie's voice broke in upon her thoughts—

"He was not very communicative. He said he did not intend to resume teaching; that the vocation was forced upon him, but he had now power to forego it, and he added, he was in town for a few days only, in order to solve a knotty point to his own satisfaction. But he did not say where he was staying. Only, Barbara, when I spoke of you his face changed, and directly after he left me; but not before he betrayed he still loves you."

Then, being a wise little woman in matters concerning the heart, she went away, leaving that very precious grain of comfort behind her—"He betrayed he still loves you."

Barbara hugged that thought close as she went about her daily duties; it brought a new light to her eyes, a faint colour to her wan cheek, and lent elasticity to the steps which of late had gone so draggingly.

From her waking to her sleeping moments she thought of him, all unconsciously expecting he would come, starting with hope and joy at every sound of the tantalising knocker, every passing footstep which bore any resemblance to his. Each day she rose with renewed hope, each night her heart grew heavy as the slow hours wore by, and still no Anthony came to cheer her; and then she would pray, "Dear Lord, give me patience and strength, and grant that the hope I nurse may not be vain—yet not as I will, oh God, not as I will."

A week went wearily by, and Oscar Gatenby was in his wildest and worst of moods. He lavished oaths upon the patient girl, whose life he had done his best to mar; casting aside the last remnant of restraint he not unfrequently struck her, and she bore it all with a meekness born of her love for the dear Lord. Never a reproach or an angry word fell from her lips in these days; but deep down in her soul she was ever entreating God to take her to Himself, and indeed there came a night when her petition was all but granted.

Oscar Gatenby had returned home mad with drink, but demanded more. Barbara knew by long experience it was useless to argue or plead with him when in such a condition, and simply answered, "I have neither drink nor money for

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you, father. To-day I have been obliged to sell my watch and chain in order to pay our way like honest people."

"Why are you always pleading poverty? There ought to be a sufficiency of money in this house. There would be if your precious brother and sister did their duty by me. Where are they? I'll make them understand what it is to play fast and loose with me. You know their address; give it me!"

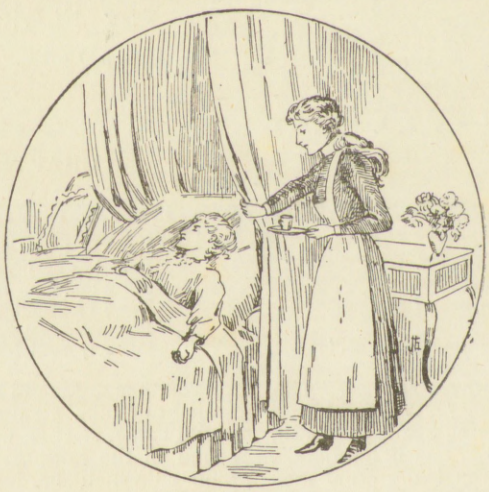
"I *do* know it, father, but I cannot believe it well to disclose it to you."

"You mean you won't tell it?"

"I cannot," she corrected gently; but he flew at her like a tiger, shaking her until she was both sick and giddy, then flinging her violently from him he said,

"I give you until the morning; if you don't answer me then as you should, you will have good reason to remember your obstinacy."

Without a word Barbara went to her room. She would not betray her brother and pretty Eve, even though her father killed her for her resolution. Better one should suffer than that three lives should be marred. How weary she was; how bruised and aching. She lay down fully dressed upon her bed, and, despite all her grief and pain, fell presently into a profound sleep.



Barbara lay very ill.

She was all unconscious of a dark figure passing up and down the street, pausing now and again before Alpha House. She knew nothing of the strife waging between love and pride within one man's heart; of his yearning to comfort her; of his shrinking from putting his fate to the test, lest once again he should lose; lest once again she should place father and duty before love and happiness.

Oscar Gatenby had fallen into a drunken sleep; he lay upon the couch which he had drawn near the table. The lamp was burning close to his hand, and as he tossed to and fro in his slumber he occasionally struck it, so that it swayed perilously.

Anthony Dormer had walked the whole length of the street, and was about to end his vigil, when he suddenly heard a cry of "Fire! Fire!" and turning hastily saw a bright blaze issuing from a window on the ground floor. Was it at Alpha House? It was very near. He ran with all haste towards the man who had given the alarm, and a great terror filled his heart as the flames shot out of the room where he and Barbara had spent hours together before the tale of their love was told.

She was in the house; he must save her, even though he died to do it. He had parted with her in anger, he had allowed her to believe him cold and unfaithful; what if he should never see her living face again? If God would never suffer him to hear her sweet voice whispering, "I forgive you, dear," and feel the touch of her gentle hand upon his own?

"You had better come back, sir," said the policeman who had first given the alarm; "I don't think you can do any good."

But Anthony never heeded as he dashed into the burning room. On the couch lay Gatenby fast asleep. The lamp overturned and broken told its tale too plainly. Scarcely vouchsafing a glance at him the young man dashed into the adjoining apartment. The heat was intense, and the crackling of burning wood had just awakened Barbara. She started to her feet, and, as Anthony stood on the threshold, cried out his name in accents of love.

"Come, dearest, come!" he said, "there is no time to lose."

The lodgers had already effected their escape, not a moment too soon, and the fire brigade arriving the hose was turned upon the house.

The little hall was now ablaze; there was only one way of escape and that lay through the living room. Anthony, snatching the counterpane from Barbara's bed, enveloped her in it, and lifting her in his strong arms he prepared for the final dash.

Through the smoke and flames Barbara saw her father.

"Save him! oh, Anthony, save him! He is not fit to die; leave me behind, Anthony, oh my dearest."

But the young man, setting his teeth hard, held his burthen fast, until the window was reached, and friendly hands relieved him of the now unconscious girl. Then he turned to look at Gatenby. The flames had reached him now; his clothing began to blaze. Was this wretch's life worth the saving? As just a moment he hesitated a fireman rushed in—

"For God's sake, sir, look to yourself, the place will be down in less than five minutes."

"Help me," was all that Anthony answered as he tried to crush the burning clothes with his hands, "he is her father."

"And he's dead if I'm not mistaken; suffocated. But lay hold, sir."

With infinite difficulty and danger to themselves they bore him to the window, where others received him from them. Then they, too, escaped, and Anthony, unconscious of his own fatigue and bruises, inquired for Barbara.

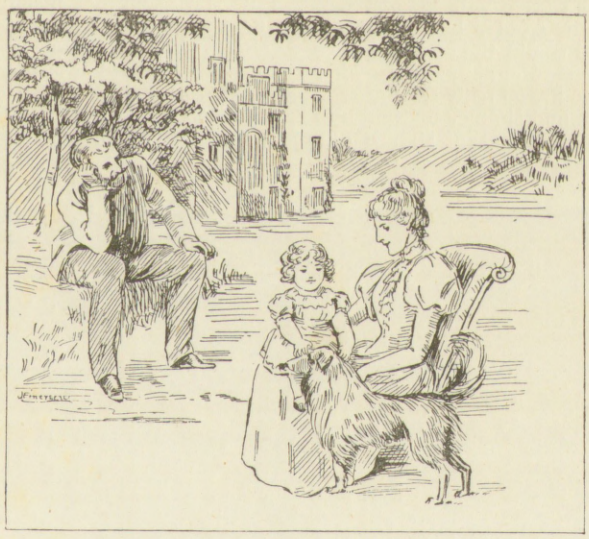
"She is quite safe," said a medical man standing by; "my wife is attending her at our house. But Gatenby is dead, and—God forgive me when I say it is better so. He died of suffocation."

For days Barbara lay very ill, too ill indeed to have any capacity for thought or feeling; almost too ill to recognise Eve as she flitted in and out her room, ministering to her lovingly. Folks came and went; they were full of sympathy and love, but she scarcely heeded them, hardly replied to their greetings.

And whilst she lay thus they consigned her father to the grave. At first Stephen declared he should not rest beside his mother; but Maggie pleaded hard, saying, with tears, that Barbara would wish it, and Barbara's wish must not be disregarded. She was an angel, and all of them were the better for knowing her. So with ill-grace Stephen consented, and in after years, when Maggie's love and the coming of little children had softened his heart, he was not sorry that he yielded.

* * * * * * * *

Barbara was sitting by an open window, her hands loosely clasped, her grey eyes full of a deep content, for was not Anthony beside her? And had she not given him her promise to marry him, so soon as she was strong enough to get about again? But she was puzzled still about Eve's story, and even now had not ventured to ask for an explanation of it.



Never did greater happiness fall to the share of woman.

It was as though, looking into her eyes, Anthony read the question she would ask, for suddenly he said,

"Barbara, don't you wish to know what followed my disappearance, and why I utterly refuse to return to the old life?"

"Sometimes I do; but I am content to wait until you choose to tell me—only—only, Anthony, was there ever any other woman you loved?"

"Never!" he answered emphatically.

"But there was someone, young and pretty, who questioned you pitifully why you had kept her in such suspense; why you doubted her love for you?"

"That someone was my sister Connie, and a dearer little woman never lived," said Anthony with a smile. "You and she will be good friends. Now, Bab, give me your hand, and say, 'Nothing but death shall part us, Anthony,' and I will make open confession to you of all I have done."

Slowly, solemnly the girl repeated his words, her true eyes looking into his; and when she had finished he gave a great sigh of satisfaction, because he knew that not for a king's ransom would she break her covenant.

"Dear love, I have been deceiving you all along; perhaps because my nature is so mean and small I wanted incontestable proof that you cared for me, for myself alone. It is true that when we met, and learned to love each other, I had nothing but my poor pittance, and no hope of ever possessing a private fortune. I was one of two brothers—there was only Connie beside us—and Cosmo was my father's favourite. Perhaps that was as it should be, seeing that he was heir to both title and estates." Barbara started, but Anthony went on quite quietly. "Whilst he was the Honourable Cosmo Dormer I was a mere nobody. But it so happens that there is a rich living in the family, and with this the second son was always endowed. I utterly refused to take holy orders; I felt myself unfit for such a vocation, and I am sorry to say I quarrelled bitterly with my father. We parted in anger, and I never saw him again. He died, and Cosmo succeeded him; but poor Cosmo was killed by a fall from his horse, and Connie herself found me out, and brought me the sad intelligence."

As he ceased, Barbara drew a little from him.

"You should have told me this before. I am not fit to be your wife. Oh, Anthony! Anthony! better you had never returned to me. Why did you do it?"

"Why, because I love you; because you have taught me the beauty of holiness and self-sacrifce; because you are all in all to me, and God is blessing me beyond my wildest dreams when He gives you to me for my wife."

"But—oh, my dear!—you cannot forget my most unhappy father, or that I am a drunkard's daughter; brought very, very low, and having nothing."

"Say rather, having *all*, because Christ dwells in your heart. Oh love, my love, it is I who must plead unworthiness; I who have learned great truths from your life, so much more than your words, for you are not given over much to speech, my Barbara. Take me as I am, for it seems to me that only with you by my side can I attain to a higher and holier life."

* * * * * * * *

Well, he had his way, and the world wondered. Barbara was pretty and good, it conceded, but she had no money, was of no particular family, and her father had been a notorious drunkard.

Little they heeded the gossip, being all in all to each other, and never did greater happiness fall to the share of woman than Barbara knew after her marriage.

Children blessed their union; she saw her husband brought into Christ's fold; Stephen growing more gentle and charitable as the years went on; and Eve marrying from her own happy home, to become herself a happy wife.

"All, all your doing," she cried at parting, "you chose the better part, dear Bab, and God's own sunshine is your reward."

THE END.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THIS country has offered its tribute of thankfulness for earnest lives, for heroic deeds, for great thoughts, at the burial of many illustrious sons; but when, after a life of unusual strenuousness, of stress and storm, all that was mortal of William Ewart Gladstone was laid to rest amid the famous dead in the great valhalla of Westminster, not this country only, but the whole civilized world gathered round the open grave to lament a magnificent career ended, and to offer thanksgiving for a noble life so truly lived.

Rich and poor, great and simple, learned and ignorant, prince, peer and peasant shared one common sorrow, felt a real brotherhood in one common loss, personal and public; and for a time it seemed as if the whole world stood still to take a last lingering look and to say, with Wordsworth,

"This is the happy warrior, this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

Men talked in subdued whispers, all conflict ceased, party strife was hushed, and in the silence most eloquent was acclaimed humanity's feeling in the passing of the "grand old man" of the nineteenth century. Ambitious of power, imperious,—sometimes even to a fault—intolerant of all cant, all pettiness, all meanness, the central figure for more than half a century in the most acute controversies, some of which are still with us, a keen, fighting politician, who, more than any other man of his generation, had been execrated or belauded, according to the standpoint of the beholder, not even the "*de mortuis*" rule, not even the length of his days, the magnitude of his operations, the breadth of his sympathies, the liberality of his opinions, the wonder of his eloquence, the memory of his achievements (In politics is no gratitude!) the stupendous character of his intellect, are sufficient to explain the universality of loving sympathy which surrounded his closing hours, and welled up into national sorrow when the curtain of his life had descended.

True, he was very tenacious, and, despite every obstacle, every deterrent, amid failure, in success, perceiving an end to be gained, resolutely pressed forward until his purpose had been accomplished. True, he had great insight, and "saw clearly what others only dreamed."

But, although the world runs after and applauds the men of strong will, who ever march breast forward, and the men of genius, whose brilliance always magnetises, even the possession of intense resoluteness and remarkable insight fails to explain the hold which Gladstone had upon the people, and which in his death made all men feel bereft.

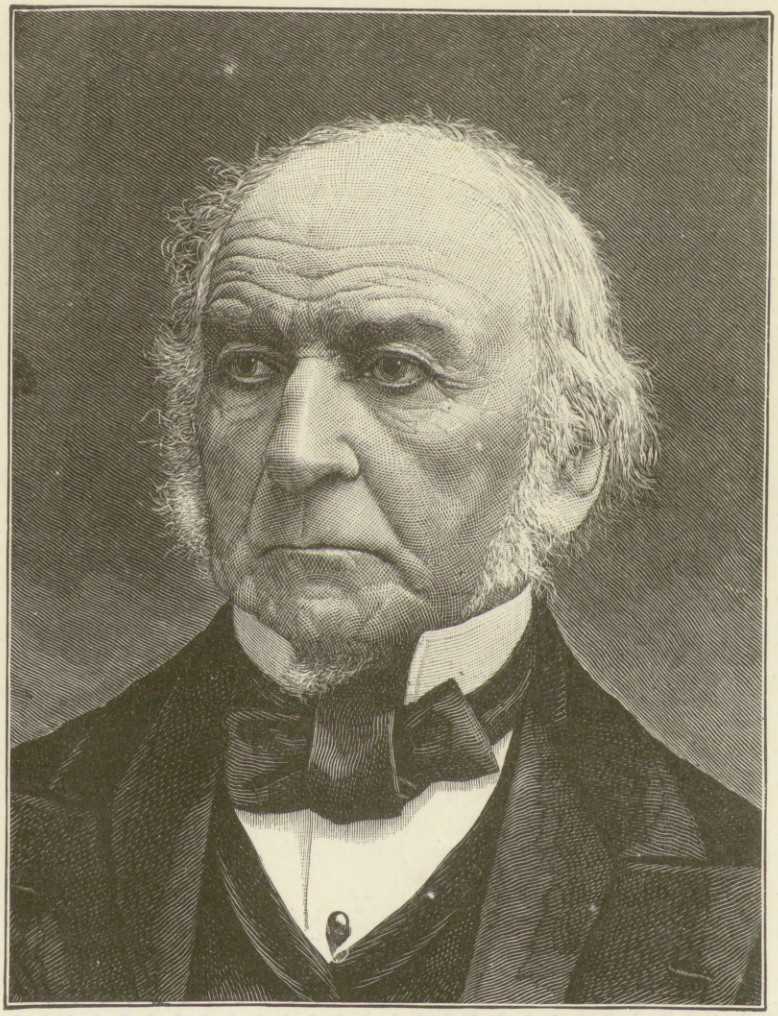
The simplicity of the life that found its happiness amid the rustic dwellers in the dales of Hawarden counted for much. The nation admires its great men when surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of their greatness, but admiration glows into affection when, with power still upon them, they become as the humbler of her citizens, living and working as simple flesh and blood, and not as angels humanised.

This may be (as some are never tired of repeating) the mercenary age, when greed of gain and power absorb the interests of the community, when unselfishness is applauded but not practised, when religion is approved but not adopted as a rule of life, but, be the age what it may, whether because of the singularity of the commonness thereof we do not care now to inquire, it at any rate has paused to give a whole-hearted reverence to that which alone can make a man truly great, that which in Mr. Gladstone's case, above and beyond all his powers, all his eloquence, all his simplicity, all his greatness, won for him

the admiration of all classes and all creeds, viz., a profound belief in goodness and in God—in a word, RELIGIOUS SINCERITY.

Life to him was serious; God's goodness real; man's need of the Divine help, the Divine guidance, ever present.

How much he owed the religiousness of his character to home influence it is impossible to say But very noticeable is it that, when at school "he was good and pure," at college "good and pure," and so he remained throughout life. A young man of brilliant parts, of fine appearance, endowed with wealth, he avoided the pit-falls to which many similarly situated have succumbed. His religion was ever with him. Mistakes he made; opponents were created by his actions; but in all he did, he recognised a higher Power and did it because he felt impelled by that higher Power.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Nor was his religion merely formal, a matter of creeds. Daily prayers, regular attendance at public worship, participation in means of grace he duly observed. In his case, these observances were the necessary consequences of an inward faith, which also found expression in increasing interest in mankind, in the detestation of the wrong-doer, in a hatred of every form of oppression and in a determination to make the lot of mankind brighter because purer.

A great politician, he was a religious politician. It was his religion which led him to espouse the cause of the Neapolitans, to visit the political prisoners in the Italian gaols, and then in burning language to promulgate that treatise which shook the throne of King Bomba, and paved the way to Italian liberty, just as in later days the same fiery indignation secured freedom for Bulgaria, and hotly espoused the cause of Christian Crete.

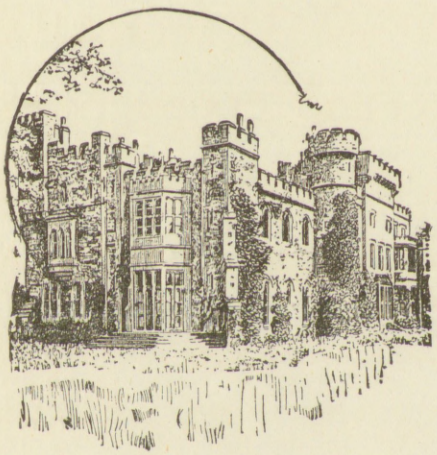
The same pity for the suffering oppressed led him, even as a young man, to take pity upon the lot of the poor unfortunate whose sins he loathed, whose fall he bewailed. Few men have the heroism which was his. For while others passed by on the other side, he, an unknown benefactor, who by his blamelessness taught the beauty of purity, led many from the hell of night into the paradise of day. True, he was often misunderstood, but he never faltered, and right to the end of his career, like the Master he loved, by his actions, if not in words, he seemed to say, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

Yet was there nothing namby-pamby in his religion. He was virility itself. Manhood to him meant nobility of character, manfulness, strength, sincerity, and justice. The highest praise he could accord was to say of any, "He had the manhood to do such and such." Great was the condemnation which his "He had not the manhood to do it" implied. Well would it be for us if all so esteemed manhood.

None ever heard him speak evil of any. Scandal he abhorred. Great in its inherent purity, his

mind loathed the idiosyncratic scandalising so common, and yet so sure a mark of the infirm mind.

Always in the thick of the fray, four times Prime Minister, Cabinet Minister many times, he never neglected those little duties, those little things which, as Sarah Grand reminds us, "make life livable." The dwellers on Hawarden estate were his concern. He learned their interests, busied himself on their behalf, shared their sorrows and their joys. None were too lowly for his care. Touching it is to hear how he and Mrs. Gladstone —a woman among ten thousand, so true a helpmeet—visited, comforted, and prayed with the sick, cheered the dying, and consoled the bereft. No wonder the people loved him and his servants adored him.



HAWARDEN CASTLE

Instance upon instance could be multiplied, but space forbids. Just a couple.

In a lonely London garret, a youthful crossing sweeper lay, to whom, on his round of visits, entered a minister expecting to find him sad and weary. But the lad's face was unaccountably happy. The minister enquired the reason, to find that, although a great political crisis in which he was involved was just then taking place, the Premier, for such he was, had been earlier to visit the lad he had missed from his customary crossing. Putting aside the cares of State, he had come to give joy to a lonely heart; and in that tiny room, Prime Minister and crossing sweeper prayed to the same God, read the same scriptures, and felt the same joy.

In the second case, amid luxurious surroundings, with every comfort, a Duchess lay dying, and many called to condole with her. But among them came one, the crossing sweeper's friend, whose coming brought sunshine here, and who left when he must, having brought to the mansion what he had taken to the garret, the love, the beauty, the joy of holiness.

It was this, the religious manliness of his nature, the evident sincerity of his goodness, which turned all eyes towards him when the closing hours came, and made even the wicked dream of goodness and long to be good. For in the man who had stood before kings, who had ruled the destinies of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen, in the great scholar, in the unexcelled orator, all knew and felt the real man, and thanked God that William Ewart Gladstone's long life had been lived in such singular purity, and with such remarkable power.

And though men mourned his loss—what could nature do but mourn?—all felt as an English prelate so beautifully expressed it:

"No doubt other leaders will be found, other pilots for the great ship of State; but so keen an eye for the gathering storm, so firm a hand upon the helm, so brave a heart to steer straight through the crashing tempest by the polestar of righteousness this generation will see no more. We have a great example in his undying memory; and if ever, moved by fear or heartlessness, we are tempted to neglect the ignorant, the poor, and the weak, if ever we are tempted to submit to high-handed wrong or to betray the cause of truth and freedom, the name of Gladstone will be like a trumpet-call to rouse us from our languor, to shame us from our unfaithfulness, and to lift us once again to the height of noble aims and purposes. And whatever perils may visit this nation—and there may be deadlier perils near us than we know,—of one thing at least we can be sure, that the God of the departed leader lives in the midst of us, able to save by the weak as well as by the strong; and though He may take from us our great prophets and chiefs, still He will not be false to His promise nor forsake His people." —*W. C. W.*

LITTLE CHILDREN.

We are but little children yet,
Children yet,
But as we grow, the more we know,
We hope we may be wiser yet.
We wish to learn to read and spell;
We wish to know our duty well,
And every one who asks we'll tell,
That we shall soon be wiser yet.

Perhaps we are but naughty yet,
Naughty yet,
But every day we try to say,
We'll be a little better yet,
We mean to do what we are told,
And, if we should be rude or bold,
We'll try to mend as we grow old,
We'll wish that we were better yet.

You think we are too giddy yet,
Giddy yet,
But wait awhile, you need not smile,
Perhaps you'll see us steady yet.
For though we love to run and play,
For many a foolish word we say,
Just come again on some fine day,
You'll find us all quite steady yet.

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

"MY OPINION"—BY A DASHING YOUNG LADY.



"THERE'S no doubt about it, a woman who hasn't an opinion of her own is a *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno.*

"Now, Old Fogey, kindly cease your Latin quotations, and don't bore us with any other language than the Queen's English! And will you please translate it for us, because we have not our dictionaries handy, and we quite forget what a 'cygno' is."

Oh, do you really, now? Go down last and stand with your face to the wall, and hold a slate behind your back for half-an-hour with "CYGNUS-SWAN" plainly inscribed thereon, and then write beneath it the full interpretation of my harmless little quotation: "A rare bird upon the earth very much like a black swan." Yes, truly, a woman who hasn't an opinion is a rarity, and a woman who fails to let you know she has is a *greater* rarity.

I must just bring this "dashing young lady" into the witness-box, and try and probe into her "opinions," because, after all, a sensible woman of the world can give us a wrinkle or two, and those who refuse to *audi alteram partem* ("Stop it now, Fogey, stop it!") are not the wisest of mankind. Not that I believe in women wearing the nether garments; but, on the other hand, I have no sympathy with lords of creation who think the ladies of creation were sent into the world for no other purpose than to bow in humble submission to the miserable whims of their husbands and other "creeping things" who have so high an opinion of themselves, and such a low opinion of the weaker sex, that they look upon women as an inferior species to whose will it would be childish to pay attention, and whose opinion is always second to that of their own.

First of all, let our "dashing young lady" tell us what she thinks of lady M.P.'s.

"What is my opinion," she echoes, "upon lady M.P.'s? Simply this: That as surely as light ever dawned upon this earth, as surely as the sun and the moon give their bright beams by day and by night, as surely as the nightingale trills and the crow caws, so surely *will* lady M.P.'s become things of beauty and joys for ever in our legislative assemblies."

"Oh, but would it not interfere with the ordinary course of duty which devolves upon womanhood?"

"Nothing of the kind. It is not needful to thrust unsuitable women upon the nation, or women whose domestic duties are paramount; but are there not ten thousand keen, clever, business-like, womenly women to be found who are simply wasting their powers for mere lack of opportunity, women who are unappropriated blessings, not because they are not a million times as smart as the men that passed them by, but simply because the average man wants a partner whom he can conquer and subdue, or none at all? Again, women who have lost their partners ere 30, 40, or 50 years had run their course, and who are left full of life and energy, and ready, aye willing, and absolutely fitted to undertake for twenty years to come the guiding and directing the affairs of the State with a grasp of affairs such as at least 25 per cent. of their male 'superiors' have proved themselves unequal to—truly the world teems with such suitable lady M.P.'s, and the sooner a place is found for them the better for the country.

"And lady Doctors? Tell us what you think of these, O 'dashing young lady.'"

"Lady Doctors? As wholly admissible certainly as lady M.P.'s. For men to imagine themselves the sole and only suitable exponents of the craft of medicine is only another evidence of their unsuitability to form a judgment in matters affecting the best welfare of the race. Fancy the *insolence* of the fellows when the predominant sex is ours, to imagine that they are welcome as our physical guides and advisers in our illness. Let them once and for ever undeceive themselves, and let me tell them that the only reason they are called in at all is *because of the necessity which leaves no choice!*"

"And now, to swerve suddenly round, to ask you a question of a more personal nature and less national in its bearings. Pray, O 'dashing young lady,' what is your opinion of *lady Smokers?*"

"A question too repulsive to admit of any but one reply. I feel the utmost contempt for them. Lady Smokers, indeed! Do you think I am going to be a party to the babe having its first impression of its mother, a *creature* hanging over the cradle with a pipe in her mouth? No, thank you, I am possessed of a spark of decency even in my wildest moments, and the only word I can apply to those of my sex who debase themselves thus (and I do it with sincerest apologies to the most demoralised 'bacon' that I ever saw wallowing in a sty) is—*beast!*"

"One more question and I have done. Tell us, worthy lady, what your attitude is to England's greatest curse and most fruitful source of misery—strong drink?"

"Oh, that's soon answered: It's awfully bad form to touch it."

Old Fogey raised his hat. "Good day, madam, good day. You'll do."

SINCERITY gives wings to power.

AWAY TO THE WOODLANDS!

Words by T. P. (*Inserted by permission.*) *Music arranged from* WEBER, *for this Work.*

Quickly, with spirit.

mer-ry, mer-ry,

1. A - way to the wood-lands we hast - en forth a mer - ry band, With
   The flow'rs bloom in beau - ty, and breathe their frag-rance all a - round, The

KEY G. *Quickly, with spirit.*

2. The stream skips and dan - ces a - long its rough and rock - y bed, And
   The sun joins the frol - ic and peeps and hides in play - ful mood, Then

D. C.

stops light and joy - ous we gai - ly march a - long;
birds ca - rol sweet-ly and fill the air with song.
While na - ture re - joi - ces, We

D. C.

o'er ferns and moss - es it tosses out its spray;
pours from his storehouse a flood of golden ray.
While na - ture re - joi - ces, We

lift up our voi - ces, And join in the cho - rus with hearts full of glee; In

lift up our voi - ces, And join in the cho - rus with hearts full of glee; In



AWAY TO THE WOODLANDS:

light trip-ping mea-sure, We sing of the plea-sure Of roam-ing the woodlands so

m :m .m | f :m .m | r :m .r .d ,r | m :d .d | m :m .m | s .f :m .m
s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | l_1 :l_1 .l_1
light tripping mea-sure, We sing of the plea-sure Of roam-ing the woodlands so
d :d .d | r :d .d | t_1 :d .t_1 .l_1 ,t_1 | d :m .m | d :d .d | d :d .d
d :d .d | t_1 :d .d | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | d :d_1 .d_1 | d :d .d | f_1 :f_1 .f_1

dim. . . . . . *S: 1st time pp, 2nd time f*

blithesome and free. La la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la La, la la

dim. . . . . . *S: 1st time pp, 2nd time f*

m .d :m .r | d :– .s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | d :s_1 .m
s_1 :s_1 .f_1 | m_1 :– .s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .d
blithesome and free. La la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la La, la la
d .m :d .t_1 | d :– .s | s .s ,s :s .s ,s | s .s ,s :s .s ,s | m :m .s
s_1 :s_1 .s_1 | d_1 :– .s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | d .d ,d :d .d ,d
La, la la la, la la

la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la,

la, la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la

la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la

d :s_1 .m | s .f .r :s ,f .r | s .f .r :s ,f .r | m .d ,m :s
la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la,
s_1 :s_1 .d | t_1 .t_1 :t_1 .t_1 | t_1 .t_1 :t_1 .t_1 | d .d ,d :m
la, la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la
m :m .m | r .s :r .s | r .s :r .s | s .s ,s :s .s ,s
d .d ,d :d .d ,d | s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | s_1 .s_1 ,s :s_1 .s_1 ,s_1 | d .d ,d :d
la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la

cres. . . . . . *1st time.* *D.S.* | *ff 2nd time.* > > > FINE.

la la la la, la la la, la la la, la la, la la la, la la la la la, la la la.

cres. . . . . . *1st time.* *D.S.* | *ff 2nd.* > > > FINE.

m .d ,m :s | m .d ,d :d .m | r :— | m .d ,d :d .d | d :–.
d .d ,d :m | d .d ,d :d .d | t_1 :— | d .d ,d :d .d | d :–.
la la la la, la la | la, la la la, la | la, la la la, la la | la la la, la la | la.
s .s ,s :s .s ,s | s .m ,m :m .s | s .s ,s :s .s ,s | s .m ,m :m .m | m :–.
d .d ,d :d | d .d ,d :d .d | s_1 :— | d .d ,d :d .d | d :–.

POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.

OUR OWN WEE DAUGHTER.

JUST a flower unfolding
To love's gentle heat,
In its bosom holding
All that's pure and sweet;
By the hearth-stone springing
In its beauty rare,
To the homestead clinging,
Spotless, strong and fair.

Just a bird that singeth
Such a merry strain,
That its music bringeth
Sunshine through the rain;
With the angel's glory
Shining in its breast,
Singing heaven's own story
In an earthly nest.



Just a gem, whose lustre
Makes our cottage fair;
To whose radiance cluster
All the glad hearts there.
Every care forgetting—
For this jewel bright
In its humble setting
Giveth wondrous light.

Just a little lady,
Born to grace the home;
E'en the spot most shady
Shines to have her come.
Lips that know no sighing,
Lips that hath no guile,
Goodness underlying
Every fleeting smile.

Just a princess stately,
Full of royal grace,
Moving most sedately
Through the roughest place;
Hair that hath the gleaming
Of the ripened corn,
Eyes that hath the beaming
Of the brightest morn.

Just a litttle maiden,
Fair with love and truth,
Her bright bosom laden
With the gems of youth;
Every breeze around her
Singeth in her praise,
Heaven hath truly crowned her
With its gentle rays.

Just our own wee daughter
She our lives hath blest,
Since the angels brought her
To our little nest;
Flower is she the fairest,
Bird with song of mirth,
Gem she is the rarest,
Princess of the hearth.

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"WHAT MAN HAS DONE MAN CAN DO."

WHATEVER may be the faults of America, and she has many, she has the rare virtue of finding amongst the common people some of the greatest and noblest of her men. With all her corruption she seems able to allow the poorest to rise to the highest position of state. The story of General Garfield has done more to inspire the youth of America than ever the life of Washington did. The interest of his life is undying. It causes a thrill to come to one's heart as much to-day as when he held court in the White House, the honoured of the world. The bitterness of his death has not left our hearts yet.

So blind are we that in the tiresome children who ask innumerable questions no human being can answer, we do not see the mark of the hero on their brow. Who would have looked in that log cabin at Orange for the future President of the United States of America? Yet on the 19th day of November, 1831, God sent a little boy to that log cabin who had the smile of God on his face and His blessing in his heart.

James was only eighteen months old when his father died. Mrs. Garfield had now a burden to carry that would have daunted most women, but she resolutely stuck to the little farm, and was ably seconded by her eldest son, Thomas.

I would to God that our mothers realised what a dominating power they have over the lives of their children. No great man who has fought a great fight before the world but has disclosed to us his secret, "My mother was my inspiration." It was so with Garfield. His mother knew she had a good friend in the Lord God of Heaven, and "in God is my trust" was the motto of her life. It gave power to the children. We are not surprised to see Thomas taking upon himself the responsibility of the farm, and determining, by the help of God, to make the place a success.

With our Board Schools and the great advances made in education to-day, one is rather amused at the schooling of James Garfield, although filled with admiration at his determination to make the best of his opportunities. He was taught to read at a school to which his sister carried him most of the way. But it was in the winter evenings, when confined at home, he made most progress under the tuition of his mother.

At eight years of age James Garfield began to take an active part in the work of the farm, whilst attending through the day a school that was erected much nearer their door. He had the ambition to do as much as Thomas had done, although his mother advised him to think of teaching as a means of making a living, not farming.

When Thomas was twenty-one years of age and James twelve, the former decided to go to Michigan and fell trees, and so make enough money to pay for a frame house, which would be much more comfortable than logs. In this way James became the farmer, and, like his brother, he showed no lack of ability in putting the farm into good order.

It was the return of Thomas with enough money to pay for a carpenter to rear a frame house that started James in a new line. He became the carpenter's assistant, and made such progress in the use of the necessary tools that he suggested to his mother he could make a bit of money by being a carpenter. He soon made arrangements to plane boards at one cent each. To the surprise of his master 100 boards was the count for the first day, and as proud as ever a boy was in his life, James went home and presented his mother with the first dollar he had ever earned. From that day onwards he was farmer, scholar, and carpenter by turns. School was always open when farm work was impossible, and, hard as the life was, he determined to make the best of his chance.

But a lad of his restless, ambitious nature was not likely to remain long at one thing if there was the chance of a better. He was offered a position as blache-salter at 14 dollars a month, and after a little consideration he accepted it, with the idea of helping his mother. It was not pleasant work—the men were coarse and brutal, yet he had a remedy for this.

"I will have enough to do with my work, mother. I will have no time to waste with these men you speak about."

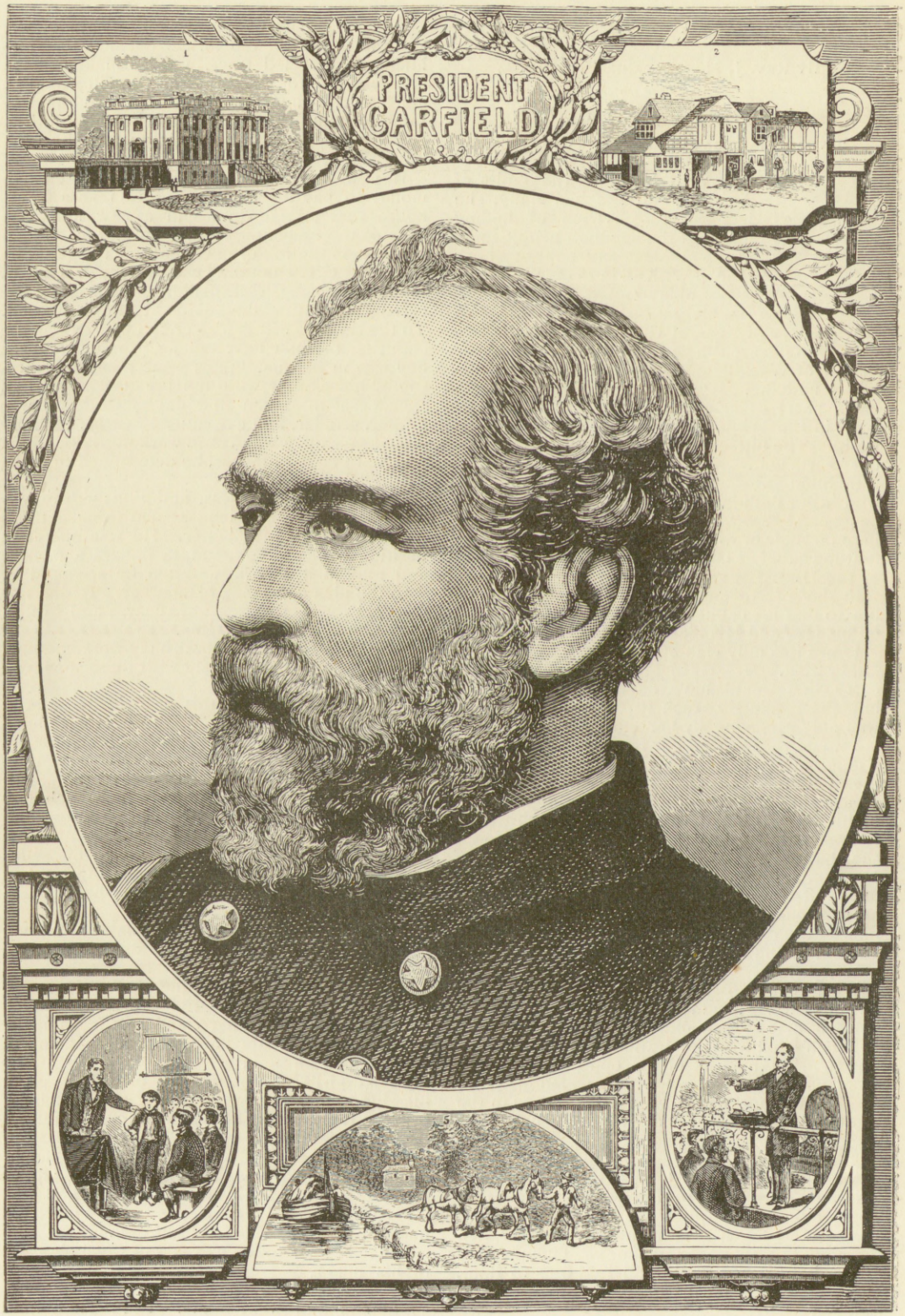
But whilst he showed this was true he entered into a period of temptation that would have been the ruin of most lads. At his master's house he found a lot of books of the worst description. As, however, they were *books*, he read them with great interest without thinking of how much they were poisoning his mind. He grew restless and anxious to travel and see the world a bit. His master, however, managed to drown his sailor fever. Garfield, however, was getting tired of his work, and an incident happened which caused him to give up blache-salting.

The master's daughter (whose sweetheart had come) wishing to get rid of Garfield one night, said:

"I should think it was time for *hired servants* to be in bed." The words "hired servants" made him intensely angry, and next morning he left for home. Years afterwards in speaking of this incident he said:

"That girl's cutting remark proved a great blessing to me. I was too much annoyed by it to sleep that night, I lay awake under the rafters of that old farmhouse and vowed again and again, that I would be somebody; that the time should come when that girl would not call me a 'hired servant.'" A spirit such as Garfield had was a most difficult thing to rule, and it says much for his vanity that he ruled himself well.

His next work in life was that of wood chopper to his uncle, and after chopping 100 cords of wood, according to his agreement, he received 50 dollars and went home. The harvest time


PRESIDENT
GARFIELD

coming on, he next went on a farm, for what he considered very good pay. But the influence those books about seafaring life had exerted had not died out of his life. Mrs. Garfield saw something was wrong, and after much discussion with him she agreed to allow him to try a trip on one of the lake steamers. He, however, became horse driver of a canal boat, going to Pittsburg with copper ore. His wages were twelve dollars a month.

It was now he discovered how rough the sailors of those days were. Fighting, whiskey drinking, swearing went on continually, until Garfield grew so disgusted he began to remedy matters. He began with the boatmen.

"I hate this beastly way of living," said Garfield to one of the boatmen oftener in trouble than the rest. "I don't see why a fellow should act like a brute, when he is a man. I don't believe you respect yourself, Harry."

"Right, again," said Harry "You see if I did respect myself, I shouldn't do as I do. That's the trouble—I have no respect for myself. You see I couldn't be like you if I tried."

"That's bosh," said Garfield, "just as if a man can't be decent when he tries. You can't make that go, Harry. Throw whisky and tobacco overboard, and the thing is done."

It was whilst on one of his canal journeys his heart became touched with a very tender love to God. He was preparing a line for the boat when he overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Unfortunately no one saw him, and as it was pitch dark he felt sure he would be drowned. A rope, however, touched his hand and he held on. It had become entangled on board. With a desperate effort he pulled himself on deck.

"It was God that saved me that time. Just a link in the rope, catching in that crevice, saved me, nothing else. That was almost miraculous, and God does miraculous things. He thinks my life is worth saving, and I ought not to throw it away on a seafaring life, and I won't. I will renounce all such ideas, and get an education."

No sooner did he resolve than he acted. He turned for home, and to his joy found his mother praying.

"Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me. Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid," he heard his mother say, and peace came to his heart.

After he had rested for a time at home, getting over an attack of ague, he started for Glauga Seminary, there to educate himself for the higher work he felt God was calling him to. But with only eleven dollars in his pocket, and having to board himself, he soon discovered he would have to work as well as study. He accordingly applied to a carpenter and got work to do.

But even 35 cents a week for food was too much for his purse; he accordingly tried bread and milk only, so as to save.

Whilst cramming his own head with knowledge, he began to look out for a school where he might act as teacher. During the vacation he had a tramp through a dozen villages, seeking for a post as teacher. They were all supplied. However he had the offer of one near his home, and although he was well-known to all the lads he accepted it. At the end of the term the boys voted him the best teacher they ever had. With the money earned by teaching he went back to the seminary and boarded with the carpenter, who gave him planing to do in his spare hours. Three years he had of schooling at this seminary and gradually won for himself a name amongst the students, who in jest elected him a member of Congress.

To college he determined now to go, and entered himself at the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, as a student, part of his fees to be paid by his ringing the bells and sweeping of floors. At the end of his first year he became assistant in English and Latin and Greek. He now took to preaching to the delight of the people round about, who admired his fluency and earnestness.

He wrote to several colleges, and selected Williams, which was then under Dr. Hopkins. In 1856 he graduated with honours, and was elected Professor of Ancient Languages at his old school of Hiram.

Being a good speaker, and having now an honourable position, he became deeply interested in politics. It was the slavery speech of Alphonso Hart that roused him to take a decided public position. He called a meeting to reply to Hart's speech, and so won the admiration of the people that they decided Congress was the place for him.

That the public was looking after this young man with the eye of favour is seen by the fact that he was asked to give the commencement address at Williams College. In going to carry this out he was waited upon by a deputation who asked him to become candidate as Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and took his seat in the Senate in January, 1860. He soon took the side of those on behalf of the slaves, and as they were raising a company of soldiers in Ohio he was made commander. He was as successful a soldier as a scholar, and was elected a general.

In 1862 he was elected to the House of Representatives. His place was soon seen to be at the head, and he was elected President of the United States on the 2nd of November, 1880.

His name for probity is written on the history of America. Until the hand of the assassin ended his life he lived for those that loved him, and for the cause that "needs assistance and the wrongs that need resistance." He died amidst the tears of a world.

There is a voice from the grave that speaks to us to-day. We can ever succeed if we are loyal to God. He will lead us to that which is right if we wish to do right. This is the moral of Garfield's life, and it is never more needed than in this materialistic age.

KEY TO THE GARFIELD PICTURE.

1.—The White House.
2.—Garfield's House.
3.—At School.
4.—Garfield preaching.
5.—Garfield, canal-boat horseman.

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

VII.—THE BLOOD: ITS CIRCULATION.

THERE are very few portions of the human body that do not contain blood vessels. The finger and toe nails, the outer skin or epidermis, the hair, and the enamel of the teeth are the only parts not supplied directly with blood-vessels, although they, like every other part of the body, get their nourishment from the blood. Every other part is richly supplied with blood, so that no part can be pierced by the point of a needle but what some of the blood-vessels are broken, and a drop of blood flows out.

The blood is contained in a set of tubes or pipes, starting from the heart by the great trunk artery called the aorta, from which many other arteries are constantly branching off, getting smaller and smaller until they are very minute indeed. These small tubes are called capillaries. We have seen that one end is joined to the artery, the other end of the capillary is connected with a vein, so that we have the blood flowing out of the heart by means of the arteries, then entering the capillaries, then entering the veins which bring blood back again to the heart.

The blood-vessels are, then, the arteries, the capillaries, and the veins. If all these from a full-grown man could be put together in one length, they would reach a distance of several thousand miles.

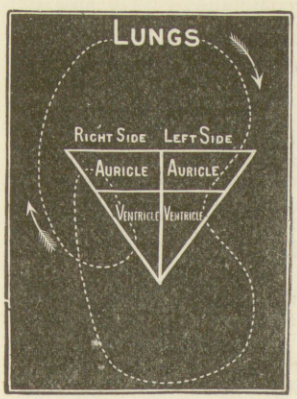
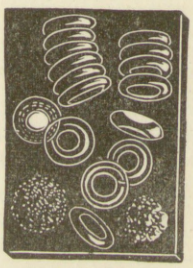


Diagram illustrating the journey of the blood.

The journey of the blood from the heart to every part of the body, and back again to the heart is called the systemic circulation, because by it the system is fed and nourished. When the blood comes back to the heart it must, before it can be sent round the body again, receive a fresh supply of oxygen from the air. To get this the blood is sent to the lungs, where, in the tiny capillaries surrounding some millions of very small air chambers, the blood can absorb oxygen from the air, and is then taken back to the heart once more to be sent round the body. The passage of the blood through the lungs is known as the pulmonary circulation.

If we refer to the figure this will appear quite plain. Starting from the right ventricle of the heart, the stream of blood flows into the lungs, and then to the left auricle; thence to the left ventricle, and from there to every part of the body, and back again to the right auricle.

The whole of this process is called the circulation. The blood is not altogether a liquid; indeed, if we considered all its constituents and all its properties, we should have a very difficult task before us. Without going into all the details we may say that the blood consists of a straw-coloured, watery-looking liquid, called liquor sanguinis, or liquor of the blood. Floating in this are an immense number of tiny bodies called corpuscles; most of these are red in appearance but some are white. The red corpuscles are shown in the centre and upper portion of the figure, whilst the white ones are shown in the two lower corners. These corpuscles are exceedingly small, being only $\frac{1}{3200}$ of an inch in diameter, that is to say, that three thousand two hundred of them, lying flat side by side, like a row of pence, would only then occupy an inch. Therefore over ten millions of them could lie flat upon a square inch; and as they are only $\frac{1}{12000}$ of an inch in thickness it follows that a cubic inch could contain over a billion of them.


Red and White Blood Corpuscles.

Small as they are, they have a most important work to do. They are the oxygen carriers. Their chemical composition is such that they greedily absorb oxygen from the air in the lungs, and as this oxygen is necessary in every part of the body to maintain both heat and vitality, we can see how important is the work of these red corpuscles.

It has been shown that alcohol has the effect of acting upon these corpuscles, shrivelling them and hardening them, and thus rendering them less capable of doing their work. It is certain that the use of alcohol results in lowered temperature, and in a less volume of carbonic acid gas being breathed out, and both of these results would follow a lessened oxygen supply.

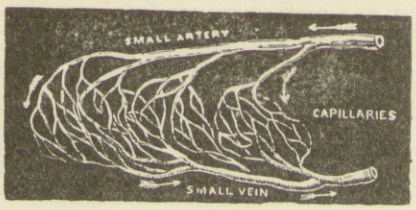
It is difficult to show by direct experiment the effect of alcohol on the red corpuscles, because immediately a drop of blood is withdrawn from the body chemical changes at once begin, and it would not be certain whether the effect produced was due to the alcohol or to other chemical changes. A reference to what happens when the web foot of a living frog is painted with alcohol will, however, be of service. Under the microscope this delicate membrane is transparent, and the blood capillaries can well be seen with the corpuscles flowing easily and freely through them. When alcohol is painted on with a camel-hair brush then the capillaries become clogged and congested. The corpuscles are hardened and shrivelled and do not flow so easily.

The white corpuscles are not nearly so numerous as the red ones; they are somewhat larger, and have the power of motion and of altering their shape. Although their work is of

an entirely different character to the red corpuscles, it is none the less important. They are the scavengers of the body, being antagonistic to everything that is hurtful. In this respect they are our defenders. When the germs of disease enter the blood these corpuscles do their best to fight such germs, and their victory saves us from the effect of these germs of disease.

The matter that may be found in a wound consists of white corpuscles that have died in removing germs from the wound, and are thus bringing about the healing process.

It has been observed that when a wound occurs, the white corpuscles assemble round the wound, as though to defend the surrounding healthy parts from any poisonous or dangerous substances that might enter the blood through the wound. Observations have also clearly shown that alcohol renders these corpuscles less operative and less capable of doing this work of protection.



Blood Capillaries.

The great function of the blood is to feed and nourish every part of the body. Even the bones must have their supply, and they consequently have their system of blood-vessels. The arteries, veins, and capillaries have their own blood-vessels to supply them with nourishment, for although they are occupied with conveying nourishing blood to every part, they themselves must also be fed. It is whilst the blood is in the capillaries that it does its work of imparting nutriment to the surrounding tissue, and removes at the same time any waste matter. In the larger arteries blood flows at the rate of ten to fifteen inches in a second, so that it is a rapid stream. In the capillaries it is much slower, being at the rate of one to one and a half inches a minute. This slow speed gives time for the blood to be in contact with the surrounding tissue. The length of time taken for a portion of blood to travel the whole round of the circulation would be about thirty seconds.

The passage of the blood through the arteries does not entirely depend on the force of the heart's beat, for the walls of the arteries themselves are highly muscular, and have the power of contracting immediately on receiving a supply of blood, and thus pushing it on and on until it reaches the capillaries through which it is slowly forced. Alcohol acts upon the nerves which control the muscular action, narcotising them to some extent, and therefore lessening their control. The muscular action, as a result, is not so marked, and the capillaries become filled with blood to their utmost capacity. It is this that produces the flush seen upon the face of the drinker; the blood-vessels are stretched to their fullest extent, and consequently are brought nearer to the surface of the body; the face and the whole body becomes red, and there is a much more ready escape of heat. The person may feel warmer owing to this escape of heat at the surface, but there is a real loss of temperature, and a lowering of vitality in consequence.

The blood, like every other part of the body, requires renewal, for in its course round the body it is being constantly drained of its constituents. These losses are replaced from three sources: 1st, the food; alcohol can be of no service in nourishing and replenishing the blood stream. 2nd, the lymphatics and blood glands, whose work is to elaborate from the blood new materials necessary to its good condition; alcohol can have no beneficial effect upon this source of the blood's nourishment. 3rd, the lungs; it is here that blood receives its necessary supply of oxygen. In the chapter on respiration we shall see that alcohol has an injurious effect on the supply of oxygen to the blood.

GRIP TIGHT.

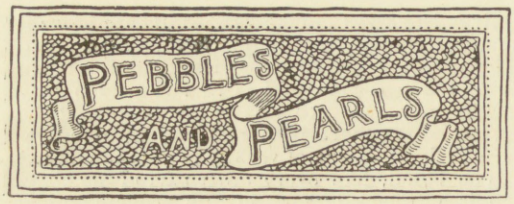
EARL Roy lay dying one summer eve,
He lay at his casement wide;
He looked at the green fertile lands,
And said with a flash of pride:
"Son Robert, this lordship fain is yours;
If any dispute thy right,
I have but two words to say to thee,
Grip tight!"

Two short strong words like a trumpet call,
Now listen to what they say:
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
And it comes not every day,
If it brings thee good in some good hour,
Take it, it is thy right;
Would'st thou keep it thine? there is one way—
Grip tight.

And if thou hast thy work to do,
Then this is thy wisest part;
Count it as one of the best of gifts,
And do it with hand and heart,
If slack or careless, others will seize
A blessing thou holdest too light,
The skirt of a happy circumstance
Grip tight.

Hast thou a home tho' humble and poor,
If love sit down by thy side,
Grip it so tight that nothing on earth
Thy home and thy heart divide;
If all gifts slip from thy heedless hand,
Keep this with a jealous might;
There's hope for the man who home and wife
Grips tight.

Then here's to the man who can win and keep
His love, his gold, and his land;
Here's to the true and steadfast heart,
To the sure and strong right hand;
To him who knows and can hold his place,
Who knows and can hold his right,
Who says to his heart in the tug of life,
Two short words of the brave old knight:
Grip tight.



Little Mendicant: "Please, sir, give me a copper."

Benevolent Clergyman: "Have you no parents?"

Little Mendicant: "No, sir; I am an orphan by birth."

JOGGING HIS MEMORY.—"I've been thinking all day over that story you told me at the dinner last night."

"Good, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I was trying to remember where I had heard it."

JUVENILE MISTRUST.—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-going to tell an' git licked fer swearin'."

"I say, Jack, who was that man you just introduced to me?"

"Why, don't you know him? He's one of the Staff of Life."

"I'm not surprised to hear it, he's so well bred."

BLASTED HOPES.—Old Gentleman: "Why are you crying, my little man?"

Small Boy (*sobbing*): I—I dreamt last night dat de school burned down, and—

Old Gentleman (*sympathetically*): "Oh! but I don't believe that it has!"

Small Boy: "Neither do I—I kin see de top of it right over de hill dere!"

Did You Know

THAT ON

July 5, 1835, The British Temperance League was formed.

" 13, 1805, The Sunday School Union was formed.

" 16, 1833, The word "Teetotal" was first used.

" 23, 1870, English Grand Lodge I.O.G.T. was established.

" 30, 1833, William Wilberforce finished his earthly career.

WOMEN AFRAID OF WOMEN.—Jinks: "Have you ever noticed what spiteful things one woman will say of another?"

Blinks (*married*): "Yes; and I never could understand why they are afraid to make digs at a woman except behind her back, and yet they will rip out anything they please to a man."

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.—In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkenness by making the drunkard carry what was called the "drunkard's cloak." This was a large barrel, with one end out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

OLD NOTIONS.—"The grand truths taught by science on the subject are now all clear to this effect, that the old belief of alcoholic drinks being necessary as food for the wants of man is utterly untenable. No verdict rendered from nature was ever more explicit. As a man of science I can say, that alcohol is not necessary as a food, is not necessary for the wants of man or any living thing, but has simply a physiological effect, perfectly unnatural, and always dangerous."—*B. W. Richardson, M.D.*

THOUGHTS FROM THE BETH BOOK.

JEALOUSY is a want of faith in one's self.

Noble sentiments expand the heart; great thoughts help the soul.

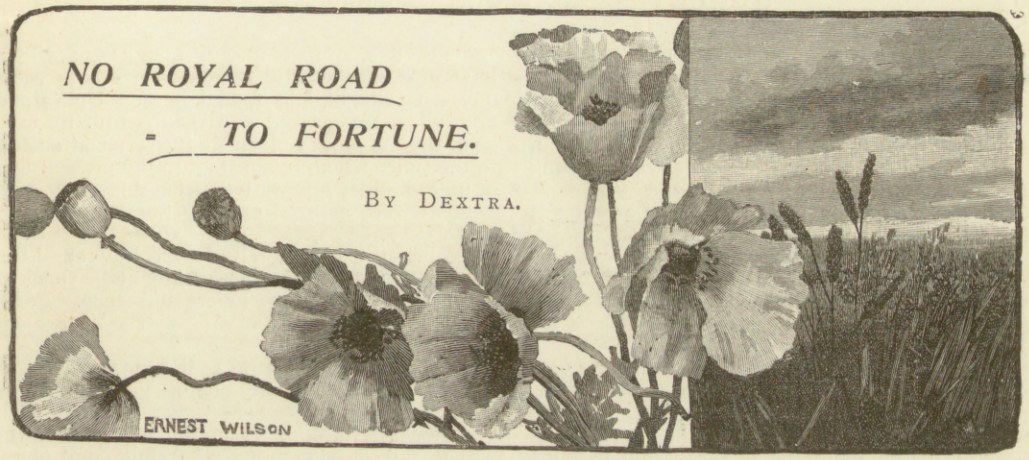
Confusion is the wrong side of order, misery of happiness, falsehood of truth, evil of good.

Great events are not the most significant, nor are great people the most typical. It is the little things that make life livable.

Sterling qualities are wanted to rule the world—head and heart.

ONE NEGLECTED CHILD.

A GOOD many years ago, in one of the upper counties of New York there was a little girl named Margaret. She was not brought to Christ, but was turned out on the world to do as she pleased. She grew up to be perhaps the most wicked and drunken woman in that part of the country. She had a large family of children, who became about as wicked as herself; her descendants have been a plague and a curse to that county ever since. The records of that county show that two hundred of her descendants have been criminals. In a single generation of her descendants there were twenty children. Three of these died in infancy. Of the remaining seventeen who lived to grow up, nine were sent to the State prison for great crimes; while all the others were found, from time to time, in the gaols, the penitentiaries, or the almhouses. Nearly all the descendants of this woman were idiots, or drunkards, or paupers of the very worst character. That one neglected child thus cost the country hundreds of thousands of pounds, besides the untold evil that followed her drunken example. How different it would have been if that child had been brought to Jesus and Temperance when she was young.



CHAPTER I.

THE BETROTHAL.

Deep down 'neath the bosom of ocean,
Unsounded by plummet or line,
At peace from the storm and commotion
That rage o'er its billows of brine,
There are secrets that time shall not fathom,
There are jewels unknown to earth's mart;
As deep, as true, and as precious
Is the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

HALF-PAST five in the afternoon. The great "bull" of the Metropolitan Carriage and Locomotive Works had just bellowed forth its deafening roar. Instinctively, as if responsive to its harsh command, the mighty steam hammers ceased their ponderous beats, the lathes their whirr-whirr-whirr, the smith forsook his forge, the carpenter his tools, and the clerk his pen. And soon the main thoroughfare from Bortley and other out-lying districts of the engineering metropolis of Broomham, Bortley bridge, was crowded with stalwart dirt-begrimed toilers, glad as schoolboys released from school that the day's work was done.

The old bridge was well nigh impassable.

Woe betide the luckless being who met the living stream on the bridge with its single foot-path. A ship in a storm never made less headway. Tack; double and bend; elbows here; sideways there; much effort; but for a space little progress.

So found Louisa Benton and Edith Dawson on the afternoon when our story opens. They had met a friend at the tram terminus at the town end of the bridge, and entering heartily into conversation had let time pass unnoticed, until just as they reached the middle of the bridge, overlooking the railway station, the noisy burr-r-r of the "bull" apprised them of the coming crowd.

"Shall we turn back?" enquired Louisa. "I cannot bear to face those men. They stare at one so."

"Oh, never mind that. What's the odds if they do stare. Can't we stand being looked at?" replied her more robust companion, with an archness that showed at once her fondness for fun. "Besides, it's so jolly to bob first here, then there, all the while keeping your eyes open lest you stumble across someone you hadn't observed approaching."

So on they went; and after an experience which often sorely tried the patience of members of the sterner sex who were caught as they had been, they reached the end of the contrary tide of men, and, laughing cheerily, passed into the quieter High Street, Bortley.

"What a contrast, Edith, just think of it. Only a few yards away we were in busy, noisy Broomham, and now after a sharp struggle through hurrying men we are in quiet, peaceful Bortley. What a change indeed. It is like the passage of the soul from the distraction of temptation, through the conflict 'twixt right and wrong to the peaceful atmosphere of victorious truth."

"Oh, come now; are you turning moralist?" was Edith's rejoinder. "It is a contrast I admit, but it happens every day, so I can't see much in it."

This answer rather abruptly closed the conversation. Then, unwilling to damp her friend's buoyant flow of animal spirits, Louisa forebore her meditations on the commonness of the two cases making them more analogous, and changed the subject.

"By-the-bye we are both to be at the same stall at the bazaar to-morrow, are we not?" she remarked.

"We are," was the prompt reply; "I mean to have some fun. Such bazaars don't come every day. It will be jolly to persuade Tom Godfrey, Herbert Panter, and the other fellows to buy things they don't want. You know they'll be bound to take almost anything we put before them. Then what pretty speeches they'll make. But who's this? And pray, sir, what do you want?"

At that moment they were interrupted by a well-built, noble-looking young fellow, whose

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manly and frank countenance couldn't fail to attract a courteous reception anywhere.

"Good evening, ladies."

"Good evening, Mr. Morton."

"May I have the honour of accompanying you, carrying your packages, and otherwise making myself generally useful?"

"Light porter, you mean; but you won't get any sixpences," laughingly chaffed Edith.

"I'll risk those," came the reply. "I was about to take a walk to shake off a few office cobwebs in all the beauty of solitude. But if you have no objection I'll forego that privilege for the pleasures of your company."

Need it be stated that Frank Morton's request was readily acceded to. Given a well-built, good-mannered, cultured, open and pleasing young fellow, and something will be radically wrong if his company be unacceptable to most eligible young ladies.

So chatting merrily, with all the gaiety characteristic of innocence and natural buoyancy, the three walked through the village, up the church-crowned hill, and soon arrived at the portentous, gloomy, prison-like training college for schoolmasters, besides which lived the parents of Edith Dawson.

At the gate "adieu" was said. "You'll promise to patronise us, Mr. Morton, at the bazaar to-morrow, remember, or you'll not be allowed to accompany us upon another occasion," called the merry-hearted girl as she left Frank Morton and Louisa Benton to pursue their further way. Gay and vivacious now, but alas—the future of this, however, anon.

When the door of Edith Dawson's home closed quite a change came over her late companions. All their merry chatter subsided. In a contemplative mood they walked. Neither spoke. For declare it not, O breezes—'twas the old new tale of a man and a maid, who had met quite by accident, of course, you know.

For some time the unassuming Louisa Benton, with her semi-puritanic ways and her deprecating manner, had exercised a strange fascination over Frank Morton, and he had learned to find a pleasure in her company found in that of none other. So that—how or why they knew not—their lots became daily more intermingled; and rumour had for some time declared that Louisa Benton would yet become the bank-clerk's wife. And though In-confidence-you-know deprecatingly shook her head, and asserted their incompatibility and unsuitability, decreeing Miss Dawson a more befitting partner for him, still it was a fact nevertheless, that in perfect honesty and trust, with a hopeful looking forward to some near consummating future, Louisa Benton and Frank Morton were engaged lovers.

Into their amorous confidence we will not pry. The sweet nothings, airy somethings, incidental to such periods, are vapid and foolish when deprived of the romantic glow peculiar to the enthusing time of courtship.

One little bit of their conversation shall not, however, be hidden from us.

Wandering slowly on in the luscious time of sunset, they arrived at the old moat-house which for centuries had defied the ravage of time and change alike, and which, after many generations have passed away, still stands as it did in their days—a relic of the feudal ages. Undrained and full, moss-covered and reed-grown, its uses past, the old moat reflexively turns our attention to the times when, in contrast to the present age of united and co-operative strength, safety and security were assured only by the completeness of isolation.

Against the railing latterly erected round the old moat they leaned, where many of the youth of Broomham have done before and since. For a space all is silent. Then the silence is broken by Frank's voice.

"Louisa,"—there is no sentimental quiver in his tone, no beseechingly piteous glance, such as society novelists deem peculiar to such occasions. His tone is manly and brave, yet withal full of affection. "I bring good news. My salary has to-day been advanced to one hundred and twenty pounds per annum. It is not a large sum I know, but I think it will allow us to be married, say about July next, if you are willing."

"Willing, why will you tease me? You know I am willing to do all and be all I can to show I truly love you. I only counselled waiting when you asked me before because if we had been then married we should have been insufficiently prepared to meet all the calls of our altered state, and you know that if harassments and difficulties of a pecuniary character had come, we might thereby have become constrained, and even have learned that 'when poverty enters the door love flies out at the window.' I wanted our marriage to be true, and to have in it all that tends to success."

"Well said, darling. You were right. But it may be when I say?"

"Yes."

That was all. Yes all. But there was in that simple word something that called down a silence, deep, delightful, and profound until Louisa's home was reached, where, after a renewal of the promise given to Edith Dawson, Frank, in the familiar manner known to all lovers, bade a

"Good-night. Good-night. Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say Good-night, till it be morrow."

CHAPTER II.

THE BAZAAR.

"What have we here?
In sooth, all your fancy
Shall desire, and more than
Your purse can buy."

THE day following that of the foregoing incidents is a memorable one in the history of Bortley. From early morn the village donned its brightest holiday attire; shops and private residences were made gay with bunting; from the church tower the Royal Standard floated gaily, as if conscious of the surrounding joy; schools were closed, and the people were all imbued with the spirit of jaunty festivity.

And no wonder either. For a long time

comely matrons and dainty maids had busily plied their needle and thread, and even the men of the village had exercised their ingenuity in the construction of various nick-nacks, mechanisms, models, articles (useful and ornamental), and other things of a similar nature—all for the great bazaar which glaring placards had long announced was to be held in the parish schools in aid of the Church Restoration Fund. The aged vicar had never known a time when his flock, young and old, had so gallantly, generously, and eagerly responded to his call.

Now the day of the grand bazaar was come, and the whole village was *en fete*. It was no ordinary bazaar. Oh, no! That was evident from the fact that the Right Honourable Lord Throgmorton, the greatest landowner of the district, and sometime Cabinet Minister and Privy Councillor, had deigned to assent to declare the bazaar open. Because of this the Bortleions had become suddenly enlarged in importance. They even affected to gaze with contemptuous indifference upon the Broomham merchants (formerly their envy), as they rolled by in their carriages.

As noon approached, at which time the bazaar was to be opened, the excitement visibly increased. The grocer, the tailor, the butcher of High-street closed their shops, and all their lesser brethren instantly followed suit, and proceeded to swell the crowds which thronged about the school gates, and looked with wistful eyes upon those fortunate ones more comfortably accommodated within the enclosure. Everybody who was anybody was there. The Rev. Septimus Goodchild, the newly appointed curate, discussed affairs with Messrs. Bumble and Jones, churchwardens. Behind them the school teachers kept watch over a bevy of prettily dressed children, who were to provide the singing during the opening ceremony. Radiant with smiles the stall-keepers, among them our friends, Louisa Benton and Edith Dawson, clustered round the Rev. George Shepherd, the vicar, whose fussy anxiety betrayed itself in various inexplicable ejaculations and peregrinations. In short, from the vicar to the bell-ringer, and the vicar's lady to the good woman whose duty it was to clean the school, no one was absent. Even the local Wesleyan minister had accepted an invitation to meet the great Lord from whom his predecessor had with utmost difficulty, and after repeated applications, obtained at its full value sufficient land whereon to build a chapel.



"Against the rail they leaned."

The general chat was now suddenly broken. A prolonged, though distant shout, announced the arrival of the noble Lord, and almost as soon as the band specially engaged for the occasion had commenced its music, his carriage hove in sight. The sterner sex shouted, and the ladies waved their kerchiefs in "welcome." Now the carriage has reached the school gates. The vicar and his churchwardens pay their greetings, and in the name of the congregation humbly ask his lordship to declare the bazaar open. This he condescends to do, and in a few well-chosen words wishes the undertaking success, accepts a bouquet from the vicar's daughter and an address from the foundation scholars, and then, after a hurried survey of the stalls, apologises for his early departure, and hurries away.

This a little annoys the vicar and churchwardens, who had thought to secure certain favours from him as patron of the living; and the commoner folks regard the precipitated farewell as a little objectionable. Still, they do not forbear to cheer him as

he leaves, and then some return homeward, and some to see and be filched at the "Grand Bazaar." These latter were well rewarded for their temerity after the manner of their expectations. For once, the usually gloomy old school-room had forsaken all its sombre hues, and, transformed, seemed a dream of the Arabian Nights. All down its length on either side stood stalls heavily laden with every kind of fancy work, representing some foreign nation—one, France, another, Turkey, and so on; all presided over by radiant damsels appropriately dressed, who were bent on disposing of their wares at double, and in some instances at treble, their real value. Like the pedlar Autolycus, whose song confronted every visitor on entering the room, their pertinacious appeals were rarely made in vain.

"Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear—a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear—a?
Come to the pedlar,
Money's a meddler,
That doth alter all men's ware—a."

Quite a brisk trade these amateur sellers found themselves pursuing. An arch glance, a winning word, the exercise of those various captivations peculiar at such times, brought many an usually unwilling purchaser to freely buy articles of no earthly use to him.

Then, besides the attractions of the stalls, special baits had been provided. Miss Sarah Thorpe managed a fishery, wherein were a number of mysterious packages, one of which she undertook to angle for anyone upon payment of threepence. Her position was no sinecure. This dry-land piscator was literally besieged by the youth who ventured their threepences to be rewarded, amid screams of laughter, by monkeys on sticks, indiarubber dolls, babies' rings, etc.

Then the usual and "only Mrs. Jarley's wax-works," and the "Art collection of curiosities" came in for a large share of patronage. The bazaar was doing well, everybody was happy; but some or other of the fair stall keepers had to complain that Mr. Cabinet's easy chair, Mrs. Sowles' matchless quilt, and sundry other large articles found no purchasers.

In their dilemma they sought the vicar, and unfolded to him their one cause of disappointment. "What shall we do with them?" they asked. "They must be disposed of by some means."

No very long meditation was needed to settle the problem.

"Ballot them," was the reply. So the fiat went forth, that large unsaleable goods were to be ballotted for, or, in other words, raffled, and soon several couples, a young man and a maiden generally, where hurrying hither and thither, imploring everybody whom they met to take a ticket in this ballot, only threepence—only sixpence—or only a shilling—and you may win, you know.

It was at this juncture that Frank Morton entered. It had been impossible for him to attend the opening ceremony, but as soon as he could be released he hastened from his desk at the Midland Commercial Bank, in order to take his part in the bazaar. More than one person had been expecting him. Master Jim Benton, Louisa's only brother, had commenced to sell tickets for the ballot of a timepiece, and had promised Frank should be one of the subscribers. So soon therefore as he espied him he pounced upon him with "Frank, do take a ticket for this timepiece!"

Of course, even though he playfully bantered, he did as requested to satisfy the boy whose cheeks were quite aglow with the excitement of his position.

Then, need it be said, his next care was to seek out Louisa, to whom he had barely time to pay his greetings before he was reminded by Edith Dawson of the previous evening's promise. This having been fulfilled he was actively urged to work.

"Mr. Morton, do carry this picture, and let us see if we cannot get rid of sixty tickets at a shilling each for it." said Edith.

"Yes, Frank," added Lousia.

So, accompanied by Miss Dawson, he was soon busily engaged persuading sixty different people to part with their shillings for a numbered ticket which might or might not make them the fortunate possessors of the neatly-framed collection of roses, over the painting of which Louisa Benton had spent several hours.

The first ticket bore the name of Frank Morton. It was some time, however, before he was able to call out, "Only one more ticket, and then this beautiful picture will be ballotted for."

"Now, Mr. Thomas, do have the last ticket. You may win the picture," urged Edith Dawson to a gentleman whom just then they met.

"Come, Mr. Thomas, let us have the pleasure of writing your name," added Frank, who was little prepared for the courteous refusal he received.

"No, Mr. Morton, I cannot do as you wish. I am desirous to help your bazaar as well as I am able, but I cannot do anything which is against the laws of the country, and is so often provocative of ruin. Balloting is raffling after all—a game of chance, in which one, the winner, wins not by reason of merit or skill, but by the merest accident, which must result in loss to many others. On principle I cannot take part in that which creates an unhealthy craving, and in some other forms produces idleness, wantonness, poverty, and despair."

The ticket-sellers turned away, chafing with annoyance, and even muttering something about the "saintly goodness of some people," and addressed themselves to the vicar, who apparently without any scruple purchased the remaining ticket.

"This way for the picture ballot."

The company seemed electrified by the sound, and hastened to where the sixty numbers of the tickets were put into one box, with fifty-nine white tabs and one red one, called the prize tab, into another.

Great was the excitement witnessed upon some

of the beholders' faces, whilst others with apparent carelessness, but real inward feverish anxiety, comported themselves, as the boxes were quickly revolved, and one after another the vicar's daughter drew a number and a tab.

"39, blank. 43, blank," and so on were repeated to the discomfiture of the possessors of the said tickets. At length, when only a few tickets remained, the excitement became intense. Breathless with expectation the throng awaited the various numbers. Oh, that I were an artist that I might transfer the varied expressions to the canvas! Tightly compressed lips, dilated eyes, clasped hands, half audible breath—all showed what a powerful influence this form of gambling exerted over all minds.

"No. 3, blank. No. 58, blank." Stifling excitement. It seemed that some must shriek in order to break the suspense.

"No. 1, prize." The expectancy was all dissolved. Chattering tongues again set in motion. Many were the congratulations that poured in upon Frank Morton, whom all described as "a lucky fellow." As a jarring note Mrs. Bond's words, however, fell upon his ears, for the good lady, despite all other statements, loudly protested her belief that "she might ha' known it had been planned for him to win."

So the bazaar progressed; the same scenes being again and again re-enacted until the time of closing came, when it was announced that the Church Restoration Fund had benefited to the extent of £500. The announcement was greeted with loud cheers, and thus ended the great Bortley bazaar, for which many had worked a long time, and which from varying causes would live long in the minds of many who took part therein.

It had given joy to many like Frank Morton, on whom Dame Fortune had smiled auspiciously, crowning many of his balloting ventures with success—and pain to others, like Mrs. Bond, whose speculations had proved unsuccessful. Let him, however, not always laugh who wins, for slippery are the paths that, through chance, lead on to fortune.

(To be continued.)

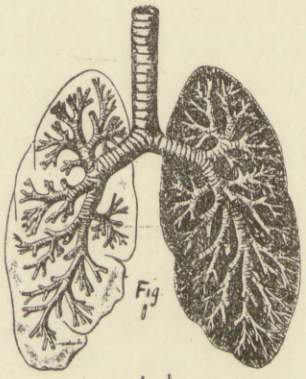
Temperance Physiology.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

VIII.—RESPIRATION: THE BREATHING BAGS.

In considering the whole of the various foods of the body we should have to speak of gaseous food, represented by the oxygen of the air. This cannot enter the body like other foods by means of the stomach, it has a special set of organs or apparatus to itself. This comprises the mouth and nostrils, the trachea or windpipe, the bronchial tubes, the air cells, the blood capillaries, and the necessary veins and arteries. A reference to Fig. 1 will show us the general arrangement. Practically the lungs consist of two bags, into which the right and left bronchi enter, the tubes of which gradually become smaller and smaller, and finally end in very tiny air cells, which go by the name of alveoli. We shall observe that the main tube, and for a considerable distance the smaller tubes, have a ring-like appearance. They are really composed of a series of rings of cartilage, the object of which is to keep the tubes open and free to the passage of air. In Fig. 2 we have an enlarged view of a bunch of air cells at the end of one of the smaller branches of the bronchial tubes. The walls of these cells are exceedingly thin, and in the connective tissue which binds them together run the thick mesh of capillaries, connected with the pulmonary artery which brings the venous or impure blood from the right ventricle of the heart.





The diagram shown in Fig. 3 illustrates the general process very well. Fresh air enters the lungs by means of the wind pipe. The oxygen is there taken up by the blood and carried to the body, where it does its work of maintaining heat by burning carbonaceous foods into carbonic acid gas. The carbonic acid gas is returned to the lungs in the venous blood, and is there exchanged for more oxygen, and is passed out of the body by means of the wind pipe.

The lungs are contained in the chest, and when full of air they completely fill the whole space, with the exception of the heart and the large blood vessels, which are between the two lungs (see Chap. VI., Fig. 3). They are surrounded at each side and the back and front, and to a considerable extent at the top, by the ribs and the sheet-like muscles connecting them. The lower part is separated from the stomach and intestines by a great muscle going right across the body in an arch-shaped manner called the diaphragm. The

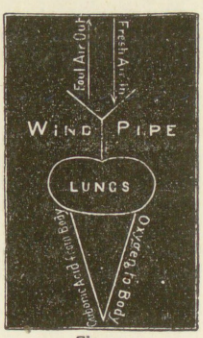


Fig. 3.

whole forms an air-tight chamber with but one opening, that of the wind pipe. The muscular motion of the ribs and the diaphragm alternately enlarges and compresses the chamber. The enlargement causes air to flow in, and the compression squeezes air out. A very simple piece of apparatus may be devised to illustrate the working of the breathing apparatus. Fig. 4 shows the whole at a glance. On drawing the piston down we have a movement corresponding to that of the diaphragm, the space above being made larger, air passes in at the tube at the top and inflates the bag, corresponding to the inflation of the lungs. On pushing in the piston the space in the cylinder is lessened, and as a result air is pushed out of the bag, corresponding to the breathing out of air from the lungs.

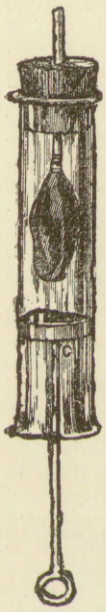


Fig. 4.

The process of breathing really consists of three stages—breathing in, called inspiration; breathing out, called expiration; thirdly, a pause between the two. The whole process is called a respiration, and the inspiration, expiration, and the pause, give what may be called the rhythm of respiration.

An adult healthy man makes about sixteen respirations a minute. The number of respirations varies with age. A child newly born makes forty-four respirations a minute; at five years old, twenty-six respirations a minute; from twenty-five to thirty years of age, sixteen respirations a minute. Very old people often go as low as twelve per minute.

In good health and in the prime of life there should be four beats of the heart to each respiration. The air cells of the lungs of a full-grown man can contain about 330 cubic inches of air. This is made up as follows:—

	Cubic inches.
RESIDUAL AIR—That which is always in the lungs and cannot be expelled	100
TIDAL AIR—That which flows in and out with each respiration	30
SUPPLEMENTAL AIR—That which is ordinarily in the lungs, but which can be expelled with an effort	100
COMPLEMENTAL AIR—That which can be breathed in by an effort	100
	330

The purpose of breathing is to renew the oxygen supply in the blood. The great difference between arterial blood and venous blood is, that the life-giving arterial blood contains more oxygen and less carbonic acid gas, and the venous blood less oxygen and more carbonic acid gas. The comparison may be seen as follows:—

	Oxygen.	Carbonic acid gas.
Arterial blood	20 vols.	39 vols.
Venous blood	8 to 12 vols.	46 vols.

The exchange of these gases in the lungs is due to physical and chemical laws, the principle of which is that relating to the diffusion of gases. Air consists of oxygen gas, nitrogen gas, and a small amount of carbonic acid gas. It is the oxygen of the air that is exchanged in the lungs for carbonic acid gas, the nitrogen gas being breathed in and breathed out unchanged. This may be seen by a comparison of the air before it is breathed in and when it has been breathed out:—

	Inspired air.	Expired air.
Oxygen gas	20·8	16·44
Nitrogen gas	79·16	79·16
Carbonic acid	·04	4·4
	100·00	100·00

An adult man requires as much as eighteen cubic feet of oxygen daily, and gives out about eighteen feet of carbonic acid gas. This latter represents the amount of gas obtained on the complete combustion of a piece of charcoal weighing about nine ounces avoirdupois.

We may easily prove the presence of carbonic acid gas in the breath we exhale by breathing into lime water, as shown in Fig. 5. The lime water, which is perfectly clear to start with, becomes turbid and milky looking when the carbonic acid gas of the breath comes into contact with it, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime, which is another name for chalk.



Fig. 5.

We have seen that the whole arrangement of breathing is to get oxygen into the blood, for the purity of the blood and the consequent health and vitality of the body largely depend upon this. Alcohol is antagonistic to this work, for it has the power of rendering the blood less capable of absorbing oxygen from the air, and may be thus said to cause a mild form of oxygen starvation.

Dr. T. R. Jones, of Harlech, in writing on this subject says:—"We often meet with bronchial catarrhs which are chronic, and with great probability referred to the direct action of alcohol. It has been thought that drinking freely checks the progress of consumption; of this there is little evidence; on the other hand the general impression is that alcoholism is a frequent cause of consumption."

Small as the harm may seem, and unnoticeable as the result may be for a long time, yet together with the other kinds of harm that alcohol does in the body, it is a contributory to that total of injury which results in lessened vitality, ready disposition to disease, and shortening of life.

See experiments 83 *to* 101 *in "Temperance Science Lessons" illustrating this subject.*

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

BITS (NOT OF HAIR) PICKED UP AT THE BARBER'S.



BARBERS, or, I beg their pardon, hairdressers, get the credit for a great deal of which they are perfectly innocent. The "knight of the razor" certainly is, by inexorable fate, a continual recipient of 'news' which he may, or may not be, by natural inclination, disposed to retail to the next comer either *as received* or embellished, according to the condition of mind to which he is prone. But to place him among the ranks of chronic gossipers and tittle-tattlers is neither fair nor truthful. Occasionally, as he flourishes his glistening blade, his feelings get the better of him, and he may be found launching forth upon the topics of the day until the soap congeals gummily upon the cheeks of his "patient," or bubbles oozily into the corners of his mouth, but, *as a rule*, our barber is a man of one idea, and that idea is to perpetrate an "easy shave," and to send his patrons away with their hirsute appendages trimmed exactly to their liking, and their spirits calmed by his evident anxiety to merit their valued patronage in the future.

Now and then our friend, the barber, "loses his head" while exercising his supreme efforts to "make a beautiful job" of that of his neighbour. All will, perhaps, have heard of the religious barber who was so impressed with the importance of saying a word in season to those who sat in his clutches, that one day, after well plastering his victim with suds, he seized him by the nose and, holding his razor in business-like attitude over his throat, he hoarsely shouted, "Sir, are you prepared to die?" History tells us that the affrighted customer "made tracks," without waiting to vouchsafe any reply to his ambiguous questioner.

A story is told of a barber who, in the midst of the delicate operation of putting the final gloss upon the poll of a gentleman, who had given himself over to him, suddenly inquired,

"Are you aware that fever is in the *hair*, sir?"

"Fever, no! I had heard nothing about it; but I hope you are careful about the brushes you use, for I believe a great many diseases are spread by lack of caution in such matters."

"Oh," exclaimed the astonished barber, "you have mistook my meanin', sir; I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the *hair* of the hatmosphere."

Among the many "tit bits" that have come to me while under the roof of our "man of brushes" is one which struck me as amazingly funny.

I was sitting in the "business chair," and near me sat a farmer-like personage who was also on the same errand. To "improve the occasion" I got on my favourite topic of "total abstinence." It did not seem to be *his* favourite topic, and my various propositions were discounted, and the truths I endeavoured to inculcate were received like fairy tales. At last he said,

"Well, I knows as a drop of beer does ye good."

I replied, "It has never done me good, my friend, or harm either, for the matter of that, as I do not even know the taste of it, but I should be greatly interested to know *what* good it does you."

"A good lot," he answered.

"Yes," I said, "but *what* good? I always like to know the exact effect of what I drink. You say beer does you *good*; now does it make muscle, or sinew; does it help the heart, the lungs, the liver, or the brain; does it invigorate the blood, or *in what way* does it benefit the man who swallows it?"

He seemed slightly perplexed, and then re-iterated,

"I knows it does ye good, that's all I knows."

"Oh that won't do," I said, "I must have something clearer than that."

"Very well, then," he blurted out almost angrily, "I'll tell ye *one* thing it does, it makes yer 'air grow."

This bit of information was altogether too much for me, and it sent me off into uncontrollable laughter, in which the hairdresser joined."

"But do you *really* think that?" I said.

"I *know it*," he declared; "my 'air grows faster when I 'ave plenty o' beer!"

I confess that even if this funny man's contentions were true, I hardly see the advantage of thus stimulating the growth of one's hair, as it always brings about a fresh demand for the "fee" when it reaches an uncomfortable length and the services of the barber have to be requisitioned! But it evidently was "one of the things that beer did" according to the votary of that questionable beverage, and, as the boy said, "I know it *is* because my mother says it is, and if my mother says it is, *it is* even if it isn't," so the only thing to do was to hold my peace and marvel at the profound depths of credulity that an inordinate faith in John Bull's "malt and hops" had brought about. At any rate, it had *one* good result, it gave me a good "bit" (picked up at a barber's!) to hand down to posterity!

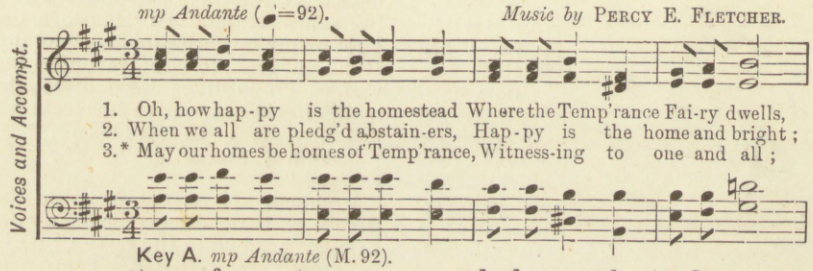
"I hope I see you well," he said fluently to the old farmer leaning on his hoe.

"I hope you do," was the unexpected answer; "but if you don't see me well young man, put on specs."

HAPPY HOMES!

Words by M. S. H. **Temperance Chorus.**

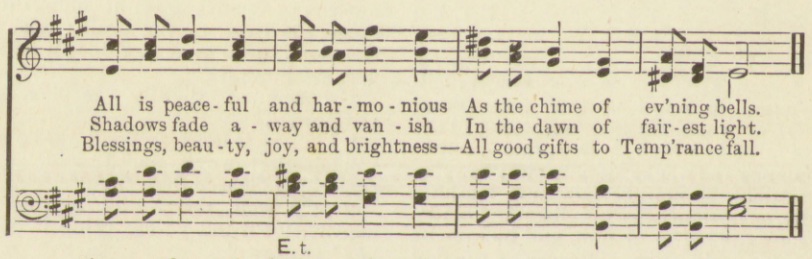
mp Andante (♩=92). *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.



1. Oh, how hap-py is the homestead Where the Temp'rance Fai-ry dwells,
2. When we all are pledg'd abstain-ers, Hap-py is the home and bright;
3. * May our homes be homes of Temp'rance, Witness-ing to one and all;

Key A. *mp Andante* (M. 92).

m .m :f	:m	m .r :m	:r	d .d :r	:l_1	t_1 .d :r	:—
d .d :d	:d	t_1 .t_1 :t_1	:t_1	l_1 .l_1 :l_1	:fe_1	s_1 .s_1 :s_1	:—
s .s :l	:s	s .s :s	:f	m .m :r	:r	r .r :f	:—
d .d :d	:d	s_1 .s_1 :s_1	:s_1	l_1 .l_1 :fe_1	:r_1	s_1 .l_1 :t_1	:—



All is peace-ful and har-mo-nious As the chime of ev'ning bells.
Shadows fade a-way and van-ish In the dawn of fair-est light.
Blessings, beau-ty, joy, and brightness—All good gifts to Temp'rance fall.

E. t.

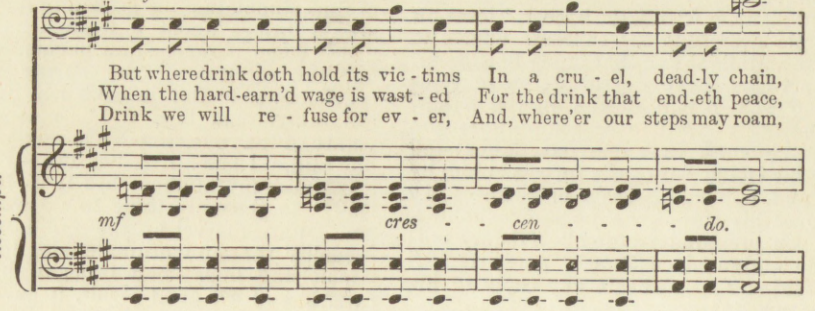
m .m :f	:m	m l .s :r'	:d'	t .l :s	:m	f .r :d	:—
s_1 .d :d	:d	^{d}f .f :s	:s	s .f :m	:d	t_1 .t_1 :d	:—
m .s :l	:s	^{fe}t .t :d'	:d'	d' .d' :d'	:s	r .f :m	:—
d .d :d	:d	^{r}s .s :m	:m	f .f :s	:s_1	s_1 .s_1 :d	:—

TENORS & BASSES IN UNISON.

r.s.d.f C. (Lah is A.) *cres - - cen - - - - do.*

^{d}m .m :m	:m	m .m :l	:m	m .m :t	:m	m .m :d'	:—

mf



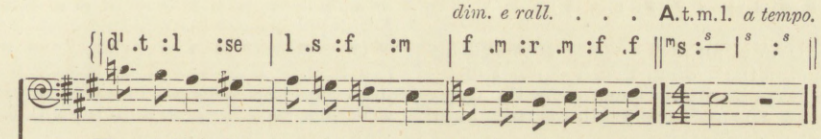
But where drink doth hold its vic-tims In a cru-el, dead-ly chain,
When the hard-earn'd wage is wast-ed For the drink that end-eth peace,
Drink we will re-fuse for ev-er, And, where'er our steps may roam,

mf *cres - - cen - - - - do.*

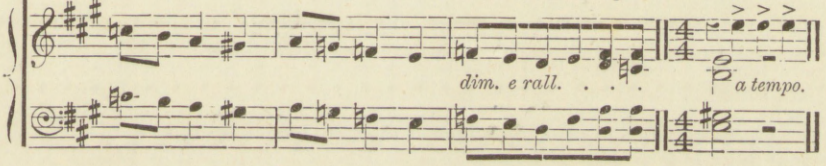
* This verse may be omitted.

HAPPY HOMES!

dim. e rall. . . . A.t.m.l. *a tempo.*

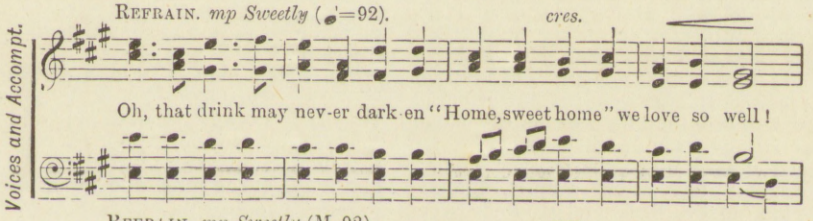


There is braw-ling, there is sor - row, There is trouble, fear, and pain.
Wife and lit - tle ones are starv-ing, Illness, weakness, want, in - crease.
We'll re-solve, thro' all life's changes, Ours shall be a Temp'rance home!



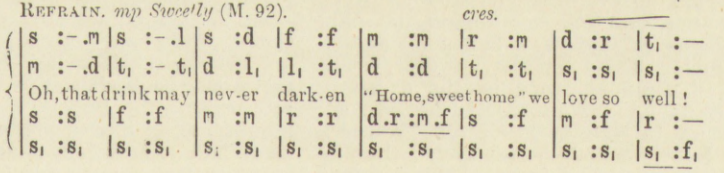
REFRAIN. *mp Sweetly* (♩=92). *cres.*

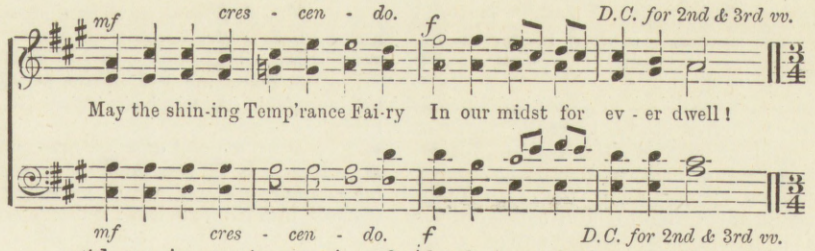
Voices and Accompt.



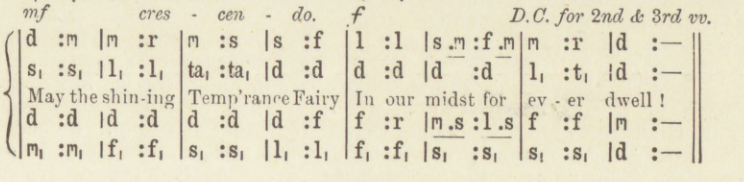
Oh, that drink may nev-er dark-en "Home, sweet home" we love so well!

REFRAIN. *mp Sweetly* (M. 92). *cres.*





May the shin-ing Temp'rance Fai-ry In our midst for ev - er dwell!



Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

SIR H. HAVELOCK,

THE MAN OF PRINCIPLE.



I HAVE for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear" were the dying words of Havelock to his friend and comrade Outram.

To have done so, judged by a worldly standard, is to have made many sacrifices to popularity and worldly prosperity. But it is a sweet pillow to lean upon when dying, knowing that you have "fought a good fight." It may be otherwise, but I never heard of a dying man rejoicing that he had made money, attained to greatness through the sacrifice of principle. That which is eternal in its nature alone gives comfort when dying.

The parents of our hero lived at Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, for a time, and then migrated to Ingress Park, near Dartford, in Kent. At the former place Henry was born on April 5th, 1795. At ten he went to Charterhouse, and worked so hard that he earned the name "Phlos," an abbreviation of philosopher.

At fourteen years of age his mother died, a woman of singular piety, whose religious life impressed the lad much. Financial troubles overtook his father, and the estate had to be sold, and Henry was entered as a law pupil at the Middle Temple. This his father, however, could not allow to continue owing to the expense. Now thrown upon his own resources he listened with pleasure to the words of his brothers, suggesting Henry should join the army. By the kindness of Baron Von Alten, a commission for Henry was procured; he was gazetted 2nd Lieut. in the Rifle Brigade (95th). This was commanded by the veteran Captain Henry Smith, who proved one of the best friends Havelock ever had.

For seven years he lived at home as a peace soldier. His habits of study, however, came to his rescue, and he tried to the very utmost to learn what are the principles of war. Wearied by inactivity he exchanged to the 13th Light Infantry, sailed for Calcutta, and arrived there in May, 1823. He now felt strong enough to do what was no easy thing in those days. He invited all who cared to come to a religious service. The sneer, "Havelock's saints," like many another sneer, became a mark of honour.

"I wish to God the whole regiment were 'Havelock's saints,' for I never see a 'saint' in the guard-room, or his name in the defaulter's book," said the Commander. What a glorious testimony.

His first war was that against the Burman monarch. It took two years to finish, and had nothing noteworthy about it but the waste of money, and the large number of deaths by disease.

Possibly out of consideration for his services in this war Havelock was made adjutant of the depôt of the King's troops at Chinsurah. Here he varied his military duties by courting the daughter of a Baptist missionary. It is said that on the wedding day, so high were his ideals of duty that he was married in the morning, took a swift boat to Calcutta to attend a Court Martial he could easily have escaped, and came back to Serampore to eat his wedding breakfast.

He was not a man who could make rapid progress. He was too straightforward for that. It was a cause of much joy, therefore, when he was appointed to the adjutancy of the 13th, when the post he had held at Chinsurah was abolished. He was warned by the Governor General, however, he was not to preach. This, however, must not have been meant seriously, as he immediately set about erecting two chapels, one for Baptist and one for Church of England. Possibly the good effects shown by his preaching and his Temperance canteen may have done much to make the Governor General wink at his disobedience to orders.

He had tried to purchase a Captaincy, but everything seemed to go wrong. It was his joy, therefore, after twenty-three years of service, to be made a Captain, without having to purchase the same.

Through a blunder it was decided to march into Afghanistan with a large army, and Havelock became second aide-de-camp to Sir Willoughby Cotton, who had command of the marching contingent. Cabul was the destination, and it was taken after a brilliant assault. This practically ended the war.

Sir W. Cotton begged Havelock to stay at Cabul with him. Money matters, however, pressed upon Havelock, and he determined to write a book about this war. He, therefore, returned to Serampore. This was a great blunder, as he missed much pecuniary advancement, and his book was a failure.

When the new Governor General arrived, Havelock went with him to Cabul. Arrived there the hill tribes grew troublesome, and as the soldiers retired they were met with stern opposition. Havelock and his men were sent down the Pass, and did useful service. Indeed his superior officer had much to say about him.

"Among our good officers, first comes Captain Havelock. It is the fashion to sneer at him; his manners are cold, whilst his religious opinions exclude him from society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, looking at his profession as a science, and, as far as I can see or judge, correct in his views."

When at Jellalabad news came to them of treachery at Cabul. Indeed they were ordered out of Afghanistan, and at one time were prepared to obey the order, so great was their plight. But in the end they determined to attack the enemy, and Havelock's troops, bearing the full brunt of the battle, cleared off the enemy. He then helped in the march to Cabul, and did the fighting before that place. The victory was great, but the reward went to another. He then returned to India, after four years in Afghanistan.

In the wars of the Gwalior and the first Sikh campaign, Havelock does not figure much, being on the staff of Sir Hugh Gough, but when we mention that in one of the battles two horses were shot under him, it shows he had a marvellous hot time of it.

His health and that of his family made it advisable for him to come to England. His poverty, however, was great. He compromised matters for a time by sending Mrs. Havelock to England. His health, however, was so troublesome, he in great haste followed her. Here he journeyed about amongst friends and old schoolmates, and although fifty-six he had so far been restored to health that he felt like a man of forty. Friends tried to buy him a Lieutenant-Colonel's position, but failed. He made overtures to be admitted as one of the Queen's Aides-de-Camp, but was unsuccessful. However, two of his sons were well provided for, which was something.

He returned to India and became Quarter-Master-General of the Queen's troops in India, which, one may say, was his first real bit of promotion.

"My duties," he said, "are literally *nil*. My work averages two returns and two letters *per mensem*." His salary was £3,000 per annum. Six months later he became Adjutant-General, with an advance of pay.

But bad news now came from England, and he thus writes his wife:—

"I am cut to the heart by the poor account you still give of your health, but I trust your projected trip to Switzerland will, by God's blessing, give you strength again, and that you will for many years be enabled in His good providence to watch over our two dear girls' and George's education. God knows how my heart yearns to see you all again. If, by God's aid, I can surmount my difficulties I shall at the end of three years' labour and self-denial feel entitled to look upon you again. God grant that it may be in health, tranquillity, and competency, or, if it be His pleasure, let you and me have one happy meeting on earth; if not, a far happier in heaven."



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

The Persian war brought out Sir James Outram to command. He immediately applied for the services of Havelock, which were granted. With all speed he made, therefore, for Bombay. When here he found Outram had been gone two days. Havelock followed, and arrived after the battle of Kooshab had been fought and won. Mohumra, a fortified town on the Kavan river, was the next point of attack. The plans for this were drawn out by Havelock. The forts were bombarded by the fleet, and the soldiers landed. The place was empty! This was repeated several times until peace was declared at Paris. This senseless expedition cost about two million pounds!

The Indian Mutiny broke out when this Persian war ended, and with all haste all English troops were thrown into India. Havelock, so anxious to be at his post with the Commander-in-Chief, went on board a vessel bound for Galle. Here he hoped to catch the Calcutta mail boat. But his vessel was wrecked. That no lives were lost is due to the strong speech he made to passengers and officers to

keep away from strong drink. "The folly of man threw us on shore," he writes, "the mercy of God found us a soft place near Caltura."

The appointment of Sir Patrick Grant as Acting Commander-in-Chief made him look out for capable officers. He laid hold of Havelock, and the two hurried to Calcutta. Sir Patrick presented Havelock to Lord Canning in remarkable words:—

"Your Excellency, I have brought you the man." And perhaps the sorest task ever a man had to perform lay before Havelock, for India practically was ruled by rebels, and British rule was at an end.

Cawnpore felt the fury of the Mutiny in its first onslaught. Nana Sahib, under the plea of friendship, sent troops to Cawnpore to help the Governor, Sir Hugh Wheeler, to quell the coming storm. About 1,000 persons met in a slightly fortified barracks to await events. They had not long to wait. Nana showed what he was, and a mass of soldiers, like a plague of locusts, came down on Sir Hugh. Privations, the most horrible, the people endured. All day a rain of bullets beat upon them, and one after another dropped. They were allowed to leave and take boats down the river. It was a trap of death, and Cawnpore is written in sorrow in every English heart.

Havelock received his instruction from Lord Canning, and next day prepared to carry them out. It was not a small order he received. —"Quieten Allahabad, support Lucknow, relieve Cawnpore, and do it sharp."

As fast as he could travel he arrived at Allahabad and found Captain Neill, a man whose very daring had kept the mutiny down in his district.

Havelock now heard of the Cawnpore disaster, and with 1,500 men marched to render any assistance possible. "May God give me wisdom to fulfil the expectations of the Government, and to restore tranquillity in the disturbed districts," he said when the command was given him. He had long waited for the honour of leading an army, and Cromwell was never prouder of his "Ironsides" than Havelock was of his.

He hurried to Fallenpore his men, and joined other English soldiers. The mutineers attacked and he set his army in motion. With a rush his soldiers cleared all obstacles and crushed the enemy. It was his first battle and the victory travelled all over India.

"Thanks to Almighty God who gave me the victory. I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds."

His poor soldiers had little peace, but they cheerfully left their breakfast to go and fight. When tired out beyond eating he called them up in the middle of the night. They obeyed at once.

"There are two hundred and more women and children at Cawnpore who have escaped the general massacre, and we must relieve them. With God's help, men, we shall save them, or every man of us will die in the attempt. I am trying you sorely, men; but I know the stuff you are made of. Think of our women and the tender infants in the power of these devils incarnate."

With ringing cheers they swung into line, and marched for Cawnpore, though the sun poured upon them in fury as the march continued. As they drew near their destination they found the enemy strongly posted and defiant, even to playing such tunes as "Auld lang syne" and "Cheer, boys, cheer." This taunt only made the soldiers tighten their lips a bit.

"The Rosshire Buffs will advance; quick march!" cried Havelock, as he saw his left wing too severely pounded by the enemy's cannon. With the skirl of the pipes, the shout of Highland men, to the double they rushed on the enemy. Barrow's horse flung itself on the cavalry, and within a short time the enemy was in full flight. He then charged them, as they rallied at a village a mile off, and cleared them. They then defended the road. Havelock had no cannon, the enemy had. The men were so tired that to wait for cannon, and be pounded by the enemy meanwhile, was to tempt failure.

"The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it," cried Havelock. "Rise up. The brigade will advance, left battalion leading." And that night Cawnpore was taken. The soldiers had marched twenty miles and fought for four hours in the hottest of weather. But not a woman or child was found alive. They were murdered two days before the battle, and their bodies thrown into a well.

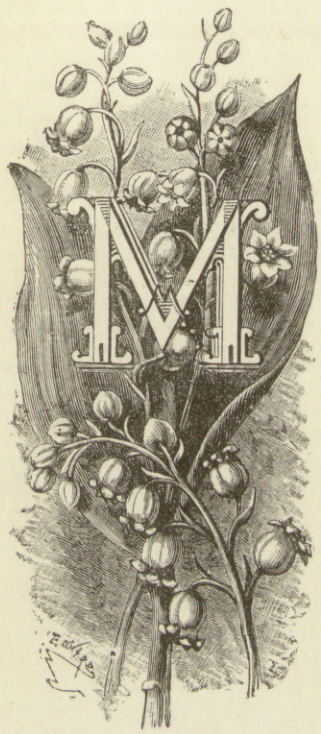
His task was now to relieve Lucknow, which was hardly pressed by the enemy. But the enemy fought Havelock step by step of the way, and he grew timid as his men fell and his powder grew less and less. He tried to force his way and failed. Cries from the garrison at Cawnpore made him retreat to help. Here Major General Outram came into chief command, but it altered the position of Havelock very little, thanks to the generosity of Outram.

With a company of 3,000 men the march for Lucknow was commenced. It was a long struggle against fearful odds, in which our soldiers were generally successful. At last they entered the city, but were only to be a burden to it, so crippled were they in resources. They had in turn to be relieved by Sir Colin Campbell.

Disease laid hold of Sir Henry, and he felt the hand of death upon him. "God Almighty has seen fit to afflict me for some good purpose." And there he died without ever knowing how his name had become a common household word in this country, and how Parliament had honoured him.

So long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless devotion is cherished among his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely grave, beneath the scorching eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the countless spots where Britain's patriot soldiers lie.

"I DREAD the white man's drink more than all the assegais of my enemies, which kill men's bodies. That is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both body and soul for ever."—*Khama, African Chief.*



A Girl's Hope.

BY

HELEN BRISTOW.

"MOTHER, do you know what George Day has been talking to me about?" said Margaret Heen, addressing an elderly, sweet-faced woman.

The latter looked up with a startled air.

"Surely George has not had the impudence——"

"Oh, mother, don't say that! George says he has loved me for a long time, and he will do everything to make me happy."

"Child, his feet are set on an evil road, and I dare not trust you to his care."

Then Margaret crossed the room, and, kneeling down before her mother, lifted a face so earnest and sweet that Mrs. Heen drew her only child to her breast, and covered the girlish face with kisses. Since the loss of her husband, when Margaret was not more than seven years old, the two had scarcely been parted. There had not been a secret between them. The one cloud that had sometimes obscured the mother's sky was the thought of a day that was sure to come, when another would stand first with her darling. But this cloud had had its bright side, too. Margaret in her own home, wife and mother in her turn. She hoped to live to see that day. But in the picture that had at times been in her mind's eye, Margaret's husband had been noble and good, far nobler and better than the majority of men. And now she had chosen George Day, a young fellow with a handsome face and pleasant manner it was true, a general favourite, and in a good social position, but——

"Margaret, my darling, you must just refuse him at once," said Mrs. Heen emphatically.

"Don't be hard, mother. George is not going to ruin, as some have predicted. There's not half so much the matter with him as people think. They wouldn't talk as they do if they really knew him."

"But, Margaret, he would not make you happy."

"I am going to give him the chance, mother. I have promised to marry him before the year is out." Never had Margaret spoken to her mother in that tone before; there was a ring of determination in it, such as the latter had not believed her capable of. They talked earnestly for hours before they parted for the night; but each held to her own opinion, and was not to be moved from it.

A year later—and Margaret's wedding-day. She was a handsome girl at any time, but her appearance in her veil and orange blossoms and her white silk dress made many a one exclaim that day about her beauty.

"How proud her mother must be of her!" someone said.

Yes, her mother was proud of her; she would have been less than a mother had she not been; but there was bitter sorrow in her heart too.

When the ceremony was over, and the young bride, having received the good wishes of her friends, stood at the open door of her childhood's home, and turned to kiss her mother for the last time, the latter whispered some tender words into her ear, to which she replied in an undertone, "Don't forget what I said to you last night, darling!"

Some hours later, when all the guests had gone, Mrs. Heen sat down in the little study where now she would always sit alone, and brooded over the conversation to which Margaret referred, when she had given her child such advice as she could, and when the future had been talked of more freely than ever before during the engagement.

"You see, mother," Margaret had said among other things, "George loves me so much that I'm quite sure, with me to help him, he will overcome his besetments. And I'm going to make his home so happy and attractive that he will never need to go out for society or amusement. You will see if he doesn't develop into a very fine character!"

They were brave words, and Mrs. Heen loved her daughter the better for them.

"Oh, that it might be so!" she said, leaning back in her chair wearily, "but alas, I fear it is only a girl's hope."

Margaret's first few letters to her mother were full of this hope, so full and so confident that Mrs. Heen began to think it was surely, in some measure, being realised. Then they grew somewhat shorter, and there was less of George in them, more of herself, of the servants, the neighbourhood. There was a great deal to read between the lines.

As the young couple had their home quite in the north, and Mrs. Heen's health made it necessary for her to live always in the south, mother and daughter met but seldom.

Six months after the marriage Margaret took the journey with her husband when business brought him to London; but although she was loving and tender in her speech and ways, Mrs. Heen felt that there was an unwillingness to talk about George. Whenever the conversation drifted in that direction it was adroitly turned into some other, and, seeing this, she forbore to ask questions. Only as she was leaving did Margaret's reticence break down.

"Mother, darling, pray for me. It is harder work than I thought it would be," she said, putting her arms round her mother's neck in the

old girlish fashion, as she saw the cab drive up that was to take her to the station.

"Persuade him to total abstinence, dearie. It is the only safeguard."

"Oh, but he is not so easy to persuade as I thought he would be," sobbed the girl-wife.

As best she could, Mrs. Heen comforted her; but her own heart was very sore. Oh, these girls; why would they be satisfied with a crooked stick, and so confident that their strength would straighten it?

In her very first letter after getting home Margaret tried to re-assure her mother—"Don't think anything of what I said to you just as I was leaving. There really was nothing in it; I am quite happy. Last night George and I had a long walk out into the country; and there he found me a nice seat on a fallen tree, and he sat and read poetry to me; it was so delightful."

"Then that kind of thing does not very often happen," was Mrs. Heen's comment, as she laid aside the letter. She was not re-assured.

After a time, Margaret's letters grew fewer and shorter, and she seldom mentioned George in them at all. The mother's heart grew heavier and heavier. But what could she do? More than once she resolved to travel north, and, at all risks, make her home near her daughter; but, invariably, after such a resolve, illness laid her aside for a time.

It was just as she was recovering from one of these illnesses that news came of the birth of Margaret's baby. Then, with a great effort, she rose from her sick bed, and a day or two later journeyed north.

It was a sad meeting. How different from the time Mrs. Heen had pictured to herself, when she should be so proud of the title of grandmother.

"Oh, mother, I have wanted you so much!"

That was Margaret's greeting. And then the two women wept together in silence.

During the next few days Mrs. Heen scarcely left her daughter's side; and Margaret was no longer reticent. All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses, she poured into that sympathetic ear; often she talked in scarcely audible whispers, but it seemed to comfort her now to tell her mother all the sad tale; much of it guessed before, though never acknowledged. The little child, though frequently held in a close embrace, brought none of the glad light to her eyes that her mother would fain have seen there. Sometimes she led Margaret to talk of it, of its future, but it seemed as if in her weakness she had almost lost the power of looking forward.

"This little one will be your sunshine, Margaret," said the grandmother one day, as they were gazing together upon the tiny upturned face.

"Sunshine!" she murmured dreamily, as if she hardly understood the meaning of the word; and she grew weary all at once, and turned away as if she would sleep.

"Mrs. Heen, what do you think of your daughter?" the doctor said one afternoon, wheeling suddenly round upon her as she accompanied him downstairs.

She made no answer for a moment, then she said, "I am troubled about her."

"So am I," he said; "do all you can to rouse her."

Mrs. Heen did all she could, but it was not enough. She talked to George, solemnly, earnestly; but he laughed aloud at her fears. Margaret would be well enough presently.

"With your promise to do differently, perhaps; to touch nothing stronger than water, to be altogether a better husband to her, George."

George went and looked at Margaret's white face as she lay sleeping, and he became alarmed as he looked. But he could not speak to her then; and when he heard her talking quietly to her baby the same evening, he began to think it was only a device of his mother-in-law's for getting him to promise all sorts of things. He would'nt give up his freedom for anybody, he said then, and all the next day he kept away from Margaret's room. They did not summon him, although they saw that grey shadow creeping over her face, and knew its meaning; for, when her mother, standing over her, spoke his name, she shook her head, and said in a whisper,

"Do not leave me; do not fetch him."

"But I can send for him, darling."

"He will not want to come," said the poor young wife, and she covered her face with her hands as she spoke. "And I only want you!"

Perhaps she did her husband an injustice. But she was very languid and sleepy.

Gradually the shadows deepened, she became unconscious; all that night she was slowly dying.

"Fetch George," at last said Mrs. Heen, impressed with the fact that the end was very close. But before he came the watchers had said to each other, "She is dead."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON "SINCERITY: A MARK OF GREATNESS."

SINCERITY, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the Sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah, no! that is a very poor matter indeed—a shallow, braggart, conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly.

The Great Man's Sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of. Nay, he is conscious rather of insincerity. . . The Great man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so. . .

His sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere. The great Fact of Existence *is* great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made, he is great by that first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is the universe to him. Though all men forget its truth and walk in a vain show, he cannot. . . . This is a primary definition of the Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made, but a Great Man cannot be without it.—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

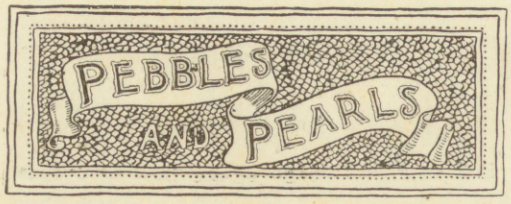
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the heart of men before His judgment seat;
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to set men free,
While God is marching on.



IN all our works we should be courageous and noble, as it is our own heart and deeds, and not other men's opinion of us, which form our true honour.

THERE is the ground in man of an unexampled greatness and sublimity of character. Why is the basis there if the temple is never to be raised?

ONE OF MANY.

JONES: "Brown is very careful about his children, isn't he?"

Jenkins: "Yes, he's trying to bring them up in the way he should have gone."

HE DIDN'T COUNT.

LADY of the house: "Bridget, didn't you tell me when you came here that you would have no male friends coming around the house, and now I find a man in the kitchen almost every evening."

Bridget: "Shure, mum, that ain't no male friend of moine at all—he's my husband."

TESTY old Gent: "Huh! do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Young Suitor: "Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you."

Old Gent. (*subdued*): "Take her, my son, and be happy."

Did You Know

THAT ON

Aug. 3, Lady Henry Somerset celebrates her 47th birthday.

,, 12, 1848, Geo. Stephenson, the father of our railway system, died.

,, 15, 1853, The Scotch Sunday Closing Act was passed. How long must England wait?

,, 22, 1898, Our old friend, the pioneer Temperance advocate, Thos. Whittaker, J.P., will be 85.

,, 25, 1835, The Independent Order of Rechabites was started.

"INTEMPERANCE is the mightiest of all forces that clog the progress of good."—*C. Buxton, M.P.*

A GENTLEMAN lately heard an Irish labourer grandly informing two comrades that "a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles."

IN PERFECT ACCORD.

JONES *(sharply to his new farm-hand)* "I hope I may never see the like of that again."

Farm-hand *(who has just kissed Jones's pretty daughter)*: "Your desire has my hearty sympathy, sir."

ONE WAY OUT.

MRS. BOWERS: "I do wish you would go to church with me occasionally. How are people to know that I am married, if they never see you with me?"

Mr. Bowers: "Easy! Take the children with you."

ELOQUENCE has charms to lead mankind, and gives a nobler superiority than power, that every dunce may use, or fraud, that every knave may employ. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year.

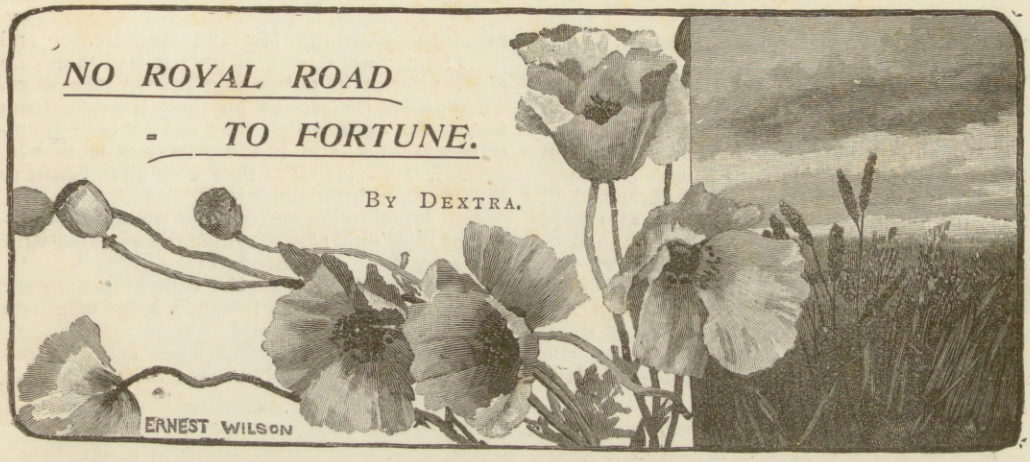
WATCH your way as a cautious traveller, and don't be gazing at the mountain or river in the distance, and saying, "How shall I ever get over them?" but keep to the present *little inch* that is before you, and accomplish *that* in the little moment that belongs to it. The mountain and the river can only be passed in the same way; and, when you come to them, you will come to the light and strength that belong to them.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury said one day to Garrick, "Pray inform me, Mr. Garrick, how it is that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your auditory with things imaginary as if they were real, while we of the church speak of things real, which many of our congregation receive as things imaginary?" "Why, my lord bishop," replied Garrick, "the reason is plain; we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." The bishop tacitly acknowledged the justice of the remark, and bowed to the reproof of the actor.

Review.

"STE.: OR THE LAD OF LOVELYN," published by C. H. Kelly, Wesleyan Book Room, is a West of England story, written by "Old Cornish." The book is an interesting account of Cornish life, and the adventures of a Cornish lad, of humble parentage. It is clearly printed and attractively got up, with original illustrations by Charles Tresidder, and will doubtless command an extensive sale among Wesleyans, for whom primarily it seems to be written.



CHAPTER III.

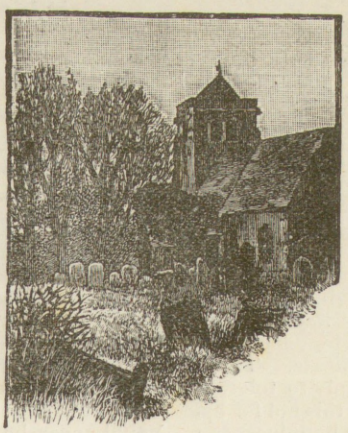
"THE BRIDE! THE BRIDE!!"

Thersites only clamoured in the throng,
Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue;
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy and laughter all his aim,
* * * * * * * * *
Things vile and ill his faultless heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most the best.

THE "Grand Bazaar" had almost become a memory when, in the early spring-time, Frank Morton led his blushing bride down the aisles of Bortley Church, a bride on whom the sun indeed most brightly smiled, but who needed no sunshine to irradiate her face with joy.

A better matched pair than they surely never embarked on the sea of matrimony. It needed no telling to believe them prepared

In times of weal or woe,
To battle on together, love,
For ever side by side.



In their case, marriage had not been entered upon lightly, at the first hot fitfulness of love's feverish dream. They had known each other for some years, and, although not old, were of mature age. While they enjoyed all the poetry of wooing, they had also prepared for some of the prose to follow. As Frank whispered in his bride's ear on their way to the sea-side that very afternoon, "We can scarcely expect all the good wishes of our friends to come true; but if our marriage only enables us to double our joys by adding them, and to lighten any sorrows that may come by sharing them, then, indeed, it will be just the real marriage we have talked about and longed for."

Frank Morton had great reason to speak of their friends' good wishes, for these had been literally showered upon them, and even tokens of more substantial character, in great numbers, bore testimony to the appreciation of their donors.

Nor alone by gifts and greetings had interest been evinced in the happy pair. Friends from far and near, old schoolfellows, business acquaintances, and boon companions, assembled to give them a right royal send-off, and severely taxed the accommodation at Heathside, Louisa's home, at the wedding breakfast.

Of course Edith Dawson was there. As first bridesmaid her natural vivacity excelled itself. Nor did she in the least mind the suggestive glances directed at Tom Godfrey, Frank Morton's colleague in the bank, or the oft repeated hints that it would be her turn next. Had she confessed she would probably have said, "The sooner the better."

This was not the wish of all who knew her, however, for opinions differed greatly concerning Tom Godfrey. Some, looking at his magnificent physique, his splendid muscularity, his great interest in sport, thought him a grand fellow, and considered Edith Dawson to be highly favoured on securing as her lover such a fine young man.

Others, and these generally the more thoughtful and elder, like her father and mother, spoke disapprovingly of her choice, and wondered that she could be fascinated by him, and were not a little puzzled.

Louisa Benton was one of these. She did not like him, and Edith knew it. But as she said, "Louisa is such a prim, little, quaker-like soul—

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a very real friend, and so sympathetic; but so awfully narrow, don't you know?"

Not that Louisa or anybody else knew anything wrong against Tom Godfrey. Frank liked him fairly well, and often tried to disabuse her fears, although occasionally he had to admit a freedom which he could not justify. Somehow or other, and despite herself, she experienced an instinctive dislike—woman's natural safeguard against doubtful character—which continued to increase the more she knew of him. True, he was not the man likely to win her admiration. To her he had always been most civil and courteous; but his loud masher-like dress annoyed her. Then, though never positively rude or vulgar, he indulged in light jests at the



"The bride's health! the bride's health!!"

expense of things and opinions which others held sacred; he was fond of sneering at men of principle, and was not always particular in the choice of his language. Full of innuendo, few characters gained from his comments. These things jarred on her, and led her only to tolerate him—she could not do more—and this not for his own sake, but for the friend whose happiness she desired no less than her own. Indeed, so strongly had this aversion grown that save for wounding the susceptibility of her childhood's and girlhood's friend, she would have been relieved of his presence at the wedding.

But there he was, and with all the other guests joined in the chorus of congratulations which greeted "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morton" on their appearance at the nuptial breakfast.

The meal passed merrily enough, and then came the toasting. Mr. and Mrs. Benton and their family were teetotallers, but had taken no great interest in promoting Temperance work. They prided themselves on their freedom from fanaticism, and, though they did not taste themselves, saw no harm in those having drink who desired, "provided," as they were often heard to say, "they did not abuse it."

And so, following custom, the wedding breakfast of their daughter was liberally supplied with wines for those who cared to take it.

"The bride! the bride!!" called the amateur toastmaster; and in an instant a score of guests jumped to their feet, and as many glasses were raised to toast "the bride," when Tom Godfrey created a scene, which caused the only rift in the wedding happiness. More than one had noticed the freedom with which he had imbibed, and how "merry" (forsooth) he was becoming, but were scarcely prepared for his action when the toast was proposed.

"Why, Frank," said he, "not in water! not in water! Hang it all; on your wedding-day too! You'll never be so confoundedly silly as to drink your wife's health in water," and with that he tried to take the glass of water from the bridegroom's hand.

"Come, come, Frank, this is too bad," exclaimed another. Even Louisa's father, who had done the same himself on his wedding day, thirty years before, saw no reason why his son-in-law should not accede to the guests' request.

Frank looked from one to another in amazement, seeing how well his teetotal principles

were known to all, then turning sharply round and facing Tom Godfrey he exclaimed,

"I cannot; I cannot drink my wife's health in wine. I am a pledged abstainer."

This ought to have silenced all opposition. Good manners should have prevented further question. By this time, however, Tom Godfrey was beyond complete self control, and hotly ejaculated,

"Rubbish, Frank! Don't start preaching. You can if you like; but you won't, that's it. A nice sort of a man you are to refuse your friends on your wedding day. Come, drink up your wine like a man!" and with that he pushed the glittering goblet into his hand.

For a moment, stung to the quick at the suggestion of unfriendliness, Frank wavered; then, glancing at the encouraging eyes of his bride, he thrust the liquor from him, and taking up his glass of water, with quivering voice replied,

"The bride's health! the bride's health! None will drink it more gladly than I, but in the sweetness and purity of water. I can never drink the health of the dearest in life to me in that which killed my father and filled my mother's years with the bitterest sorrow; never!"

Frank's determination ended the matter. No more toasts were drunk that morning, and bad would it have been for the peace of mind of both Edith Dawson and her foolish lover could they have heard the comments which were passed on his untoward interference even by those who, like him, indulged the intoxicating cup.

True, he was disgusted, and ever and anon gave vent to his feeling by muttering into Edith's ear something about the "strait-lacedness of those people who would rob us of every pleasure in life."

As for Frank Morton he would gladly have been spared the scene, and did his utmost to remove the dismay which it had occasioned, so that long before the time for their departure the party had resumed its original gaiety, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

At the same time he was glad he stuck to his principles, and gladder than ever when, at the first convenient opportunity, Louisa whispered to him,

"Frank, you were right. You are a hero. But oh! did you see how much drink Tom Godfrey took? What will become of Edith I wonder if ever she marries him? Poor Edith!"

"Hush! hush, Louisa! You must not talk thus. Tom was only excited; he will be alright, never fear."

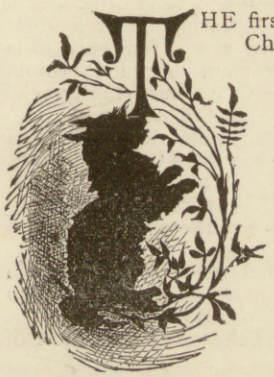
"But will he?" she replied and shook her head. "Will he? I fear not."

(To be continued.)

MAMMA: "Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." Johnny: "Yes, ma. Don't tear it up, please." Mamma: "Why not?" Johnny: "Because it will do for the next time."

THE HORSEY YOUNG MAN.

BY "THE PILGRIM."



THE first time I entered Bath, Cheltenham, Harrogate, and Scarborough, I was startled by the peculiar cut of the coat of the swell young man, and I may add, swell young woman. For a moment I could not decide what the peculiarity was. The pink paper in the hands of one of them gave me the clue—their coat was horsey. On closer inspection I noticed his scarf-pin was a horse shoe. His solitaires were made in imitation of spurs; dangling at his watch chain you saw various trifles that all spoke of the turf or the stable. His cap was, as near as possibly could be, the shape of the cap of a jockey. His walking stick was either a hunting whip in miniature or ornamented with a horse's head. The ties he wore, and the handkerchief he used, were coloured, and no doubt represented some favoured stable. Written all over him in large legible letters you saw the word "Horsey."

Now, a horse is a noble animal to deal with, and has this peculiarity—it needs a man to look after it. I have met some stablemen who were worthy of the highest admiration, for they were by nature gentlemen. There is much of the hero's heart often behind the coat of a coachman or drayman. The business of life for these people is the care and driving of horses. Against any of these I would not say one word. They do their duty and do it well, and God can be as well served in a stable as in the House of Lords, or even the house of prayer.

I am thinking of the young man who is horsey for amusement. Were you to charge him with being a coachman he would turn indignantly upon you. He is a clerk in the city, or a "something" in the city at £1 1s. a week, more or less. You must not be deceived by the cut of his coat, for very likely it is not paid for.

He may be a stage higher than a city clerk. His father is in a small or large business, and the son is allowed a great deal of latitude because he is mean enough to demand it. He may not have the honest £1 1s. a week of the clerk, but has to sponge on his father, and borrow from his sister, and wheedle money out of his mother. He has seen my lord Tom Noddy's son cut a dash at Ascot or Manchester races, and *he* wishes to follow suit. He is stupid enough to believe fine feathers make fine birds.

What particular mental nourishment a young man can find in horsey papers I fail to understand. He has had a good education and been taught how to use his brains. His education has cost his parents a good bit of money, and he expresses his gratitude by for ever reading the

most arrant rubbish of the sporting press. No man can value his intellect much who can prostitute it thus.

If this young man thinks that his horsey dress and adornment give a value to him in the eyes of the world, surely he is labouring under a great delusion. Perhaps there are a few silly girls who like horsey young men. Am I to think, then, that these young fellows are martyrs to silliness? It looks very much like it.

Can you fancy anything more ridiculous than to find young fellows who have been trained at the Grammar School, or at College, forget all their English and degenerate into horsey talk? Just listen to one of these horsey youths pass comments on a lady—

"She carries her head well. What a stride she has; she's a rum 'un to go. She'll not go with a snaffle. I'll back our Belle against her."

I hope the ladies feel flattered by the clatter of such noodles.

Of course our horsey young man must go to the races. What delightful company he picks up there. The biggest rogues of the biggest cities in the country are his companions, if they look "knowing" and mysterious, drop hints about "a good thing on to-day." Yes, he will even go the length of dropping into a public-house with them to stand treat because they happen to say they belong to Mr. So-and-so's stable. I thought at first these horsey young men were smart, but I found it was not so. They are the victims of every rogue on the course. Indeed, hundreds of these rogues could never get a living by roguery were it not for the constant influx of new horsey youths into this world of life. When they have had their glass they then, acting on the "tip" their friend (?) has given them, go and "lay a bit on." Then they discover that not only has their friend drunk their beer or whisky, but that he was a decoy bird for "bookie." Of course they lay a bit on—the wrong horse.

"A burnt child dreads the fire" does not apply to the horsey young man. He is like the moth around the flame. He has been burnt once and again, and again, and will only give up when helpless and hopeless. How many times have I had to go and plead with masters to give youths like this another chance. What am I told?

"He has had chance upon chance. This is not the first situation he has lost through his gambling and love of horsey ways."

Even when I assure them that the youth has been *so* burnt that he will leave betting and horses alone, I am greeted with a laugh.

"When a young man allows this thing to eat into his heart, he becomes at once one of the wastrels of the town. I don't believe anything short of death will cure him. We will not take him back. We can get plenty of clean-minded and pure-hearted youths to do our work without these."

This is a hard verdict, and makes one realise we live in a hard world. What are we to say, then, about those young men who deliberately kick against the pricks?

There is another very serious matter in regard to this horsey young man. He is seldom ever out of debt. He borrows from everybody, and meanly takes from his friends what they can ill spare. Over and over again I have had to help in buying up debts of these young fellows. Let me give you the latest illustration of this. A few days ago young a fellow came home drunk, at 12-30 in the morning. He declared next day he would never drink again. Two days after this his mother noticed he was not wearing the watch she had given him.

"It is at the watchmaker's," he said to her.

This was true up to a degree; the watchmaker is also a pawnbroker. His very umbrella he had sold. His winter overcoat was also gone. His sister's watch had disappeared, and he was responsible for this. A packet of goods given him to deliver was pawned, and had to be taken out to save him being arrested. The mother, with tears in her eyes, told me—"We have paid over £100 for him during the last year; and although he gets thirty-two shillings a week he has never brought me a penny of that home."

What are we to do with young men (!) like this? What one *feels* they would like to do is to give all such the "cat," and feed them on bread and water for a month or two.

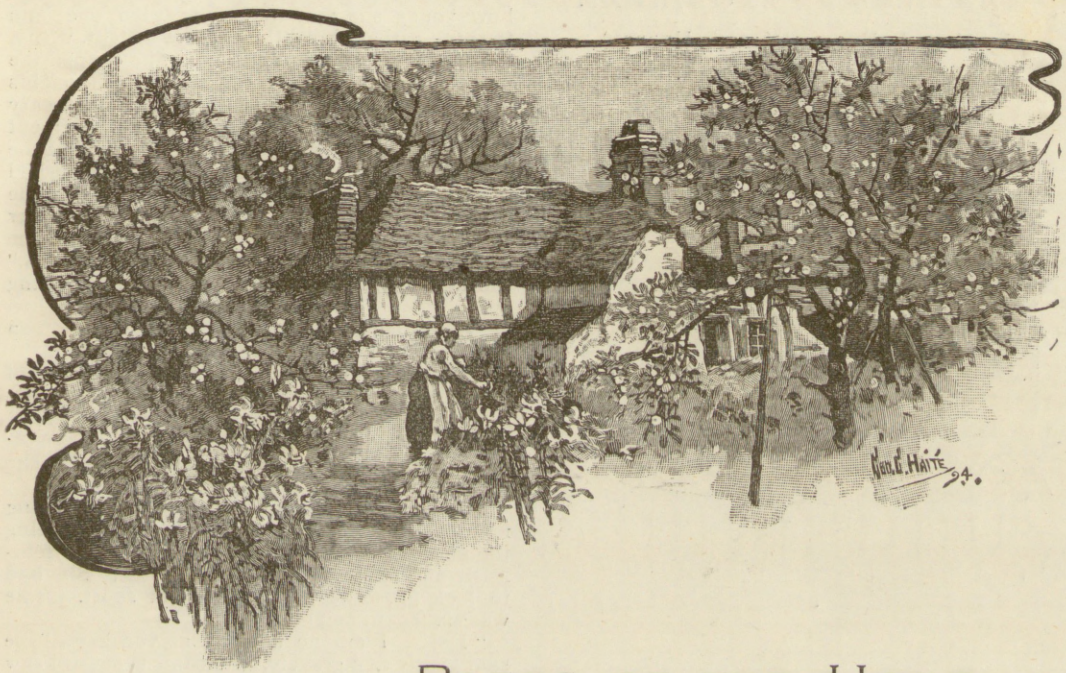
I would like to see every young man in the country take the total abstainer's pledge, and also that against gambling. It is not preaching that is going to save our young men. The young men must save themselves. They must realise that God sent them into this world with a high and holy purpose implanted in their soul. Each has his own peculiar life to live. God has marked out for every soul the work it can peculiarly perform. In so far as we refuse to carry this work out we cause the world to relapse into wickedness. The moment we were born God put a lever into our hand and told us to raise the world. Do we realise how great we are? What a wonderful gift our intellect is! How much good we can do with it if consecrated to the service of God. Our years are the Lord's, and we must spend them in His fear. Our hearts are God's, to be sanctified with gracious impulses and heaven-born love. No young man is really a man who has not some part in the world's progress. If any horsey young man reads these words, let me make for him one or two wise resolutions—

1. "I will never in my life again read sporting papers, as far as the turf is concerned."
2. "I will never again either drink or bet, and will do my best to discourage drinking and betting amongst young men."
3. "I will ever try to mould my life by high ideals and generous impulses."

If these resolutions are carried out we will see an end to the ruin and degradation so common to-day amongst the horsey young men.

MILLIONS of people never touch alcohol, and I know of no disease which arises in consequence. —*Dr. Alfred Carpenter.*

ALCOHOL, habitually used, can of itself produce disease.—*Professor A. Simpson.*



POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary Magdalene Forrester.

MY BIRD WHO'S FLOWN AWAY.

I've a home fit for a princess,
A warm and a cosy nest,
With a brood that's true and tender,
And a mate—the very best.
And poverty, death, and sickness
Have found not this home of mine,
It lies in the lap of fortune,
And sunbeams above it shine.

Yet in my nest there's a shadow—
A desolate, darkened place,
Not chastened by want or sickness,
Or hallowed by death's pure grace;
And unto that spot I'm looking
With pain in my heart to-day,
That is aching, longing, breaking,
For my bird who's flown away.

Sometimes, when the earth is sleeping,
I look from my little nest,
Away through the night's black shadows,
Right over the country's breast;
Away o'er the misty hill-tops,
To the world that lies behind;
And I pray, "dear Father in heaven,
To my poor stray bird be kind!"

I see a break in the circle
I gather beneath my wing,
And miss a voice from the chorus
My birds in the evening sing.
And my mother-bosom yearneth,
With a yearning I cannot stay,
To draw to its tender shelter
My bird who's flown away.

I wonder if she is happy,
In that town behind the hill?
I wonder if in the evening,
She thinks of the old nest still?
Will she tire of glare and glitter,
And long for the peace and rest—
The home of her sinless childhood,
Where she slept upon my breast?

I wonder if in her pleasure
She thinks of my bitter pain?
I wonder if in her sorrow
She'll creep to my heart again?
Though her wing be bruised and broken,
And her face be wan and grey,
With joy I will ope' my bosom
To my bird who's flown away.

"One Woman's Opinion."

By Mary E. Helsby (Marcus Herron),

Author of "Myfanwy, a Welsh Girl;" "Ruth;" "Golden Gorse," etc.



Think naught a trifle, though it small appears,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

—*Young.*

THE dull afternoon was nearly at an end; which was not a matter for regret, as a steady downfall of rain had reduced the London streets to a state hardly desirable to hurrying pedestrians. Night, with its rest from work, and fireside attractions, would be more acceptable than the day. Doris Templeton sat before the fire in her sitting room, her hands clasped over her knees, and her feet resting on the fender-rail, lost in thought. To judge from her expression it was rather "a brown study" than "a castle in Spain," in which she was indulging, for the dreary day seemed reflected in her face. The gloom written there quite marred her pretty features. The room she sat in was somewhat shabby, of the ordinary lodging-house type, but everything was made the best of, and an upright Broadwood grand piano, and an old China bowl full of daffodils redeemed it from ugliness. The flowers were partly the cause of Doris' low spirits; they reminded her too forcibly of the past she was trying so hard to forget. On a chair near to her lay that week's issue of the *Musical Standard*; it was open, and on the first page, among the few advertisements, was the following:—

"Miss Doris Templeton gives pianofore lessons; also theory and harmony. For terms, etc., address, 128, Battersea Rise, Clapham Common, S.W."

With a sigh, the girl arose, and then one saw how young she was—not more than one and twenty—rather above the average height, with a graceful form and lovely face. She opened the piano, seeking oblivion from her troubled thoughts in Grieg. The music soothed her, and weary passers by paused a moment on the pavement without, to carry away with them a few of the rich notes, for Doris was an accomplished musician. Gloaming fell unheeded. When the light went she still played on, pouring out her soul in harmonies. Suddenly a knock at the door startled her. In answer to her "come in" the landlady appeared ushering in a tall young man.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss," the woman said, leaving him standing in the room.

Supposing the new comer to be the father of one of her pupils, Doris wheeled round on the music stool with a mechanical smile on her face, when all at once her manner changed.

"Norman, you! How could you come?" she demanded sternly; "this is *cowardly!*"

It seemed absurd to call such a fine-looking man a coward, yet this slight girl did it, making the most of her own height as she gazed fearlessly and relentlessly up into his face. She had to look up, although she was not short, for he was six feet in height.

"Doris, I am no coward, as you know," he said gently and gravely. "I came because I saw your advertisement, and consider that this little farce of yours is about played out,"

"Farce!" she echoed exitedly. "Ah! you little know me. My life at present borders on tragedy, there is little *farce* about it."

"Then, in Heaven's name, let it end! Come home with me—do, Doris!"

His voice, so full of pleading, did not move her heart, her face was still hard and stern.

"No, no, that cannot be!"

"Will you *never* relent? Is my love to be set at naught? Is *your* happiness to be sacrificed to a quixotic idea?"

"Norman, do you think that, having loved you, I could give you up for a freak? No, to me principle comes first."

"And love afterwards?"

"Yes," the girl replied firmly.

"So you maintain that I am unprincipled because you saw me 'flushed with wine,' as you termed it in your cruel letter?"

He leaned against the mantelpiece, never for a moment withdrawing his dark eyes, full of yearning, from her face. She bent her head in answer to his question, then calmly struck a match to light the gas.

"Let me do that for you."

She allowed him to take the match from her, and, as he did so, his hand came into contact with hers. The colour flooded her pale cheeks without mercy. How thankful she felt to the dim light.

"Will you sit down? I am very rude—please forgive me," she faltered.

A grim smile curled his lips as they sat down, one each side of the fire. It might be so always if she wished.

"Doris, I want you to see all this in the right

light. You are judging me too harshly, dear; indeed you are! Think of what my position was that night. The dinner-party given in my honour by your guardian celebrated my coming of age and our engagement. How glad the old man was that we had so willingly complied with the terms of my father's will."

Doris did not speak.

"On that night—the night to which I now look back with mingled feelings—when you ladies left us in the dining-room, a great many toasts were proposed. I am no drinker, as you know, Doris; you should have made some allowance for the temptation, dear. It was not an ordinary occasion."

"Apparently *not*. I can never forget your excited manner and flushed face. I could not marry a man I might have cause to be ashamed of; that is my argument."

"Oh, Doris, Doris; *this* from you! How can you look at me like that? I love you dear; each cruel word is a stab. If you do not care for me, surely you love your guardian! He was angry at first, but now would give up a great deal for your return to him."

Doris' underlip trembled, the only sign she gave of any feeling.

"Come back with me, Doris. Leave these lonely rooms."

"No, no; nothing can change me, Norman."

"Then you never loved me!" he cried passionately, his patience ebbing fast.

"Think so if you wish."

"Well, if you did *once* you do not now."

She did not answer.

"What can I do to make you alter your opinion of me?" he asked, almost in despair.

She looked up quickly, a gleam of hope in her grey eyes.

"There is one thing."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Sign the pledge."

"Doris, how can you? Why, what would all my friends say to such a thing? It is a sign of weakness; a man's *word* should be his bond."

"So your friends' opinion comes before mine?" she said bitterly.

"No; a thousand times no! Forgive me, dear; the notion is new to me. Give me time to think about it; will you?"

"It is the only thing to do when a man's will is not as strong as it ought to be."

She looked at him, watching, with love's keen insight, the conflicting emotions revealed in his face. A wave of pity passed over her heart.

"Poor old Norman!" she murmered softly, resting one little hand on his arm for a moment. The strong young fellow trembled under her touch.

"Norman, believe me, this is all for the best. Perhaps someday you will see it in that light; if I am hard with you, I am harder with myself. Now go, I can bear no more!"

He held her hand as a thing sacred, and then, obeying her, though the act was almost beyond his strength—loving her as he did—went out into the night alone.

* * * * * * * *

True to her determination, Doris lived on in her room, giving music lessons, lost to her old life for the time being. But she was not self-absorbed, as many a lonely woman or friendless shop girl could have testified. She had only fifty pounds a year of her own, yet with that and what she earned she managed to pay her way, and even help her poorer neighbours. Much of her spare time was spent beside sick beds, and in the homes where death had snatched away a loved one. The people she visited learned to love the sweet-voiced young lady, who never wounded their feelings by prying into their private affairs, but gave them her sympathy and help when it was needed. It was a week since Norman Howard had visited her, and she had heard nothing further from him. Her guardian, like the practical old man he was, though marvelling at his niece's strength of purpose, let her have her own way, trusting that all would come right some day.

March appeared "like a lion," with blustering winds and rain. Doris was battling with the elements, walking up from Clapham Old Town. She had missed the tram, and was impatient to reach home. The wind had blown her golden hair in curling rings about her forehead, and would have tossed her over if it could. She was passing a corner when, without warning, away flew her hat, and, to her dismay, it was carried down the pavement at a mad pace, rolling over and over like a wheel, being a sailor shape. A gentlemen coming up the road managed to catch it after some difficulty. Doris approached him in a most undignified fashion, her hair dishevelled and her cheeks crimson. Norman could not help bursting out laughing. After the first start of surprise at the sudden meeting was over, Doris laughed too, and there they stood, like two children thoroughly enjoying the comical situation.

"Oh, do give it to me, people will think I am mad."

"Let me put it on for you, then; you cannot do it in such a high wind."

So she let him, and quite a success he made of the operation, new as it was to him. Then he drew her arm within his own.

"Doris, darling do not send me away! I have done what you asked," he said.

"Even that?"

"Yes; nothing stands between us now."

His dark eyes glowed as his arm supported her so firmly. A lull in the storm had permitted him to say that much, but no more. It was enough. Let the tempest howl and rage as it wished, their faith was on a rock; storms could not shake it ever again.

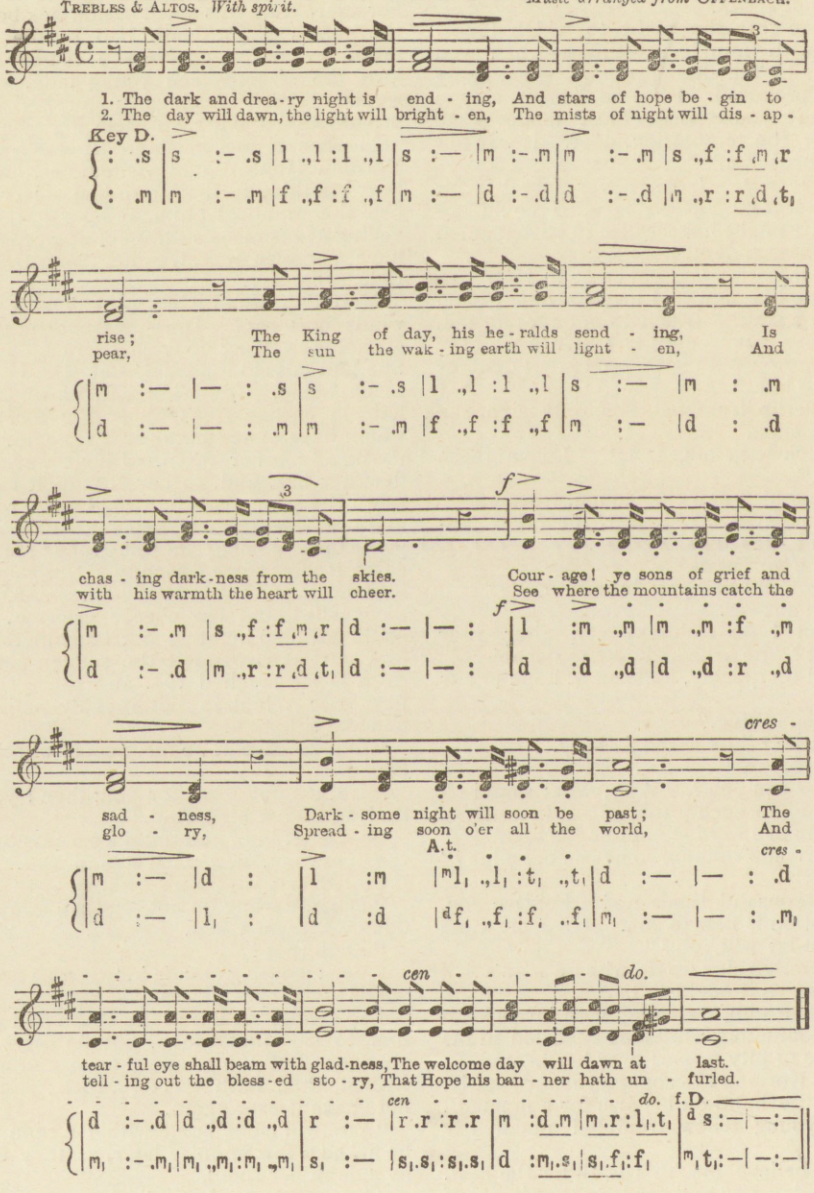
"You will come home with me soon, Doris?" he asked a few minutes later, as they stood side by side in her room.

"Yes, Norman, I will," she answered gently, with a smile.

"THE struggle of the school, the library, and the church, all united against the beer-house and the gin palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell."—*Charles Buxton, M.P.*

A SONG OF HOPE.

Words by ROBERT WALMSLEY. *(By permission.)*
(For this Work.)
TREBLES & ALTOS. *With spirit.* *Music arranged from* OFFENBACH.



A SONG OF HOPE.



CHORUS. *ff With great vigour.*

Hope! for the morn-ing is break-ing, is break-ing! Doubt and des-pair, like

CHORUS. *ff With great vigour.*

Hope! for the morn-ing is break-ing, is break-ing! Doubt and despair, like

sha-dows grim, are fled; Earth to the beau-ty is wak-ing, is

shadows grim, are fled; Earth to the beau-ty is wak-ing, is

wak-ing! Look up, O trem-bling heart, there's God o'er-head!

wak-ing! Look up, O trem-bling heart, there's God o'er-head!

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

IX.—SENSES AND SENSE ORGANS.

WE commonly speak of seeing with the eye, and tasting with the tongue, hearing with the ear, smelling with the nose, and such expressions are correct as far as they go. Strictly speaking, all these sensations occur in the brain. The eye itself, apart from its connection with the brain, cannot see; nor can the tongue taste, or the ear hear, or the nose smell. All the senses of touch, taste, sight, smell and hearing, are connected with most marvellous and delicate apparatus; the principal part of which, however, is the connection of nerves with the brain. This may very well be seen in connection with the

SENSE OF SMELL.

Here we see quite a thick bunch of nerves spreading out at the upper part of the nostril. These are branches of the olfactory nerve, coming through the numerous openings in the bone at the upper part of the nose, known as the *cribriform plate*. Other nerve branches are also seen running in different directions in the mucous membrane lining the nostrils. The brush-like bunch of nerves are really the endings of the first pair of nerves coming from the brain. Some of the others are branches of the palate nerves, and are connected with the fifth pair of nerves coming from the brain. If by any means the olfactory nerve was severed above the nose, then, although the nerve itself might be perfect, there would be no sense of smell. It is only whilst the olfactory nerve is in proper junction with the brain that this sense can be used. An odour, or perfume, or smell can only arise through infinitely small particles of matter in the air, and these particles, so extremely small that it is beyond our comprehension to conceive their size, come into contact with these nerve endings, and thus produce an impression which is conveyed to the brain by the olfactory nerve. The sense of smell is extremely acute. According to Valentin $\frac{3}{1000000000}$ of a grain of musk can be distinctly smelled.

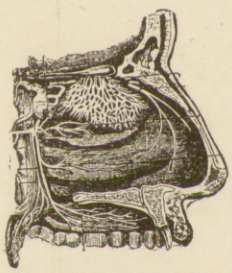


Fig. 1.—Distribution of nerves over the interior of nostril.

SENSE OF TASTE.

The tongue and palate are the seat of the organ of taste. The tongue consists chiefly of muscular fibres, running in different directions, and richly supplied with blood-vessels and nerves. It is covered with a membrane, in which are embedded projections called *papillæ*. In close conjunction with these are little flask-shaped bodies called taste buds; and these are connected with nerve endings. They are readily excited by tasty substances, and convey the impression to the nerve leading to the brain.

A curious thing is that different parts of the tongue are influenced by different substances. Acids are best perceived by the forepart of the tongue, bitters by the back part and not by the forepart. Sweet and salt tastes are perceived by both parts. Repeated tasting of a substance lessens the sensibility, probably due to over stimulation of the nerve fibres. The flavour of a substance is a combination of both taste and smell, indeed the two senses are dependent to some extent one upon the other.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

The organ of touch is situated throughout the skin in the whole of its extent. Just beneath the hard outer skin, and embedded in the true skin, are projections or ridges, in which are oval-shaped bodies about $\frac{1}{300}$ part of an inch long, known as touch bodies, or tactile corpuscles. Each one is placed on the end of a nerve fibre, like a bud upon a stalk. The sense of touch is the result of stimulations of these touch bodies by means of heat or cold or pressure or contract. We may, therefore, say that touch includes three things – sense of contact, sense of pressure, sense of heat and cold. Of these three the first is the most important, because from it we get impressions as to many characteristics of the body felt, whether it is hard or soft, rough or smooth, something of its size and quality and weight.

All parts of the skin are not equally sensitive; where the skin is thinnest the sense of touch is most acute. The tips of the fingers, the red border of the lips, and the tip of the tongue are the most sensitive parts.

The sense of pressure is more particularly engaged in determining the differences of weight; whilst the sense of temperature judges of heat and cold. The judgment of temperature is liable to serious error, for if one hand be very cold and the other very warm, and they are both placed in tepid water, it will appear warm to the cold hand and cold to the warm hand. We cannot, therefore, judge absolutely of temperature by touch. A piece of steel and a piece of wood, both at the same temperature, will appear to be of different temperatures when touched.

The sense of touch can be educated, as will be seen in the case of a person using the blind alphabet. The raised letters convey no idea to the ordinary person, but the trained person can read them with ease by passing the fingers over them.

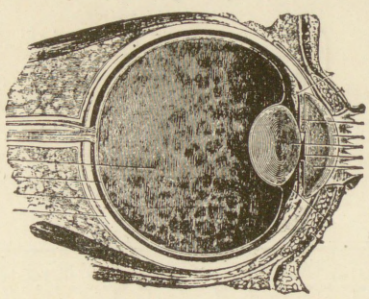


Fig. 2.—Section of the eye cut through.

The sense of sight has for its organ the eye. It would be impossible in a short article such as this to give even an outline of the wonders connected with this organ

and its capabilities. Our figure shows a section cut through, and enables us to see the eyeball, the lens, the muscles by which the eyeball is moved, the optic nerve leading to the brain, and other details. Light is the agent that stimulates and excites the nerve endings in the retina, and by this means conveys pictures of what we see to the brain.

THE SENSE OF HEARING.

The ear is an apparatus for catching sound. We must remember that sound is really a form of movement, for every sound depends upon vibrations to produce it, and these are conveyed to the air in wave-like motion, which, falling upon the ear, irritates or excites the nerves of hearing, and so we become conscious of what we call sound. It takes time for sound to travel, and the rate at which it moves has been accurately determined at about 1,090 feet per second when the atmosphere is at freezing point. The construction of the ear, like that of the eye, is so complex that we cannot attempt a description of it. The sense of hearing can be cultivated to a high pitch of excellence and discrimination.

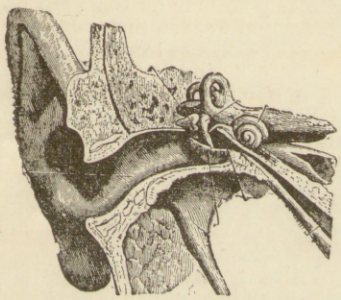


Fig. 3.—The ear of the right side.

In all these organs there is one thing in common. They are all in immediate communication with the brain by means of nerves, and it is in the brain itself that we become conscious of the various impressions received by the different sense organs.

How are these organs affected by alcohol? is a question that is worth our best consideration. These senses are intended for our protection, our information, and our pleasure. If they were all removed then life would be intolerable, if not impossible. If in any degree their power is lessened then we are so much the losers.

A number of experiments were performed by Dr. Ridge some few years since, to ascertain the effect of small quantities of alcohol upon the sense organs, and he invariably found them depreciated. The amount of alcohol that he used in these experiments was very small, being about two drachms in each case. This would represent the amount of alcohol contained in half a glass of port or sherry or about a quarter of a pint of ale.

The experiments of Dr. Ridge embraced the sense of touch or feeling, the sense of weight or the muscular sense, and the sense of sight. For testing the sense of feeling, an accurate registering instrument was constructed, and the result of the experiments may be told in Dr. Ridge's own words: "The only conclusion that can be safely drawn is, there is certainly no improvement, no increased sensitiveness, after small doses of alcohol, but, on the contrary, slight deterioration."

The result of the second class of experiments, regarding weight, were more pronounced; the result being, "That in every case the average sensibility to weight and power of discrimination was decidedly diminished by small doses of alcohol."

Then the sense of vision was tested with the following result: "Here again it is clear that every one of the individuals experimented upon was affected injuriously by the alcohol. On the average, every one had to approach nearer in order to distinguish the same letters. The general average indicates that it required an approach of nearly one foot to compensate for the injury done by the alcohol."

From all this we may gather the important fact that even a very little alcohol is capable of injuriously affecting the delicate nerves of the sense organs, and that if we wish to have all our senses at their best, we must abstain from that which is proved to limit them.

IF YOU ARE WISE.

DON'T look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe,
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

"DOCTOR'S ORDERS."



IF there be one question more important than another at the present time as affecting the moral well-being of John Bull, it is the question of "Doctor's Orders." Not "orders" in general, but "orders" in particular—in a word those "orders" which relate to the consumption of alcoholic drinks *as a medicine.* Ask a hundred adults who were once found in the Temperance ranks, and who now are as shy of their abstaining friends as a crow is of a gun, what caused them to lose faith in those principles which, if inculcated in the marrow of every Englishman, would speedily cause our nation to lose its incubus of drunkenness, and I venture to say that ninety out of the hundred would ascribe their changed condition of mind to the influence of "Doctor's orders." Now this is a very *serious* matter, for it places the honoured profession of medicine in the light of a dead-weight upon our efforts to rid the world of "the greatest enemy England has to fear." When we call in a doctor we naturally expect him to treat us in the best way that science and experience can suggest, and it sounds like treason to propound our own theories and refuse to submit to his dictum; and, indeed, if it *were* the unanimous opinion of the medical world that under any circumstances the total abstainer should of necessity trickle over into the ranks of the believers in alcohol it would be an entirely different thing, and those who refused to drink might well be classed as fanatics whose "fad" had unbalanced their reasoning faculties; but the case stands not thus. Proof upon proof has been piled up of late years that the time is slowly but surely coming when the "healing art" will have to range itself into two great armies, the creed of one being the necessity for the administration of alcohol, and the creed of the other being its inutility as a medicine, and the onus of proof will be upon the shoulders of the "ordering" section that *their* side has the advantage in greater proportionate recoveries from illness and fewer deaths. The time is coming when those who persistently order alcoholic potions to suffering "patients" will be compelled to substantiate their position, or their prescriptions will be discredited before the whole of civilised humanity. The non-ordering section has now thoroughly established the incontrovertible fact *for itself*, and every year the number of abstainers who decline to be transferred again to the "little dropping" class by what they know full well to be a delusive medical prescription, increases by leaps and bounds. All who have now studied carefully the statistics of the treatment of disease without alcohol are beginning to feel that it is perfectly monstrous for them to be compelled to take a drug which their most careful and intelligent observation has made them confident will lessen their chance of recovery, and which can do positively nothing for them but use up their vital powers and weaken their ability to resist the progress of the disease from which they are suffering. "Fools" and "fanatics" are terms easily applied, but it were better to suffer this opprobrium before a dazed and paralysed world, whose faith in alcohol (bolstered up by fallacious doctor's orders) has blinded its perceptive faculties so far as this matter is concerned, than to submit to a process of slow poisoning under the guise of wisdom and sound sense.

"Old Fogey" believes every word he utters, and he never *believes* anything until it is proved to be true, and he is perfectly confident that the kernel of the whole situation is this: "When the patient declines to drink it, the doctor will cease to order it!" A doctor once said in "Old Fogey's" presence, "My difficulty is not that I need to order the alcohol, but that *my patients want me to order it.*" Let there be light upon this matter, and let it be recognised as a disgrace to *want* alcohol administered, and "doctor's orders" will become as extinct as the dodo.

A BOY STRONGER THAN A MAN.

A lad, rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen, chaffing him for being so small, said to him:

"You will never amount to much; you can never do much, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were blushes on four faces, and there seemed to be no anxiety for further information.

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the razor strop man is sure to get floored in the long run. Recently, while selling his strops at Plymouth, a tipsy fellow cried out:

"If drinking rum made me lie as fast as you do selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day."

"Very good," replied the strop seller. "The only difference between your lying and mine is this—my strops enable me to lie in a good warm bed, while rum makes you lie in the gutter."

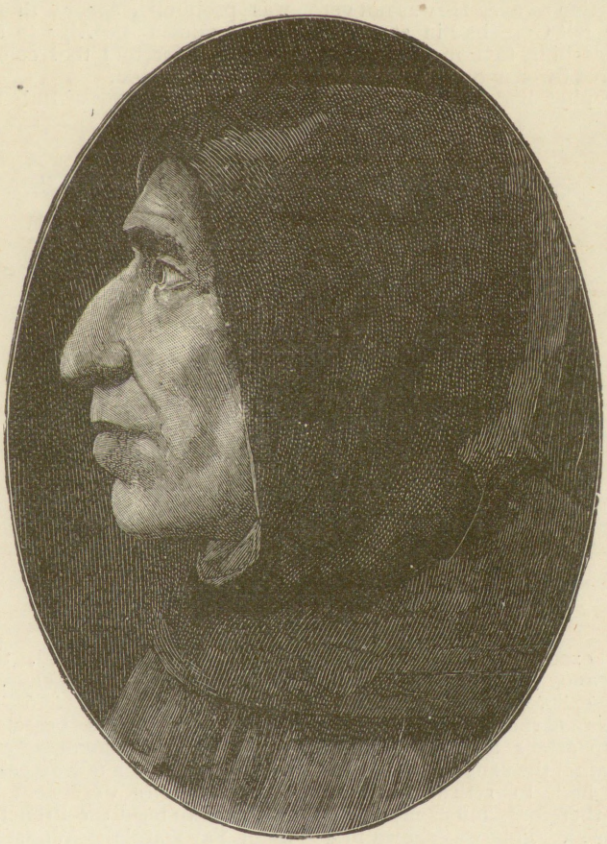
Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, THE PROPHET OF FLORENCE.

SAVONAROLA is, I am afraid, to most people only a name. There may be a hazy idea that he had something to do with Italy, but what that something was most people are too modest—I suppose it *is* modesty—to tell you.

September 21st, 1452, was the birthday of the subject of our sketch. He came of a family fairly well to do, but not wealthy enough to let the sons live in idleness. His mother's great wish was for Girolamo to follow the honoured footsteps of his grandfather, or become a noted physician. Towards this, his grandfather gave him as much instruction as old age would allow. With the grandfather's death, the boy began to study St. Thomas Aquinas and the works of Aristotle. He loved study, and soon became so absorbed in philosophy that his parents feared he would destroy their hopes of being a great physician.



Frate Hieronymo Savonarola.

Into the quietude of his study came, however, the clamour of the Court. He was surrounded on the one side by the most luxurious Court life it is possible for us to imagine, and on the other side by a Papacy that fought its very hardest for temporal power. Very early in life, both of these things created within him intense disgust, and he refused to go to Court as his parents wished him to do.

We have had men in our own time who, disgusted with the corruption of Court and Church, have renounced religion and shunned the Court. If Savonarola did the one, he refrained from the other. The corruption made him the more earnest in his religion. He longed for strength to fight the sin of his age. When passing along the street, his eyes met those of a young lady named Strozzi, an exile from Florence. He seemed to see in her a beauty and grace seen in no other, and visions of happiness filled his heart. He declared his love for her only to be contemptuously repulsed. This made him even more earnest in his prayers, for comfort for his wearied and worried heart seemed only possible from God. When his parents were attending at the church on the festival of St. George, Savonarola fled to Bologna, and entered the Monastery of St. Dominic. He thought by shutting the monastery doors behind him he had got rid of the world's corruption. He immediately wrote his parents to comfort them and explain his position—

"Not one, not a single righteous man is left; it behoves us to learn from babes and women of low estate, for in these only doth there linger any shadow of innocence. The good are oppressed, and the people of Italy become like the Egyptians who held God's people in bondage. But already famine, flood, pestilence, and many other signs, betoken future ills and herald the wrath of God. Divide, oh Lord, divide once again the waters of the Red Sea, and let the impious perish in the flood of Thy wrath."

Both parents were intensely disappointed in their son. They had hoped so much from him, and now, alas! their expectations were belied. He rebuked them for their worldly-mindedness.

"If some temporal lord had girt me with a sword, and welcomed me among his followers, you would have regarded it as an honour to your house and rejoiced; yet, now that the Lord Jesus Christ has girt me with His sword and dubbed me His knight, ye shed tears of mourning."

If in the monastery he had fled from the corruption of the world, he found he had come to as deep a corruption in the church. This was even more horrible to his soul—the church that was the light of the world, to be in darkness of the most decided character. He found some relief in the teaching of Akbeos, but this was only the roar of a caged lion. When he was allowed

to go to Ferrara and preach, no one listened to him. Was he not one of their own city, and what could he teach them? When one door is shut another opens. God opened Florence to him when the Duke of Ferrara was attacked by the Pope, and Italy became a great battlefield.

The beauty of Florence was exceedingly grateful to the soul of Savonarola, and his first impression of the people made him believe that at last he had found a people of God. But it was not so. Both in the Monastery of St. Mark's and in the Court of Lorenzo the Great, as well as amongst the common people, degradation and shame reigned triumphantly. His soul cried out for liberty, and he tried to get it by preaching. He, however, was not popular in his style, and preached his congregation away. He was not yet fitted for the work he felt God had in store for him. It was in a preaching tour in Lombardy he felt the power of God dwell upon him, and the people realised a prophet had come into their midst. His fame made Lorenzo recall Savonarola to St. Mark's.

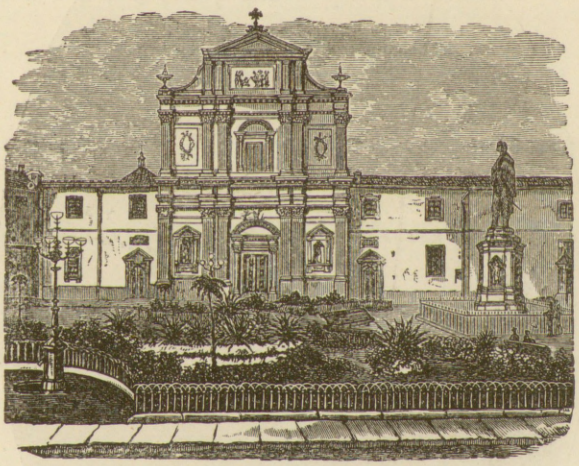
He instantly began his lectures to the novices. A few laymen joined these. He then entered the pulpit of St. Mark's, to face an excited audience. Every seat was occupied, and every bit of standing room. He was transferred to the Duomo, where greater crowds awaited him. He went to preach at the Court, and found this the great opportunity of his life. Lorenzo was exceeding wroth at the preacher's pointed and true remarks. He threatened him with exile, which only roused Savonarola to greater earnestness. A rival preacher was set up to attack Savonarola. He did this work so badly that the congregation were disgusted, and he had to retire defeated. Savonarola became, therefore, much more important than he had been. This was shown in a striking manner when Lorenzo de Medici, thinking he was dying, sent for Savonarola to make confession. But before the priest would give absolution he laid down very strict terms—

1. Living faith in God's mercy.
2. Restoration of all illgotten gain.
3. Liberty to the people of Florence.

To the first Lorenza gave an explicit answer. To the second he expressed grief and surprise. To the third he turned away his head, and Savonarola left him without offering absolution.

The election of that most corrupt man, Roderigo Borgia to be Pope Alexander VI., and the elevation of Pietro to the throne of Florence, filled the people of Italy with horror. All eyes looked to Savonarola for guidance. What Lorenzo had said the people endorsed—"I know of no honest friar save Savonarola."

Yet the great priest was only a servant, subject to powers above him. These were frequently used to close his mouth, or get rid of him from Florence, where he was adored. His election, however, as the head of St. Mark's Monastery gave him more liberty, and he at once set to reform his monastery. He demanded absolute poverty from all who entered, and so inspired his followers that he became the greatest religious leader of the age. When he preached his memorable sermons on "Noah's Ark" he aroused the whole of Florence. The last sermon dealt with "The water covered the earth." It was prophetic, for at that time soldiers were pouring down the Alps to take Italy. What he had long foretold had come. Italy was to be scourged by God.



San Marco, Florence.

The overrunning of Italy by France had as its chief object the punishment of Pietro de Medici. This incapable prince rushed to the camp of the invaders, and, to save his own skin, parted with rich parts of his territory. Florence, unprotected and exceeding wroth at this action of Pietro, only waited for a leader to rise in revolt. But no one could lead them save Savonarola, and they flocked to hear what he had to say. "Behold, the sword has come upon you, the prophecies are fulfilled, the scourges begun. Repent ye, then; give alms, offer up prayers, be united."

The effect of his preaching was this, that whilst riot and tumult were elsewhere Florence was saved after a few excesses.

Ambassadors were sent by the Council of Florence to meet the French King, and amongst them Savonarola. Whilst they were making terms, Pietro de Medici was being hunted out of Florence as a traitor and tyrant, and went to Venice.

Charles, King of France, came to Florence, and, after much dispute, made a treaty with the people, and then left them. Savonarola now stepped into the pulpit as a politician, and laid down as a general maxim that Florence should be governed by a Grand Council, on the Venetian plan. This he advised for the sake of liberty, and severely condemned those who wished to make profit out of the disorder of the times. As the result of his appeals the Government was started on a new basis. It was a weary business to bring order where men vowed to make

disorder. Savonarola was most anxious that all offences under the late Government should be forgiven. This was carried out. It is one of the most wonderful sights of the world to see how the whole of Florence was swayed by this simple-minded friar, who incessantly preached to the people. He had won their hearts, and they could do no other than obey. His great insight showed him troubles long before they came, and as they came he was looked upon as someone supernatural.

His books were scattered broadcast, and the people read them earnestly. After his sermons on Job the whole of Florence seemed swayed in his teaching. Women gave up their costly trinkets, drunkards were sobered, men of the world became religious, hymns took the place of coarse carnival song. A great spiritual revival had come as a fire from heaven. Savonarola saw, however, that the city was divided. Political parties then, as now, working for their own ends, were threatening the peace of Florence. This troubled him much, but he had his joys. Bettuccio, the son of a goldsmith, exercising the profitable art of a miniature painter, full of youth and its follies, became a disciple of Savonarola, and entering the monastery became famous as Frà Benedetto.

A desperate effort to replace Pietro de Medici on the throne at Florence roused Savonarola intensely. He saw it would be ruin to Florence to let this voluptuous wretch have authority again, and openly he preached against the tyranny of rulers, the Medici in particular. He knew that the real instigator of the Medici was Charles, and he set out to interview him.

"Most Christian Prince, thou hast provoked the Lord to anger by breaking faith with the Florentines by forsaking the task of reforming the Church, that the Lord had so often announced to thee by my lips, and for which He had chosen thee by such manifest times. Thou wilt escape from the dangers of the present; but shouldst thou fail to resume thy abandoned task, shouldst thou fail to obey the commands of the Lord, once more repeated to thee by the voice of His poor servant, I tell thee that still heavier woes shall be poured on thee by His wroth, and that another shall be chosen in thy stead."

The King was terrified for a time, but soon forgot all the promises he made. But Florence was saved, for Pietro fled before its troops.

It is not to be supposed the Pope heard all that Savonarola said with approval. Just the opposite. He sent a message demanding his presence at Rome. But he knew what it meant—death. Twice his enemies had tried to murder him, and he knew the Pope's letter was a device of the enemy. He, therefore, pleaded the perilous state of Florence as his excuse for not obeying the Holy Father. The Pope then wrote to his enemies, and prohibited Savonarola from preaching, and made his monastery subject to that of Lombardy. For months, therefore, he was silent. This, however, was a mercy, for his health had given way sadly. His friends, however, persuaded the Pope to withdraw his edict, and soon afterwards a cardinal's hat was offered Savonarola, with the idea of buying him over.

"Come to my next sermon, and you shall hear my reply to Rome." And his Lenten sermons boldly stated what was the authority of the Church.

"The superior may not give me any commands contrary to my order; the Pope may not give me any command opposed to charity and contrary to the Gospel. Were he to do so, I should say to him, Now thou art no pastor, thou art not the Church of Rome, thou art in error."

When the Pope saw he prevailed nothing he left Savonarola alone, but watched him carefully. Amidst the disturbances that cursed Italy, Florence escaped, and the people put it down to Savonarola's power with God. Leaving alone, however, did not suit his enemies, and again the Pope sent an edict forbidding Savonarola to preach. This he disregarded, he could do no other. He felt the Pope had exceeded his authority, and, although a strict Romanist, Savonarola would not bend. It was now the hope of the Pope to get the Grand Council of Florence on his side, and this he managed, so that the people whom he loved so much and had suffered so much for were the instruments of closing his preaching on 18th March, 1498. He was next challenged by a monk to an ordeal by fire, but would not consent, although he defended one of his disciples who took up the challenge. But the enemy excused themselves, and there was no trial by fire. "We must kill him at once," was their verdict, and fresh edicts came from Rome against the saint of St. Mark's. His friends were persecuted and some slain. At last they attacked the monastery. Savonarola called the priests into the library, and depositing the sacrament in the hall, addressed the brethren.

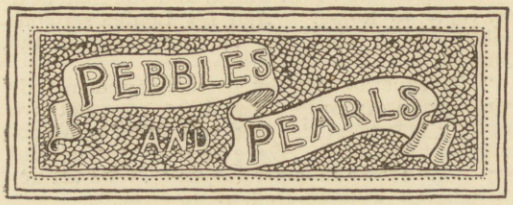
"My beloved children, in the presence of God, in the presence of the consecrated wafer, with our enemies already in the convent, I confirm the truth of my doctrines. All that I have said hath come to me from God, and He is my witness in heaven that I speak no lie." And he was led away by the mace-bearers of the city, and went through the streets with the cry ringing in his ears, "Crucify him!"

He was cruelly tortured in prison, the rack causing him intense pain. For eleven days they tried him like this, and then pronounced him innocent! If, however, they could not legally kill him, they determined to try him again and again, using severe torture each time. This was as good as burning him. It was unsatisfactory, however, and, by gathering together false witnesses, Savonarola was at last condemned with two others, his dearest friends. He was hung and then burnt. So ended the life of one of God's great servants at the age of 45!

It is the need of the 19th century that God should send us a prophet like Savonarola. But let no one think they can do the work of God without paying the martyr's death.

TRUTH is always present; it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles.

OUR happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having control of them.



Brown (*of the firm of Brown and Jones*): "Why did you countermand your order for those fountain pens?"

Jones: The agent took down my order with a lead pencil.

UNCLE JOHN (*after a lesson, trying to explain the whereabouts of China*): "Now, Harry, if a man were to bore a hole down through the earth, where would he come out."

Harry: "Out of the hole?"

JOHNNY: "I don't want to go in bathing now, Papa."

Papa: "Why not?"

Johnny (*pointing to the surf*): "Somebody else has been in and hasn't emptied their soapsuds out yet."

STANLEY (*aged four years*): "Mamma, please sing that lovely song, called 'The hash is cold.'"

Mamma: "I don't know any song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?"

Stanley: "No, indeed, mamma; it's a 'sorrow song.'"

Mamma: "Well, I can't think what you mean."

A little later.

Mamma (*sings from "my dearest heart"*): "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (*excitedly*): "That's it, mamma, that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash; it was the gravy.

Did You Know

THAT ON

Sept. 1, Seven Preston men signed the pledge, 1832.

„ 4, Sir W. Lawson celebrates his 69th birthday.

„ 14, British Temperance League established 1835.

„ 16, North of England Temperance League established 1853.

„ 29, Sons of Temperance formed 1842.

TOTAL abstinence, as an indisputable fact, contributes to longevity.—*Archdeacon F. W. Farrar.*

"SHE had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: 'That's from George, I know; I can tell his stutter.'"

HE was a thin, fragile young preacher, but not half so helpless as he looked. He could see and hear what was going on, even during the last prayer.

Just before the very closing service he said, calmly, but with a good deal of impressiveness to the square inch:

"Those of the congregation that did not get their things all on during the prayer, can do so whille I pronounce the benediction."

During which, however, the audience could hear each other's watches tick.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

GENERAL MILES AGAINST THE DRINK.

JUST before leaving for Santiago, General Miles issued the following order, that ought to be printed in every paper of the land:

General Orders, No. 87.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, July 2, 1898.

The army is engaged in active service under climatic conditions which it has not before experienced.

In order that it may perform its most difficult and laborious duties with the least practicable loss from sickness, the utmost care consistent with prompt and efficient service must be exercised by all, especially by officers.

THE HISTORY OF OTHER ARMIES HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT IN A HOT CLIMATE ABSTINENCE FROM THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINK IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUED HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY.

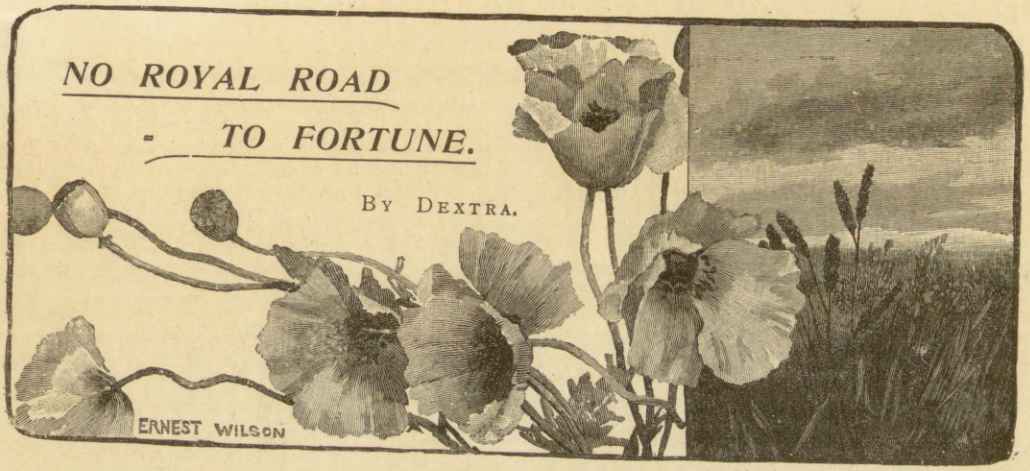
Commanding officers of all grades and officers of the medical staff will carefully note the effect of the use of such light beverages—wines and beer—as are permitted to be sold at the post and camp exchanges, and the commanders of all the independent commands are enjoined to restrict, or to entirely prohibit, the sale of such beverages, if the welfare of the troops or the interests of the service require such action.

In this most important hour of the nation's history, it is due to the government from all those in its service that they should not only render the most earnest efforts for its honour and welfare, but that their full physical and intellectual force should be given to their public duties, uncontaminated by any indulgences that shall dim, stultify, weaken, or impair their faculties and strength in any particular.

OFFICERS OF EVERY GRADE, BY EXAMPLE AS WELL AS BY AUTHORITY, WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE ORDER.

By Command of Major-General Miles.

H. C. CORBIN, Adjutant-General.



CHAPTER IV.

AT THE RACES.

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the moon and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

—*Hamlet.*

"RACE cards, sir! race cards, sir!" Lads are rushing hither and thither, darting in and out among the motley crowd of votaries of the turf who thronged the approaches of the racecourse at Broomham.

It is the great race day; and, as is always the case on such occasions, the off-scouring of the population had come together, making the place hideous with their filthy language and vileness. How any decent man can so far forget himself as to mix with them puzzles me. Yet there are the respectable mechanic, the well-dressed clerk, the hard-working tradesman, the fashionable gentleman, mixed up with the riff-raff, and equally anxious to follow what has been called the sport of kings, and which, if the name be true, in view of the associations of racing, only shows how much greater and better an honest man may be even than kings.

The "sharper," on the eager look out for the greenhorn with more money than sense; the tipster, who "knows a thing or two," and for a consideration will put you "on a good 'un"; the book-maker and his clerk, all ready to fleece whom they can, are there. And so are their victims, little better than those who fleece them; willing victims who will be satisfied if they win and only complain if they lose, heedless of the fact that that gain for which no due equivalent is given in mental or physical energy is gain ill-gotten.

And, too, there are the noisy crowd of itinerant vendors of catchpennies, fitful seekers of a most precarious livelihood.

Pleasure! No, it is not pleasure many are seeking. Profit is what they want. And there in that crowd are faces which cannot dissemble the painful emotions within. Men, and women too, who have staked before and lost, and lost, but who cannot resist the temptation once encouraged to stake again, even their all, if haply thereby only once the luck may come their way.

But if they should lose? Idle thought. Lose! not they. The luck is sure to turn; win they will! Badly burnt though they have been, like moths who cannot resist the flame of their own destruction, they flutter once more.

Aye, and the uninitiated are there too. Come for the first time to the terrible vortex of excitement, which whirls away so many to a relentless doom.

"What's that; lost your purse? More fool you then not to take better care of it." And on the crowd rushes past the crying woman, for everybody knows that pickpockets are the natural concomitants of the race-course. All over the place do not placards in flaring letters say, "Beware of Pickpockets"? Knaves of every description frequent a race-course.

"Come along, Jim. Hurry up or we shall miss the first race," said a tall man, half dragging his companion by the arm. The speaker was Tom Godfrey, who, on the pretext of visiting a friend, had got the day off from the bank, and with Jim Benton had come to the course.

Though years divided them in age, they were inseparable companions in sport, for neither failed to have a "bit on" all the chief races. Together they had visited several meetings, and, altogether unknown either to Tom Morton or to Jim's relatives, had a standing account with Phil Brodrick, the well-known "bookie."

They were well up in turf matters; could tell you all the latest news about the stables, the pedigree of the horses, even if they knew nothing of politics, of the eminent men and women of the day, and of things heroic.

That day they were eager for a big haul, and pushed forward with alacrity.

They had hardly reached the rails which ran round the course when a bell rang. In an instant the air, which had a moment before been discordant with the vociferations of bookmakers calling odds, the many screaming vendors of

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various commodities, the jeers and calls of the crowd, became almost silent.

The horses were out, and every neck was craned to watch the beautiful animals, so nervous, so instinctive, as they pranced and curvetted to the starting point. Another moment while they were arranged, and then amid the cry "They're off!" away dashed the impatient steeds.

Down the sward they came, thundering, plunging, their riders, whip in hand and spur in boot, urging them madly onward. The excitement grew apace. "Cloudesly wins!" "No, Shovell!" "Two to one on Thistleton!" "Go it Forresby!" cried the crowd, as their fancy seized them.

Carried away with excitement a woman went off in hysterics. But who cared for her? The horses had just entered the straight. A few seconds and all will be over. The agony of those seconds to some! And what a world of misery it meant! A great "Oh—" one long-prolonged exclamation, and "The Squid" passed the winning post first.

Then the pent up excitement ended. The babel of tongues was loosed again.

"He never meant to win, I tell you," said one as he lamented the money he had lost to the bookmaker.

"Not he. It was a put up job," said a second, and then ensued a desperate rush for the refreshment bars, and a swearing, cursing crowd drank to drown regret, to steady nerves, and to follow the fashion.

"Down him! Down him! Kill him! Duck him! A welsher! A welsher!" and an infuriated crowd, maddened to frenzy, tumbled over men and women as they rushed after the rapidly retreating figure of a man, fleeing away with the bets which had been laid with him.

Race No. 1 the newspapers described as a bookmakers' race, as it proved for Jim Benton and Tom Godfrey.

"Done again, by God," said the latter as they went in search of their bookmaker. "But, never fear, we'll make it up next time."

"Young men, don't," said a quiet voice, and a friendly hand was laid on Jim's shoulder.

"Don't what?" asked he.

"Don't bet. Go away from here, I beg of you," replied the speaker, the very man who had objected to raffles at the Great Bazaar.

"Oh, thanks for your kindness. But I shall," retorted Jim. "If you parson chaps want to do any good why don't you start with your own little gambles at bazaars;" and, proud of his cleverness, he stalked away, for the infatuation was too strong upon him.

At every race the same scenes were re-enacted, except that more frequent became the quarrels even among companions as the day wore on. Drink and the excitement of gambling evoked the worst passions, which not even the playful humour of the "Upper Ten" in the enclosure could correct. And when the day was over not even the satisfaction of those who had won could in the smallest degree compensate for the misery the day's proceeding had occasioned.

But the fourth was *the* race of the day.

Even those who had taken little interest in the preceding events became absorbed in that.

Both Tom Godfrey and Jim Benton, like thousands of others on the course and hundreds of thousands off, had pored every day over the pages ot the newspapers, which in one column denounced gambling and in another gave every facility for its encouragement. Both had laid heavily on this, and though neither told the other how much, each was aware that on the result of the race much would depend.

In its running it differed little from the others, except that the accompanying excitement was all the more intense.

It was soon over. Three minutes from the start and thousands of castles in the air were ruined, and hundreds of men and women slunk away from the course ashamed of themselves, afraid of the ghost who followed them. When the winner's number went up, Tom Godfrey, skilled against displaying emotion as he was, could scarce restrain himself.

"Won't the little monkey be delighted? I'll give her a real good treat." He had won, and had promised Edith his wife by this time a handsome gift. A promise he would fulfil.

"But, Jim, what's up?" he exclaimed as he turned on the young clerk.

"Oh, nothing much; I felt a bit sick like in the crowd."

He did not say he had backed another horse and lost. He did not say that he had lost more than money. Oh, no! But that night, when all was silent, in a little room where his mother bade him "good night," ignorant of the coming sorrow, he wrote a short note,

"I am ruined. God forgive me. I did not mean to rob anybody; I thought I should be able to replace it all. Gambling did it." And, draining the contents of a small phial, at nineteen years of age, finished a blighted life.

CHAPTER V.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
—*Richard II.*

MANY changes happened in the years which immediately followed Jim Benton's sad end. The blow all but broke his mother's heart, and well nigh brought his father's head in sorrow to the grave.

"Oh! Absalom, my son! my son, would God I had died for thee."

Even Tom Godfrey, whose intimacy with Jim as the source of his ruin was undiscovered, received a shock from which he did not soon recover. But, such is the fascination of gambling that, by-and-bye, however, he became more engrossed than before, and could think of nothing else but gains and losses.

His home became dull to him. He wanted "life," and would have it. And Edith, poor Edith, soon had reason to deplore her fine man of splendid physique, who found little attraction in her company, and divided his spare time between the club, the saloon, and the bookmaker.

True, he did not neglect his duty. Little fault could be found with him on that score. But, as

a man, he had sunk very much indeed by the time the incidents we are about to relate took place.

As for Frank Morton and his wife, when they first heard of their brother's death they were beside themselves with grief; and, though in no-wise responsible, they felt the shame, the disgrace as if it had been their own.

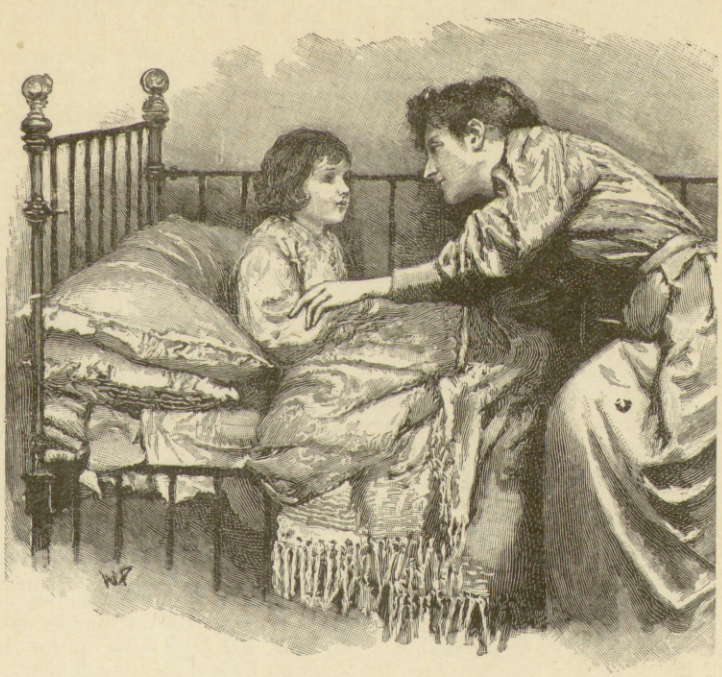
Time, however, is a great healer of all wounds—some he effaces, some he only closes; but, skilful physician as he is, he robs them all of their poignancy, and, under his balmy influence, sorrow lessens as it recedes into distance.

Then a little visitor came to their home, a wee sweet cherub, with the hair and eyes of her mother—another Louisa.

And what a charm came with her. Home had been home before, but now 'twas heaven and she the little angel.

They "crowned him king of intimate delights—
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness."

How they watched the infant growth and noted every development; and, when in her baby crooning she uttered her first cries, 'twas sweetest music to their ears. And when the tiny voice could model "Dad" and "Mam," and the little feet essayed to walk, they were red-letter days in their calendar never to be forgotten.



"He's a good dada.'

Little Louisa — her pet name was Dollie—was the centre of their hopes, for she, and she alone, had been vouchsafed to them, and as she came down the garden perched on her father's shoulders, with her mother dancing attendance, you could scarcely imagine a brighter trio.

That beautiful summer day the little maid had reached the age of five, and in her honour other five-year olds had been got together to make merry in the garden. But now the feast was over, and on her father's shoulder the tired little "Queen of his heart" was riding home, when two strangers were seen approaching,

"Mr. Morton?" said the senior.

"At your service," was the immediate reply, as he handed his little daughter to his wife.

"I am Inspector Curzon and this is Inspector Dawson," introducing the other. "We are sorry to disturb you, but, unfortunately, we hold a warrant for your arrest. If you will quietly accompany us, we will spare you every possible indignity."

"A warrant for my arrest! What for? Show it me. There's a mistake somewhere."

No! There was none. There, plainly enough on the paper presented was his name and an intimation that he was being arrested for forgery on information laid by the manager.

"There must be some mistake, gentlemen! Come again to-morrow. I'll be ready for you, though all will be set right then."

"Very sorry, sir! But we have orders. You must go with us now."

"Go where?" asked his wife, who at first had walked on, ignorant of what was taking place, and just returned to hear the last sentence.

"To prison, ma'am. We hold a warrant for Mr. Morton's arrest for forgery," and he put his hand on the paralysed man's shoulder.

"Frank! Frank! My husband! It isn't true. You must not go. You have not done wrong?"

"No, wife! It isn't true. All will come right. There's a great mistake somewhere," and stooping down to kiss her he turned to go with his arresters, when—

"Dada! Dada! take me, too," called the little voice.

"No, darling! Dada can't take you, but come and kiss dada. He'll soon be back again." And so he passed away—certain of being at home again in a few hours at most—arrested for forgery.

Dollie could not understand it at all, and when she went to bed her inquiries were very numerous. "Mamma, where has dada gone? Will he come back again?"

"Yes, dear, he will come back again!"

"But what did the men take him away for?"

"Because someone said he had been doing naughty things."

"But my dada isn't a naughty dada. He's a good dada."

"Yes, dear, dada is good;" and the poor mother, conscious as she was of her husband's innocence, felt her heart breaking within her at the little one's earnestness, as, with child sh fervour, she repeated her evening prayer, adding a new petition of her own to the well-known words, "Bless father, bless mother" and that—"bring daddie home again soon."

(*To be continued.*)

Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

- - ANTI-FAT. - -



Oh yes, I am too fat. I don't want telling of my rotundity. It is in my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night. In vain I strive to escape the terrible truth; it rolls through my soul like thunder, it dances before my eyes *continually* like the quivering of summer heat—I AM TOO FAT. The knowledge that I am too fat forces itself upon me without a moment's intermission *every hour.* I wander out on a short "constitutional;" I see a pin glistening at my feet. I want a pin. I want a pin *very much.* I try to reach down to it, and I find myself as unbendable as an iron gate post. I wander on, and my strength fails me; I see a temporary seat, I struggle towards it; upon near inspection I realise its fragile build—I dare not touch it. I wriggle homewards; a tempting cart passes me, I know the driver full well, and there is no other occupant of the vehicle; I yearn for a "lift," but one glance at the cart springs crushes my hope, they would never survive it.

Exhausted I reach home, my wife greets me, my door stands open wide to receive me, but four stone steps are between me and the welcome refuge of home. Flesh and blood cannot surmount them, at least not my flesh and blood; my wife sees my condition, she pities me (I *hate* to be pitied); she brings out an easy chair and decoys me into it. Mrs. Jones (next door) whispers to Mrs. Robinson (next door but one), "I do think he's a gettin' stouter;" and villainous Tommy stops and gazes at me, then turns up the whites of his eyes and says, "Crikey, aint he a shadder!"

I feel a trifle rested, and make a clumsy waddle on to my feet, and I face the four steps; the wife goes up first, and turns round and prepares to haul me up, it is *too* humiliating. Tommy pushes behind; that is the last straw, I strike out at him with my stick, lose my balance, and roll like a sack of potatoes to mother earth. Oh why, *why* should I be thus handicapped for life? There is hardly a door that I can enter without wriggling in sideways like a crab; there is not a chair that I can sit in without weird creakings emanating from it enough to put me in mortal fear of a smash up. The stairs refuse to carry me without loud expostulations; the bed I lie on seems to groan before I rest the weight of my unwieldy body upon it; when I get up I am unrested, when I lie down I am all-of-a-heap, and when I try to turn over it makes me puff and pant like a prize pig.

Oh the *miseries* of a fat man! Ah, what's this? An advertisement; exactly what I have been been looking for since I finished my apprenticeship. "Anti-fat." Just the thing I want; no drugging, no exercise, no alteration in diet, no anything at all, except a "perfect cure guaranteed." Oh, this is a godsend sure enough, a stone knocked off every week. Simply swallow a powder before breakfast, and one after supper, and the thing is done. What's the price? Oh, who cares about the price? I seem as though I could feel myself getting thinner already. Oh, here it is, ten-and-sixpence for a whole boxful; absurdly cheap to be sure. *Thin* for ten-and-six, why, I wouldn't begrudge a handful of sovereigns to get thin; that man is a public benefactor.

Three months have passed, three boxes of powders have gone the way of *all* powders, but, alas, alas! I measure no less, I weigh no less, I am yet the observed of all observers; the boys still gather behind me, and pin cards to my coat tails, with "The walking skeleton" upon them—the little rascals they know how long it takes me to revolve. My hopes are blighted, I am a *fat man.* I have only one course before me, and that is, "Grin and bear it."

Oh, yes, I'll have a contented mind, that's a continual feast. There are lots of compensations. I've got no bones to stick out and get knocked and bruised; if I do tumble down I don't hurt myself. I'd rather be too fat than too thin; I wouldn't be a clothes prop like Mr. Longshanks for all the world. Yes, it's all right, I'm perfectly satisfied; it's just how you look at it. The only fault I can find with myself, after all, is not *my* size, but the size of my tailor's bill!

Virtues of Water.—"The water-drinker glides tranquilly through life without much exhilaration or depression, and escapes many diseases to which he would otherwise be subject. The wine-drinker experiences short but vivid periods of rapture, and long intervals of gloom; he is also more subject to disease. The balance of enjoyment, therefore, turns decidedly in favour of the water-drinker, leaving out his temporal prosperity and future anticipations; and the nearer we keep to his *régime* the happier we shall be."—*Dr. E. Johnson.*

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE HEROINE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

SOME time after the Crimean war was over a company of officers dined together, and, naturally, their conversation turned to war.

"I wonder whose name will last longest in the history of our country in connection with the Crimean war?" asked an officer.

"Let's write on a slip of paper the name we each think will be longest remembered, and then hand the slips to Lord Stratford."

The suggestion was soon carried out, and Lord Stratford was asked to name the man who had the majority of votes.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Stratford, "the verdict is singularly unanimous. The name on each slip was FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

I am not prepared to admit that the composition of this dinner party was singular. The verdict they came to is the verdict of the army as a whole, and the nation as a whole. The name of Florence Nightingale is almost the only phase of that disastrous war that has no sting of shame in it, but much pleasure.

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence on the 15th May, 1820. The town of her birth gave her the first part of her name. Her father was Mr. W. E. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. For the sake of Mrs. Nightingale's health a long sojourn on the continent was being made when our heroine was born.

The largest part of the early education of Florence was acquired abroad. What was then a specially liberal education was given the girl; and whilst some thought her a blue-stocking, seeing she was learning several languages; she little knew she was preparing herself for the great work for which she was born.

One's destiny is generally only found out by carefully following the promptings of conscience. Even then it is not always easy to know one is on the right road. Florence had no difficulty. From her very early years she was drawn to nursing. When only twenty-four years of age she began to visit the hospitals of England, and then extended her visits to those abroad. The more she examined the more clear it became to her that nursing was most imperfectly understood. The stirrings of a reformer were within her. When, therefore, she heard that the Governesses' Sanitorium in Harley Street was likely to die out for the lack of funds and supervision, she offered her services, and they were gladly accepted.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When thirty years of age she heard that lessons in nursing were given at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine by some persons who seemed to have studied the matter. So anxious was she to learn all that could be learned she started for the Rhine. After staying here for a time she was

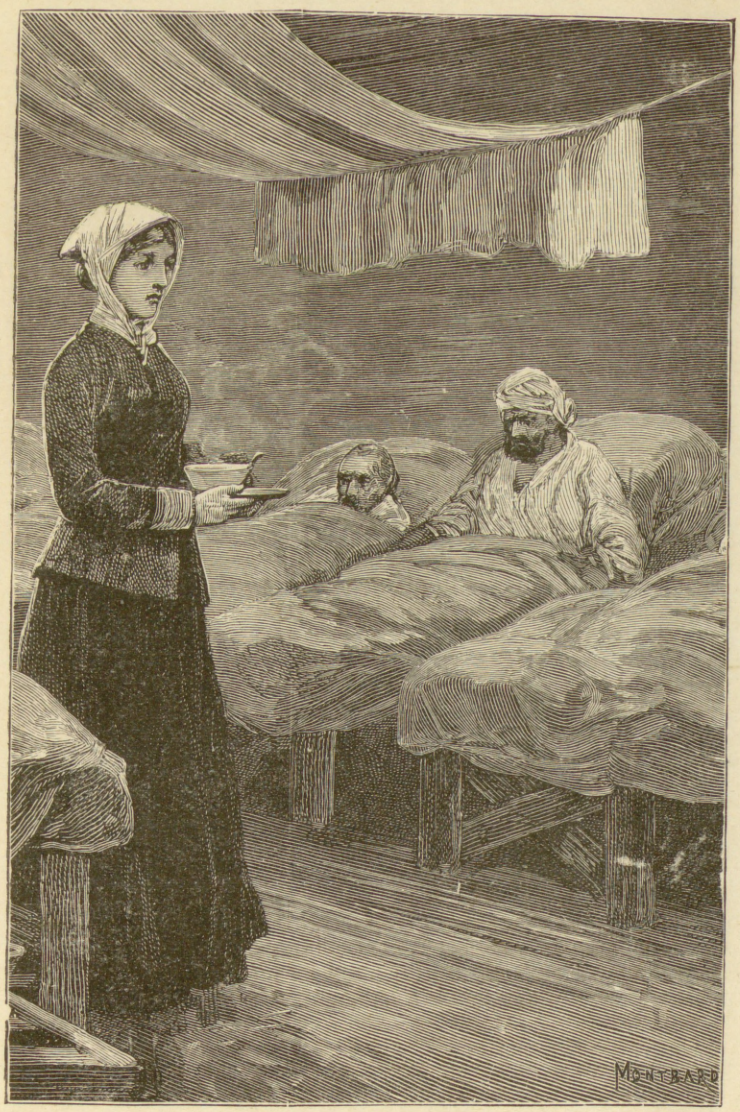
informed that a certain school in Paris could give her fuller information. She accordingly went to Paris, and then came home to that lovely house, Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire.

Several letters she wrote for the press, and short articles on nursing drew the attention of the nursing world that one who spoke with authority had arrived.

It is said that, given the opportunity, there are hundreds of ordinary-looking persons who would at once blossom into heroes and heroines of the first water. It was the Crimean war that gave Florence Nigthingale her opportunity.

England was disgusted at the way things were mismanaged at the Crimea. The stores required by the troops were tardily sent out, and owing to the want of proper supervision after they left our shores they were miscarried, they were lost, they were left behind, they were even overlooked and brought back to England in the hold of the ship that took them out. No less than 4 000 head of cattle were kept at Constantinople because there were no ships to take them to the seat of war. Coffee was taken out in *green* beans, which made it useless, as the men could neither roast or grind it. Large consignments of boots were sent out, and they were all for the left foot. The troops, hard-worked, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and never dry, began to suffer severely from sickness. Fever and rheumatism became general, but the hospitals were in the same state of disorganisation as the commissariat department. Sufferings were greatly augmented by the lack of lint. One wonders that the soldiers were able to keep up their courage.

"Our position here," wrote Sir George Couper, "is very critical, and we are all well aware of the difficulties we are likely to have to contend against; still, we feel that though inferior in numbers, we are more than a match for the enemy, and the idea of the *possibility* of being *beaten* by them never for one instant occurs to any man amongst us."



AT SCUTARI.

England once aroused never fails to right the wrong. At the instigation of Sir Robert Peel, a subscription was opened by the *Times* for the sick and wounded, and in less than fourteen days £15,000 was given. To this, afterwards, another £10,000 was added. After this, the "Patriotic Fund, for the orphans and widows of soldiers, sailors, and marines, who may fall in the present war" was instituted and crept up to the respectable sum of £1,500,000.

Florence Nightingale wrote to the Government offering her services as a nurse for the Crimea. A letter from the late Lord Herbert crossed her letter asking her to organise a staff of female nurses. She instantly set to work, and accompanied by thirty-seven nurses, Miss Nightingale started for the east and arrived at Scutari on November 5th, in time to receive the wounded soldiers from the battle of Balaclava.

Picture to yourself a long narrow room, two miles long with two rows of beds, and you have an idea of the hospital of Scutari. She had 10,000 under her care, in all stages of illness. Outside and inside the hospital everything bad that you can conceive existed. The sewage

stench was horrible, the water supply was corrupted with all kinds of filth, decaying vegetable and animal matter was on every hand. There were no dishes or suitable utensils. The walls of the hospital were saturated with organic matter. The cemetery was so near to the hospital that the stench poisoned the whole place.

"We had," says Florence Nightingale, "in the first seven months of the Crimean war, a mortality among the troops of sixty per cent., per annum, from *disease alone*, a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the great plague on the population of London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacked; that is to say, there died out of the army in the Crimea, an annual rate greater than ordinarily die in time of pestilence out of the sick. We had, during the *last* six months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* not much more than that among our *healthy* guards at home, and a mortality among our troops in the last five months, two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home."

"The sanitary conditions of the hospitals at Scutari were inferior, in point of crowding, ventilation, drainage, and cleanliness, up to the middle of March, 1855, to any civil hospital, or to the poorest homes in the worst parts of the civil population of any large town I have ever seen. After the sanitary works undertaken at that period were executed, I knew no buildings in the world which I could compare with them in these points, the original defect of construction of course excepted."

What agony of mind and toil of body this vast revolution must have been to Miss Nightingale no one knows but herself. Yet it was intense joy to her to know that by her efforts thousands of lives were saved.

In 1855, she lay down with fever which laid hold of a never very robust frame, and kept her more or less weak up till the July of 1856 when the troops left the Crimea.

The daily walk which Miss Nightingale took through the long hospital, was the occasion of many scenes. The most critical cases demanded her attention, and the faces of the soldiers gleamed with joy as she bent over them.

"She would speak to one and another, and nod, and smile," says one of the soldiers, "to as many more. We could not expect her to speak to each of us, but we used to kiss her shadow as she passed. Before she came, there was much cursing and swearing, and not a little plundering done by the less disabled. The weak went to the wall. When she came all that ended."

It is needless to say that when she returned to England she had a most enthusiastic welcome. The hospital had been the only part of the story of the Crimea that one could read or think about with pleasure. A fund of £50,000 was at once raised and offered to her in gratitude for her services and sacrifices. This she declined. It was then converted into a fund for training nurses at St. Thomas' and King's College Hospitals.

The Queen sent for Miss Nightingale, and besides giving her a letter of thanks, presented her with various jewels in token of her gratitude.

The advances made to-day under the Red Cross Society are due to the fostering encouragement of Miss Nightingale. When we state that the French Government sent her chief doctors to Scutari to learn the methods that had been adopted there because their own methods had been proved futile, we understand much better the work of Miss Nightingale. Several books from her pen reveal her methods and the spirit that animated all her work.

During the American Civil war and the Franco-German war, deputations waited upon her from those countries, seeking her advice and help in the nursing of the wounded.

Although for many years a confirmed invalid, her interest has been in the comfort of the wounded soldier. As a country we have not forgotten her name or her work. Soldiers ever think of her with love. Greater, surely, it is to live in the hearts of the nation for kindness and love, than for accumulating a vast fortune. "When I was sick ye visited me" can be truly said of this noble woman.

A CHAMPION'S TESTIMONY.

A CHAMPION cyclist was asked: "Do you ever take spirits of any kind? I mean whiskey or brandy."

"No; they cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. It may help a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily; but if he had ten miles, or had a long race before him, he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut short. The man who drinks brandy or whiskey will soon be broken-winded."

"So you don't believe in brandy?"

"No; it may help for a short spurt, but it is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer."

KEEP YOUR TOP COOL.

IT is reported of Artemus Ward that he once offered his flask of whiskey to the driver of the stage on the top of which he was riding through a mountainous section. The stage-driver refused the flask in most decided tones. Said he:

"I don't drink; I won't drink. I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinions of those mountains—keep your top cool! They've got snow, and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

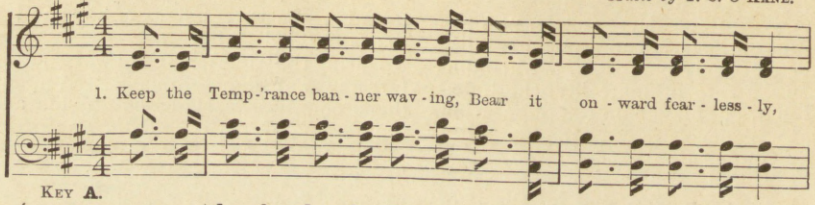
There is a great deal of wisdom in his remark—"Keep your top cool." Without a sound brain man is not of much use to the world. Alcohol, whether in beer, cider, wine, brandy, or whiskey, is a foe of the brain; and when it gets there inflames it, and renders it unfit for use. Be like the honest stage-driver and resolve to "keep your top cool."

THE bitter cry of London springs entirely from slaves, down-trodden by the monster rum. —*Rev. Dr. Newman Hall.*

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING.

Words by E. R. LATTA. *Music by* T. C. O'KANE.

1. Keep the Temp-'rance ban - ner wav - ing, Bear it on - ward fear - less - ly,

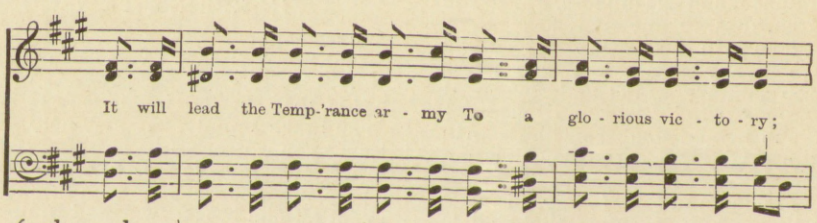


KEY **A.**

:s, .,s, | d .,d :d .,d | d .,r :d .,t, | t, .,l, :l, .,l, | l,
2. They are va - liant - ly en - gag - ing With the foe up - on the field,
:m, .,m, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,

:d .,d | m .,m :m .,m | m .,f :m .,r | r .,d :d .,d | d
3. Both the tip - pler and the drunkard They will res - cue from the grave,
:d .,d | d .,d :d .,d | d .,d :d .,m, | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,

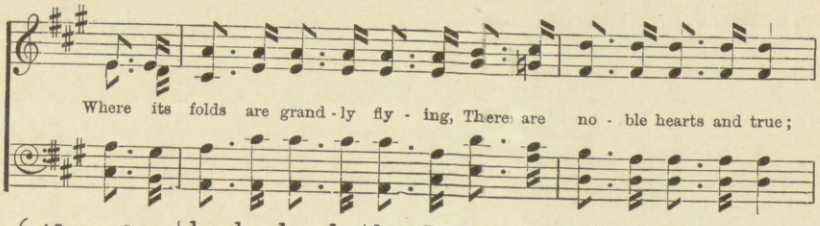
It will lead the Temp-'rance ar - my To a glo - rious vic - to - ry;



:l, .,l, | r .,r :r .,r | r .,m :r .,d | d .,t, :t, .,t, | t,
They have tak - en oath to con - quer, And the en - e - my must yield;
:f, .,f, | fe, .,fe, :fe, .,fe, | fe, .,s, :s, .,l, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s,

:d .,d | l, .,l, :l, .,l, | l, .,l, :l, .,r | m .,r :r .,r | r
And the smil - ing youths And chil - dren From the mon - ster they will save;
:f, .,f, | r, .,r, :r, .,r, | r, .,r, :r, .,fe, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .f,

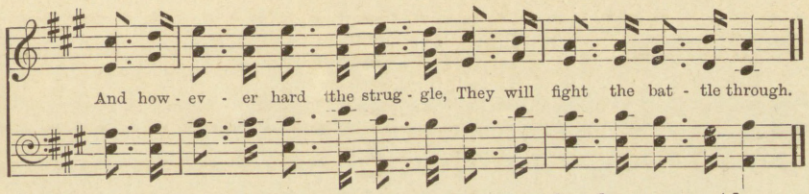
Where its folds are grand - ly fly - ing, There are no - ble hearts and true;



:s, .,s, | d .,d :d .,d | d .,d :r .,m | f .,f :f .,f | f
They are des - per - ate - ly charg - ing On the cit - a - del of wrong;
:s, .,f, | m, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .,s, :t, .,ta, | l, .,l, :l, .,l, | l,

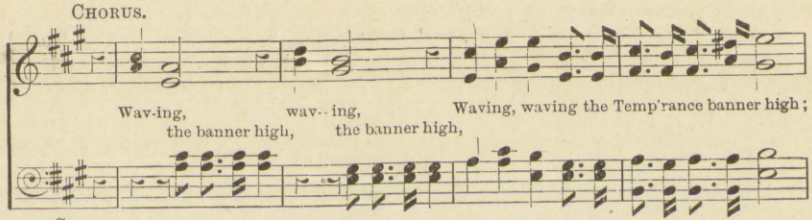
:d .,t, | d .,m :m .,m | m .,d :f .,m | r .,d :d .,d | d
Smiles shall take the place of weep - ing, And the fam - ish - ing be fed:
:m, .,r, | d, .,d, :d, .,d, | d, .,m, :s, .,d | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING—*continued.*



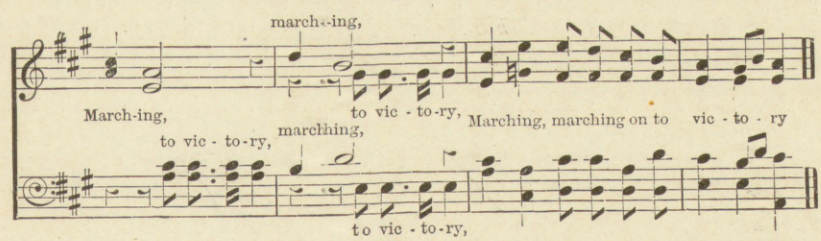
:m	.,f	s .,s :s .,s	s .,f :m .,r	d .,d :t$_1$.,r	d
And	the	sol - id walls shall crum-ble,	That have	stood for a - ges	long.
:s$_1$	.,t$_1$	d .,d :d .,d	d .,t$_1$:s$_1$.,l$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,f$_1$	m$_1$
:d	.,r	m .,m :m .,s	m .,r :d .,f	m .,m :r .,t$_1$	d
Hail	the	migh-ty Temp'rance ar - my,	With their	ban - ner o - ver - head !	
:s$_1$	.,s$_1$	d .,d :s$_1$.,m$_1$	d$_1$.,r$_1$:m$_1$.,f$_1$	s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	d$_1$

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

:	m :d |— :	f ::r |— :	m :s |s :r .,r	m .,r :m .,fe |s :—	
	Wav-ing,	wav - ing,			
:	d :s$_1$ |— :	r ::t$_1$ |— :	s$_1$:d |t$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	l$_1$.,l$_1$:l$_1$.,d |t$_1$:—	
			Waving, waving the	Temp'rance banner high;	
:	: .m |m .,m :m	:: .t$_1$ |t$_1$.,t$_1$:t$_1$	d :m |r :t$_1$.,t$_1$	d .,t$_1$:d .,d |r :—	
	the banner high,	tthe banner high,			
:	: .d |d .,d :d	:: .s$_1$ |s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	d :d |s$_1$:s$_1$.,s$_1$	r$_1$.,r$_1$:r$_1$.,r$_1$ |s$_1$:—	



m :d |— :	f ::r |— :	m :s |s .f :m .r	d :t$_1$.r |d		
March-ing,	marching,				
d :s$_1$ |— :	:: .t$_1$ |t$_1$.,t$_1$:t$_1$	s$_1$:ta$_1$ |l$_1$ .l$_1$:l$_1$ .l$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$ |s$_1$		
	to vic-to-ry,	Marching, marching on to	vic - to - ry.		
: .m |m .,m :m	r ::f |— :	m :d |m .m :d .f	m :r .f |m		
to vic-to-ry,	marching				
: .d |d .,d :d	:: .s$_1$ |s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$	d :m$_1$ |f$_1$ .f$_1$:f$_1$ .f$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$ |d$_1$		
	to vic-to-ry.				

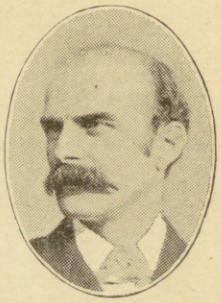
A Memorable Conference: with Portraits of Some Members.

By "Onlooker."



W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
(*U.K.B.H.U., London*), *President.*

"I COULD do with you teetotalers were you not such a miserable lot of kill-joys. You profess abstinence increases happiness, If so, you have a most remarkable way of showing it," said a cynical "jolly-boy" fond of his liquor, a profound believer in the social glass.

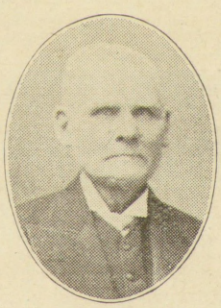


J. M. Skinner
(*U.K.A.*).

To him, as to many other people, Temperance suggests self-denial of the most despondent type. Such people either are, or pretend to be, oblivious of the griping sorrow which underlies the hilarity of intemperance, and will not recognise that, even if temperance does result in quietude of spirit, it at least saves from that laughter which, like the laughter of the insane to which it is most nearly akin, is "sorrow's form acute, most hideous, because in lightsome guise."

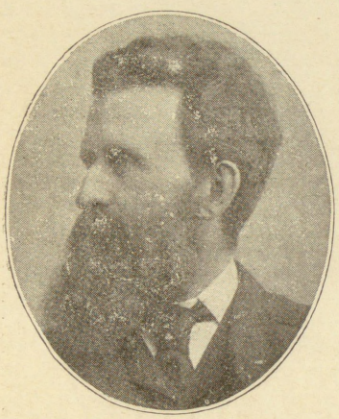
But Temperance does not bring dolefulness. The adoption of total abstinence as a rule of life adds to the capacity for real enjoyment, and among the happiest of mankind are to be found those whose life is in no sense artificial, but framed on Nature's model.

This by the way! Because of the statement with which this sketch opens, I, as an onlooker, was particularly anxious to learn how the Official Temperance Advocates would disport themselves — whether their conduct would be gloomy, or, as I believed, exhilarating and bright. So I attended their Annual Conference in Manchester (August 13th to 18th, 1898), and now venture to record something thereof. Even if I had entertained any approval of my cynical friend's remark, it was banished at the very outset of the gatherings, when, on Saturday, August 13th, over 250 guests assembled at Cuerden Hall, Thelwall, Cheshire. A happier gathering I never joined. This was no mill-display garden party. The utmost jollity prevailed.



F. Atkin
(*Brit. Temp. League*),
Retiring President.

And no wonder, either! The day was delightfully pleasant; the surroundings most congenial. The host and hostess, Mr. R. A. and Miss Naylor—good, enthusiastic teetotalers —received right royally, and threw open their beautiful treasure-house to delight their guests, and with suitable outdoor games of every description, an orchestra, and choir, kept the party fully occupied. Temperance advocates doleful! Faugh! It's all nonsense. At this very garden party men of forty, fifty, and sixty years of age, whose voices are eloquently heard on many of the most advanced Temperance platforms, *disported themselves like children.* How I did long for a camera when those Scotchmen, and the Welshmen, and the Irishmen, and the Englishmen mated themselves at bowls, tugs-of-war, &c., if only that thereby the Committee who engage these gentlemen could see them at play as they see them at work.



W. Wilkinson
(*Irish Temp. League*).

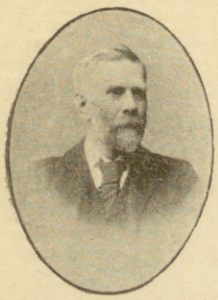
The spirit of enjoyment grew apace, and when, at 6 p.m., in the village Temperance Hall, erected by Mr. Naylor, the whole party sat down to do full justice to the excellent fare provided, a sight was presented which for animation and real happiness it were hard to excel.

Mentally, I contrasted this with the average large party where drinking is permitted —to the no small disadvantage of the latter. And when, after holding a bright Temperance meeting on Mr. Naylor's lawn, the great party broke up, at 8.30, I



J. T. Rae
(*Nat. Temp. League*), *Secretary*

confessed (cynic as I am) I had never enjoyed a gathering more. And so did everybody else, for, singular to relate, there was not even one grumbler to be found. But



W. SHANKS
(*Scot. Temp. League*).

WORK, SERIOUS WORK,

as well as pleasure, required the attention of the delegates, the portraits of some of whom are now presented.

On the Sunday, without splitting headaches, but with minds clear and bodies in a fit condition—*benefited*, not injured, by the previous day's excursion—the members of the Conference gave stirring addresses at various meetings and services, and did splendid work for the cause of Temperance in Manchester.

Monday morning found the Conference in business session; and a hard morning's work it was, and most profitable! After listening to the *doyen* of official advocates, Mr. F. Atkin, the retiring President, on "The Future of our Advocacy," the new President, Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., was elected—a worthy choice, as all readers of this magazine will agree.

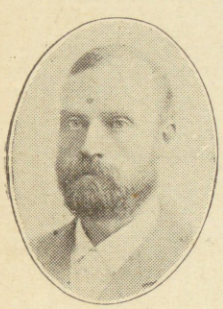
Then very close attention was given to a scheme submitted by Mr. Guy Hayler, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the establishment of an Advocates'

PROVIDENT FUND.

This aroused much keen and vigorous, but kindly criticism. Objections were freely urged and enforced; but the man from the North was equal to them all, and at a subsequent session the scheme was fairly launched, and goes on its way to be a blessing to the zealous, hard-working advocates of whom any movement might be justly proud. The scheme seems to be founded on the motto, "If you want any help, then help yourself."



GUY HAYLER
(*North of Eng. Temp. League*).

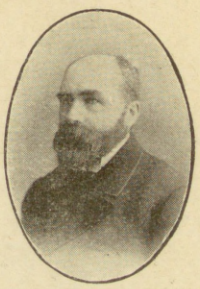


C. HARVEY
(*Kent B.H.U.*).

The same afternoon the Conference adjourned to a

MODEL INDUSTRIAL HOME

for lads, the Barnes Home, Heaton Mersey, where over 200 lads are fed, clothed, educated—detained there, not because they have done anything wrong, but generally because their home surroundings and influences would most surely bring them to ill. To watch their happy faces; to witness their smart semi-military drills, as I did, and to feel that here they were being given a chance to escape the chain of circumstance and environment, brought tears of sympathy, tears of gladness, to the eyes of many a stalwart man and noble woman, and made them more determined to fight the enemy of the home, Drink—



RICHARDSON CAMPBELL
(*I.O.R.*).

THE ENEMY OF THE CHILDREN.

Returning to Manchester, a meeting of a somewhat unusual character followed, when three well-known advocates — Messrs. Shanks, Glasgow; Harvey, Kent; Tomlinson, Newcastle (We regret we cannot give Mr. Tomlinson's portrait—ED.) gave model addresses, which, on the following day, were subjected to criticism by their fellow advocates.

I am sorry I cannot give you that criticism. It was lively, not always "endearing," but it roused things up as one after another of the speakers went for the daring advocates. If the discussion was hot, it was not to be compared with the weather, which caused even some of the very wideawake to slip into the arms of Morpheus at the afternoon discussion, when that stalwart, Canon Hicks, gave a stirring address on "The Place and Power of the Advocate."

At the evening meeting which followed, when Mr. James Whyte gave an address on "The Legislative Movement," the meeting-room was so crowded that at times a Turkish bath was preferable. How the chairman (Mr. Edwards) and the secretary (Mr. Rae) managed to keep cool fairly puzzled me. Oh! the broiling temperature, the fiery eloquence of the speaker, and the continually increasing enthusiasm of his auditors. The heat was overpowering. Yet there the members remained after the paper and discussion were over perspiring in every pore, boiling over with enthusiasm, to record thanks for the magnificent hospitality tendered to them. It was most thrilling, and, like all the other functions and the meetings, unmistakably showed the human side of the Temperance advocate, and his splendid forbearance and good nature.



W. CHANDOS-WILSON
(*Lanc. & Ches. B.H. & T.U.*).

As a delightful finish to the whole proceedings, the local committee arranged a splendid excursion to Hawarden and Chester. On the way contrasts were plentiful. The Manchester Ship Canal, which has cost already considerably in excess of sixteen and a half millions, and, despite what people say, does give something in return, if it is only "odour," gave place to the free cooling air of the river Mersey at Liverpool, which in turn was succeeded by the Wirral peninsula.



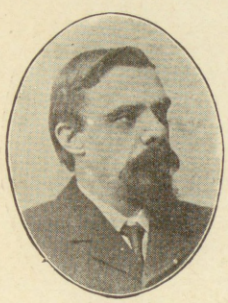
J. W. TRAVIS
(*Chester C.T.S.*)

At Hawarden a most delightful experience was enjoyed—in the undulating park, the visits to the ruins of the old castle, the walk along which Mr. Gladstone passed on his way to service, the Hall in which his last days were lived, the church in which he worshipped. All these engrossed attention and produced in me that sense of awe which solemnizes one in a great cathedral—the awe inspired by a sense of one's littleness when contrasted with the greatness around.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, however, is only one step. And here it is. I wanted to give you a reproduction of the party as it appeared at Hawarden. Alas, it cannot be done. The advocate with the camera, on whose help I relied, took the essential shot. The result is scarcely what I expected. For, although I am, at a pinch, at anyrate, at an advocates' conference, prepared to admit that, in his own opinion, if not in other people's, the official advocate is quite equal to three ordinary men, I dare not run the risk of offending the Editor of this Magazine and the lady members of the Conference, Miss Connell and Miss Wright, by reproducing that plate which shows each person to be so brainy as to need three heads in which to store the mental machinery.



J. FARRELL
(*Lanc. & Ches. B.H. & T.U.*)



J. H. MUSK
(*U.K.A.*).

From Hawarden to Chester was but a short run, but it sufficed to maintain the reputation of the party for jollity. Indeed, I overheard an old lady who got out at a wayside station say, "Well, yon 's jolly chaps! Are yo' sure they're teetotallers?" Who were they? No, I shan't peach, even if they did include representatives of Glasgow, Carlisle, London, Manchester, and Devonshire. At Chester—well, you won't expect me to tell you all that happened—of visits to Cathedral, Museum, trips up the river, walks on the walls, etc. But if I get a chance of hearing of hospitality being offered again of a similar nature, I shall plank for Chester.

All too soon the end came, the time for departure. Touched by the valedictory address of the beloved President, who bade all advocates "be cheery, vigorous, thorough, conscious of

A HOLY WORK,

and of a vocation worthy of the greatest powers of any—a vocation demanding true sacrifice, real devotion, strict honour," all joined in singing, "God be with you till we meet again," a splendid finish to a series of meetings of the utmost refreshing nature to all who participated—meetings bright, if arduous; meetings characterised by the utmost good humour and pleasantry, meetings which must prove of great good to the Temperance movements.

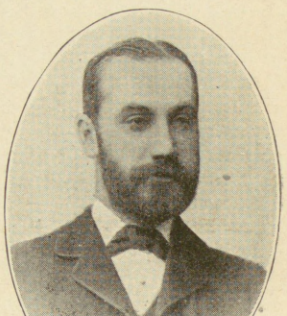


G. SHIRES
(*Derby T.S.*).

And yet scarcely the finish! For although on Chester Station platform many adieux were said as representatives departed to their respective spheres of labour, a very large number returned to the Conference Centre, in well crowded saloons.

The satirical sketch of the teetotaller, in which some people delight, represents him at the conclusion of the day's outing sitting with folded hands and pious gaze, deploring the weaknesses of the race of which he deems himself a superior member. Fun is considered as hateful to his nature as soap to the great unwashed.

Don't you believe it! As the Conference commenced so it ended. In those railway carriages, what with song, story and mock heroic recitals, the time passed uproariously, so much so that a lady visitor, not given to excess of laughter, declared she would suffer from the laughing ache for at least a month.



J. J. HATCH
(*Halifax B.H.U.*)

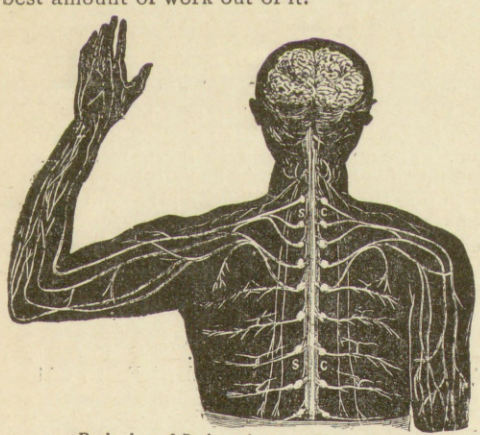
Over and over again during the Conferences, and proceedings in connection therewith, it was made undeniably apparent that while benefiting the physical and mental equipment of a man, increasing his vigour and developing his judgement, abstinence, instead of limiting, increases the capacity for enjoyment of the most exhilarating type.

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

X.—THE BRAIN AND NERVES: HOW THE BODY IS REGULATED.

WHEREVER there is motion, there must be behind it some force. In the steam engine, steam is the force; in the hydraulic engine, water is the force; in the electric motor, electricity is the force; in the human body, food is the force, which finally shows itself in all the movements and the work of the body. So that motion and force are very closely connected. But there must also be a regulator to control the amount of force. Too much steam, or water, or electricity, and in each separate case the engine itself would be shattered. Too little steam, or water, or electricity, and in each case the engine refuses to work. The regulation of the engine embraces several things. The engine driver, the steam cocks and valves and other appliances are concerned in so regulating the engine as to get the best amount of work out of it.



Back view of Brain and part of Nerve System.

The same may be said of the body. The heart is one development of force, and it requires special control; so delicate, however, must this be that it is not left to the will to control it. Sad results would occur if it were. A man might forget, or fall asleep, or have his attention called away, and the heart would lose its controlling power. To be strong and healthy it is necessary for the heart to beat regularly and constantly, and it would not do to trust this to the will. We cannot by effort of will either make the heart beat faster or slower, and we might at first think that therefore it is acting without any regulator or controlling power. If we thought thus we should be mistaken, for the heart, like every other part of the body, is under control of the nerves, but all nerves are not subject to will power. The nerves that govern the voluntary muscles are under the control of the will, but all others convey sensation and receive impressions without our control.

The brain is the central station of the nervous system. A reference to the figure shows that although only a few nerves (nine pairs) come direct from the brain, yet the whole system is connected by means of the spinal cord. The figure gives some faint conception of the truly wonderful way in which every part of the body is connected with the brain. There are parts of the body devoid of nerves, just as there are parts devoid of blood-vessels. The hair, the nails, the outer skin have no nerves running into them direct, but these are still in very close connection with the nervous system. We may be certain that every part of the body is full of the nerves themselves or their endings. For instance, what part of the body is devoid of feeling? Wherever sensations can be felt there must be nerves conveying those sensations to the brain.

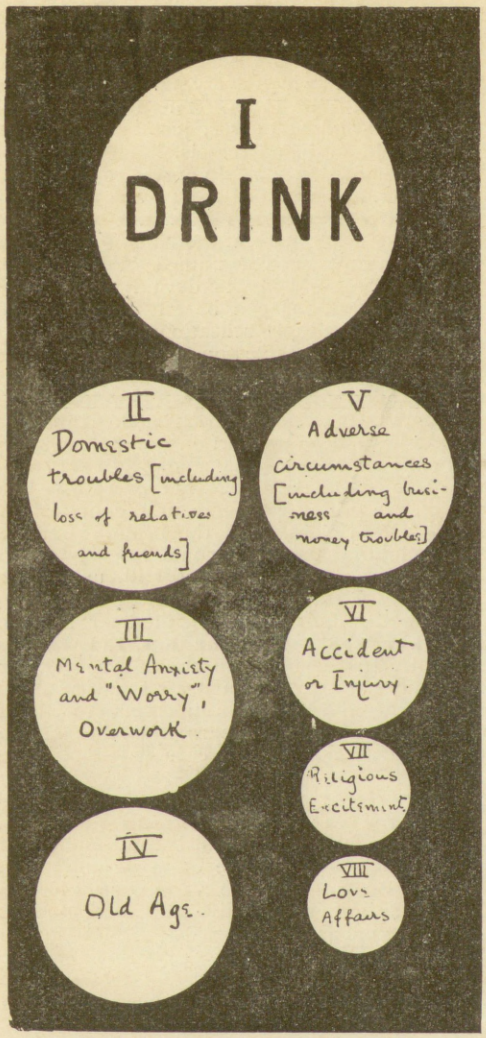
We cannot, in a brief lesson such as this, hope to get any real idea of the wonderful construction of the brain and its various parts. If we can get a few general ideas we must be satisfied. Hundreds of books have been written on this subject, and yet it is by no means exhausted. We may content ourselves by knowing that everything we think of, everything we know, or see, or feel, or say, all has origination in the brain. Let the brain be injured and we become insensible, and cannot see, hear, or feel, but still, unless the injury is very serious, the brain is doing important work. It is controlling the heart and the stomach, and the arteries, and thus, whilst we are insensible, it is keeping the body alive. This is true in a minor degree whilst we are asleep. If, however, the injury to the brain is very great, then life itself ceases. We can learn, then, the extreme value of this organ and the care we should take of it.

Nature takes great care of the brain. It is placed in a very strong bony box called the skull, and this is so constructed that it can bear a great deal of damage and yet the brain be uninjured. Inside this box there are various membranes covering the brain so as to give it a greater amount of security from harm. There is a hard and tough membrane on the outside of the brain called the "*dura mater*" or hard mother, and then next to the brain itself and covering it everywhere is a very wonderful and delicate membrane full of tiny blood vessels to supply the brain with nourishment, called the "*pia mater*" or tender mother, and between these two is a semi-liquid membrane called the Arachnoid. All these are combined in protecting the brain from injury, and a knowledge of them shows how much care Nature has taken in this matter.

Man, however, admits into his body a foe that attacks the brain from within. Substances which can send the brain to sleep and rob it of its power to think and to act, are called narcotics. Alcohol, morphia, chloral, cocaine, opium, and many others do this, and on that account they all ought to be most strictly and positively avoided.

When the brain is diseased, and has so lost its power that a man is not responsible for what he says and does, it is called insanity, and the person must be confined in an asylum. A reference to the diagram will show us at once the different causes of madness in this country, and

it will also show that the thing which causes the largest amount of insanity is alcohol. Surely that is a reason for becoming an abstainer.



Insanity: The causes thereof compared.
From *Pearson's Magazine.*

A person completely under the influence of drink is said to be dead drunk, and this means that for a time his brain is so stupefied that he is incapable of knowing or feeling anything. Let us suppose that such a result is brought about by twenty glasses of wine. Then the first glass that was taken must have done its share towards contributing to the general result. It is the constant and repeated small attack that alcohol makes on the brain that results in insanity. It is not to be supposed that the result is attained at once, and so there are tens of thousands of drinkers to-day who will in a few months or years be in the asylums through this cause. There are boys and girls who are drinking their first glasses who will end in the lunatic asylum. The safe course is complete and total abstinence.

The brain may be divided into three distinct portions: (*a*) The upper and larger convoluted portion, being called the cerebrum; the hinder and lower portion (*b*), with its peculiar foliated appearance, being known as the cerebellum, and the part tapering off to form the spinal column (*c*) called the medulla oblongata. The great bulk of sensations received and impulses sent out are by means of this great trunk nerve running down the centre of the backbone. The weight of the brain on an average is 49 ounces in the male and 44 ounces in the female. It is very richly supplied with blood, and its activity depends upon this blood supply. As alcohol when taken into the stomach quickly finds its way into the blood, and as the blood is passing over every organ of the body at a quick rate, we can easily understand how in a very short time the brain and nerve centres are affected.



Brain and Spinal Cord.

A nerve is really a branch of the brain, but it is not the nerve itself that acts, it simply stimulates or excites something else to act. The beating of the heart, and any other motion that the body may make, is done simply in response to the excitation or stimulus from a nerve. The great lesson to learn is that any substance like alcohol that has a direct injurious effect upon the brain and nerves is doubly dangerous, because not only is the nerve matter acted upon hurtfully, but other organs depending upon nervous stimulation are made irregular in consequence.

———o———

A TONIC WHICH IS FREE FROM ALCOHOL.

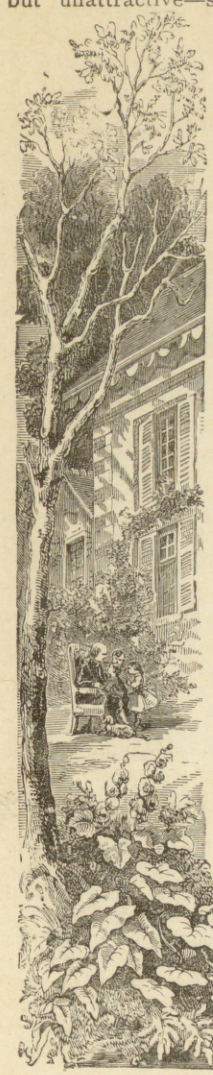
We are informed by Messrs. F. Wright Mundy and Co, of Kensington, that their Unfermented Port Wine and Bark, which has frequently been advertised in our columns, will, in future, be known by the name of "Nonalton." This change has been made, partly, to meet the views of those who object to the recommendation of Port Wine for fear lest the countenance given to it in its unfermented and innocent state should lead to its use in its fermented and harmful state; and, partly, to prevent fraudulent imitations. The preparation, consisting of specially-preserved grape juice combined with the principal active ingredients of Bark, is recommended as a valuable tonic and restorative, and being free from alcohol, it does not create a taste for intoxicating drink as so many of the medicated alcoholic wines are known to do. The word "Nonalton" has been registered at the Patent Office, and can only be used by the above-named firm.

THE TRAMP IN AUSTRALIA:
THE SUNDOWNER.

By the Rev. E. O. Knee, F.R.G.S.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home.

VERY few outside Australia know anything of that queer bird of passage, the Australian sundowner. Perhaps it is just as well they don't, because he is such an intolerable nuisance, and increases with such rapidity in places where he has plenty of room. A residence of over forty years in the sunny South, and a somewhat extensive range of travelling, under all sorts of conditions, have given the writer a good opportunity of studying this somewhat interesting—but unattractive—specimen of humanity, the Australian sundowner.



Our home just now is in one of the border towns, on the banks of the far-famed river Murray, very near the Moama and Murray Bridge. As this bridge is the direct route to the Riverina squatting stations and the sundowner's camping ground, we have a splendid chance of studying the sundowner when he is, so to speak, off his guard, and in his happiest state of mind. There they camp for days near that bridge, and bask in the sunshine or sit around their camp fire by night, and listen to the gospel of discontent or reconstruct society. It is a lazy sort of life, but strangely attractive to a certain class, and these the most undesirable and unwelcome.

The origin of the sundowner may be directly traceable to the generous and open-handed hospitality of the Australian pioneers and settlers. In the early days travellers were welcomed with open arms and treated to the best the homestead had. Their presence was most welcome, because they brought news from the great world beyond, and relieved the common round, the daily task.

Following hard after the traveller came the tramp, or "out-of-work," with his "swag" on his back, his pipe in his mouth, and "Billy" in hand, claiming and receiving shelter for the night and food for his journey. For years these were given ungrudgingly, until the number increased to such an extent as to make a heavy drain upon the squatter's stores, and force him to demand from these men a sort of *quid pro quo*, in the shape of labour.

It was no uncommon thing to find a dozen or twenty of these men making for the squatter's station towards sundown from different directions. They had spent the day, not far away, under the shade of a tree until sundown. Then they made for the homestead, apparently weary and worn, where they knew they would find food and shelter.

The sundowner in his original state has a decided objection to work of any kind—even to the keeping of himself clean. His great aim in life is to put in the time with as little trouble to himself as possible. The hardest work he ever does is to carry his swag on his back and his pipe in his mouth. That swag contains all his earthly possessions—a blanket in which he sleeps at night.

Before we follow him along the "Wallaby Track" or on the tramp, let us, for the benefit of those who have never seen him, look at the sundowner where he is most at home—in his favourite camping ground. As I write, some ten or twenty are basking in the sunshine near yonder bridge—stretched out at full length upon the ground, blinking at the sun—smoking or sleeping the daylight away. As soon as the sun goes down we shall have some of them here for tea and sugar, or bread and meat, whilst others will go elsewhere. Strange to say the majority of these sundowners are aged men, and hail from the old world. Very few of them are pure Australian. We have not yet had time to develop our own sundowner, but he is coming.

The other day the Melbourne police were somewhat startled to find one of these sundowners floating down the River Yarra, fully dressed, with his swag on his back and his "Billy" in his hand. Who he was or how he found his way into that river nobody knew and very few cared. They held the usual inquest, and then buried the poor old fellow in a nameless grave! Yet that sundowner was once somebody's pride and joy.

Last week the captain of one of our steamers found another of these unfortunates floating down the river Murray, apparently dead. They fished him out of the river and placed him on deck, ready to hand him over to the police, for conveyance to the morgue. They had no sooner

done this when, to the surprise of all on board, the man opened his eyes and asked for a drink! For three hours that man had floated down the stream. This was proved from the fact that someone had recovered his body some hours previously, and placed it on the bank to await the arrival of the police. When he returned, the man was gone, and just three hours afterwards he was picked up by this Murray steamer more alive than dead!

During last winter one of these sundowners was brought into our Echuca Hospital from his camp by the river badly burnt. It appears that, whilst sleeping by his camp fire wrapped in his blanket, a blazing log rolled out upon him and burnt him terribly before he was aware of it. His mates sent for the police, who carried him at once to the hospital. When I saw him the next day he was in a terrible state. That night he died in great agony, and was buried by the Government in the Echuca Cemetery.

The sundowner's life seems strangely attractive to those who once enter upon it. It ought to be a healthy life, but as a matter of fact such a life is not conducive to longevity. As a rule the sundowner ages rapidly, and dies early—very few reaching the three score years and ten. This is to be accounted for largely on the ground of their drunken, dirty, dissolute life and habits, as well as their constant exposure to all kinds of weather. True, they have little or no worry, and rarely work or wash. The latter they regard as superfluous in summer, and in winter the dirt helps to keep out the cold.

The growth of cities and increase of population are all tending to drive them further back, but they are still found on Australian plains and by Australian creeks and rivers—the Nomads of society—the gipsies of this newer world and sunnier race, with a fairer prospect of continuance because of more favourable conditions. The pity is that so many of these sundowners have had their birth in the stately halls and homes of the dear land we still call—home!

———*———

Did You Know

THAT ON

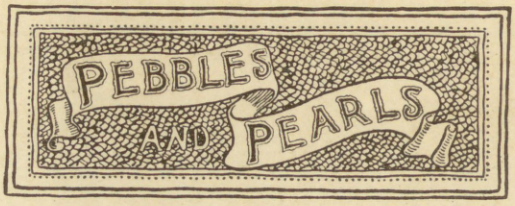
Oct. 2, 1897, The Father of Prohibition, General Neal Dow, died.

„ 4, 1873, The London Temperance Hospital was opened.

„ 15, 1873, The Congregational Total Abstinence Association was formed.

„ 26, 1863, The Sunday Closing Association was established.

„ 30, 1849, The Free Church Abstinence Society was founded.



NOTHING TO DO.—"If it were not for this drinking, you (the grand jury) and I would have nothing to do."—*Justice Pattison.*

ECONOMICAL.—Patient: "I am convinced that death, after all, is the best physician."
Doctor: "Why so?"
Patient: "Because he pays only one visit."

AN ENQUIRY.—She: "I took my first road ride yesterday. You see I'm still alive."
He: "I see you are. Did the public also escape?"

ONE REASON.—Teacher: "Why is it that the inhabitants of the south are large and the Esquimaux so very small?"
Johnny: "Because heat expands and cold contracts."

THEIR STATUS.—"The Dey of Algiers is a very short man, isn't he?"
"I believe so."
"Then it would be true to say that the people of Algiers are as honest as the Dey is long."

"I HAVE seven good reasons for voting for that Temperance law," said an old farmer to a lawyer who was plying him hard for his support. "What are they?" asked the nominee of the traffic. "Four sons and three daughters," was the response.

WHEN Lieutenant Yates, who has won the Queen's Prize, was being chaired from the butts to the camp of the London Scots, he was offered by Colonel Eustace Balfour a "loving cup to drink the Queen's health," which he pushed away, explaining that he had been a teetotaler all his life.

LEGAL ADVICE.—Mrs. De Temper: I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?"
Lawyer: "His life is insured in your favour, isn't it?"
"Yes, I made him do that before we married."
"Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is."

A GOOD TESTIMONY.—"My opinion, formed upon long and extensive practise, is that there are few diseases, if any, which cannot be successfully treated without the aid of alcoholic drinks. It is my deliberate conviction, that those medical men who repudiate the general employment of intoxicating drinks, and advocate the principles of total abstinence, must succeed more in their practice than those who hold fast by the hackneyed opinion that these drinks are absolutely necessary for the successful treatment of the various diseases to which humanity is liable."
—*T. Beaumont, M.R.C.S.*



CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

Is it worth while that you jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life:
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart: that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart! Words are keener than steel,
And mightier, far, for woe or for weal.

FRANK Morton's arrest became the staple subject for the gossipers of Broomham. Everywhere groups of people were to be met with discussing the unexpected incident. To some, the arrest was proof positive of his guilt, a conclusion which, in their judgment was fully confirmed by the quiet way in which he accompanied his captors.

Not a few detractors were to be found, ready enough to kick the man when he was down, with their "I told you so. How could it be otherwise. It stands to reason he could not keep up a place like Dawmor House on his salary." These could discover a hundred and one signs—"trifles light as air, to the jealous confirmations strong as holy writ"—which should have put his employers on their guard long before. Funny it is how wise people are after the event!

How his enemies did rejoice. The strong teetotaller was ridiculed and scoffed at by all antagonists of the Temperance Movement, and his downfall pointed at as an inevitable result of "teetotal and religious hypocrisy." Strange it is that when an avowed Christian falls irreligious men cannot see that the exception *proves* the rule, but does not condemn it.

On the other hand there were hundreds of people who would not for a moment entertain the thought of his guilt. Business men who had narrowly watched him as they met him at the bank and without were fully satisfied as to his rectitude, and only considered how many days would elapse ere they welcomed him at his old post—the unscathed victim of an unfounded charge.

His fellow teachers, his comrades in social work, and many a poor unfortunate whom with counsel and means he had helped to a new start in life—these were as faithful in their unassailable belief as were the members of his own household, for to them he was indeed good.

On the night of the arrest Tom Godfrey and a number of boon companions had been spending the evening together at the Metropole, the fashionable hotel of Broomham.

That day Tom had scored a win, and, being flush of money, had determined to have a good old fling; and if indeed the hilarity of himself and his intimates as they emerged from the hotel at closing time were any indication of their enjoyment, they had, according to their standard, greatly enjoyed themselves.

They were all of them well-dressed, and would have felt grossly insulted had any suggested they were other than gentlemen. Unfortunately, conduct did not sustain the reputation of dress.

Linking arms, occupying the whole pavement, forcing the belated passengers into the roadway, singing snatches of low comic songs, chaffering with policemen, they passed down the main street until they came across a poor little street Arab with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

"Buy a speshul, gentlemen?" he queried.

"Buy a what?" said one; and in their folly they encircled the youngster and marched him down the street with them, the newspaper lad being the centre of the group.

Seizing his papers, one essayed to run away with them, while the others made fun of his appearance, asked him "who's your tailor?" and sundry other idiotic questions—clear evidence of the condition to which the liquor had reduced them.

The lad, nothing loth, eagerly encouraged them, and by one sharp answer and another led them on—for such scenes were not uncommon to him—and he knew that men in such moods could easily be persuaded to buy his special editions. Truth to tell, his powers of observation led him to look out for "lively" gentlemen.

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For some time this continued until they reached the statue, on the top step of which they placed the lad, and, handing him a paper, made him read to them.

"What's that you said?" asked Tom Godfrey.

"Arrest of the Bortley Bank manager for forgery," responded the gamin, and continued to read, "This evening Inspectors Curzon and Dawson, acting on instructions given to them, proceeded to Dawmor, the residence of Mr. Frank Morton, manager of the Bortley Bank, and there arrested him."

"You're kidding," said one; "give me the paper." "I don't believe it," added another.

"It's right ernuff," responded the lad; "here, see for yourself;" and he pushed the paper under Tom Godfrey's nose. "Do yer know the gen'leman? Friend of yours, I s'pose," he continued. "Hope you ain't mixed up in it."

"Here, take that;" and with a loud oath and a cuff on the lad's ear, throwing a sixpence on the ground for the papers, Tom Godfrey strode away.

"What's up, Tom?" called a companion; "you're awfully glum. One would think you were in it to look at you."

Tom's face had lost all its glow. Ashen pale, as one stricken with an awful fear, he stood; and though he tried to appear brave, his voice betrayed considerable disquiet, as he testily answered,

"Oh, it's nothing to me; but a fellow can't help being a bit upset when he learns that his boss, and such a good one, too, has been arrested. I can't understand it."

"Buck up, old chap; don't be a chicken. He ain't worth your sympathy," said his right-hand companion. "You bet he's feathered his nest all right. He's like all those religious chaps. I wouldn't trust them anywhere."

But Tom did not recover his gay spirits. Even the assurance that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and that he would be appointed manager, failed to arouse him.

And when he reached home, his wife, weary of the nightly watchings for his late return, forgot the resolve she had made to give him "a piece of her mind," and instead anxiously inquired what was the matter.

For answer, he thrust the paper into her hands and said nothing.

"Tom, it cannot be true?" she queried. "It cannot be true."

"It isn't true," he answered. "He's too good for that."

What he said then he maintained throughout, and, though he never courted inquiry, when anyone spoke to him on the matter he stoutly protested his belief in the suspected man's innocence, and, in proportion as he protested, rose higher into the esteem of those who would not have been surprised if it had been Tom Godfrey, but couldn't understand it of Frank Morton.

As the days wore on, however, public opinion became modified. Even the protestors of Frank Morton's innocence found it hard to resist the doubts which would arise.

A cheque originally drawn for £500 had been increased to £5,000. The only person through whose hands it had passed, except at the clearing house, was Frank Morton. Experts all agreed that the handwriting was his. Although he had the strongest counsel on his side, the weight of evidence seemed overwhelmingly against him.

Morton himself had come to recognise this, and despite all his efforts sunk more and more under the heavy load.

On the day when the trial came he was but a shadow of his former self and could ill bear the fatigue of that ordeal.

From first to last his case seemed hopeless, and though for a time his manner brightened when Tom Godfrey while in the witness box protested publicly his belief in the prisoner's innocence, he soon succumbed, and even the judge's summing-up but little aroused him.

The jury were not long in making up their mind, and quickly returned a verdict of "GUILTY."

"Guilty," exclaimed the stricken man, "O God, I am not guilty. I am innocent as a babe unborn."

Pulling himself together, with a mighty effort he advanced to the front of the dock, and, in answer to the question "have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you," replied,

"My Lord, I have nothing to say but that, although the jury have found me guilty, I am innocent. That the evidence is all against me, I admit, but, as God is my judge, I swear again I am not guilty. If you must sentence me, my lord, remember my wife and my little one, for I have done no wrong."

Such tales had been heard before in the court, and the judge's answer to the prisoner's plea was

"Five years' penal servitude."

And Frank Morton passed away disgraced, discredited in nearly all hearts.

When he heard the sentence, Tom Godfrey, standing in the court with Edith by his side, shuddered convulsively, and would have fallen to the ground if support had not been forthcoming.

"Poor fellow!" said the onlookers. "It's a big blow to him, to see his mate condemned."

If they could have looked into his innermost soul, how differently would they have expressed themselves!

To them, as to nearly all the inhabitants of Bortley and Broomham, the verdict appeared thoroughly just.

One person, however, never swerved in her belief in his innocence. Looking tenderly on the sweet face of the little stranger beside her, who that day had come as one out of due season, she could exclaim;

"Thy father is no felon. He is as innocent as thou."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONTRAST.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hope so hard but may in time amend.

JUST what the roysterers had prophesied happened to Tom Godfrey. His friend's

disgrace opened the door of promotion to him, and he became manager of the Bortley branch bank. All appeared to go well with him. His plausible manner and his apparent attention to business gained him favour among many who had not hitherto exhibited partiality. He removed to a newer and larger residence, and, as befitted his improved position, dropped many of his former low acquaintances.

The betterment, however, was more apparent than real; for if he no longer frequented the racecourse as in former days his intimacy with the turf was in no degree lessened. True he no longer "betted" openly, his ideas of respectability forbade that. At the same time, however, the commission agent, the bettor's go-between, could have told a tale, had he so chosen, which would have greatly troubled those who thought that responsibility had steadied him.

His visits to the Metropole ended with his appointment to the managership. Not that his fondness for the glass had weakened; nay, rather it had increased. He drank more at home and at the gentlemen's club, of which he became a member, and from which he often returned in a state of intoxication bordering on frenzy.



"In a badly-furnished garret."

The outside world knew nothing of this, for the garb of respectability made a cloak beneath which his follies were hidden from all except his intimates.

His wife knew only too well. For a short time after after his promotion his home had apparently brightened. Outsiders beheld what only *seemed* an improvement. She, poor Edith, knew otherwise. He might appear bright when away, but at home he was most morose. Appeals, entreaties, smiles and caresses were all in vain—nothing could arouse him from the gloom which settled upon him after Frank Morton's sentence.

Little by little a deadly fear grew upon her that his melancholy was in some way attributable to that event.

At first she did her best to shake it off as an idle fancy, but all in vain. The more she tried the stronger the fancy grew. And it nearly crushed her womanly heart to think the man she loved—for she did love him in her own way—might, after all be not only wayward and wild but a despicable coward, who, to preserve his own skin, could consent to an innocent man's ruin.

Frank Morton had already been in prison two years when, in an unlucky moment for her, Tom discovered his wife's fears. He had been drinking more heavily than usual at the club, and his temper was of the worst when he reached home to find Edith weeping bitterly. In an instant his passion was up. Reproaching her for her lustreless eyes and her fading appearance, he told her he was sick and tired of her mopishness, and that if she did not quickly change he'd make her.

"Make me, will you?" she replied. "Oh yes, a nice sort of man you are to make me—a coward who will let an innocent man languish in prison in his place."

"What do you say?" he yelled demoniacally.

She was sorry the moment she had spoken, for she had no definite ground for her suspicion, but being distempered herself she would not withdraw.

Angrier and angrier were the taunts that followed, and, for the first time in her married life, what she had often feared came at length, and with an oath and "I'll teach you to call me a coward," the athletic Tom struck her to the floor—a blow which not only hurt her physically but crushed her spirit.

In after years, as their possessions increased, the outside world, ignorant of the deepening tragedy of their domestic life, congratulated

them and spoke of their happiness, but from that day forward, although they still lived together, their lives were sundered.

* * * * * * * *

All this time fate had wrought most harshly with Louisa Morton and her little family. Everybody had been sorry for her, even those who believed him guilty, when her husband was first sentenced, and many were the offers of help she received. But, alas! for the shortness of human sympathy when the time of her need came, when her little stock of means was exhausted, there was none to help her.

Sorrows came not singly to her. Just when her trials came thickest, her father's business failed, and all hope of help from him was cut off. A woman of weak physique she could little battle against the storm, notwithstanding she had a strong spirit, and early and late resolutely worked to keep a home for herself and her little ones in which to welcome "him whom her soul loved best" when the cruel prison gates should open again to make him as free as she was persuaded he was innocent.

Despite all her efforts, however, nothing but failure confronted her. The very stars in their course seemed to fight against her. When she was among people who knew her, some did occasionally find her work to bring in a little; but now abject poverty had driven her among strangers, who only knew there was a mystery in her life, few were there to raise a hand or to help her to procure the bare necessaries of life.

At first, on every occasion when their father might be visited, she had taken her little ones with her, and their presence, their childish prattle, had given him cheer and encouragement to rise superior to the degrading and brutalising influences of the gaol. But now, lest his heart should be broken at the knowledge of their extreme poverty, she took them no longer. Truth to tell, ashamed as she was of their wretched appearance, she wanted him to remain ignorant of it. For she never weakened in her belief that something would turn up, and that all would be right and bright yet before father should come home, that he might never know the straits which had befallen them.

Alas, nothing had turned up, and now, in a badly-furnished garret in the slums of Broomham, destitution stared her in the face.

She had just returned from a futile attempt to get work, when a knock came to her door, and to her "Come in!" entered Edith whom she had not seen for two years. Tom had forbidden Edith to visit her after the memorable night when he first struck her, and she, poor thing, had acquiesced.

What a meeting was that! Both wept, but the least unhappy was Louisa. With all her poverty she was better off than Edith with her possessions. She still retained her faith, and her heart, if bruised, was whole; but Edith, sorrowfully gay, was sad indeed, without faith, nursing a breaking heart.

She had heard that day, through a friendly visitor, of Louisa's destitution, and, defying Tom, whose brutality had become unbearable, had brought somewhat, which "for the sake of old times" she desired her to accept.

"Louisa!" said she, "I have good news for you. The landlord of the Metropole has agreed to take you on as barmaid, and to give you a good wage. When can you start?"

"I cannot start at all, Edith. Frank would, I know, rather I died than that I should deal out *death-liquor* to men and women. It's very good of you and Mr. Jones, but, for Frank's sake, I cannot."

"But, Louisa, see what it will do for you. It will find you food and clothing for yourself and your children, and help you to get a home for Frank."

"I cannot, I cannot! I want the money badly enough, but I cannot, even for my children's sake, deal out the deadly poison. Oh, Edith, if you but lived here one night, and saw what the drink does, you would never urge me. You are so happy, you do not see the awful misery it brings. I do not blame those who sell, but, with the knowledge I have, I cannot be one of them. Besides, Frank," and here she broke into sobs, "poor Frank! It would break his heart to think I had so forsaken the principle he held. When Frank comes home, if he finds me poor he shall find me true; I cannot do it, I cannot."

For a few minutes the two women sat in silence, their hearts were too full for speech. Then, suddenly brushing her tears away and looking up into her companion's face, Louisa said,

"Edith, you once told me you believed Frank innocent. Do you believe so now?"

"Believe! Yes, I *know* he is innocent; I am sure he is!" and then, as if afraid of herself, she rushed from the room and was gone.

That night was less lonely than Louisa's nights had been for many weary months. Her garret seemed transformed. A new light broke in upon her, and anon she thought he was by her side. Edith's assertion had re-created her being, and now, without doubting the words she had so often spoken, feeling that he must be near, she could say,

> "I call on thy name in silence,
> I list for an answering voice,
> Whose accents to-night would beguile me,
> And make my sad spirit rejoice.
> I yearn for the sound of thy footstep,
> 'Mid the gloom that hangs starless and drear,
> I lift up my eyes in the seeming
> That thou, O beloved, art here."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE smallest quantity of alcohol limits my usefulness and those lawful pleasures which Providence has provided for me with so bountiful a hand. Don't imagine it conveys strength; there is not a greater delusion than that alcohol gives strength. It can't give strength but it can take it away. Water and other unfermented liquids are much more conducive to effective work than the use of intoxicating drink in any quantity."—*Rev H. S. Patterson, M.D.*

POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.

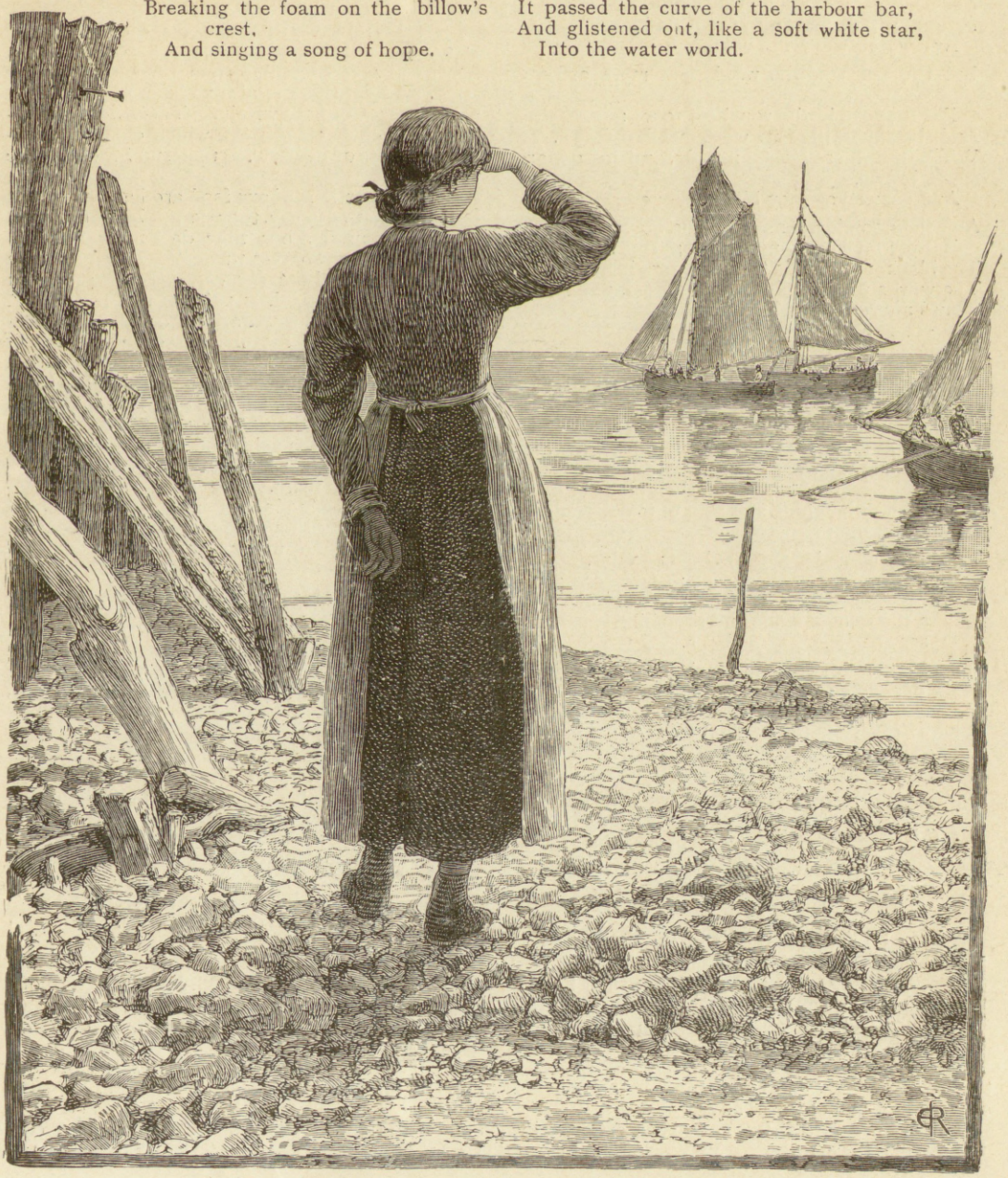
WIDOWED.

BRIGHT was the morn when he sailed away,
Over the wide, wide sea;
The sunlight danced round the graceful bay,
And like to a golden link it lay
Betwixt my goodman and me.

A wind was blowing from out the west,
Adown the mountain's slope;
It wandered over the ocean's breast,
Breaking the foam on the billow's crest,
And singing a song of hope.

My husband smiled from his little boat,
Shouting a last farewell;
Into the distance I saw him float,
While his voice came back like the mellow note
Of the evening's vesper bell.

I watched the sail as it gleamed afar,
Bright with the sunlight's gold;
It passed the curve of the harbour bar,
And glistened out, like a soft white star,
Into the water world.



Then I turned away from the little beach,
And sought my homeland nest;
Yet heard the ring of the sea-gull's screech,
And the roar of the waves that reach and reach
Out to the glowing west.

I listened all night, while my baby slept,
To the dreary, dreary tones;
The sob of waters that coiled and crept,
And all through the midnight salt tears wept
Over the dripping stones.

I arose with the first faint gleam of day,
And the heart in my bosom burned,
For again, e'er the noontide's fullest ray,
I would wander down to the little bay,
And watch while the boats returned.

But the voice of the wind bent my poor heart down,
For it spoke in the roughest tones;
And the sky in the east wore a sullen frown,
While the waters looked muddy, and tossed, and brown,
And snarled as they bit the stones.

And the noonday came, and the noonday went,
But my love came not to me;
The blackened clouds to the waters bent,
The waves were tumbled, and tossed, and rent,
And my heart was like the sea.

And back to my lonely house I trod,
My baby upon my breast;
The wind seemed to lash me like a rod,
But I placed my soul at the feet of God,
And said, "Thou knowest best!"

And the days, and weeks, and months, and years
Go on as they went before,
With their flash of hopes and their cloud of fears,
Their trill of laughter and wail of tears,
Go on to the unknown shore.

The boats come in, and the boats go out,
Right over the water's track;
And the waves still dash their tears about,
Where the women smile and the children shout
To see the fishers come back.

But whether the wind be rough or bland,
My darling comes not to me;
He has sailed, I know, to that far off land,
Where he waits in the sunlight to clasp my hand—
The sunlight above the sea.

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

XI.—HEAT AND VITAL FORCE.



OME folks have imagined that it is their clothes that make their bodies warm; the fact, however, is that the heat of the body is generated within, and all that the clothes do is to prevent the too rapid escape of heat, and so encase the body as it were in a film of warm air.

The temperature of the body is ascertained by the use of a thermometer. By placing the instrument under the tongue for a minute or two, the heat of the body can easily be told.

The healthy body is always at the same temperature—about 98°F.—whether it is summer or winter. In fact, all classes of people, rich or poor alike, providing that they are in good health, are all at the same degree of warmth.

When we feel hot or feel cold these sensations are only skin deep, the heat of the body within remaining a constant. In many respects the temperature of the body may be called the standard of good health, as any deviation above or below 98° must result in the body being more or less out of order.

HOW IS HEAT SUSTAINED?

is a very natural question. It is evident that heat is always escaping from the surface of the body, and yet there is always in good health the same degree of heat within. There must, therefore, be some arrangement which ensures a constant supply of heat-giving material for use by the body.

Certain portions of our food are known as heat formers, that is to say, they do not build up bone, brain, or muscle, but they do supply material that during its progress through the body may be converted into heat (*see experiments 54 to 61 in "Temperance Science Lessons" No. 1*). Foods that supply us with this material are called carbonaceous foods, and the element carbon is one of their constituents. This does not mean that all substances containing carbon can be used as heat-giving foods. Wood and coal are rich in carbon, yet we cannot eat them. Carbolic acid, laudanum, prussic acid, oxalic acid, and many other deadly poisons contain carbon, but they would kill us should we use them. We must learn the important fact that foods containing carbon are heat formers, and that thousands of things may contain carbon that are not in any sense foods.

All the heat of the body, then, is derived from bread and butter, milk, starches, sugars, fats, and other foods. If we lived in a very cold climate we should need a large supply of fatty foods. The Icelander and the Esquimaux live upon whale and seal blubber or any food very rich in fats; they want a large supply of heat-giving food to keep them warm. On the other hand, those living in hot countries require very little heat-giving food, and we find the Hindoo, the Chinaman, the Malay, and the African, living largely upon rice or similar material, and partaking only slightly, if at all, of animal or heat-giving foods.

HOW IS HEAT REGULATED?

is another important question. We may at one meal eat a lot of carbonaceous food and at another only partake slightly of that particular kind, and yet our temperature does not vary. With an ordinary fire a large supply of coal means a big fire and much heat, and a small supply of coal means a little fire and much less heat. In our bodies nature has made a wonderful provision for keeping the heat at a regular and constant quantity.

We have seen that the starches, sugars, and fats are all heat givers. Foods containing these substances are digested, and the digested food enters the blood stream. It follows, therefore, that the carbonaceous material that was in the

food is now in the blood. But the blood of the stomach and the intestines laden with food material is all contained in the portal vein, and before it can be sent round the body to nourish and sustain the different parts, it must pass through the liver. One of the important works that the liver accomplishes is that of abstracting from the blood this heat-giving material and making it into a new kind of stuff known as glycogen or liver sugar. Although varying quantities of carbonaceous material, then, enter the blood and so reach the liver, the blood which leaves the liver by the hepatic vein and so on to the heart to be distributed over the body contains a given and constant amount of glycogen. We may see, then, that the liver is a factor in the even distribution of heat-giving material.

VALUE OF HEAT GIVING FOODS.

The following table of the constituents of food, by Moleschott, will show us which are those that contain the largest quantities of heat forming material:—

PERCENTAGE COMPOSITION OF VARIOUS FOODS.

	Water.	Nitrogenous.	Starch.	Sugar.	Fat.	Salts.
Bread	37	8·1	47·4	3·6	1·6	2·3
Wheat-flour	15	10·8	66·3	4·2	2·0	1·7
Oatmeal	15	12·6	58·4	5·4	5·6	3·0
Potatoes	75	2·1	18 8	3·2	0·2	0 7
Rice	13	6·3	79·1	0 4	0 7	0 5
Peas	15	23·0	55·4	2·0	2·1	2·5
Cow's Milk..	86	4·1	...	5·2	3·9	0·8
Cheese	36·8	33·5	...	...	24·3	5 4
Fat Beef....	51	14·8	...	...	29·8	4·4
Lean Beef...	72	19 3	...	...	3·6	5·1
Pork	39	9·8	...	...	48·9	2·3
White Fish..	78	18·1	...	...	2·9	1·0
Egg	74	14·0	...	...	10·5	1·5

A full-grown working man will require in dry food the following quantities every day:—

		Ounces Avoirdupois.
Heat Givers	Albuminous matter	4·587
	Fatty matter	2·964
	Carbo-hydrates (starch and sugar)	14·250
	Salts	1·058
	Total	22·859

From this it will be seen that out of a total of about 23 ounces of dry food, over 17 ounces must be heat givers, and this at once establishes the importance of these foods in sustaining vitality.

HOW HEAT IS PRODUCED

in the human body is worth a little consideration. We know how heat is produced in a candle, or lamp, or fire. In precisely the same way, but by a slower process, heat is produced in the body. The fire represents a quick method of combustion. The burning of food in the body represents a very slow form of combustion. We have already learned that the heat-giving foods are in the blood; but there is oxygen in the blood too (see chapter on respiration), and wherever muscular action occurs in the body this oxygen is burning up the carbonaceous material, producing carbonic acid gas and generating heat.



IS ALCOHOL A HEAT GIVER?

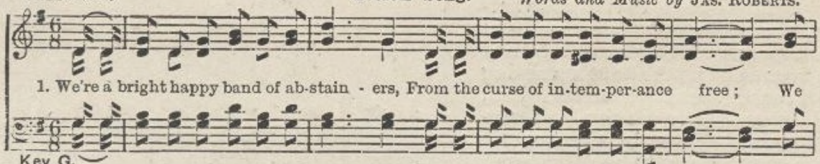
To this at first there seems an answer in the affirmative. Alcohol contains carbon, and when people drink it they feel warmed by it, and so many are induced to think it a heat-giving food. We are, however, to be guided by facts and experience, and not by what men may think about this. Experiment has shown that one ounce of alcohol is capable of reducing temperature from ½ a degree to 2 degrees in extent. Further, alcohol, because of its narcotising effect on the nerves controlling the action of the arteries, allows these vessels to become gorged with blood. This may be seen in the flushed face of the drinker, and thus exposing a very much larger area, because the blood is brought nearer to the surface of the skin, and allows of a much more rapid escape of heat. The person feels warm, but this feeling is due to the escape of heat, and not to heat being increased in the body.

The experience of travellers in Arctic circles is valuable evidence, because they want all the heat-givers they can possibly get in the shape of food, and yet from the days of Franklin all explorers studiously avoid the use of alcohol. It renders the body more liable to cold and more readily open to frost-bite. This fact alone shows that alcohol is worse than useless as a heat-giver. Good food puts warmth into a man. Alcohol lets the heat out.

AT the recent Trades' Union Congress, held at Bristol, Mr. Andrew Collins (President of the Trades Council of Wellington, and delegate from New Zealand) offered greetings to the workers of Great Britain. There was one thing which in this country grieved him very much, and that was the use which the women made of the public-houses. If a woman went into a public-house in New Zealand she would be very much looked down upon; but then she would not go in, because if she did she would not be served.

SWING SONG.

(*Copyright.*) **Action Song.** *Words and Music by* JAS. ROBERTS.



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	1. We're a		bright happy band of ab-				stain - ers, From the				curse of in-temperance				free; We
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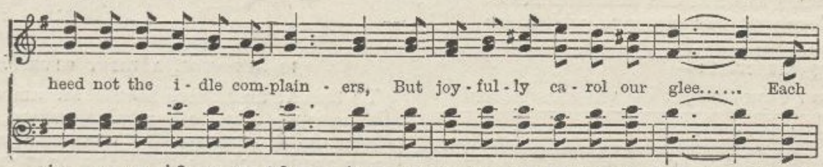

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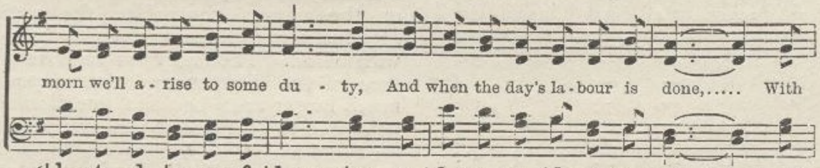

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	morn we'll a - rise to some				du - ty, And				when the day's la - bour is				done, With
	s :f :m		t_1 :d :r		f :-:-		m :-:m		l :s :f		m :r :d		t_1 :-:-	-:-:m
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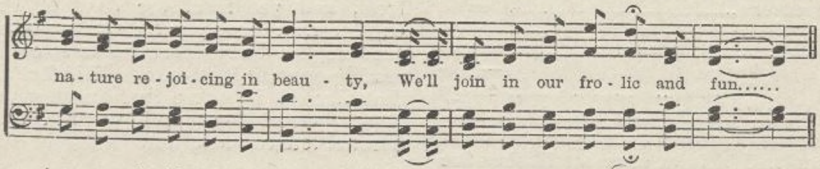

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	na - ture re - joic-ing in				beau - ty, We'll				join in our fro - lic and				fun.
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SWING SONG.



CHORUS.

Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing in the trees;

Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing in the trees;

Mer - ri - ly shall our voi - ces sing, Hap - pi - ly shall the joy - bells ring;

Mer - ri - ly shall our voi - ces sing, Hap - pi - ly shall the joy - bells ring;

Cheer - i - ly shall our songs take wing, And float a - long the breeze....

Cheeri - ly shall our songs take wing, And float a - long the breeze.

2.

f Ever onward and upward our motto,
We are marching, a conquering band,
Recruiting our strength for the conflict,
mf In pleasures by purity fanned.
f We'll go forth each day to the battle,
mf And when the day's fighting is done,
We'll share in the innocent prattle,
f And join in the frolic and fun.
Swinging, &c.

3.

f And as we march onward to manhood,
With our hearts full of courage each day,
We'll cheerily take up life's burden,
And merrily march on our way.
p Though troubles and crosses oppress us,
As over life's pathway they run,
mf The mirth of the children shall bless us
f As we join in their frolic and fun.
Swinging, &c.

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

HANNAH MORE AND HER MISSION.

THE affluence of books to-day, by cheapness within the reach of the poorest, makes us fail to appreciate the work Hannah More did in the early part of the present century. The strides made in religious matters during the last fifty years must not blind us to the excellence of the work Hannah More tried to do. In a letter which lies before me, written by the late W. E. Gladstone, he bears striking testimony to the splendid influence Hannah More had upon himself and several of the young men of the early days of the century, who, as years rolled on, became great in politics, the church or law.

Hannah More was born at Stapleton, Bristol, on February 2nd, 1745. At that time Stapleton was one of the most fashionable suburbs of Bristol, and was famed for its school, which was presided over by the father of Hannah. He was a Tory of the old school, and a high churchman; but mixed up with this there was a strong leaning to Presbyterianism inherited from his father. The narrowness and broadness so wonderfully mixed in the life of Hannah More must be attributed largely to this strange mixture of opposites in religious polity in her father. From early days, Hannah showed she was a girl of more than ordinary character. At four she could say the church catechism, and knew many of her sister's lessons, simply by hearing them said.



Hannah More.

At six she became intensely interested in Dryden, and from a nurse who had attended the poet she received much information. It was not an affected interest she took, but a real genuine desire to know all she could about the great names in literature. It was one of the great treats of her childhood to receive lessons in Latin and mathematics from her father, interspersed by stories from Plutarch. Not satisfied with these accomplishments she arranged with her sister, who went to Bristol to learn French, that the sister should give her each lesson as it was given her. Finding that there were several French officers on parole in the district, Hannah made friends with them, and at the same time improved her French.

It was the wish of mother and father that all the daughters should earn their own living. The eldest sister took a boarding school in Bristol, which became so successful that not only had she to build the large house you can now see in Park Street, Bristol, but the other sisters joined her, making education their profession. To Hannah this was an especial blessing. She now took lessons in Italian and Spanish, and improved her Latin. Everyone who knew her declared her a marvel.

Young as she was she found the books in vogue not of the best. She set herself to write something better, which resulted in "The search after happiness" and "The Inflexible Captive," a translation from Metrastasio's "Regulus." The former was for the young ladies in the school to learn by heart; the latter was acted in 1775 at Exeter and Bath.

Gradually Bristol became a centre of interest to literary people, and Hannah More not only visited much but was visited in turn by all the literary people in the district. John Langhorne, the poet, addressed many of his verses to her, and for years they carried on a long correspondence.

The "fault"—to use a well-known geological term—in the even tenour of her life occured when she was twenty-two years of age. She was courted by a Mr. Turner, a wealthy gentleman who lived six miles from her home. He was twenty years older than Hannah and not blessed with the best of tempers. A little undue pressure was put upon her to accept the addresses of this honourable man. She accepted his offer of marriage, and when the day came he postponed the wedding. In this way her life from twenty-two to twenty-eight was thrown away, for the engagement was then broken off. Mr. Turner offered her £200 a year as compensation, which she refused. Her friends, however, accepted it on her behalf without her knowledge. He kept coming to her father's houses, and when Mr. Turner died he left Hannah £1,000. There is a melancholy strain in the writings of Hannah More which arose from this episode. She was naturally a loving woman, and well adapted to make married life rich and gracious. At times in after life there is a little hysteria, which arose from her life being what she considered incomplete.

The first visit of importance she paid to London was marked by her warm admiration for the acting of Garrick as "Lear." She was not a

woman to feel and not speak out. Her admiration for the actor soon made her one of his friends, and in 1776 she spent some months at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Here she was surrounded by Bourke, Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and other great men in literature and art. Her admiration for the learning of Dr. Johnson was so great that no words of flattery seemed too great for the doctor. He is reported to have said in his gruff way, "You should consider what your flattery is worth before you choke me with it." If this is true, we can only say the flattery was not all on one side. Johnson called her by pet and endearing names, and averred there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own her "Bas Blen," a book describing the "blue stocking" clubs, then popular among the literary ladies of London.

London had not then, as it has now, many literary ladies. This made Hannah all the more notable. She was wise enough to know, however, that the flattery of a few might not mean much. She determined, therefore, to test public opinion and wrote an original poem entitled "Sir Eldred of the bower" For this she received £42, a large sum in those days. It had an immense success. Thus stimulated, she published "Percy," which was acted at Covent Garden for twenty-one nights. Four thousand copies of this play were sold in less than fourteen days.



HANNAH MORE'S RESIDENCE, BARLEY WOOD.

The days of her theatre going and play writing became distasteful to her after Garrick died. She had a profound respect for the great actor, and it was owing to his friendship she entered so much into gay society. When he died a distinct change takes place in her life.

In 1782 we have the fruit of this change in her life by the publication of "Sacred Dramas," intended chiefly for young people. An attempt was made to stage these, but the cry of "profanity" prevented this.

The friendships she formed at this time are a remarkable indication of the bent of her heart. Rev. Dr. Kennicot, Bishop Horne, Bishop Porteus and others. John Newton's "Cardiphonia" much impressed her, and soon after this he became her spiritual adviser.

Naturally, to a woman like her, the appeal of Wilberforce that she should help him in his fight for the liberty of the slave was taken up with great vigour. She had him down to her house at Blagoon. She then bought "Barley Wood," at Wrington, in Somerset, a house which stands to-day exactly as she left it. It looks across what is called the "Golden Valley," until the eye touches the Bristol Channel and the Welsh hills. The Mendip hills encircle the house, and for situation it is one of the prettiest homes in Somerset. Here she had many visitors.

In 1788 appeared the first of her more serious writings, "Thoughts on the importance of the manners of the great to general society." It was anonymous, and attributed to various persons. It had a great sale. She also wrote a poem on "Slavery," which won general admiration.

A visit to Cheddar, under the care of Wilberforce, opened Hannah More's eyes to the need there was for some evangelical and educational work in the villages round about. Thirteen parishes were without a curate. One incumbent was always drunk. The squires were atheistical, or indifferent. In one parish only one Bible could be found, and that was used for a flower-pot stand. She and her sisters, therefore, decided to open Sunday schools in the districts. Everywhere they met with opposition, and it was only when a very utilitarian argument was used, viz., that in Sunday schools children would be taught it was a sin to rob orchards, that the Sunday schools were allowed to go on. Hannah began her work at Cheddar by hiring a house for £6 10s., and paying a mistress £30 a year. At the end of the year 500 children were being taught. She next extended the idea to the women, and had cottage meetings in many villages, when sermons were read. Although she made this daring innovation, there was a limit to her progressive ideas. She would allow no poor people to learn to write. Her belief was they must be educated only enough to be good servants. When, therefore, her work was taken up by others and carried out on a more liberal plan, she protested against poor people being made scholars and philosophers. Whilst thankful for what she did, we must regret she was not broad enough to go further.

It was the touch of Independency in her constitution that caused a bitter controversy in 1800. She had a school at Beve, which was objected to

by the vicar on the ground of the Methodist tendencies of the master. She was supported by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in what she did, but it caused much ill-feeling. "For three years," she writes, "I have been battered, hacked, scalped, and tomahawked"

The French Revolution gave her much to do, for she was written to by men to do something to stay the infidelity that seemed to be spreading over the land. She wrote "Village Politics" under an assumed name, and this was sold by the thousands. She now started a scheme of writing three tracts a month, under the title "Cheap Repository Tracts." This was continued for three years with such success that two millions were sold the first year. By friend and foe they were read with delight. It was a great physical task and added nothing to her income. The circulation of these tracts was done by committees, and out of this venture came what we now know as the Religious Tract Society. The most popular of her books was "Cœlebs in search of a wife." It was sold at 12s., and brought her in over £2,000 profit.

Ill-health kept her much confined to her room, and hindered her literary efforts for the purification of the mind of the country. But a new series of tracts came from "Barley Wood." She lived in the midst of the people, trying as far as she possibly could to bring them into touch with the great verities of the New Testament.

It is rather sad to think that this estimable lady in the last days of her life became the prey of designing servants. It was impossible for her to manage her house, and she trusted to her servants, who in her presence were so pious and respectful. Each night, however, after devotions, when Hannah had retired, the servants crept out of the house, and, going to some tavern, carried on dancing until the small hours of the morning. They did not forget to take with them what supplies of food they required from the well-stocked larder. A friend enlightened her of what had been going on, and she dismissed all her servants, sold "Barley Wood," and went to live in Clifton.

Here she lived in simple style, surrounded by a large number of friends who had learnt her worth. For two days a week she held receptions. The other days were spent in a restful manner. She died peacefully on September 7th, 1833, and left behind her a fortune of £30,000, which was mainly left to charitable institutions. The church of St. Philip and St. Jacob, in Bristol, gained much through her benefactions. In the parish church of Wrington Hannah More was buried.

It is impossible to give a full list of the books she wrote, but enough has been given to give an idea of the character of her mind. Her influence on the young men and women of the early years of the century cannot be too strongly praised, for it was so opposed to that careless and godless spirit that then threatened to destroy the heart of our country. It is sometimes common to poke fun at some of the moral sayings of Hannah More. All she wrote is not of the finest. Her manner at times may not be according to the latest move of the nineteenth century, but she stands before us a woman most anxious to do something for the welfare of her country. Her name is an honoured one, and we can only thank God that the century had thrown into its spring some of that pure living literature which is so abundantly evident in our midst to-day.

What a Celebrated Missioner Says.

REV. JOHN M'NEILL has said that great doors turn upon small hinges, and the question of the kind of wine used at the Communion is not so small as it looks. "I am getting more and more serious about it," he says. "The fact is, that every time I come near the drink, my gorge rises more and more against it. I do not like that perfume in the church on the Sabbath day. I do not like to be compelled to see this drink, which is my main obstacle, the one thing that is causing so much misery and mischief, made the type of the greatest blessing that has come to us. It is at once the greatest curse, and in symbolic form, on a Communion Sabbath, it symbolises the greatest blessing that has come to the world. Now, that cannot be right. I wish the Church of God would rise up and thoroughly purge and purify herself from all complicity with this thing."

The Lost Sovereign.

BY "UNCLE BEN."

LEDA MERECOMB was one of those jolly school girls who are always laughing and larking; she was in at every bit of fun at home and at school. As a consequence, her constant good spirits made her a general favourite, although her jokes and "little games" often got her into trouble.

Leda had a large circle of friends, and during her holidays she had many invitations. Her father had been unfortunate in business, partly through his own fault, and partly through circumstances over which he had no control. Mr. Merecomb used to say that his business could not be done without treating his customers to glasses of beer, wine, and spirits. In treating them as he thought well he treated himself badly, and the bait he used to get orders brought him into disorder and disrepute, till drink became his snare. The mother, Mrs. Merecomb, experienced the bitterness of this trial with such keen anguish that her hatred of drink became a religious passion with her, and she brought up Leda, the only child, with an intense and wholesome horror of all intoxicating drink. Mother and daughter were both active and zealous abstainers.

During one vacation Leda went to stay with an uncle and aunt (Mr. and Mrs. Woods) who



were in very much better circumstances than her father and mother. They were wealthy and well-to-do, keeping a great deal of company, and living in what seemed to Leda a very grand and extravagant way. The girl thoroughly enjoyed the change from the narrow, poverty-stricken home, and liked the air of freedom, comfort and luxury the house afforded. Her uncle was fond of good living and costly wines, though he knew drink had been the cause of all his sister's trouble, and had no patience with his brother-in-law. Nevertheless, he did not sympathise with total abstinence, and used to tease Leda about being a teetotaler, and generally called her Miss Drinkwater, and would introduce her to friends as "my niece who can't take a glass of wine." He never lost an opportunity of making sport of her principles. Leda took all in good part, and had revenge in playing every trick she could think of. She hid his slippers, made him and her aunt an apple-pie bed. She got up very early one morning and made such a noise that her uncle thought there were robbers, and came out with the poker, only to find Leda in fits of laughter at his anxious and alarmed appearance.

Mr. Woods was churchwarden and treasurer of St. James', where the family attended. On one occasion there had been a large collection at church, and on Monday morning the money was all counted out in piles on the study table; the credit slip was made out and all was ready to go to the bank. Mr. Woods had just left the room for the bag which was kept in the cupboard downstairs, when Leda looked in to say good-bye before he went to business, or to offer to see him to the office if he were good and would not tease her for the day. As she opened the door and found her uncle was not there, she was just going out of the room when the piles of silver of different coins and the column of gold attracted her attention.

"What a lot of money! What a lark," thought Leda, "just to hide a sovereign." So she took one to the side of the desk and put the letter weight over it, and popped out as quickly and quietly as she had come in unheard and unseen.

Her uncle came in a minute after, swept the money into the bag, and called out at the hall door, "Good-bye, 'Miss Drinkwater, not a drop to-day, thank you, uncle.'"

With that, Mr. Woods went to the bank and paid in the money, but, to his great astonishment, found it was a pound short. The bag was searched, but all in vain; he knew he had counted the money correctly, but there was a sovereign missing, so he paid it into the bank out of his own pocket.

When he returned in the evening he told his wife of the lost coin. The study floor was swept, and he and his wife looked everywhere for it, but all in vain.

"Do you think Leda has taken it for fun?" her aunt asked.

"Oh no, I wouldn't suspect her for a moment; I should not like her to know about it for she might feel uncomfortable; I have my suspicions about Eliza. When I spoke did you not notice the indignant and injured look?"

A little later on Leda found Eliza crying in the kitchen and the other servants much upset. On asking what was the matter, Eliza told her "Master has lost a sovereign; when he got to the bank a pound was short, but I don't know nothink about it; I never saw no money, and if I did I shouldn't take it, I ain't a thief," sobbed poor Eliza.

"All right, Eliza, you dry up; don't shed another tear. If uncle does not find the lost money I will. I'll show them you are not a thief, Eliza. You cheer up, I'll help them to find it; they don't know how to look for money."

With that Leda ran off to tell her uncle that if they really looked for the pound they would find it.

"That's nonsense," said her uncle; "we have looked everywhere and can't find it."

"But you don't know where it is."

"Oh, come upstairs and see if I can't find it."

With that, Leda led the way. When she got

into the study she began laughing and looking everywhere but in the right place; then suddenly she lifted the letter press and said,

"There it is, before your very nose!"

"Oh, Leda," said her aunt, "you must have known where it was."

"Of course I did, for I put it there. I felt sure you would ask me about it, and then I should have told the truth."

"What did you hide it for?"

"Only to tease uncle. It was such fun to think of him looking for it under the chairs and tables."

"This is almost too much of a joke," said her uncle.

"Then I won't play you any more tricks, and we'll have a truce, on condition you don't worry me about being a teetotaler."

"Yes," said her uncle, "I cry 'pax.' I am almost inclined to say I'll never touch another glass of any strong drink if you will never play any more of your games on me."

Odds and Ends.

BY "OLD FOGEY."

PUTTING BY FOR A RAINY DAY.



WHO cares about a 'rainy day'! Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is the cry of too many of our whiskerless boys and flighty girls; and, if the truth be told, there are not a few of whom it could be said in the words of the pithy song which breezily bubbles from their lips, and which with its quaint humour and grim realism may very possibly do more good than many a string of dried-up dreary rhyming platitudes.

One, two, three-four-five,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten of us alive,
We never did a day's work, and never will contrive
So long as we can live along o' fa—ther.

Well, perhaps "Old Fogey" is wrong, but he has a very keen notion of young men and young women having enough common honesty (we can not say anything about natural affection) to pay back their toiling fathers and mothers for all they have done for them from the time they first drew breath. Not to pay them back in coin—the wealth of a Rothschild could not do that—for a mother's love is priceless, and a father's devotion is beyond any possible recompense of filthy lucre, but to pay them back in the only way that any parent desires, and that is by leaving no stone unturned to arrive at that condition of independence which will relieve the old folk of the strain that the first twenty years of matrimony have generally entailed upon them.

A pound in the pocket is a good friend, as many of us know when we want one and can't find one there, and a useful umbrella for a rainy day is a well-filled purse and a creditable banking account. Don't mistake me, I utterly despise the miser, but my little experience leads me to notice that the flighty youth, who means to save "some day," and the estimable Christian who "trusts the Lord" and lives up to the last penny of his income, both find themselves in the same box, and discover when it is too late that criminal carelessness on the one hand and unreasonable faith on the other has landed them both in pecuniary difficulties, out of which they have to be extricated by some more provident or more "earthly" friend, neighbour or acquaintance, who has, perhaps, had less money to handle, but has handled it with more regard to common sense and common honesty.

A man of wealth once said that the way to get rich was to put by four shillings out of every pound. It seems *such a trifle* when an odd penny is husbanded and ear-marked for future use, but there never was a truer proverb than, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Just think of it! A penny a day comes to three bits of gold and a little to the good when Christmas comes round. And if fortune has so far smiled as to make it within the bounds of possibility to keep back a *shilling a day*, what an "umbrella" this comes to! Eighteen pounds a year. Why a lad or a lass at sweet seventeen can insure their lives for £1,000 for this sum, and yet tens of thousands of mechanics spend *more* than this at the "House with the picture hung over the door."

Come, come; up with your "umbrella" you keen-witted, long-headed, smart young men and maidens, and let the stock of "unprovided for" be a lost quantity in this favoured little island. "Ah," you say, "it's all right for the men, but there's no need for the women to put up 'umbrellas.'" Oh yes there is; it's just as easy to fall in love with fair Nancy when she is coming out of a bank with her cheque book under her arm, as it is to lose yourself upon her as she trips out of the milliner's with a pile on her head, which it would take you a week's hard "grind" to get together. Depend upon it there is a lot in the old adage, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window," and it happens oftener than many people think.

"Old Fogey" knows what he is talking about; he hasn't walked about the world for half a century with his eyes shut.

SAVING LIFE.

AT this time of the year, when the gales are so plentiful, and dwellers in snug households quake not a little at the roaring wind without, it is but natural the fullest sympathy should be extended to the brave mariners; and with exceeding fervour all unite to sing, and, as they sing, to pray—

> O hear us when we pray to Thee
> For those in peril on the sea.

Every storm brings its harrowing tale of shipwreck and loss of life, and a pity it is for the fishermen and the fishermen's family when the elements in anger vent their wrath upon the hapless bark.

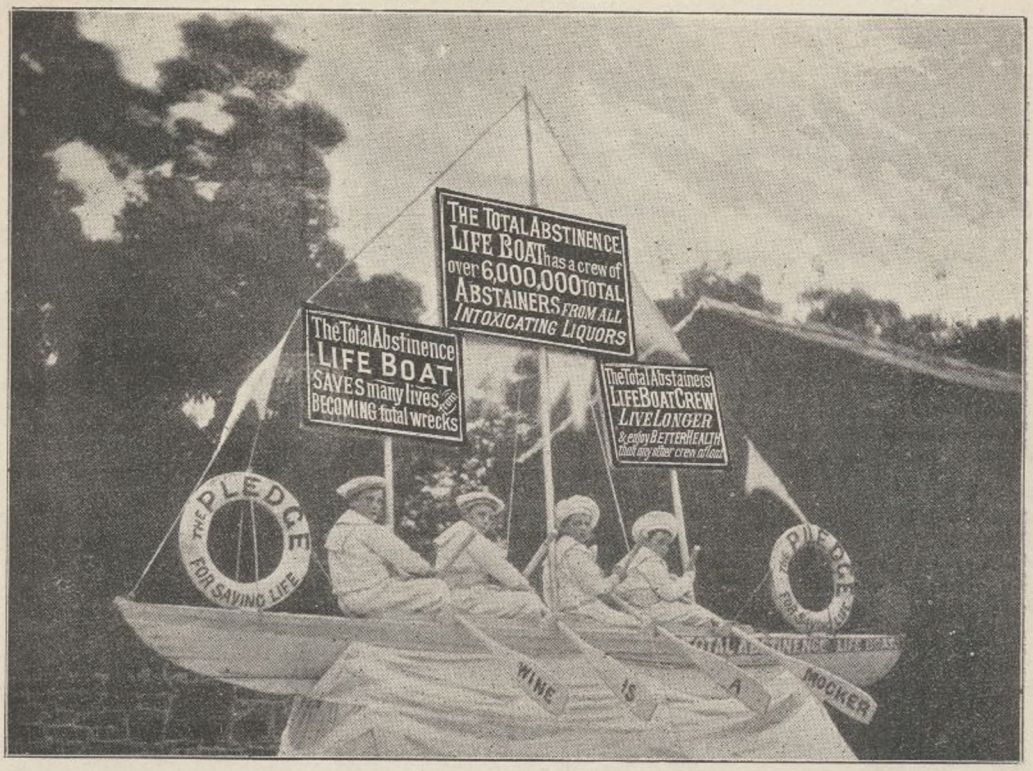
No wonder, therefore, that the great National Lifeboat Institution and its life-saving work is the admiration of all, for since its establishment over 40,000 people have been saved on our coasts alone from what, but for the Lifeboat, would have been almost certain death.

We do not begrudge the sums we contribute to help to maintain the 305 lifeboats and 17,000 men who by night and day are ever ready to battle with the storm to rescue the shipwrecked and the helpless seafarers. Never may there be lacking funds to support them nor willing hands to man the Lifeboats along our coast.

* * * * * * * *

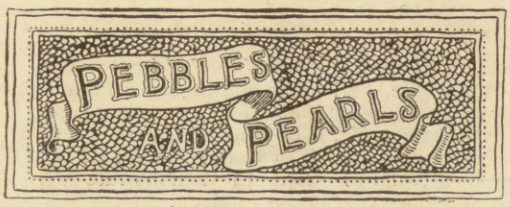
Thinking over the value of the Lifeboat system for saving life, and remembering how great a destroyer of life is Intemperance, an ardent Band of Hope worker, Mr. J. B. Jones, of Hoylake, near Liverpool, determined to utilise the public admiration of the Lifeboat to demonstrate the life-saving character of Teetotalism.

Accordingly, in a recent carnival he constructed, as shown below, a model boat, "The Total Abstinence Lifeboat." She was mounted on a lurry and manned by lads dressed in white, their caps having on the name of the boat. Blue calico was used to represent water, and white muslin the foaming waves.



In addition to the excellent mottoes shown in the photograph on the placards and belts, on the blades of the oars appeared the following words: (1) "Wine is a mocker;" (2) "Total Abstinence promotes life, health, and wealth;" (3) "God's best gift is water;" (4) "Strong Drink slays 60,000 annually."

This tableau was most effective, and, in addition to securing the prize offered, effectively taught to thousands of onlookers what is not always appreciated, the enormous blessing which Total Abstinence confers upon the individual and national health, and its immense value as a preservative from mental, moral, and social shipwreck.



BARBER: "You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face."

Victim: "Probably not. It is all healed up now."

AT an inquest on the body of Sir Thomas Grey, who was found dead in bed, Dr. Gerard Creasey expressed the opinion that the deceased must have died years ago but for being a staunch teetotaller.

"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."—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

"POOR Dick is gone! He was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. He left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out our new cinder path."

LITTLE Clarence: "Pa, I have just been reading of a discovery of natural gas twelve hundred feet beneath the earth's surface.

Mr. Callipers: Well, my son, what about it?"

Little Clarence: "Nothing, Pa; only I was wondering how it got that far down."

SEEING the varied and powerful testimony on the evils of intoxicants, may I plead with all who desire to lift humanity to a higher standard of morality and health, and especially all who have any love to God and man, to ask: What is MY DUTY in this matter? And as the answer comes, prompted by God's Spirit, so let each one LIVE and ACT.

Did You Know

THAT ON

Nov. 6, 1844, The Scottish Temperance League was formed.

,, 8, 1674, John Milton died.

,, 17, 1888, The United Methodist Free Church Temperance League was organised.

,, 21, 1896, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson died.

,, 24, 1840, Rev. Charles Garrett signed the pledge.

,, 30, 1821, The Teetotal Archbishop, Dr. Temple, was born.

"TEMPERANCE is the unyielding control of reason over lust, and over all wrong tendencies of the mind; it means abstinence from all things not good and not entirely innocent in their character."—*Cicero, the Roman orator.*

MANY congratulations have been showered upon Sir Herbert Kitchener on his brilliant capture of Khartoum. The Sirdar is an abstainer, and, as has already been pointed out, insists on abstinence principles being practised by his troops.

LAWYER: "I'm afraid I can't do much for you. They seem to have conclusive evidence that you committed the burglary."

Client: "Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?"

MABEL: "The photograph doesn't do you justice, Maud."

Maud (greatly elated): "Do you really think so?"

Mabel: "No; it shows you more mercy than justice."

RETURNED Traveller: "One of the sailors lost both legs when the boiler exploded."

Friend: "Poor fellow! Did the passengers take up a collection for him?"

R. T.: "Oh, yes! Quite enough to put him on his feet again."

"WHAT were the Dark Ages?" asked the governess at the morning lessons.

"That must have been before spectacles were invented," guessed Mary.

"Oh, no!" interrupted Cedric; "I know why they were called the Dark Ages: Because there were more knights then."

FOOD is digested; alcohol is not.

Food warms the blood, directly or indirectly; alcohol lowers the temperature.

Food nourishes the body, in the sense of assimilating itself to the tissues; alcohol does not.

Food makes blood; alcohol mixes with it and poisons it.

Food feeds the blood-cells; alcohol destroys them.

HOW HE BECAME AN ATHLETE.—At a meeting in Montreal, the late Miss Frances E. Willard said: "I was reading in the paper about a young man of twenty-two who could go a mile on his bicycle in one minute and fifty seconds, and I read an account of an interview with him. The newspaper man said to him, 'What suggestion have you for young men in training?' The answer was, 'Tell them never to touch intoxicating liquor, never to touch tobacco, to take eight hours' sleep in every twenty-four hours, to live simply.' If I had given the same answer to this question, they would have said, 'Much she knows about it.' I am glad the young bicyclist answered as he did. The splendid advance in athletics is due to total abstinence on the part of many, and this well-known fact has won more victories for us than all the teetotalers ever assembled on a platform."



CHAPTER VIII.

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

All happy sights and sounds now came to him
Like a reproach: he wandered far and wide,
Following the lead of some unquiet whim;
But still there went a something at his side
That made the cool breeze hot, the sunshine dim;
It would not flee, it could not be defied,
He could not see it, but he felt it there,
By the damp chill that crept among his hair.
—*J. Russell Lowell.*

IT was a most discouraging welcome Dame Nature gave to Frank Morton when the great prison gates of Warkton swung groaningly on their hinges, as if loath to let him go. The coldest of dreary November mornings, thick with chilling fog, enveloped the city—ominously prophetic of the frigid human reception awaiting him. For a moment, dazed with the unaccustomed freedom, he hesitated as if afraid to go on, feeling momentarily, as many another released prisoner has felt, that the world was all too big for him, his narrow cell alone sufficient. Then, as he peered into the gloom and could discern no one, a great fear possessed him lest after all—oh horrible thought!—not even one should be glad to see him back again.

"Frank! Frank!" a well-known voice, whose sweet tones had ever rung inspiringly in his ears during the long years of solitude, recalled him. The awful thought vanished quicker than it had come. Joy indeed returned with the morning as he found himself clasped in the warm embrace of his only faithful friend—his wife, who through the long hours of that chilly night had watched and waited anxiously for those great black doors to open and give her back her own.

The cold, grey morning, the watching policeman, the insulting remarks of the few inquisitive pedestrians, early on their way to business—what recked they of these? There they stood oblivious to all. Words? They could say nothing. Their joy was too complete for words; they could only weep tears of gladness, and in that moment live a delicious experience without shade or regret. As from the dead unto life had one returned.

Their hearts were too full, and even when—the first delirium of re-union over—they had taken their seats in the train which bore them back to Broomham, and as they passed through its streets to the little home in its great slums, they could only gaze into each other's eyes and clasp each other's hands; they could not speak, feeling was all too deep for speech.

When once they reached their garret home the long silence was broken.

"Father! father! my father!" from Dollie, now a bright—if poorly-clad—child of nearly ten years of age, and "You are my dada!" from little Frank, the curly-headed five year old child of his great sorrow, brought back all the natural feelings, and filled his heart with fulness, out of which at length he spake.

That tiny, ill-furnished garret, what a palace it seemed to him. It was "home, sweet home!" where his heart had always been. Where his wife and children were that was home to him. Many, many times that day did he bless the Great Giver of Good, whose mysterious ways were beyond his understanding, for His goodness in restoring him to the bosom of his own again. And not a word of reproach escaped him, even when Louisa told him of Tom Godfrey's conduct and Edith's sorrow. The bitter experience through which he had passed had bowed him physically, he was a mere wreck of what he had been. His spirit it had intensified, and he was more compassionate than even before his imprisonment. His faith in humanity had received a severe trial, but had emerged therefrom so far unbroken.

It was only when, a few days after, a great longing came upon him to remove his family to better surroundings that the iron entered his soul more keenly than during the time of his trial and sentence. From one to another he went seeking employment to enable him to carry out his desires; to some whom he had set upon their feet and helped to prosperity, to others erstwhile ardent friends, to business men who would, he

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felt sure, still protest his innocence, but one and all with common consent rejected him. Some would not see him, others needed no help; all showed him that he was down, and that a ticket-of-leave man (his time was not yet expired) they would not employ.

Day after day the same sorrowful story. Poor fellow! He was learning all too bitterly that "to porter, had said, "I can't, Morton; you may be innocent, but you've been in gaol. If folk knew I employed a gaol-bird my custom would soon go. You had better go where nobody knows you, and then you may get on." Even when he got work some *friend* was sure to spread the report of his conviction, and he would be cast upon the world again.



It was Tom Godfrey.

uplift the fallen, to give help to the needy" might be the teaching of Christ but little the practice of the bulk of modern Christians. Here and there one would offer him charity, a few pence to be rid of him, but work he could not get. He found all too true the words of a blunt old shop-keeper who, when asked to give him work as a

Had it not been for Edith Godfrey's stolen visits to that little slum home, and her continual care that their daily wants should be supplied, things would have gone very hard indeed with them. She, poor woman, never met Frank Morton. She would not, she seemed as if she dared not. Her visits always occurred when he

was away on his crushing quest of work. Time after time Louisa told him how ill she looked, how their once vivacious companion was slowly but surely pining away, consumed as if with a secret grief, and he longed to tell Tom Godfrey about her, and to expostulate with him. Once he ventured as far as the door of the Bortley Bank, of which he had been manager, and was about to cross it, when the porter who recognised him barred his way with "No place for thieves here," and he returned, his heart well nigh broken, his mission unfulfilled.

He found that all men are ready to kick a man when he is down. Yes, and he found, too, how difficult it is when a man has once slipped to avoid falling deeper and deeper. Knowing he had been in gaol, unscrupulous men, deeming his soul as black as his imprisonment, sought him out and offered him all sorts of pecuniary inducements to join them in deeds of crime. In most cases the prison is a splendid school of preparation for further criminality. In his, however, it had not exerted its banefulness. Great and cruel as were the temptations offered to him he resisted them all, preferring to beg than steal, to starve and die than live in comfort, even upon ill-gotten gains.

He had been at home again seven months, and had reported himself to the police as a ticket-of-leave man for the last time, when he heard of a labourer's place being vacant in a town fourteen miles away. Thither he trudged, determined to get it if possible, hoping none world forestall him. Alas! when he reached the place and gave his name, although it was only to wheel bricks he was wanted, he was refused. The employer could not have among his workmen "a forger." That day his spirit broke rebellious within him.

"Why do they not," said he, "kill a man outright instead of sending him to prison. Surely it would be cheaper and better." And the evil one whispered, "Give over trying to be good. You see it's useless; nobody believes you."

All that long journey home, through the pouring rain, a great struggle went on in his heart 'twixt right and wrong. The conflict was sore, but the right prevailed. Footsore, terribly weary, discouraged, almost broken, he had got on his homeward journey, within four miles of Broomham, when out of the darkness a vehicle came dashing along. Turning his head he perceived that it contained only one person, the driver, and determined to ask for a lift on his homeward way, so he stepped out into the road, and as the dog-cart came up called out, "Are you going to Broomham? Will you give me a ride?" when his eyes met those of the driver.

It was Tom Godfrey. This was their first meeting since the trial. Each, as if by instinct, recognised the other. For a moment Tom slackened rein, then, giving the horse a cut with the whip, and calling out "No! there's no room for a thief here," he dashed away, with the parting words of the hapless man ringing in his ears—"God forgive you, Tom! and if ever you are in need deal more kindly with you than you with me."

This was "the most unkindest thrust of all," and it needed all his prayers, all his strong will, to keep Frank going; and when he reached his garret that night, for the first time since the home-coming, the smiles and encouragements of his wife, and the welcome of his children were powerless to dispel his fretfulness. To think that Tom should have done this!

But as he pondered a painful thought flashed in upon him. He could never himself account for his conviction. He believed it all the result of some outsiders' malicious work. Could it be, as some had suggested, that Tom was the guilty person, whose guilt had made a coward of him as of all? Could it be?

CHAPTER IX.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of the future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

FIVE months after the meeting mentioned in the foregoing chapter, on the first anniversary of Frank Morton's release from Warkton gaol, Tom Godfrey was sitting in his managerial chair at the Bortley Bank, when a message was brought to him which deeply affected him and visibly. It was from his wife, and read, "I am dying; come at once."

For two or three months past he had noticed her decline, and had done all he could to postpone the approaching end. He had ceased his late nights, and by gentle speech and kindly care tried to make amends for his past misconduct. In his own way he loved her, even if he loved himself and his own comfort the more, and since, during the last few weeks, she had been unable to leave her couch his attentions had been most assiduous. It was pathetic, and showed how much good lay in his evil nature, to watch with what tenderness and solicitude he soothed her, and, despite his fears, talked of the time when she should be strong and hale again, and when with mournful shake of the head she exclaimed, "Never again, Tom," his strong nature could not restrain him from hot welling tears.

In those few weeks they had become more to each other than in the seemingly prosperous years which had preceded them. Yet there was something unexpressed, but felt by both, which kept them apart and prevented the true communion they fain would have shared.

Now the end was at hand how he longed to keep her, how he wished that nothing had ever come between them, that his life to her, to all, had been what it might have been.

Snatching up his hat he rushed madly home, hoping against hope. As he he entered her chamber the last hope fled. Unmistakably death had marked Edith for his own, and it was half in reverence, half in fear, he went to her and knelt by her bedside. Bidding all to leave them alone she clasped his hand in hers, and, raising her lips to his, said,

"Tom! I am going."

"No, Edith!" he cried, as he wept aloud, "you must not go. I cannot do without you."

"Ah, Tom, it is too late. My day is almost ended. For your sake I wish I could stay; but before I go I want to tell you again, I have always loved you and been true to you. Do you love me?"

Poor fellow. These words cut him to the very heart, as they recalled times and scenes which contrasted so strongly with his present feelings.

"Love you?" he sobbed; "Edith, I do love you. God forgive me for ever having been cruel to you."

"No, Tom, you must not speak thus. You did not mean harm. You were not yourself then," came the gentle reply. Then, her face overcast with anxiety, she placed her arm about his neck and drew him closer to her, and, with feebleness and great hesitation, said—

"Tom!"

Her voice startled him.

"A great burden is on my mind. I cannot die with it. Forgive me if I hurt you, but——Tom, were you the guilty man for whom Frank Morton was punished?" She sank back exhausted, and it seemed as if her fears unresolved she must pass away.

As for her husband, he was terror stricken. In the awful presence of the sacredness of approaching death, he dared not lie, he was afraid to confess. He could answer nothing.

"As you love me," she pleaded, rallying again, "ease my burden. Let me die in peace."

This was too much for him. His long suppressed good nature re-awakened. Utterly broken down, ashamed to look his dying wife in the face, burying his head in the bed clothes, he stammered out—"Yes, Edith! I was the guilty man."

Words cannot describe what immediately followed. It was as the shadow of an appalling darkness. But light appeared again.

Smiling on him with all the tenderness of her first love, she drew him closer. "Tom! Do what is right. Be a true man. Now I am going from you, promise me Frank Morton shall not suffer any more. He will forgive you. God will forgive you."

It was a fierce conflict which raged in his bosom. Evil and good contended hard. But the good latent in his nature conquered, and certain that he would make reparation, the soul of Edith winged its flight, to the music of Tom's prayer and his promise, "God helping me, Edith, your dying wish shall be carried out. Frank Morton shall be cleared."

* * * * * * * *

Edith Godfrey's body had been in the grave eight days when the clerks of the Bortley Bank were astonished to find their manager did not appear. A messenger, sent to his residence, returned to say he could not be found. Later in the day three of the directors appeared, followed in a few minutes by Frank Morton, wondering for what he had been summoned.

The reception they gave him was in marked contrast to that meted out to him on his last visit to the same premises. "Fancy!" said the porter to a clerk, after ushering Frank into the directors' room, "Fancy the Chief shaking him by the hand, and saying 'We're very glad to see you, Mr. Morton. Take a chair.' What's up, I wonder?"

What was up he and all the town soon learned. Tom Godfrey had fled the country, whither none knew. Before going, however, true to his promise to his dying wife, he had made full confession of his guilt to a well-known solicitor, to whom he had also handed a cheque for £500, with instructions that both should be sent seven days after his wife's funeral to the directors of the Bank, coupled with a request that they would apprise Frank Morton, give him the cheque, restore him to his office, and make public the proof of his innocence.

This the directors did. It was for this they had sent for him. Their congratulations he quietly accepted. Tom Godfrey he would not censure. "Poor Tom! Poor Tom!" was all he could say. "God forgive him as I do." The bank managership he refused. Instead he accepted an offer of the directors to provide for his present needs, and to get him a similar post in the golden land, Australia.

"'All things,'" said he to his wife and children that very night in the hotel to which the directors insisted he should remove, "'work together for good to them that love God.' Only to think this morning, fireless, foodless, we waited, momentarily expecting to be turned into the streets, and now, behold, He has opened His hand and filled us with good things plenteously." And on their knees devoutly, humbly, they poured out their souls in thankfulness to the Giver of all Good. At the same time they pleaded for Tom—"God protect Tom. Keep him from all evil. Bring him to Thyself again."

* * * *

Years after, in the new land where Frank Morton and his wife and children were among the best respected members of society, honoured for their integrity, beloved for their goodness, a broken-down man, in tatters and rags, came to their door begging bread. In the very act he sank unconscious. The servants carried him within and, under Frank's directions, put him to bed. All that night he wandered in delirium. Louisa sitting beside him caught the words,

"Yes, Edith, Frank Morton is innocent. God forgive me! I will make reparation."

She called her husband. There was no mistake; it was Tom Godfrey.

The sun rose in all its beauty on the morrow, but he saw it no more. Still delirious, and muttering "There is no royal road to fortune," he passed beyond the realms of time, God grant to find a brighter clime, and a more real life than he had lived here below.

THE END.

A SAFE OFFER.—Mr. Barnum once said that he would give more for a drunkard who succeeded in business, as a public curiosity, than for anything he ever discovered.

POEMS OF THE HOME.

By Mary M. Forrester.



The Doings of Santa Claus.

HE was born in the brain of a woman,
  That was sharpened by mother-love;
But the wings were so light
Of this merry, wee sprite,
  He determined quite early to rove;
So he gathered, and laid on his pinions,
  All the curious things he could find,
All the treasure of thought,
Oh, so cunningly wrought,
  Through his house in this dear mother-mind.

Now, it chanced that the month was December,
  When this spirit made ready to rove;
And the valley and height
Had bought garments of white
  From the great woolly snow-shops above.
And the river, to not be outrivalled,
  King Frost to its breast did entice,
And then caught from the wing
Of this glittering king
  A beautiful armour of ice.

All nature was fair with white lustre,
  When this offspring of woman's dear mind
Flew away through the world,
With his bright wings unfurled,
  And his treasure-bag waving behind.
He broke into all sorts of dwellings,
  For he knew none but mother-love laws,
And no rules e'er restrained,
Or stern hand detained
  This fairy they called "Santa Claus."

For he slid down the blackest of chimneys,
  And brake through the strongest of doors,
And no mortal e'er heard
The least movement or word,
  Though he crept over old creaking floors;
And the tiniest thimble e'er fashioned
  Was mighty enough just to bind him,
Yet wherever he'd go
The wee children would know,
  For you'd always find young folk beside him.

For he filled up their dear little stockings
  With the wonderful things from his bag,
And he cared not at all
If the stocking was whole,
  Or had worn itself into a rag;
He was such a good-natured wee fellow,
  Though his way seemed a little bit queer
Of bestowing his toys
On the girls and the boys
  Only just on one night of the year.

It was strange he should choose the rough weather
To go flying about through the world;
But the fairies, you see,
Are not like you and me,
And 'tis said that they never catch cold;
And then, he was fond of the holly,
And the misletoe mystic and white,
While the bells' happy song,
Just to ring him along,
Seemed to fill him with keenest delight.

And so it is always at Christmas
That he visits the dwellings of men,
And strange to relate,
In a world big and great,
The same dwellings again and again.
He must fly like the lightning, though weighted
With such thousands and thousands of toys,
Yet must creep like a mouse,
For in never a house
Does he waken the girls or the boys.

'Tis a mystery, never unravelled,
Where he hides all the rest of the year,
For though stockings be laid
Ne'er a visit is paid,
Not a toy in their depths will appear.
I believe he goes back to his birth-place,
In that world in a woman's dear brain,
Where he sleeps like Van Winkle,
Till icicles twinkle,
And Christmas is with us again.

A MERRY XMAS
To All Our Readers.

Temperance Physiology.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons."

XII.—WASTE AND REPAIR.

AN old legend used to say that once every seven years the body was renewed and that we were not the same bodies that existed seven years since. There was an element of truth in this, for the fact is that every hour and every day our bodies are changing. What we call life really consists in the wearing out and the building up of the body.

The only object in eating and drinking is to keep the body in working order. In childhood and youth we take more food than is necessary for keeping the body merely in repair, because then every part is growing and some of the food must be converted into bone, brain, muscle, and so on for every part of the body. When the period of growth has ceased then food is required only for keeping the body in good order. If more than this is taken then too much flesh or too much fat is made, and the body becomes more or less unhealthy. As age creeps on then waste goes on at a greater rate than repair, and so every year the body becomes a little weaker and a little less able to live.

SOURCES OF WASTE.

A steam-engine does work, and gradually wears out, but that is a wearing out very different from that occurring in the human body. The engine wears at certain places, and ultimately becomes worthless. In the human body the building up and repair is simultaneous with the waste.

The waste occurs as follows:—

By the Alimentary Canal:
- Refuse of food, and also some waste cast off from the liver.

By the Lungs:
- *Carbonic acid gas*, as the result of oxidisation of carbonaceous foods in the blood.
- *Water*. The breath, as it leaves the lungs, is practically saturated with water.

By the Kidneys:
- *Urea*, made up of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen.
- *Water*.
- *Salts*, derived chiefly from the mineral parts of food.

By the Skin.
- *Water*, in the form of sensible or insensible perspiration.
- *Carbonic acid gas*, always escaping from the skin in small quantity.

If these could be all carefully weighed they would exactly equal the amount of food taken in a given time. Every part of food that is digested and used is built into some form of tissue, but there has been a corresponding waste of that tissue having the same general constituents as that of the food which repairs the loss.

SOURCES OF REPAIR.

Nearly all the material for the repair of the body is obtained by way of the *Alimentary Canal* in the shape of food as follows:—
- *Proteids*, made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus.
- *Carbohydrates*, that is sugars and starches, made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.
- *Fats*, also made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but in different proportion to the carbohydrates.
- *Saline Matters*. The mineral salts of food, chiefly devoted to forming bone tissue and brain and nerve food.
- *Water*, made up of hydrogen and oxygen.

The other source of supply is that of the *lungs*, from whence the blood gets its supply of free oxygen to do the work of burning up carbonaceous food. A balance sheet can be prepared showing the actual amounts of the components of the various food stuffs taken by a full grown man to be eight pounds seven ounces 410 grains as a total daily quantity, and the same amount of component parts in a different form but still the same materials, can be shown to be given out as waste.

Food is taken into the body in a highly complex condition, and the breaking down of this food into the simpler forms of waste in which it leaves the body, results in the energy which gives us heat and enables us to do mechanical work.

ALCOHOL AND WASTE AND REPAIR.

Can alcohol help to repair the body? The answer must be in the negative, for the following reasons. As alcohol contains only carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen as its constituents, it is evident that it cannot supply any of the following:—Nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, saline matters, and water, but we have seen that these are all absolutely necessary.

From its constituents it could only possibly act as a heat giver, and from our previous study we have ascertained that it does not act in this capacity. There is no organ or tissue in the human body that requires alcohol, and it has been shown that nearly every organ is directly injured by its use.

We are justified, therefore, in affirming that alcohol cannot build up or repair the body. It is true that the following facts seem to be at first sight against this.

1. Alcohol enters the body.
2. Alcohol is not stored up in the tissues of the body.
3. Alcohol is not found as such only in very small quantity in the waste products of the body.

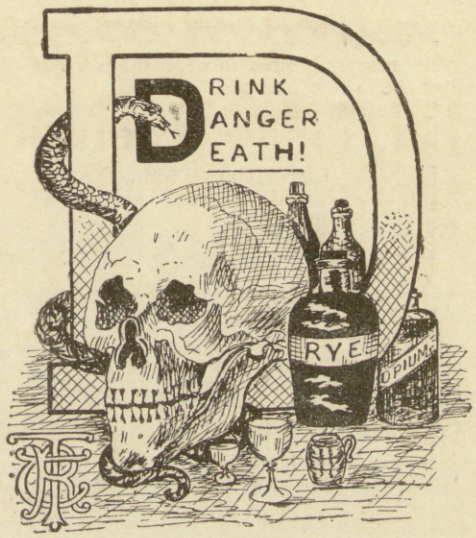
It follows from this that alcohol, like food, must undergo changes in the body, and undoubtedly this is the case. The question is, are these changes beneficial to the body, or are they injurious?

The answer to the question is that they are injurious; first, because there is no repair of the body; second, because there is no maintenance of temperature, but a depression; and third, because absolute harm is done to certain organs, the stomach, the heart, the liver, the brain, by alcohol in its passage through the body.

We may not be able to say exactly what changes alcohol may undergo in the body, neither can we say exactly what changes occur in the case of many poisons, but we know their ultimate result as being one of harm, and so we know of alcohol by what it does, more than by the exact changes it may undergo.

But does not alcohol retard waste, and so become of service to the body? Experiments have tended to show that alcohol does to some extent retard waste, but this cannot be looked upon as a good thing. Healthy life depends upon waste being formed, and upon a speedy removal of that waste from the blood, and a speedy repair of tissue by good food. The retardation of waste is a more serious ill than the want of new building materials, for the waste matter in the blood becomes a source of danger rather than of benefit.

We may summarise the matter thus:—The healthy body has no need of alcohol. No organ is improved by its use, but many are injured. Natural food and natural drink are all the body requires, and with these life may be better sustained, more highly developed, and last a longer time than can be the case where alcohol is constantly used.



DRINK AND DEATH.

By Thomas Roberts Thompson.

DEATH lurks by the side of the bottle,
Yea, more, he dwells therein;
And laughs at the noise of the bibulous boys
Partaking of whiskey and gin.
With a smile and a smirk he watches the work
Of his agents who labour with skill;
Midst the bottles and jugs, the beer glasses and mugs,
They ever stand ready to fill.
How he colours the nose, as he robs men of clothes,
And joins in the wildest of revel;
Till they find to their cost that all things are lost,
And they have been duped by the devil.

Our Magazine, 1899.

OUR Magazine during 1899 will, we believe, surpass all previous issues in interest, variety, and attractiveness. It will contain a specially illustrated serial—"Under the Shadow of a Cloud," by Ruth B. Yates. The story is full of incident and most fascinating. Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., will again contribute a series of deeply interesting sketches on "The Marvellous in Common Things." The developments of freedom, with the struggles belonging thereto, are to be graphically told by Dextra, under the title of "Liberty's Landmarks." There will also be Special Sketches for the Lads and Lasses, by a well-beloved children's man; "Ballads," by Mary M. Forrester, and several interviews and short stories and songs of a decidedly bright, interesting character.

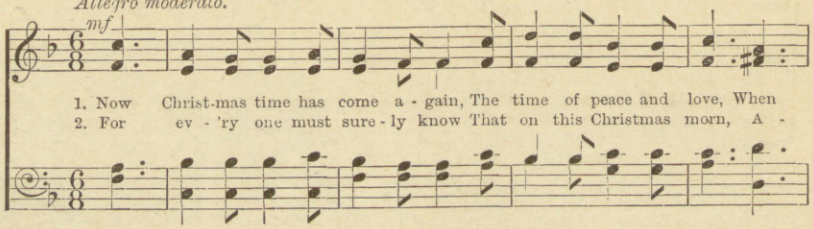
Don't forget to order your copy early.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Words by GUS. ELLERTON. (Chorus.) *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegro moderato.

mf



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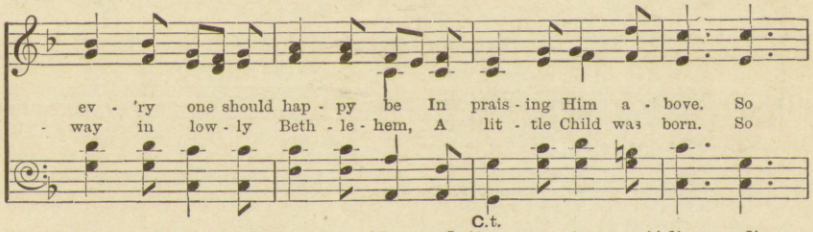

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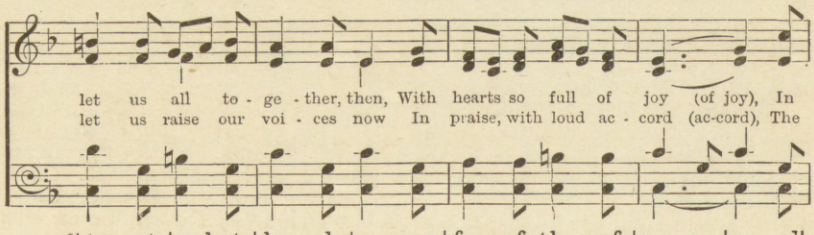

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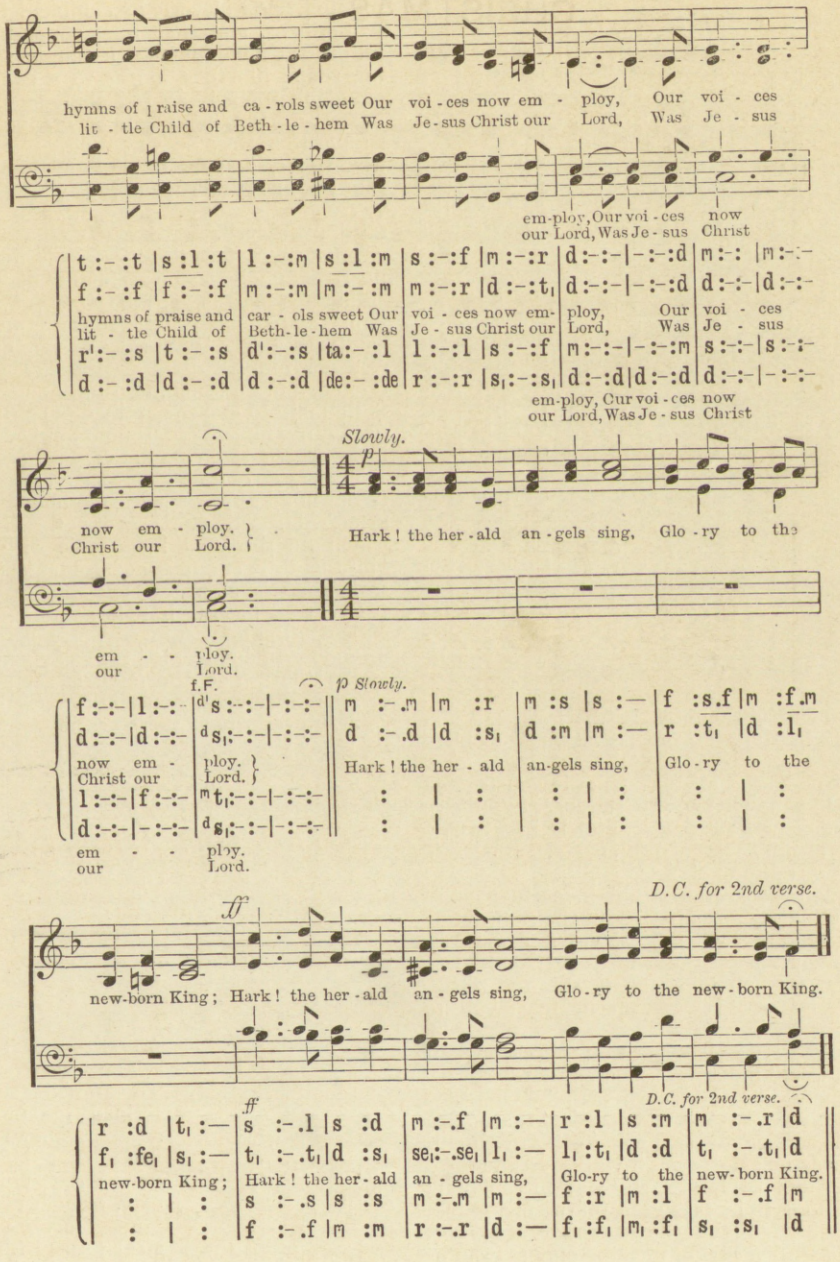
CHRISTMAS TIME.



Odds and Ends.

By "Old Fogey."

ODDITIES IN MARKET PLACES.



I WAS always fond of studying human nature, and from my childhood upwards I enjoyed the peripatetic wanderer; and so long as he was clean and decent in his conversation I was always ready to listen to his quaint and clever and originally-expressed ideas. I well remember an old woman who sold needles in the little marketplace at Bedford; she would spread them out in the form of a fan, and then she would go off like a piece of oiled machinery—

"These needles is made on a newly-constructed plan, with a hoval heye in the form of a hegg; they includes hall the sorts that's in use, from a wone to a nine, from the coarsest breeches, patching, or button needle."

Then there was a queer old boy who used to spin out a marvellous ditty about the fearful tortures he endured when a slave, finishing up by a description of the way in which he was lashed and washed in a tub of salt and water, and then he would wind up by his favourite climax—

"Now I'm very well aweer that there's no man here that would like such usage as that."

Then there was the "corn man." Oh, how many hours have I stood and watched that man's face, and admiringly scanned his horny thumb and finger as he smothered it with a green sticky substance, and explained the way in which his corn stuff had to be plastered on the erring toe, which harboured the unwelcome tormentor. And then, with a curl of the lip, and a twist of the muscles of his face, he would growl out,

"If it be a hard cowrn it will take away the root; if it be a soft cowrn it will take away the seat; if it be a blood cowrn it will take away the bit of congealed blood. And now the article is so low as a penny the box."

Then there was the purse seller! What a source of wonder and amazement this man was. Week after week he stood in his place, a fresh crowd of open-mouthed rustics round him each time, and an ever-flowing stream of hard-earned shillings was continually passing from his dupes to him. How cleverly he exhibited his tempting half-crowns, and then flung copper after copper into the yawning purse; the simple rustics pressing round him like moths to a candle, and exchanging their ill-spared shillings for a penny purse and threepennorth of half-pence, on the supposition that he was a philanthropist of the first water, and finding it impossible to realise that his silvery words and specious explanations were as false as the father of lies whom he so faithfully served.

Then there was the "crockery man." What heartrending losses he seemed to be incurring by ruthlessly smashing up what then appeared to me immaculate cups and saucers in apparent righteous anger, because the public so tardily relieved him of them at the modest price he quoted, a price which, as I have since had made quite plain to me, was quite double the value, for his crafty finger and thumb deftly covered ugly little cracks and rifts in every article he offered.

There was one very curious creature who used to put in an appearance sometimes. He had no arms, and only one leg, and the clever way in which he threaded his needle with his mouth and the little stump which remained to him was truly amazing as well as amusing.

Everyone has his hobbies, and my hobby was watching the market men; and I confess I have an indescribable leaning that way yet, for I have learnt that when the mind is set upon finding sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything, there are many worse fields for study than the "oddities of market places."

The Girl with Ideals.

By "The Pilgrim."



THE greatest enemy woman has is woman. This may not be credited by that august lady, who at times dismisses sober fact by a pretty toss of the head.

The very fact of a woman being so delicately formed, in comparison to a man, shews the finer work that God created her for. Man is the clay, woman is the porcelain. Her very physical form, with its grace and beauty, so different from man's clumsy gait and tread, reveals a peculiar mission.

God did not paint those

PEACH-LIKE CHEEKS AND EYES

that glisten with the light of stars without giving

an inkling of how heavenward woman was made to lead man.

That heart of hers, so sensitive to appreciation, so easily moved by wrong, so passionate and tenacious in its love, so self-sacrificing in its devotion,—what did God mean when he made a woman's heart? I want woman to ask herself this question. I wish to help her to an answer.

To me, the answer of all the world's problems lies in her having a true conception of her God-given mission. Her might in the home and in society is extraordinary. Nations have risen up at her nod. Kings and Emperors have been her slave. The greatest hearts the world has ever seen have felt the intoxication of her inspiration. Decay, rottenness, and death have been everywhere when her heart has been vile and unwomanly. No conception, if of duty, has been too great to carry out where her pure smile and heroic spirit have been manifested. There is no power on this earth like the power of woman. I want her to feel this. The greatest lever God has for the elevation of the world is

A WOMAN'S HEART AND LIFE.

Our great Temperance movement will rise by leaps and bounds when woman is no longer her own greatest enemy. Social purity will ever have a marked place in our town life until we can instil into womanhood her preciousness to God. Foreign missions have only made progress in proportion as woman has been filled with the evangelising spirit. Her sneer has blasted many a noble enterprise. Her enthusiastic support of what seemed a hopeless task has turned it into a glorious triumph. To get woman, therefore, to think truly of herself is to start all generous impulses that are the salt of the earth. Here, therefore, is the urgency for the plea for the girl with ideals.

There should be an ideal for the body. It is not a vile thing to be abused. We are reminded it is the Temple of the Holy Spirit. One is glad to see those girls to-day taking advantage of

HEALTHY RECREATION.

Golf and cycling, and above all walking, are largely indulged in for health's sake. The amount of gymnastic drill done by girls, to-day, fills one with delight. There is no sanctity in white, bloodless faces. There is no virtue in cultivating consumption. Thousands of girls die yearly that have no business to die; that never would have died had they any ideal at all about their body. We must encourage, not frown upon, the girl, therefore, who has an ideal about her body. I know some drive ideal to death. There are girls, it is true, who are abusing their liberty. But thou, oh man, after centuries of handling that sharp tool—liberty—hast thou forgotten the excesses of those early days when, with many a cut and fall, thou didst learn to use, and not abuse, privileges!

There is an ideal for the mind. I like those girls who are not afraid to use their brains. What milksops those creatures are who can hardly say they have a mind. What an intolerable weariness it must be to be married to a woman who is the echo of yourself. Girls have awoke to the fact that God gave them minds like their brothers. I suppose the brothers have much to do with the low conception one sees the vast majority of women have about their minds. Perhaps the

MEN WERE JEALOUS A BIT.

That is ended. A few women with ideals have shown us, as far as education is concerned, their minds are as able and capable as their brothers'. We must encourage the girls to read the best books; to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world; to form correct judgments on political and social questions that are arising every day. Such a large number, intellectually, are the slaves of the family *novelette*. Something saner and purer must be put into her hands, and no one is likely to do this better than the women who have an intellectual ideal.

There is a heart ideal, more important than the others. Nothing expands so wonderfully under right conditions as

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Nothing can be so horrible to contemplate as a bad woman's heart. What mean, contemptible, spiteful things a woman can say in her worst mood! What a jealous, cruel creature she can be at times. More changeable than the weather; worse than a bloodhound in following up what she considers her enemies. In deception, where is there her equal when the heart is left to grow weeds! Oh! how one's heart aches as they listen at times to the scandal and spite and bitterness you may hear when even Christians (!) meet at afternoon tea. It is then one fully realises that woman is the greatest enemy of woman.

How the girl with a heart ideal determinedly shuts out of her heart all those petty jealousies and narrow spirit that ruin her life. I have peeped into the "commonplace book" of one of those girls striving after an ideal heart life. Let me give you one or two of the laws written in that book:—

1. My heart was made for the sweet things of God, and I must endeavour to feed it upon such.

2. Since Love is the fulfilling of the law, Love must find a large place in my heart. Where Love is there can be no unkindly thoughts about others.

3. I am resolved never to listen to scandal, or evil-speaking, or derogatory statements about others. If compelled to hear them, I am determined to put them behind my back to be remembered no more for ever.

4. I want everybody I meet to love me. I doubt if this is possible unless I am lovable. When the heart's desires are pure, and all intentions tinctured with kindness, surely one will become lovable.

5. In carrying out my ideal, I will never tire in striving after it. I must fail to come up to it, else it is no ideal. If, however, I do come up to what I set as the ideal, I must immediately raise my ideal higher.

There is also a spiritual ideal, which is the highest and best a woman can have.

There are leaves that catch the

RICH HUES OF THE AUTUMN

and delight the eye with their beauty, and there

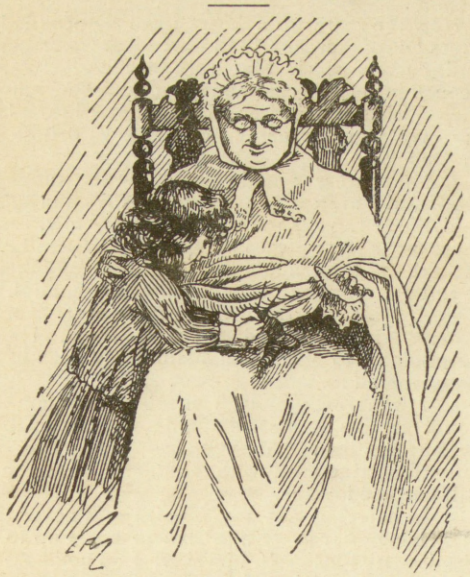
are women's hearts that catch the rich glory of the Love of God, and thereby glorify Him.

Jesus could lay heavier burdens on Mary and Martha than He could lay upon Peter and John. He knew they would not doubt His love whatever He caused them to bear. In some cities Jesus could do no mighty deeds because of their unbelief. In the presence of some men He could tell none of His eternal truths. It was Martha and Mary who paid the price of those sweetest of words that Jesus said—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." They paid for these words in tears when he departed into another place after they had sent for Him.

Who can read the life of Frances Ridley Havergal without feeling they are in living touch with a heart that knew much of God? What would our churches be to-day but for the Holy women who labour therein? What would Christian character in England be but for the pious mothers and holy women? All honour to those women who have a high spiritual ideal for their life. God send us more of them. As long as woman is true to her God-given mission, our world will rise heavenward. If we become materialistic, worldly, sceptical, and degenerate, you may take it as certain that the woman with high ideals is dead. The life being absent, corruption has commenced.

What Made the Difference?

By Mrs. E. J. Richmond.



GRANDMA BROWN sat in her arm-chair, knitting a bright wool stocking for one of her many grandchildren. The tea-kettle was humming on the stove, and tabby was curled down beside it, sleepily watching the gambols of her kitten.

Suddenly little Doris burst into the room, and rushing to grandma's side whispered something in her ear which caused her to lay down her knitting. The ball rolled away to the great delight of the kitten, which made the most of it.

"Oh, dranma! I saw a drunk man," Doris whispered, as if ashamed even to speak the word. She need not have been so private, for only tabby and her kitten were near enough to hear, and they paid no attention.

"He took off his hat and bowed to the post, when he runned against it," she said in a little louder voice. "He said, 'Scoose me, lady,' and then he runned against a tree and took off his hat again and said, 'I beg pardon, sir.' Then he fell down flat in the road, and his dog whined and cried over him. A dog crying for a man! and he was a pretty man, too."

If you could have read Grandma Brown's face as she listened to this story, you would have been interested. She was thinking over the past.

"It is young Ferris of 'The Locusts,'" she said. "When my ten children were all about me, he used to look down upon them. He used to give my boys cigars and cigarettes, but the stove smoked them instead of my boys. Then he gave brandy drops to the little girls. They always brought them to me, and we put them into the fire with the cigarettes. Now, poor fellow, 'The Locusts' has been sold under mortgage, and he will be a pauper, unless he dies soon."

Doris sat down beside grandma to think it all over.

Uncles Tom, Harry, Jack and James were all prosperous farmers. Uncle Robert was a doctor, and Uncle Benjamin a minister, while the three aunties and her own mamma had happy prosperous homes and lovely children.

And this fine young gentleman a pauper!

What made the difference?

"What is it, deary?" said grandma.

"I was just a finkin, dranma, what a mischief little teenty tonty fings is!"

"Yes, Doris, cigarettes, cider, wine and brandy drops lead to pauperism and crime, so we'll have nothing to do with them. Little things like minutes make up our lives."

Doris no longer wondered why all grandma's children loved and honoured her, why they brought her flowers and pretty gifts on her birth days. She had chosen the Word of God for her life chart, and guided ten households into the ways of wisdom and peace.

A child is the beginning of what he will be; an old man the remains of what he has been.

The first of men and the fairest of women were constituted teetotalers.—*Dr. Lees.*

It is as absurd to talk of supporting the strength with stimulants, as it would be to talk of supporting the strength of a jaded horse by means of the whip.—*Dr. Edmunds.*

Blessed is the man who sees the royal splendour
Hid in the landscape, though the thick fogs roll;
Whose heart by love is kept so warm and tender
That fogs or tempests never reach his soul.

Famous Men and Women.

By Rev. J. M. Dryerre, F.R.G.S.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

IT is taken with considerable wonderment when an earl is religious and interested in the moral and spiritual well-being of his neighbours. Why this should be I have never been able to understand. The man is everything, the earldom the accident of birth. Earls, being men, ought to be as much interested in moral and religious movements as those who will never be addressed otherwise than as Mr. Blank. Yet it is not so, as a rule, and when we have one like the Earl of Shaftesbury devoting his whole life in the cause of God and for the betterment of his country we rejoice greatly.



Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

The seventh Earl of Shaftesbury came from a very ancient family, and their seat at St. Giles, near Wimborne, in Dorset, dates back to Henry VI. He, however, was born at Grosvenor Square, on 28th April, 1801.

It cannot be said the parental influences had much to do with the future work of the seventh Earl. His mother was the daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, perfectly devoted to the claims of society. The lad was therefore surrounded by all that fashion and pleasure could give.

There was one in that house, however, who had a motherly love for young Anthony Ashley-Cooper. A servant, named Maria Millis, devoted to her earthly master and to her Heavenly, used to take the boy on her knee and teach him the plain truths of the Gospel. She taught him a prayer which he used to the end of his life. Thus we find him at seven years of age with decidedly religious desires.

Going to school was a great crisis in his life, for the one he was sent to was famed for its rowdyism. He speaks of his school life in very painful words.

"The memory of that place makes me shudder. It is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

At times it seemed as if the sneers of the school-boys would destroy the good work Maria Millis had done for him. God gave him at this time just the courage he needed. Maria Millis died and left him her gold watch. Her death sanctified him to the Lord, and he resisted all efforts at bullying him out of his Bible reading and praying. It is interesting to note that he wore this gold watch up to the time of his death. In showing it to people he used to say, "That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

When twelve years of age he went to Harrow, and there had the joy of meeting Sir Harry Verney. It was a delight of the highest order, and joy seemed to have come at last to his life.

He cannot be said to have been a diligent pupil at Harrow; and when he left there, after three years' tuition, he had made very little intellectual progress. For two years he did absolutely nothing after leaving Harrow.

His father decided to send him into the army, but this was averted, and, instead, he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where coming under the inspiration of his tutor, the Rev. T. V. Short (who afterwards became Bishop of St. Asaph),

he worked hard and won honours in classics.

It cannot be said he had any definite plans of conduct when he left Oxford. He wandered about reading this and that, trying to understand English life and its institutions. It was customary for Earl's sons to dabble in politics, so Anthony Ashley-Cooper became member of Parliament. The report of young Lord Ashley's speech makes good reading even to-day. He was then twenty-five years of age.

He at once began to figure in certain committees appointed, although he took no important part in the work of the House. He indeed tried to shirk such work, for he believed he was totally unfitted. He writes of himself—"Entertained the opinion yesterday that I ought to give up public business, or rather the endeavour to qualify myself for it. The State may want me, wretched ass as I am!"

The intrigues of Cabinet life disgusted Ashley, and when his great friend, the Duke of Wellington, offered him the post of Commissioner of the India Board of Control, he hardly knew what to reply. He decided to accept, and did so, using his salary for the good of the parish of St. Giles. "Do right, whatever may come of it," was the motto he framed for his guidance. He had ample opportunity to find it was not easy to carry out. He, however, persisted in obeying it, much to the advantage of the people of India.



THE STREET CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

One of the great subjects that stirred Lord Ashley was that of the ill-treatment of lunatics. Not a very interesting, therefore a neglected, subject. He was appointed one of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and at once set himself the task of visiting asylums and personally inspecting them. When I say that lunatics were then usually kept by being chained to walls, in dark cells, you will understand how moved Lord Ashley was. Flogging was part of the treatment to cure lunatics.

The light of science and philanthropy was at once turned on to this subject, and the changed conditions of to-day had their origin in the early days of Lord Ashley's connection with the question of lunacy. He never gave it up, and year by year kept bringing the matter before Parliament. The spirit of his Parliamentary work cannot be shown better than by a note in his own handwriting—

"Last night I made my first attempt at a long and important speech. If there be sensitiveness and timidity in man, doubt and nervousness of heart, it was in me for a long time before the day arrived. I prayed most earnestly, as I ever do, for aid and courage. Though I did not please myself I found the House was delighted; cheers and compliments were abundant. I thanked God repeatedly, and hastened home to throw myself on my knees in gratitude. May I ever enjoy this holy assistance."

Amid all his work, however, he felt so entirely alone that he constantly prayed that the end of the world might come. There was an alternative scheme in his heart to relieve his weariness, as we find in one of his notes—

"If I could find the creature I have invented I should love her with a tenderness and truth unprecedented in the history of wedlock. I pray for her abundantly; God grant me the purest of blessings."

It was in Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, he found the ideal he prayed for, and on the 10th June, 1830, he was married to one of the noblest hearts that generation had seen.

The name of Lord Ashley is written deeply into the factory legislation of this country. He could not look upon the cruel, burdensome life endured by children without revolting against it. One can hardly read the story of factory workers in the early years of this century without intense shame and humiliation. This Lord Ashley felt. If, however, he took up the factory operatives' question it was quite certain his own party would drop him. Home comfort and domestic leisure were at an end if he became an agitator. We know what course he took, but we would have known it from the past history of the

man. He laid the matter before his wife, and it must have been a supreme moment of joy to him when she gave her verdict:—

"It is your duty, and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to victory!"

His own opinion of the value of his work for factory legislation is well expressed in one of his speeches:—

"It was a great religous question, for it involved the means to thousands and tens of thousands of being brought up in the faith and fear of the God that created them. He had read of those who had sacrificed their children to Moloch, but these were a merciful people compared to the Englishmen of the nineteenth century."

The long fight to get a ten-hour day is well known to most of us, and the ups and downs of political life, when it seemed Peel to-day and Melbourne to-morrow. It was, however, Peel's hostility to the ten-hour movement that aroused Ashley to the fulness of his nature. The words of his wife rang in his heart—"Go forward, and to victory." And the more he mixed with the Lancashire operatives the more compelled he was to see the Ten Hours Bill through the House.

He had one piece of joy in those weary times. The Collieries Bill, which regulated the work of boys and women, passed the House of Lords after a long and wearisome struggle.

He had his hands full, however, with every great moral question of the day. The working and thinking men realised that they had in him one interested in all great questions. He became at once, therefore, the leader in the educational question. The sale of opium was another of his questions, and the ragged schools of London and elsewhere found him a true friend. Those who have read the report of Field Lane Ragged School know how much Lord Ashley did for the urchins of London.

The fact that Lord Ashley first denounced and then accepted the anti-corn law agitation led to his retirement just before the Ten-Hours Factory Act became law. Indeed he introduced it to the Commons and then resigned.

"I resigned my seat in Parliament, and all my public hopes and public career, that I might not give occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, and I surrendered everything to His keeping. Mark the issue; my Ten-Hours Bill is carried in my absence. I am returned to Parliament in a singularly and unusually honourable way, and within three weeks I begin to occupy a higher position than at an antecedent period; surely it is the completion of the promise, 'Them that honour Me I will honour.'"

His work amongst the thieves of London is perhaps one of the strangest chapters in his life. He went amongst the dirtiest and most dangerous parts of London unmolested. He was, indeed, the friend of sinners, and their confidence in him was so great they regularly came to him for advice.

The history of Exeter Hall will have much to say about Lord Ashley, for he became the recognised leader in all religious and Protestant movements. He was a staunch opponent of Romanism and Ritualism, and did much to leaven the generation growing up with him in an evangelical religion. His Christianity, however, was not dogmatic but practical. He *did* far more than demanded acceptance of certain creeds.

It was 23rd June, 1851, he took his place in the House of Lords, and became known as Lord Shaftesbury. This only meant a change of House; not as it generally means to-day—retirement. His work went on as hard as ever in new directions, but with the same aim—to bless the working classes, and lead them to think of holy things.

It was only fitting that the Queen and country should want to express their gratitude for his services in some way, and though he declined it more than once he felt compelled to accept a stall as Knight of the Garter.

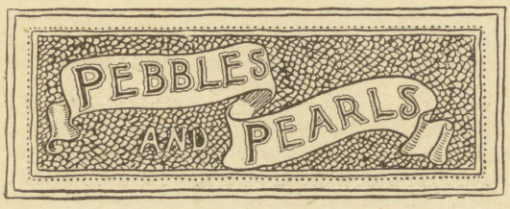
His life was not a strong physical one, and much suffering marked it, yet he lived far beyond the three-score years and ten, and died in the midst of his labours, honoured and loved by a grateful people. No one missed him more than the poor, and one can only rejoice that God has raised up a man like Lord Kinnaird to so fully follow in the good works of the late Earl Shaftesbury.

WESTON in his walk of five thousand miles in one hundred days used alcohol in no shape or form.

Obituary.

CHRISTOPHER HODGSON.

WE regret to have to record the death, on November 8th, 1898, of the "Grand Old Man" of the Independent Order of Rechabites, the oldest member of the oldest Tent. Mr. Christopher Hodgson was born at Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland, on March 29th, 1817, and was, therefore, eighty-one years of age when he passed away. As a young man he left his native town and settled in the Temperance capital, Manchester, where he built up the most successful machine maker's and iron foundry business of Hodgson and Stead. He became an abstainer in 1839, and joined the Rechabites in 1840, of which body he was High Chief Ruler in 1855, High Treasurer for thirty-four years from 1863 to 1897, and Director of the Order for forty-five years. Throughout his life he was a most consistent and generous teetotaler, a helper of every department of Temperance effort. He was especially interested in the Band of Hope and other Temperance work among the young. He was a most effective and telling speaker, and did admirable service on many varied platforms. His book—now out of print—"Temperance Shots at Random," hit the mark, and was a thorough success. The whole Temperance world unites in sympathy with Mrs. Hodgson and the bereaved family, and at the same time in thanking God for Christopher Hodgson's long life and magnificent labours, for which many have arisen and yet shall arise to call him blessed.



IF, instead of locking up the drinkers, the State would lock up the drink, the result would be much more satisfactory.

YOU pay big money to insure your house against the fire fiend. Why not put a little money in a cause to insure your son against the drink fiend?

SHE: "What are the wild waves saying I wonder?"

He: "They seem to me to be asking if I would mind sharing my supper with them."

STATISTICALLY INCLINED TOURIST (in Oklahoma): "What is the death rate here?"

Alkali Ike: "Same as it is everywhur else—one death for every inhabitant."

WHAT IS MODERATION?—Is it not the right use of things beneficial, and total abstinence from things injurious? If so, then the only moderation possible in regard to intoxicating drink as a beverage is total abstinence.

COME, friends, the world needs mending,
Let none sit down and rest,
But up to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.

Though you can do but little,
That little's something still;
You'll find a way for something,
If you have but the will.

Now bravely help us in our fight,
And God will help us through;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

Did You Know

THAT ON

DEC. 9, 1856, The "Irish Apostle of Temperance," Father Mathew, entered into rest.

,, 17, 1834, The first Temperance Almanack was issued.

,, 19, 1862, Slavary was abolished in the U.S.A.

,, 24, 1834, The first Temperance Hotel was opened in England.

,, 30, 1863, The Central Sunday Closing Association was formed.

CARRIE: "Are you sure that May and Algy are engaged?"

Amy: "Why, certainly! I heard them quarrelling last night."

HE: "I envy that man who sang the tenor solo."

She: "Why, I thought he had a very poor voice."

He: "So did I. But just think of his nerve."

"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."

THINK well before you sip!
You say there's no cause for alarm,
A glass of wine can do no harm,
And moist your lip.

Think well before you sip!
A little spark will start a fire,
The little worm that knows no tire
Can sink a ship!

ETHEL: "And what did George say when he proposed?"

Maud: "He said nothing; he started to say something, gasped, turned deadly pale, and then fainted quite away. Of course I knew what that meant—so when he came too, I told him he might ask papa."

Ethel: "And then?"

Maud: "Then poor George fainted again."

FINAL SUCCESS.—"The ultimate issue of the struggle for Temperance is certain. If anyone doubts the general preponderance of good over evil in human nature he has only to study the history of moral crusades. The enthusiastic energy and self-devotion with which a great moral cause inspires its soldiers always have prevailed and always will prevail over any amount of self-interest or material power arrayed on the other side."—*Professor Goldwin Smith.*

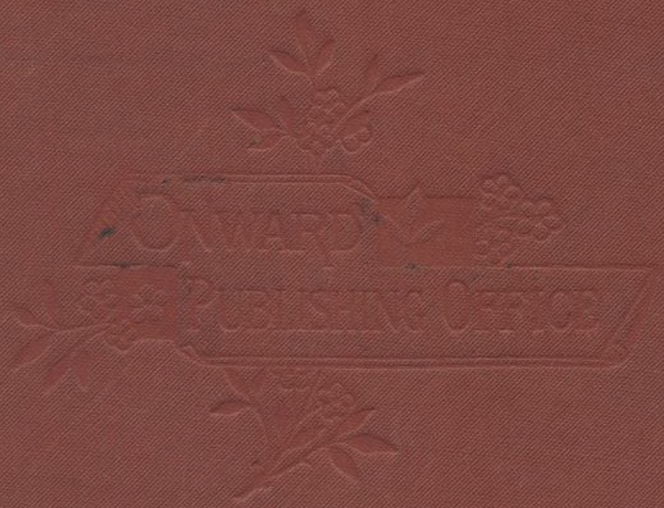
SIR WILFRID!

AT a Temperance meeting held some time ago in a village near London, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, acknowledging a vote of thanks, remarked "that somebody had said he was 'venerable,' and somebody else that he was 'gallant.' The one term had something clerical about it, and the other something military, and neither the one nor the other was anything in his line.

"I will give you," continued he, "a better description of myself. At a school in the North of England, the master once gave the children a lengthy dissertation upon the steam engine. When he thought he had successfully knocked a few facts into their heads, he put the following question to the class:

"'What is it that does the work of forty horses and drinks nothing but water?'

"The children triumphantly replied, 'Sir Wilfrid Lawson!'"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