ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1899

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ONWARD:

AN ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.



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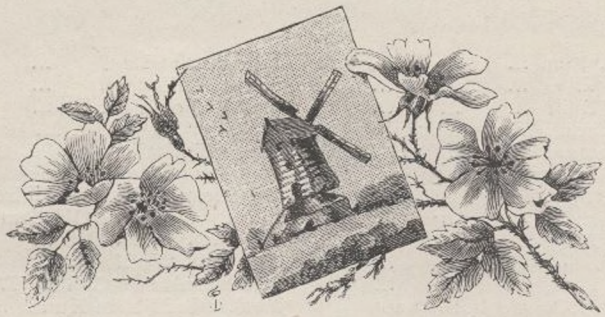

1899.

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CHAPTER I.—The Lost Jewel.

"OH, Mrs. Cameron, what a lovely ring!" exclaimed Violet Ward as she knelt to admire the handsome ring which her companion had taken from its case, placed upon her finger, and now held out for Violet's inspection.

The design was unique. It represented a snake whose coils were formed of rubies, with a fine diamond to compose its glittering eye. Its peculiarity, however, lay in the fact that the gems had been so cut and arranged as to give the idea of perpetual motion; so that the snake appeared to be constantly twisting its coils round and round the finger.

"It is a family heirloom, and has belonged to the Camerons for generations. It originally came from India, and is valued at a fabulous sum, but I do not think that any amount of money would induce my husband to part with it. I never wear it though, except at his urgent request, for it makes me feel uncanny to see it ever twisting and turning like a thing of life."

The speaker was languidly reclining upon a couch, with her jewel-case open beside her. She was somewhat past the prime of life, and her whole expression gave the idea of one who was wholly self-centred. Her companion, who seemed deeply interested in the glittering gems, was a girl of some twenty summers, with sweet, pale face and a wealth of golden hair.

"I never saw a ring that I admired so much," responded Violet as she gently touched the jewel snake upon Mrs. Cameron's finger.

"You need not count on getting it yet awhile, even though my husband *has* given his consent to your engagement. I never expected that he would permit Comar to marry one who was not an heiress. Ah well; I am very glad, on the whole, as I have grown to like you, dear."

The girl winced under this ill-advised speech, for she keenly felt the inuendo. Violet had come to live with Mrs. Cameron as her companion. She had done her best to please her employer and had succeeded admirably; for Mrs. Cameron found her most useful until the only son of the house, a stalwart young fellow of two and twenty, returned from college. He had fallen in love with the gentle girl, who was always so ready to sacrifice her own wishes in order to give pleasure to others; who bore so patiently with his mother's whims and fancies, and never seemed to get out of temper.

The young man frankly avowed his love, and asked Violet to become his wife, but she firmly refused, although acknowledging that she was not indifferent to him, but the difference in their social position made it impossible for her to listen.

Comar, however, was not to be lightly thwarted, so he sought and obtained his father's consent to their union, and finally succeeded in overcoming all the girl's scruples, and their engagement was publicly announced.

Mr. Cameron liked the girl, and saw no reason to find fault with his son's choice, as she was his equal in birth and family, and he had no need to marry for money.

Mrs. Cameron would have preferred a wealthy bride. So long as the arrangement did not interfere with her comfort, however, she did not trouble to raise any active opposition, beyond a few sarcastic remarks levelled at Violet, which she had too much good sense to notice, though she felt them none the less.

"Come, Hetty, I want you to plant an apple tree in remembrance of my birthday."

Both turned with a start to see Mr. Cameron standing at the open window.

"Nonsense, Charles; let Harris plant it," responded the lady.

"Harris has dug the place for it, my dear, but I want you to plant it with your own hand," persisted her husband.

"Very well, I'll come, Charles, if you really wish it. You can put away my jewels, Violet," said Mrs. Cameron, as she rose and joined her husband.

Violet stood by the low French window and watched the pair in the garden, until they reached

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the place that had been prepared to receive the apple tree.

The gardener left the sapling, and the lady placed it in the ground, and pressed the earth firmly round its roots. She was turning away from the window, when Comar Cameron placed his hand on her shoulder with an air of proprietorship and said tenderly,

"What are you dreaming about, eh?"

"Oh, Comar, how you startled me; I never heard you come in, for I was watching your mother plant an apple tree," she responded with a bright smile.

"I came to say that I am prepared to drive you into Weston at your earliest convenience. When shall you be ready, dear?"

"Just as soon as I have put on my hat; but stay, I must put away this jewel case first. I shall not be more than five minutes."

Violet placed the tray into its place, and carried away the case and its valuable contents without so much as bestowing a thought upon them.

Having had a message from her half-brother requesting an interview, Violet had received permission from Mrs. Cameron to go to Weston to see him. Comar had arranged to drive her in the dog-cart, and then proceed to Malton on business for his father.

Her brother Frank was a constant source of anxiety to Violet. Her mother's son by a second marriage Frank was but three years younger than herself, and she loved him as dearly as if he had borne the same name. He was a bright, merry, handsome lad, full of fun and frolic, but too easily led, consequently he was always getting into financial difficulties, and all Violet's spare cash went to pay Frank's bills.

It was one of those lovely autumn days when summer seems to linger, as if reluctant to pass away. The air was soft and balmy, the trees were clad in festive attire of red, green and various shades of russet, and the feathered songsters were pouring forth a perfect flood of melody from their tiny throats.

"How delicious it is to live!" exclaimed Violet.

"It is indeed. On such a day as this it makes one wonder how anyone *can* be unhappy. I wish that you could go on to Malton with me, Violet. It will be such a splendid drive, and I shall not enjoy it half so much after you are gone."

"I wish I could come, Comar, but I must see what Frank wants me for; I am afraid he is in trouble."

"You really must not impoverish yourself anymore for your half-brother, Violet. Tell him plainly that he must keep his expenditure within his income."

"I mean to do so, Comar, for I have only a solitary shilling left, until I get next month's salary, and I shall have to get a new dress out of that, or you will be ashamed of me"

"Nay, darling, I shall never be ashamed of you. In six months I hope to make you my own dear wife, and then you can have as many dresses as you like, Violet."

So they talked on, building castles in the air, for the outlook was very bright to these young, trusting hearts.

Alas, they little knew that, even now, the storm-cloud was gathering over them.

Comar lifted Violet down at the door of her brother's rooms. They could hear his cheery voice, singing snaches of song, and the young man remarked, smilingly—

"I think there is no bad news for you this time, Violet."

"I hope not, Comar."

"Will you wait here until my return, Violet?"

"I am afraid that I cannot, Comar, as I promised Mrs. Cameron that I would be home by five o'clock."

"In that case you must go by train, as I do not expect to be back before seven at the earliest. Take care of yourself, darling."

With an affectionate farewell, they parted, and Violet entered her brother's room.

"Hallo, Vi, this is awfully good of you to come so soon," he exclaimed.

"Have you got into another scrape, Frank?" asked his sister, anxiously.

"No; it's good news this time. You've helped me often enough, Vi, now it's my turn. See, here's a fiver to buy you a new rig-out."

Violet's cheek blanched, as he pushed the crisp bank-note into her hand, and she caught hold of a chair to support herself, for a horrible fear took possession of her.

"Oh, Frank, what have you been doing? Where have you got this money?"

"Ha, ha, I knew you would be surprised, but you needn't look at me like that, as if I had stolen it. I am a rich man now, Vi," said her brother, with a merry laugh.

"You have surely not been gambling, Frank?"

Again that merry laugh rang out, and Violet, still trembling with agitation, said in low, earnest tones—

"Tell me, dear Frank, where you have got this money?"

"It is too bad to tease you like this, you dear old Vi. Well, the fact is that my grandfather Holmes is dead, and he has made me his heir, so that in future I shall have enough and to spare, and I shall not need to keep my secret any longer."

"Is this really true, Frank? I remember our mother wrote to him after your father died, but she received no answer, and I never heard anything more about him."

"Nor I; until I saw an advertisement in the newspaper, to the effect that if the son of the late Charles Holmes, of Holmfield, would apply to Messrs. Thompson and Wheeler, he would hear of something to his advantage. You may be sure I lost no time in going, and I have at last established my claim, with the result that the lawyers have given me fifty pounds to go on with until the necessary legal formalities are completed. I have paid off some little debts that I owed, and got some decent clothes. I shall not go back to the office, of course, now that I have no further need to work for a living."

"Do you think that is wise, dear? Would it not be better for you to keep your position and then, when you are a few years older, and want

to start housekeeping, you will have something to fall back upon ?"

"I don't think anything of the kind. I have already left my situation, and Maggie has given notice; for we mean to enjoy ourselves, now we have got the chance."

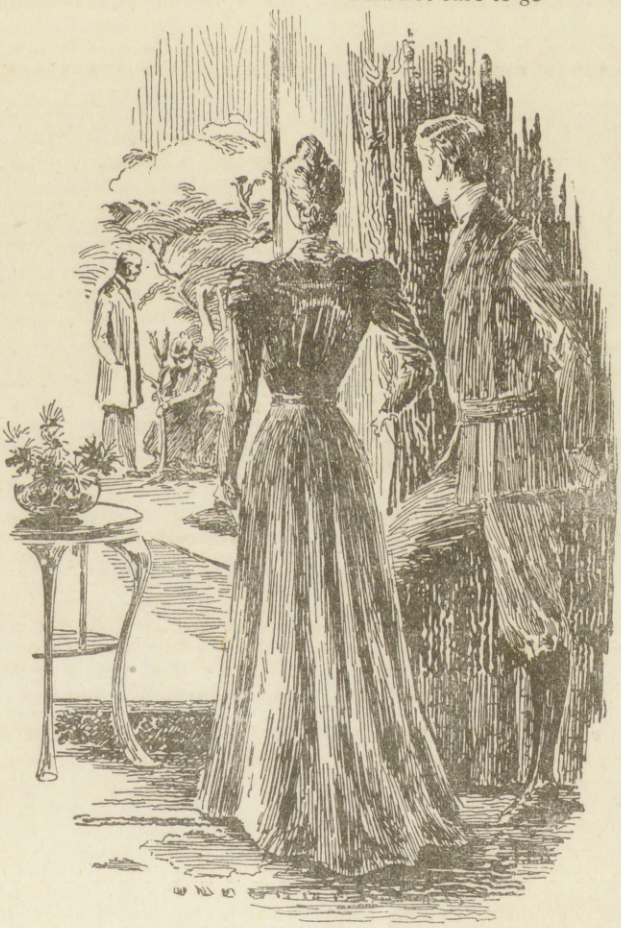
"Who is Maggie," enquired Violet, for she knew no one of that name amongst their small circle of acquaintances.

"It's no use keeping it secret any longer, Vi, you *will* have to know, and I can afford to keep my wife now."

"My dear Frank, what are you talking about? A boy of seventeen."

"I knew you would say that, Vi, so I didn't tell you before, but I have been married three months nearly. I know that you will like Maggie. See, this is her photograph. Isn't she a beauty ?"

With a sickening feeling at her heart, Violet took the portrait from her brother's hand and looked at it long and earnestly. It was tinted in colours, and there was no denying the fact that it was the picture of a beautiful girl. The masses of dark hair that clustered round the low forehead, the dark eyes, with their long, fringed lashes, the rounded cheek, the full, curved lips, and well-formed chin made up a perfect picture, and yet there was a nameless something in the expression that made Violet feel that the original was not one to be loved.



Watching Mother plant a Tree.

She glanced from the portrait to the boyish countenance, upturned to hers in eager expectation. It was a lovable face, with innocent, blue eyes, and fair hair brushed back from the noble forehead, the sensitive mouth was ever wreathed in smiles, but its curves plainly showed a want of decision.

"Well, Vi, what do you think of my wife ?"

"She is a pretty girl, Frank, but she is only a girl. You are both much too young to be married; however, it is too late to speak of that now. Since you have been so foolish, I will treat her as a sister for your sake."

"Maggie is just eighteen, Vi, and she is such a darling. All the fellows are in love with her, and I was lucky to get her, I can tell you."

"Where did you meet her, Frank? I do not remember seeing her before."

"No, I don't think you have, but I am sure you will like her if—if you won't be prejudiced against her, Vi."

"Why should I be prejudiced, Frank? I think it is you who were to blame for persuading her to marry you."

"I would take you to see her to-day, but you would not care to go—"

Frank hesitated, and did not finish the sentence.

"To go where, Frank?" inquired his sister.

"Maggie is one of the barmaids at 'The Clarence Hotel.'"

"Oh, Frank, Frank, have you forgotten your father's death, and how our mother with her last breath besought us to have nothing to do with drink ?"

"Come now, stop that, Vi. You know that you and I can never agree on that point, but *I* don't mean to do like father, so you can make your mind easy on that score."

"I wish you had chosen a teetotaler Frank."

"Well, I havn't; but Maggie is a nice girl for all that. May I bring her to see you on Sunday afternoon, Vi. She will leave 'The Clarence' next week-end, if not before, and then I think we shall travel about, and see a bit of the world, before we settle down to housekeeping. The lawyer told me that I should have some more money by that time."

Violet consented, for she was anxious to see the girl whom Frank had made his wife.

Frank chatted merrily, as they walked together to the station, for he was in the best of spirits. Just as the train was about to start, he leaned forward and whispered,

"Get yourself something nice to wear on Sunday, Vi, as Maggie always dresses beautifully."

These words re-called to Violet's remembrance the bank-note, which she still held crumpled in her hand, for the startling intelligence of Frank's marriage had driven it from her mind. As the train steamed out of the station she smoothed it out and placed it in her purse.

"How stupid of me not to get it changed; but I will ask Mr. Cameron to change it for me."

To her surprise, when the train stopped at the little wayside station Violet saw Comar and his father on the platform. Comar caught sight of her, and he at once came forward and assisted her to alight.

"I thought you could not be back before seven o'clock, Comar," she remarked with a mischievous smile.

"I should not have been, but father sent a telegram for me to return at once. I found the message waiting for me at Malton when I arrived, so I did not delay a moment but set off back at once, and now I have to accompany father to London. We may be detained several days, but you will write to me, won't you? I want to know how you got on with Frank. Good bye, darling. This is the address," he said, putting a card into her hand as his father approached and called out,

"Come, my boy, or the train will start without us. Good bye, Violet; take good care of my wife."

As Violet put the card into her pocket and looked after the departing train, a strange sense of loneliness and desolation came over her.

"How foolish I am; It will be but a few days at most before I see Comar again, and yet I feel as though I had parted for ever. It must be the shock of Frank's foolish marriage that has unnerved me," Violet murmured, as she walked briskly from the station along the quiet road that led to the village.

Her thoughts soon recurred to Frank. It was a relief to know that he was provided for, and yet she could not help thinking that this money would not prove an unmixed blessing. Her own father Violet did not remember, but Frank's father she remembered with tender affection. She recalled his face, of which Frank's was almost a fac-simile, and she thought of that time long ago when he had petted her—his little Violet—and baby Frank. Then there was a change, and they saw less and less of him, and mother cried a great deal. How their beautiful home had been exchanged for apartments, and those again for others, lower and yet lower in the social scale, until the father was taken ill and she was forbidden to enter his room. He had died, as she afterwards learned, of *delirium tremens*. Her mother had struggled on and supported her children, until they were able to take situations, and then she, too, had been called away. How well Violet recollected that parting scene.

Her mother had left Frank under his sister's care, but now he had taken the reins in his own hands and married this girl. Would she prove a bane or a blessing? Her train of thought was interrupted by hearing her own name called out. She turned to see the prim maiden lady who kept the village post-office and general fancy drapery establishment beckoning to her.

"Do you wish to speak to me, Miss Simpson?" Violet inquired with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, Miss Ward; I have matched the silk for Mrs. Cameron, and I thought that you would not mind taking it for her."

"Certainly I will, Miss Simpson; I am very glad that you have been able to obtain it, as it is so difficult to get the exact shade."

While inspecting the silk, Violet noticed a box of lace on the counter.

"This is pretty, Miss Simpson," she remarked.

"Is it not? These are new goods just arrived; they have not been in half an hour, Miss Ward." said Miss Simpson, as she lifted piece after piece and spread them out temptingly.

"That would do to renovate my old bodice, and make it look presentable for Sunday," said Violet, as if speaking to herself.

"Let me measure a few yards for you, Miss Ward; you will not regret it I'm sure."

Violet permitted her to do so, and after making a few more trifling purchases she tendered the bank note in payment, inquiring,

"Can you change a five-pound note, Miss Simpson?"

"I can, Miss Ward, as there have been several post-office orders paid in to-day."

Violet placed the change loose in her hand-bag and pursued her way home.

As Violet crossed the lawn Mrs. Cameron called to her through the open window, and the girl stepped into the sitting-room, threw aside her hat, and placed her bag on the arm of the couch, whilst she gave Mrs. Cameron the silk and displayed her own purchases.

"This is really fine lace, Violet. It is a wonder to find anything so good at Miss Simpson's," remarked Mrs. Cameron, as she draped it and critically surveyed the effect. In doing so, however, she caught the handbag with her sleeve and it fell. The clasp gaveway and the money rolled over the floor. Mrs. Cameron gave a start of surprise, but she made no remark, only stooped and assisted in picking it up.

"See, Violet, here is all that I can find; there are four sovereigns and two shillings. Have you got the rest?"

"Yes, thank you;" responded Violet, as she revealed a handful of silver and copper. She was about to tell Mrs. Cameron how the money had come into her possession, when a visitor was announced, and Mrs. Steele--the gossip of the neighbourhood – entered.

In listening to her numerous items of information Violet forgot the incident.

"Did you see Miss Barron's wedding, Mrs. Cameron?" inquired Mrs. Steele.

"No, I did not, Mrs. Steele. Was she a pretty bride?"

"Well, no, not particularly; she looked rather sallow in white satin, but her jewels, oh, her jewels were lovely!"

"Ah, the bridegroom's family jewels, I presume. I have heard of the Belgrave diamonds," remarked Mrs. Cameron carelessly.

"Mrs. Brown was telling me, my dear Mrs. Cameron, that they were not to be compared to yours; in fact, she said that you had a wonderful ring that was worth as much as that diamond

necklace," said Mrs. Steele in her most insinuating tones

"I have a very uncommon one, certainly," responded that lady, who felt flattered by her companion's remarks.

"The one that you wore at the County Soiree, Mrs. Cameron?" inquired the other eagerly.

"Yes; I think that is the only time that I have worn it in public."

"Would you mind letting me see this wonderful ring, dear Mrs. Cameron? I heard such an account that I am dying to get a sight of it."

"Certainly you may see it if you wish, Mrs. Steele. Violet, will you bring my jewel case, please."

Violet at once obeyed. When the case was opened, and its glittering contents revealed to Mrs. Steele's eager gaze, her delighted exclamations showed how much she appreciated the magnificence of the superb set of diamonds that occupied the top of the case.

Mrs. Cameron lifted off the upper tray and remarked, as she took out a small antique case,

"This is the snake ring, Mrs. Steele."

When she opened it she gave a startled exclamation of surprise and dismay.

The case was empty—the ring had gone.

(To be continued.)

"WINE IS A MOCKER, STRONG DRINK IS RAGING, AND WHOSOEVER IS DECEIVED THEREBY IS NOT WISE"—*Prov.* xx., 1

Illustrated Ballads.

By Mary M. Forrester.

I.—BILL.



If you'd see a young philosopher,
Who's ever at his ease,
There's Bill.
Though his shoes are rather open,
And his trousers out at knees,
He is always independent,
Kind of "do just as I please,"
Is Bill.

If you want to see a hero
In a funny suit of clothes,
There's Bill.
With a cheek just like the apple,
That against the sunlight grows,
With a mouth up at the corners,
And a saucy little nose,
It's Bill.

If you want to see a countenance
That's never known a frown,
It's Bill's.
If you want to make acquaintance
With a chap that knows the town,
Who's going to win the football cup,
Or the latest wicket down,
It's Bill.

If you'd like to hear a story,
Of the proper Yankee kind,
Ask Bill.
He can spin a yarn as lengthy
And as droll as you can find,
For there's yards and yards of fancies
In the active little mind
Of Bill.

If you've got an ear for music
Of the treble whistle sort,
Ask Bill
Just to put his lips together,
'Till you fancy there are caught
All the voices of the wildbirds
In the funny little throat
of Bill.

If you'd like to see a racer,
Who is swifter than the deer,
There's Bill.
With the greatest ease imaginable
Every yard he'll clear;
He will run like mad for pleasure,
Though he wouldn't budge for fear,
Will Bill.

Would you see a young diplomatist,
Full of ingenious thought?
There's Bill;
Who is always deep in mischief,
And yet is seldom caught,
Owing to great ideas
Of which he's never short,
That's Bill.

If you'd like to meet this genius,
This dodger, quaint and small—
This Bill—
You will find him smiling brightly
At the passers one and all;
With his hands deep in his pockets,
And his back against the wall—
That's Bill.

There is no excellence without great labour. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertions, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

No. I. "Liberty's Landmarks" will appear in the February issue. It will deal with the introduction into England of the priceless liberty—Christ's Religion.

The Marvellous in Common Things.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

SNOW AND ICE.

EVERY common object around us has a strange and even fascinating story to tell if we only have the right ears to listen and the right eyes to see. We have heard of people having ears to hear, and hearing not, and eyes to see, and seeing not, and, undoubtedly, there are many such. To them a flower is merely a blossom that will soon fade and wither away; a tree is simply something growing; how it came there, how it developed, how it lives is nothing to them.

By observation and investigation we shall find all nature filled with a beauty that shall both interest and charm us. Nature's work is always infinitely beyond the work of man. Let us, for instance, take the most costly and elaborate piece of human work, and bring to bear upon it the powers of the microscope. We shall find that the more the power is enlarged, the less beautiful the workmanship becomes. That which to the naked eye looked finished, and perfect, now appears to be rough and ugly. Let us, however, take the humblest flower, the blade of grass, the tiny insect, or indeed anything that nature has produced, and bring the powers of the microscope to bear upon it; the more we increase the power, the more beautiful and perfect the object appears.

To many people, snow is simply a matter of annoyance and discomfort, and frost is a nuisance;



Scene showing the Great Glacier.

but were it not for the frost and the snow the world would probably be uninhabitable.

At the mountain top is the home of Jack Frost. Here he is absolute king. With his icy fingers he catches the water vapour of the air, and turns it into ice and snow, and so we get the tops of the mountains eternally covered with this white mantle.

We must not, however, think that because the mountain top is always covered, that it is the same snow and ice that remains there. As the accumulation grows and grows, the weight becomes enormous, and gradually the ice gets forced down the mountain side, forming what is really an ice river, for, rigid and solid as it appears, the mass, weighing hundreds of thousands of tons, is gradually moving down the mountain side. These masses of ice are called glaciers, and as they descend to the lower parts of the mountain they are thawed by the sun and give rise to a river, flowing down into the valleys and filling them with beauty and fertility. The rich fields, the ripening orchards, and the glad harvest of the valley could never be unless the ice king did his work at the mountain top.

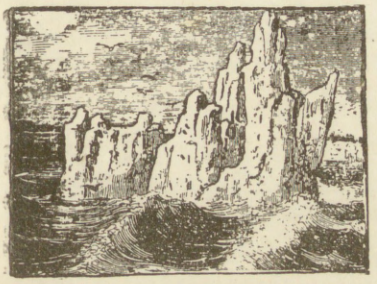
Professor Tyndall some years ago spent a long time in finding out all the wonders of these glaciers, and he showed that a portion of a glacier was moving down the mountain side at the rate of fifty-six inches in one hundred hours. Very slowly, but very surely. These immense masses of ice are really wearing the mountains away, and bringing down huge pieces of rock into the valleys below.



Ice Flowers.

Not only is ice wonderful in its work on the mountain top, and in supplying the source of many a noble river, but it is also very wonderful in itself. If thin slabs of ice are put into a proper apparatus, and light is projected through them on to a screen, then beautiful liquid ice flowers are seen. Wherever the sun shines upon the ice of a pond or lake these marvellous ice flowers may be seen with the aid of a pocket lens. There are myriads of them just below the freezing surface, and they give us some idea of what may be called the architecture of ice.

A curious thing about ice is, that although so cold in itself, it may be made the means of concentrating heat. Many years ago, Dr. Scoresby, when in the polar regions, by means of an ice lens, "often concentrated the sun's rays so as to make them burn wood, fire gunpowder, and melt lead; thus proving that the heating power is retained by the rays, even after they have passed through so cold a substance."



Floating Iceberg.

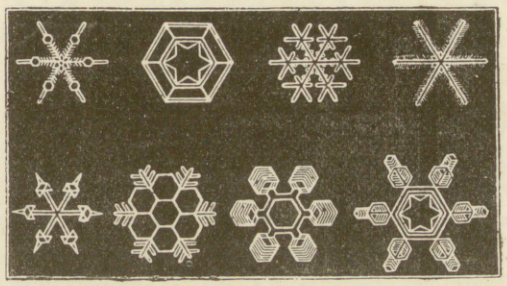
If Jack Frost has his home on every mountain top, he has his castles at both the poles, for North and South we get into the unknown land of Eternal ice. Many an intrepid traveller like Franklin, Peary, Nares, and Nansen has tried in vain to penetrate the secret fortress of the Ice King, and many a brave fellow has laid down his life in this attempt. Possibly amongst the boys of to-day there is some great heart, that in times to come shall wrest from the Ice King his secret, and succeed where others have failed.



Frost expansion : Cannon ball burst by ice.

Ice possesses a very wonderful quality in the fact that it takes up more room than the water which formed it. If we had a vessel holding a pint of water just above freezing point, and then the water was frozen, we should find that we could not by any means get the ice into the same vessel. Ice is, therefore, lighter than water, because weight for weight it occupies a larger space. A pound of ice takes up more room than a pound of water, and hence ice floats at the surface of a pond or lake instead of falling to the bottom, as it would do were it heavier than water. Now we can understand how it is that when water freezes, the formation of the ice is so great as to burst the water pipes. This is only discovered when the thaw sets in, but the work was done in the freezing, and not in the thawing. So great is this power, that if a hollow cannon ball is completely filled with water, and the hole very tightly plugged, and the whole frozen, the pressure of the ice within will either force out the plug, or, if it cannot do this, it will burst the ball itself.

Snow is simply one of the lovely forms of ice. As it falls, it looks like feathery flakes, without any particular design or pattern. If, however, we think this, we make a great mistake. Nature revels in both beauty and variety. You might say "What is the good, the snow is just as well without a design as with it?" That is not the way with nature, for even with things that generally are far beyond the view of men, still the same beautiful forms appear. Take, for instance, the mud from the deepest ocean, about four miles in depth. It is filled with beautiful creatures, infinitely small, called diatoms, and so with the snow flake. It has the impress of God's finger upon it, and is therefore wondrously beautiful. If they had been all of one pattern it would have been marvellous; but here, as everywhere in nature, there is an abundance of variety. Mr. Glaisher, one year at Greenwich, found no less than 150 different designs, and there is no doubt but that they are countless. What makes it still more wonderful, is that there is some likeness between them, for all snow crystals are six pointed or six rayed, and yet with this likeness there is still a vast variety of pattern. Another very lovely form of ice is that shown upon the window pane, when vapour is condensed and frozen into the wonderful frost ferns, and here again the variety and beauty seem inexhaustible. Enough, however, has been said to help us to see that in this common thing there are marvels that are worth our consideration, and which merit our attention.



Snow Crystals.

Alcohol and Cold.

IT is a mistake to imagine that alcohol makes the body warmer. It reduces the power of the blood to absorb oxygen, without which combustion in the body cannot take place. Hence, it lessens heat. The feeling of warmth, which people sometimes experience after taking intoxicating liquors, is deceptive. It arises from the fact that the blood vessels near the surface of the body become enlarged, more blood from the interior rushes into them, the skin appears flushed and red, and feels warm. All the time heat, which should be retained within the body, is escaping, and the body is becoming colder. Dr. Brunton says, "Alcohol lowers the whole temperature of the body." Dr. Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer, said, "Spirituous liquors diminish the power of resisting cold. Plenty of food and sound digestion are the best sources of heat." Instead of being a heat giver, alcohol is a heat lowerer, and makes the body really colder. It is found that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body from ½ to 2 degrees, and causes the body to be less able to withstand cold. For this reason Arctic explorers—Nansen, Lieut. Peary, Nares, and others—exposed to the extreme cold, most carefully avoid alcohol. They find that to take alcohol to give warmth would be about as sensible as to try to light a fire with water. —*From Temperance Science Lessons, No. 3, "Why Abstain?" the Band of Hope Teacher, published by the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.*

IN TEMPERANCE LAND!

Words by M. S. H.

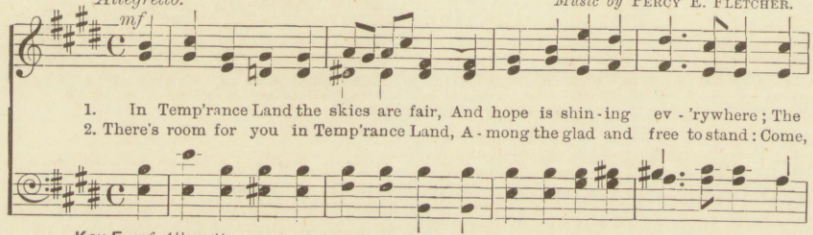
(Temperance Chorus.)

Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegretto.

mf

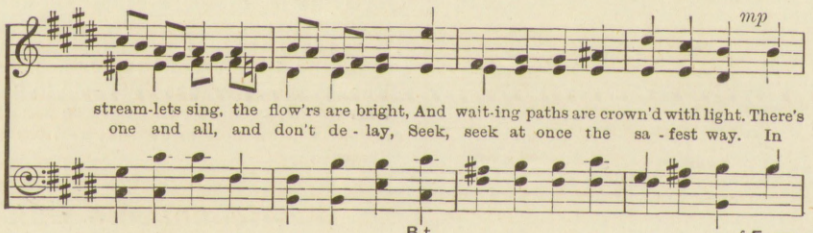
1. In Temp'rance Land the skies are fair, And hope is shin-ing ev-'rywhere; The
2. There's room for you in Temp'rance Land, A-mong the glad and free to stand: Come,



Key E. *mf Allegretto.*

:s | l :m | m :m | f.m:f.l | r :r | m :s | d' :t | t :-.l | l :l
:m | m :d | ta, :ta, | t, :t, | t, :t, | d :m | d :r | r :-.d | d :d
1. In Temp'rance Land the skies are fair, And hope is shin-ing ev-rywhere; The
2. There's room for you in Temp'rance Land, A-mong the glad and free to stand: Come,
:s | d' :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | s :se | se :-.l | l :f
:d | d :d | de :de | r :r | s, :s, | d :d | m :m | f :-.f | f :f

mp



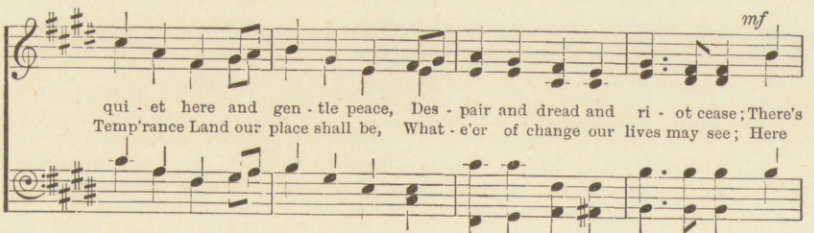
stream-lets sing, the flow'rs are bright, And wait-ing paths are crown'd with light. There's
one and all, and don't de-lay, Seek, seek at once the sa-fest way. In

B.t. f.E. *mp*

l.s :f.m | f :f | s.f :m.r | m :d'f | s, :l, | l, :t, | m :r | d :ds
de :de | r.m:r.d | t, :t, | d :df, | f, :f, | f, :f, | f, :f, | m, :ds
streamlets sing, the flow'rs are bright, And wait-ing paths are crown'd with light. There's
one and all, and don't de-lay, Seek, seek at once the sa-fest way. In
m :l | l :r | r :s | s :lr | t, :d | d :r | l, :t, | d :ds
l, :l, | r :r | s, :s, | d :l,r, | s, :s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | d, :ds

mf

qui-et here and gen-tle peace, Des-pair and dread and ri-ot cease; There's
Temp'rance Land our place shall be, What-e'er of change our lives may see; Here

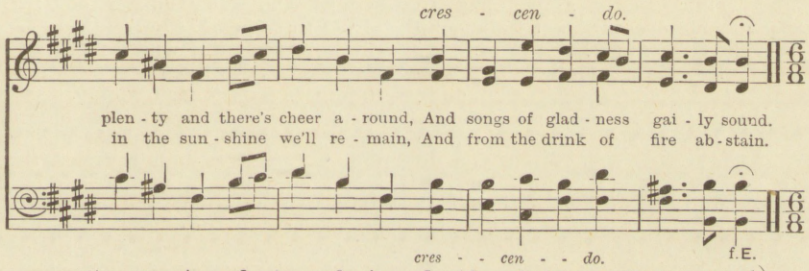


mf B.t.

l :f | r :m.f | s :m | d :r.m | f :m | r :d | m :-.r | r :sd
l :f | r :m.f | s :m | d :d | d :d | l, :l, | d :-.t, | t, :sd
qui-et here and gen-tle peace, Des-pair and dread and ri-ot cease; There's
Temp'rance Land our place shall be, What-e'er of change our lives may see; Here
l :f | r :m.f | s :m | d :d | l :l | r :r | s :-.s | s :sd
l :f | r :m.f | s :m | d :l, | r, :m, | f, :fe, | s, :-.s, | s, :sd

IN TEMPERANCE LAND!

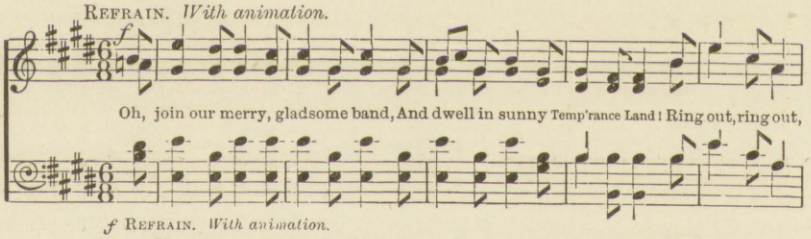
cres - cen - do.



plen - ty and there's cheer a - round, And songs of glad - ness gai - ly sound.
in the sun - shine we'll re - main, And from the drink of fire ab - stain.

cres - - cen - - do. f.E.

r	:t₁	|s₁	:d.r	m	:d	|s₁	:d	l₁	:f	|m	:r.d	r	:-.d	|ᵈs	‖
r	:t₁	|s₁	:d.r	m	:d	|s₁	:s₁	f₁	:f₁	|s₁	:s₁	f₁	:-.m₁	|ᵐ₁t₁	‖
plen - ty		and there's		cheer a - round, And				songs of glad - ness				gai - ly sound.			
in the sun - shine				we'll re - main, And				from the drink of				fire ab - stain.			
r	:t₁	|s₁	:d.r	m	:d	|s₁	:d	d	:r	|d	:m	t₁	:-.d	|ᵈs	‖
r	:t₁	|s₁	:d.r	m	:d	|s₁	:m₁	f₁	:r₁	|s₁	:s₁	s₁	:-.d₁	|ᵈ₁s₁	‖



REFRAIN. *With animation.*

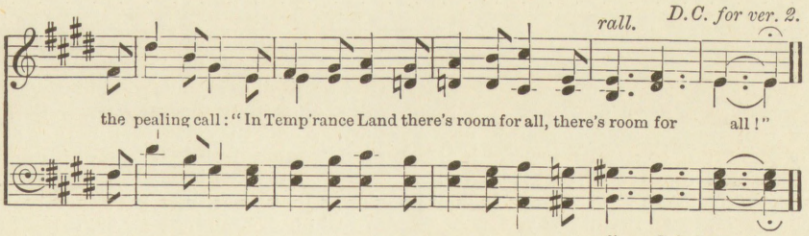
f

Oh, join our merry, gladsome band, And dwell in sunny Temp'rance Land! Ring out, ring out,

f REFRAIN. *With animation.*

:s	d':-:t	|t:-:l	l:-:m	|l:-:m	s:l:m	|s:-:m	m:-:r	|r:-:s	d':-:l	|f:-					
:f	m:-:m	|m:-:m	m:-:m	|m:-:m	m:-:m	|m:-:d	t₁:-:t₁	|t₁:-:s	d':-:l	|f:-					
Oh,	join	our mer - ry,	glad-some band, And		dwell in sun - ny		Temp'rance Land! Ring		out, ring out,						
:t	d':-:s	|d':-:d'	d':-:s	|d':-:s	d':-:s	|d':-:s	s:-:s	|s:-:s	d':-:l	|f:-					
:s	d:-:d	|d:-:d	d:-:d	|d:-:d	d:-:d	|d:-:m	s:-:s₁	|s₁:-:s	d':-:l	|f:-					

rall. *D.C. for ver. 2.*



the pealing call: "In Temp'rance Land there's room for all, there's room for all!"

rall. *D.C. for ver. 2.*

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the	pealing call: "In		Temp'rance Land there's		room for all, there's		room for		all!"						
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It Might Have Been Different.

A LEAF FROM A MINISTER'S DIARY.



"PLEASE, Mister, give me a penny." This was the appeal made to me one evening as I walked up the street, in a large town.

It came from a little boy who was leaning against a hitching post.

"So you want a penny, do you? And what would you do with a penny if you had one?"

"I want to buy something to eat."

"O, you are hungry, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have your supper?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have your dinner?"

"No, sir."

I didn't ask him if he had breakfast. I knew what the answer would be, for his little drawn features told me that in his appeal he had spoken his need; and that that day was only one of many the same.

I took him to the nearest bakery and told the man to give him just what he wanted.

He chose a piece of gingerbread; and when the waiter gave it to him he broke it in the middle and

BEGAN WRAPPING ONE-HALF IN PAPER.

"Why," said I, "you said you were hungry, and here you are only going to eat half of the piece of gingerbread. What are you going to do with the other half?"

"Take it home to my little sister. She's hungry, too."

"Didn't she have any supper either?"

"No, sir."

"Nor dinner?"

"She had half a bun and a cup of milk. Yesterday I got some coppers and I bought some milk and two buns, and she had half of one this morning and the other half to-day."

"But what did you do with the other bun?"

"Please, sir, I gave it to my ma."

Here was a sad condition of things; a boy seven years old, hungry and begging for a penny to buy something to eat. A little girl, also hungry, and perhaps too young to beg. And a mother—surely only in the direst need would she take from her children in this way.

With the little fellow as my guide, and more gingerbread for the hungry little sister, I started for the home where such a condition of things could exist.

Under the hill back of the Haymarket, in one of the poorest houses in even this locality was the place that little fellow

CALLED HOME.

As I entered I didn't wonder he was hungry and begging for himself and little sister.

Just inside the door, where he had fallen when he entered the house two hours before, lay the father in a drunken stupor.

On the only whole chair in the room sat the wife and mother with a four-months'-old babe in her arms that looked as if it was not long for this world.

Its looks were not deceiving, for in three days it was dead.

Sitting on the back door step was the "little sister," who was "hungry too"; a pretty little girl of three years, who, as soon as she saw her little brother enter with a piece of gingerbread, ran to him with outstretched hands, knowing there was a piece for her, too.

As I looked at the wife and mother there was something strangely familiar about her. A few minutes' conversation revealed the fact that I had known her in my boyhood; a bright and happy young woman, daughter of respectable and well-to-do parents.

In her girlhood there was nothing wonderful about her. She was never called "beautiful," but was spoken of as "pretty."

She was never considered the

"BELLE OF THE VILLAGE,"

but was a pleasant and sought-after member of society.

She was ambitious to succeed in school; had fitted herself for teaching, and had taught two or three terms.

Could it be that this white-haired woman, with pale face and sunken cheeks, sitting there so languid with that poor, wan babe in her arms, was the dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, vivacious young woman I knew when a boy?

Many times I had visited at her father's home.

Many times I had eaten at their table, where there was always plenty. Never did I think I would meet her under these conditions, the wife of a confirmed drunkard; the mother of starving children, and she so weak from lack of food that she could not furnish nourishment for the babe at her breast.

She had married, much against her parents' wishes, a comparative stranger.

She was receiving the attentions of one of the best young men of the neighbourhood, and he had hoped to make her his wife.

I believe he had not asked her if she would thus honour him. But he loved her and had reason to believe his love was reciprocated, and that he would some day lead her to the hymeneal altar, and from there to the home he was preparing, and that together they could live the sweetest, happiest life.

But as it often has been, another young man stepped between them; a young man of a more ardent nature, and, as we say,

"TURNED HER HEAD,"

and in six months after she first met him she was his wife.

It was known that he took an "occasional glass," and twice during the six months he had been seen "intoxicated."

Her parents and friends tried to persuade her to give him up; or, at least, to wait a year, but she would not heed them.

She made the fatal mistake made by many a trusting girl. She thought it was all because of his free and happy nature. That when out with his associates he was overpersuaded, and that when they settled in their own home she would

have such an influence over him that he would give it up entirely.

Fatal mistake! My dear young lady, don't you make it. For each time this plan will succeed there will be a thousand failures. For each young woman who has ventured upon it and has realised her hopes a thousand have wept in bitter disappointment.

As I looked upon that drunken husband and father, those starving children, and that emaciated wife and mother, I knew she had been disappointed;

SADLY DISAPPOINTED.

And I prayed that other girls having the same idea that she had in her lovely girlhood might listen to the entreaties of friends, and thus save themselves from the sad life that she had suffered.

When I began to converse with her she didn't recognise me. I had grown from a boy of fourteen to a bearded man of thirty-seven.

When I told her who I was she began weeping, and in a piteous wail said: "O, I never thought that any one who knew me as a girl should see me as I am to-day. And I prayed they might not."

When she had grown calmer I learned her sad story.

The first year I knew, for it was spent near her childhood home. But the appetite for liquor grew stronger in the young husband, and, in spite of all she could do, he grew less and less able to control it, and twice had to be helped home.

The proud spirit of the young wife could not stand the disgrace in her old home, and she asked him to move.

To this he consented, and sought and found a position elsewhere.

He tried to master the appetite and she was encouraged to believe he would succeed, and that there was a happy future for her.

A little girl came

TO BRIGHTEN THE HOME,

and this seemed to help him in his efforts to reform.

He spent his evenings at home; was a good and kind husband, and provided well for his wife and child.

But before that precious bit of sunshine had been in the home two years diphtheria did its work, with a warning of only three days.

The shock was so sudden, and so severe to the father, that he seemed to lose control of himself entirely, and he fell under the power of his old appetite, which his wife fondly hoped was broken, never to trouble him again.

Again the wife felt the disgrace; again she proposed a change of location, and they came where I found them.

Here as before he made an effort to reform. The change seemed to help him, and with new associates he was sober for a time. But in a few years he went back to his old ways, and, though a little boy was born to them, and then a girl, and then another girl he kept on the downward road till they were as I found them that evening.

How my heart went out to that poor woman sitting

THERE IN THAT HOVEL,

with her starving babe in her arms, the two older children eating the beggars' bread, and her husband who should have been her protector and support in a drunken stupor on the floor.

Could it be that this woman was the bright, happy girl I knew when a boy!

What a contrast. Then she was the joy of her home, a leader among her girl friends, and always wore a smile. Now she has no home, no society, and is sad beyond my power to tell.

Then she could offer me a comfortable seat in a well furnished house; now she hasn't a whole chair to offer me, and few of any kind. And the change, the awful change, is chargeable to drink.

Do not wonder, then, that I dip my pen again to say to you, dear girls, "Don't run the awful risk that girl ran. Don't make the fatal mistake that she made, lest, like her, you grow old before your time, and with a sad heart have to look back over your life only to say,

'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.'"

What Drinking Means.

THE mischief it does in the home is too well known. At least 80 per cent. of the cases of cruelty to children are due directly to drink. Drink is the children's enemy. It undoes the work of the Church and Sunday School. Every year it is estimated that 20,000 sometime Sunday Scholars become lost to good influences through it. In one gaol with 531 prisoners, 418 had been Sunday Scholars, 395 of whom described their downfall to drink. In 1897 there were over 187,000 convictions for drunkenness, and for every drunken man arrested twenty are overlooked. Mr. Justice Hawkins says that 90 per cent. of the crime of this country is directly or indirectly traceable to drink.

All who drink may not become drunken, diseased, or degraded; but it is alone from drinkers that the victims of intemperance are recruited. There is no safe course except in abstinence. The wise will abstain for their own sakes and for the sakes of others. They will not only themselves keep outside of, but will do all they can to get rid of, temptations to drinking—the public-house, the bar, saloon, and the drinking club—remembering that

DRINKING *leads to* EGRADATION, ESTITUTION, ISEASE, EATH.

while ABSTINENCE tends to HEALTH, ONOUR, APPINESS, and Long Life.

From "The Band of Hope Teacher."

I NEVER felt any need for wine, or any other strong drink, after the hardest day's work; but have found that the hardest day's work can be sustained without it.—*Rev. Dr. A. Whyte.*



THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

"I MAKE MY BOW AND WISH YOU ALL PROSPERITY."

How doth the little busy bee,
With nothing else to do,
Sit on this bald and shining head
Where waving hair once grew.

AH, yes, that's it—nothing else to do. The secret is out. If that bee *had* been a busy one in anything else but in name it would have found some *useful* occupation. Yes, even in January it would have been racking it's little brains over the coming spring honey, and the best places to go



in search of it, and the number of cells that could be fitted into the hive, and the best way to make the cells air-tight; but no, this is a *lazy* "busy bee," and it finds nothing to do but mischief still.

Let us all make a good start this year, my dear little two-legged wingless bees, and the more active employment we find OF THE RIGHT SORT, the better for us. My little boy recites a piece which winds up at the end of each verse with—

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY, QUICK.
DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY, QUICK.

That's the way to start the year, and that's the way to finish it!

SIX UGLY BOYS.

First—A pretty boy with a nasty temper.
Second—A pretty boy with a cigarette in his mouth.
Third—A pretty boy with a lie on his lips.
Fourth—A pretty boy with a cruel heart.
Fifth—A pretty boy with a disobedient spirit.
Sixth—A pretty boy with a rude manner.

SIX PRETTY BOYS.

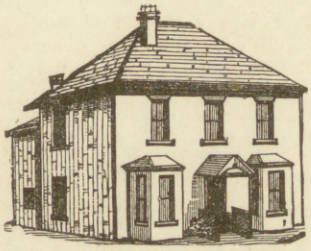
First—A plain boy as honest as the day.
Second—A plain boy who looks after his mother.
Third—A plain boy who hates sneaking ways.
Fourth—A plain boy who doesn't cheat at marbles.
Fifth—A plain boy who never threw a stone at a dog.
Sixth—A plain boy who signs the pledge and keeps it.

Moral—Handsome is who handsome does.

GONE IN HIS LEGS.

I saw a working man the other day who sticks up for beer. He began jeering at me and saying I could not do a day's "plastering" with him. Well, I know nothing about plastering, and never did any in my life, except perhaps sticking a bit of plaster on my nose if I happened to knock it against anything, so of course I could not go and plaster with him; but I told him that I would race him if he liked, and, although he was many years younger, I told him that I could beat him. But no, "he didn't feel up to running." Why couldn't he run? Simply because he had been swallowing a muscle-weakener, the deadly poison which his beer contained, called ALCOHOL. Keep it outside, boys; and girls do the same, for ever and ever.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



Jack who? Oh, lots of Jacks have built snug little houses. Jack Smith built one; Jack Robinson built another, and Jack Jones built one as well. Where did they get the money? Why, out of their pockets to be sure. But how did they get it in their pockets? They *put* it in and *kept* it in, and by-and-bye they had enough to build a house with. It's as easy as "pat;" anybody can do it! Jack Smith used to have lots of pennies when he was a boy, but he used to button up his mouth and his pocket at the same time as he passed the lolly shops, and the money grew and grew, and at last it grew into a house with a nice porch and two bay windows. Jack Robinson had a mate who dropped in at the "Magpie and Stump" every night, but Jack Robinson stumped off home, and had a chat with his dear little magpie of a wife instead, and she had a wonderful trick of taking care of the "brownies" that Jack brought home, and in the end they moved out of "cramped up cottage," which belonged to Landlord Screwemup, and they built themselves "Pretty View Villa," and became their own landlord. Then Jack Jones used to put his "smoke money" away in a jam pot, and the pot got so full that he had to turn the money out into an old watering can, and the watering can got so heavy that the bottom came out, and then Jack Jones put the money in the bank, and they added a little every year, and at last Jack Jones could call upon Mr. Bricks, the builder, and give orders for a spick and span cottage all for himself. And after going without smoke so long he found he had actually lost all taste for it, and didn't even like a smoky chimney. So Mr. Bricks had to rig the house up with his patent smoky chimney cure, and Jack and his wife lived happily ever after.

Yes, yes, yes; anybody can have a house of their own. Let's all go in for one, shall we? We can't begin too early!

SIX PUZZLES.

I asked a dear *old* lady if she knew any puzzles the other day, and she gave me these three. Try and find them out. You will see the answers in next month's issue:—

1. Three-fourths of a cross,
   And a circle complete;
   Two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;
   Set a triangle upon two feet,
   Two semi-circles and a circle complete.
   (Answer in one word.)

2. In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate. What's that?
   (Answer in one word.)

3. My first makes my second, and thinks himself my whole.
   (Answer in one word).

Then I asked a dear *young* lady if she knew any, and she gave me these three:—

1. My first is a kind of butter; my second is a kind of liquor; my whole is put in a barrel.

2. Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp?
   B

3. Man. Meddling. Wife.

Try and see whether you can puzzle these out, and look out for the answers next time.

For Thinkers.

NOTICE THE EFFECT OF DRINKING!—YEAR 1897.

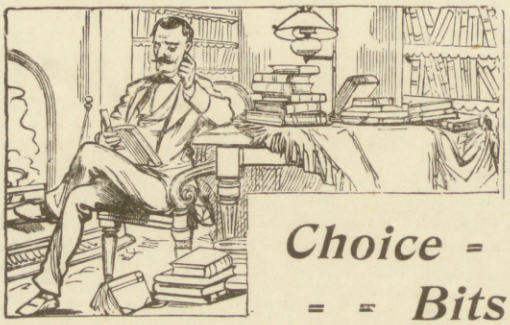
THE Sons of Temperance (London Grand Division). No. of members 8,277, deaths 41, being 5·48 per 1,000.

The Manchester Order of Oddfellows. No. of members 769,969, deaths 8,373, being 10·8 per 1,000.

The Ancient Order of Foresters. No. of members, 731,442, deaths 8,148, being 11·1 per 1,000.

These three societies take in exactly the same class of men, following the same trades, and exposed to the same risks. The only difference is that the Oddfellows and Foresters take drinkers of alcoholic liquors. These larger societies include a much larger proportion of country members, which would tend to reduce their death-rate. Many of them, also, are teetotalers, without whom their death-rate would be even higher than it is. It is a remarkable evidence of the *value of total abstinence*. If all the Oddfellows had been teetotalers and had (as they probably would) only had the same death-rate, the deaths would have been only 4,220 instead of 8,277, a saving of over 4,000 lives. about the same number would have been saved among the Foresters. Hence there were at least 8,000 lives sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus. As these two large societies include about one-fifth of the male adults of the United Kingdom, if a similar proportion of the rest die from drink (which is very probable) we have a total of 40,000 adults slain by drink in one year, not including women and children. The slaughter of Omdurman was small in comparison.—*Medical Temperance Review.*

"DOCTOR," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer to a physician—"Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician, "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that'll do well enough for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest when I havn't touched a drop in fifteen years? If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."



Choice Bits

From the Best Authors.

"THE CANDID MAN."

By Lytton.

ONE bright laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green, shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved and lived for nature, were right in calling our island "the merry England," when I was startled by a short, quick bark on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and, seated upon the sward, was a man, apparently of the pedlar profession. A great deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen and female dress were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. "Down," said I:

"ALL STRANGERS ARE NOT FOES

—though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for, touching his hat, civilly, he said, "The dog, sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you*, for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? If so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vendor."

"No, sir," said the seeming pedlar, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—"no, sir, I am only the bearer of other men's goods; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"YOU ARE CANDID, MY FRIEND,"

said I, "and your frankness, alone, would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, sir," said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look at the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I, "but your observation leads me to think that you are both an historian and a traveller: am I right?"

"Why," answered the box-bearer, "I *have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods: God send me the luck to deliver it safe."

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle I wish you a good morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both," replied the man; "but do add to your favours by informing me of the right road to the town of ——".

"I am going in that direction myself; if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure you not missing the rest."

"Your honour is too good," retorted he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him. "it is but seldom a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, sir; perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen, yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade, I follow no calling; I rove where I list, and rest where I please; in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir,

MAY I NOT CALL MYSELF A GENTLEMAN?"

"Of a surety," quoth I, "you seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies."

"You have it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh.

* * * * * * * *

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noon-day so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration than of languor and heat.

"We have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden, after the more sterile and sullen features of the continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher. Perhaps (and I believed it likely) I have the honour of addressing a poet also."

"Why, sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps your honour will allow me to return the suspicion. Are *you* not a favourite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I, "I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

"COMMON SENSE!"

repeated my companion, with a singular and

meaning smile, and a twinkle in his left eye. "Common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me. I am the most unsuspicious person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "This man is certainly a rascal; but what is that to me? I shall never see him again." And true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in a trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

* * * * * * * *

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend, "but Providence willed it otherwise. They taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's Prayer; Heaven heard me and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon."

"Well," said I, "you are

THE HONESTEST KNAVE THAT I EVER MET,

and one would trust you with one's purse, for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you, is it probable that I have ever had the happiness of meeting you before? I cannot help fancying so; as yet I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sir," returned my worthy; "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did not remember. I had the honour of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend, Mr. Gordon."

"Ah," said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well by the same token that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England, and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own; I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."

My friend smiled with his usual blandness, and made a low bow of acknowledgement before he resumed:—

"No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself the art of appropriation, though I say it who should not say it. I deserve the reputation I have acquired, sir. I have always had ill-fortune to struggle against, and always have remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill-fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion; of my perseverance know that I have twenty-three times been taken up justly; and of my ingenuity know that I have been let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me."

"I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it still pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others"

"Nay," answered the man of two virtues, "I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have

NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO DISGRACE ME.

I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery; whatever I have executed by way of profession has been done in a superior and artist-like manner—not in the rude, bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains 'to learn and labour truly to get my living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

"I have often heard," answered I, "that there is *honour* among thieves. I am happy to learn from you that there is also religion. Your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."

"They ought to be, sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave them the first specimens of my address. The story is long; but, if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it."

"Thank you," said I. "Meanwhile, I must wish you good morning; your way now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"Oh, never mention it, your honour," replied Mr. Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your common sense. Farewell, sir, may we meet again."

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.

I went home musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was abour three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted in a most pitiful tone by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into alms-giving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo, my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame D'Anville, had vanished too."

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receiving compliments upon one's common sense for nothing.

The beggar still continued to importune me.

"Give him some food and half-a-crown," said I to my landlady. Two hours afterwards she came up to me. "Oh, sir, my silver tea-pot—*that villain the beggar*!"

A light flashed upon me. "Ah, Mr. Job Jonson. Mr. Job Jonson," cried I, in an indiscribable rage; "out of my sight, woman, out of my sight." I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt. The sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as the innocent fool who suffers by him.

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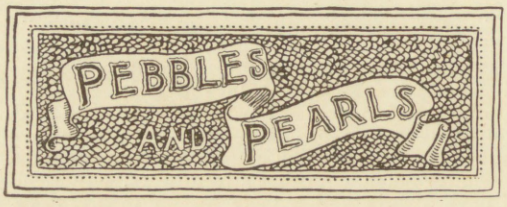
No one is a slave whose will is free.



A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What's the good of a horse till it's broke?"

"TAKE away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," said a man at the back of the audience promptly.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALCOHOL *is the only true temperance.* Temperance is the moderate use of things useful, and total abstinence from those which are pernicious.

SUBURBAN.—Mr. Tubs (*speaking over garden fence*): Your plants look a little rocky, don't they?

Mr. Pack: I guess you'd look rocky if you'd been slugged before you fairly got out of bed.

A FEEDING-BOTTLE advertisement says, "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and put into a cold place under a tap." Poor little mites! I see it all now. Unscrewed and put under a tap! Why, we couldn't stand it. No wonder they shriek and cry so loudly.

———o———

Reviews.

WE have received from the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, two excellent Temperance Manuals, which are just the books for Temperance workers, and especially Band of Hope workers, who wish to equip themselves with matter and argument for Temperance speaking. One, TEMPERANCE SCIENCE LESSONS No. 2, PHYSIOLOGY (price 6d.), is by W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., and other Temperance Science Lessons, No. 3, THE BAND OF HOPE TEACHER (price 3d.) by W. Chandos Wilson. They are full of instructive, reliable matter, well printed and fully illustrated by numerous diagrams, &c. They are thoroughly educational without being pedantic. Should be in great demand.

From the same house we have also received an excellent little book, "A WESTERN WAIF" (1/6) by Old Cornish. The story is a most interesting and healthy account of a child of the sea cast upon Cornish shores, which young and old will equally delight in. It is attractively printed on good paper, with appropriate illustrations, and forms a capital reward or gift book.

From MESSRS. CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage, London, the first number of the re-issue of CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR has reached us The "Educator" may be justly termed the "Fireside University." From its pages instruction can be got on almost every branch of education, from the rudiments to the arts, sciences and *belles lettres*. One who masters the "Educator" may lack the tone of the college, but he will not lack the knowledge thereat imparted. The present issue should surpass its predecessors in popularity.

The Water Club.



OF the men of this century who have left a mark on time was Alfred, Lord Tennyson, probably the most popular poet of our age. Among the reminiscences of his youth which he confided to his friends was one of "The Water Club." When Tennyson was a young man he and some of his friends organised a club for literary discussion. One of its first rules was that no wine could be used at any of the club meetings.

The reasons for which The Water Club banished wine were few and simple—

1. *For economy's sake.* The lads were none of them rich, just graduated from their university, and with their way to make in the world.

2. The club was for intellectual improvement, and they felt assured that wine dulled and clouded the brain, after, perhaps, a brief stimulation. Their master, Shakespeare, had written;

> O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou
> Hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—Devil.

3. Wine often leads to anger and hot words. The members of this club were friends, holding their friendship dear. They dared not put it at the mercy of that "enemy which steals away men's brains."

> I drank, I liked it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
> An airy scene of transitory joys.
> In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
> Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.

Among the members of this club were Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, one of the most notable men of the century, mourned by a world when he died in full age, full of honours; Hallam, the brilliant young genius, for whose memorial "In Memoriam" was written by Tennyson—no doubt the most magnificent monument ever erected to man; and the two brothers of Tennyson, both poets and men of mark. Other choice spirits gathered about them, scarcely one who did not in some way distinguish himself, while all lived their lives nobly and helpfully.

The poet recalls the band in the verse—

> Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art
> And labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land.

Here is a sketch of worthy work, well to be remembered as the work of famous men of the famous

WATER CLUB.



IN THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

By RUTH B. YATES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing.

CHAPTER II.—

"I NEVER felt so angry in all my life, mother. I cannot forgive you for this!" exclaimed Comar Cameron, with flashing eyes.

"Hush, Comar, you speak without thinking. It was only out of consideration for you that I permitted Violet Ward to leave the house except in charge of a policeman, and I fear that your father will blame me for doing so."

"How dare you speak of my affianced wife as if she were a thief!" exclaimed the young man, stamping his foot; his indignation making him utterly regardless of the respect due to his mother.

The lady raised her head from the cushion upon which she was languidly reclining, and looked at her son, with a scornful curl upon her lip, as she replied, in slow and measured tones,

"*You* have nothing to complain of, Comar. You should rather be thankful that the theft was discovered before you were drawn into marriage with such a character; but that will not restore my ring."

"Violet has never touched your ring, mother. I could answer for her with my life," responded Comar hotly.

"How, then, do you account for her having a quantity of money in her possession, and getting change for a bank-note at the post-office on her return from Weston, when we know that she was as poor as a church mouse?"

"No doubt Violet could explain it, mother."

"Of course she could—nothing easier. That scapegrace of a brother had given it to her. Rather a likely story."

"I do not for one moment see how you could dream of suspecting Violet, mother."

"I could not do anything else; the proofs were too plain. I am only sorry that I did not put her under arrest, as Mrs. Steele advised me to do."

"I would never, *never* have forgiven you if you had, mother. As it is, I shall go right away and ask Violet to marry me at once, and so prove to the world that *I* do not doubt her innocence," exclaimed the young man passionately.

"You must not do anything so foolish, Comar. The girl is a thief, and nothing better, no matter what you may say. You seem to think nothing of my loss—a loss that can never be replaced unless you can induce Violet to confess where she sold the ring. She might if you put pressure on her, as I expect she only got a paltry sum for it."

"Bother the ring! Violet's character is worth more to me than all the rings in existence, and I'm off to tell her so."

Comar left the room, slamming the door after him with unnecessary violence. Mrs. Cameron fell back on the couch with a sigh as she murmered,

"That is always the way. Comar has no thought for me."

Comar rushed off to catch the next train to Weston, in order to seek an interview with Violet, for he had only that morning received a letter from her, written the day after his departure, in which she had released him from his engagement, although she assured him that she was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. Having been away in Devonshire on important business with his father, this letter had been lying at the Hotel in London awaiting his return. He had hastened home to seek an explanation, but his interview with his mother had been anything but satisfactory. Violet had gone, and the letter he had written to her from Devonshire was still on the mantel-piece. What must she think of him?

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Comar sprang from the train as it drew up at Weston station, and hurried away to Frank's apartments, where he had left Violet with a happy heart such a short time ago. He was startled to see a card in the window announcing that there were "Apartments to Let," but he rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Frank Holmes.

"He has left here, sir," was the unexpected reply.

"Do you know anything of his sister, Miss Violet Ward?"

"She has gone, too, and my rooms are at liberty, but the young gentleman did behave handsomely at the last, I must say that for him."

"Gone!" exclaimed Comar, in a tone of utter bewilderment. "Have they left no address?"

"Mr. Frank said he was going on a tour through Italy and Switzerland for his honeymoon, sir."

"There must be some mistake, I think; however, it is not he but his sister that I am anxious to see. She sent me a letter above a week ago, which I did not receive until this morning."

"It must have been your answer that the young lady was expecting, but do you want to see the rooms, sir, as I cannot waste any more time answering questions?"

"Will you tell me all that you know about Miss Ward, so that I may be able to obtain some clue as to her whereabouts, for I must find her at any cost?" pleaded the young man, as he pressed a sovereign into the woman's hand to compensate her for the loss of time. The gleam of gold acted like magic, and the landlady smilingly invited Comar into her sitting-room, while she poured forth all that she knew or surmised concerning Frank and Violet.

"You see, sir, Mr. Frank was always a bit wild, as young men will be when they have no mother to look after them, though I always did my best for him, and it seems he got married, but he never told either me or his sister until after his grandfather died and left him a fortune. Poor dear, she was fairly upset when she heard of it, I can tell you."

"When would that be?" inquired Comar, anxiously.

"It was last Monday week. I remember it well, for Mr. Frank told me when he came back from seeing her off at the station. On Tuesday Miss Violet came again quite unexpectedly, and Mr. Frank was not at home, but she told me that she had left her situation, and would stay with me for a few days until she got another. Of course, I made room for her, and I think she must have had some words with her employer, for I heard Mr. Frank say—'She deserves a good horsewhipping, but never mind, Vi, you shall go with us and enjoy yourself, and it will be all right before we get back.'"

Mrs. Smith did not say that she had heard this remark while listening at the key-hole.

"When did they leave here, Mrs. Smith?"

"Two or three days since. I cannot rightly say which, for I was called away to my sister's funeral, and I only returned yesterday, but Mr. Frank paid me up to the end of the month before I went."

Comar left with the determination to follow Violet to the end of the world, but he must first return to his father. His brain was in a whirl, as he lay back in the train, and thought over what he had heard. So much of it seemed strange and unaccountable, yet he could not doubt his darling.

Comar told his father what had passed, and expressed his determination to seek Violet.

"I do not know about that, my boy. Remember that ring is worth a fortune; it has been in my family for generations. I would rather have given a thousand pounds than have lost it, Comar."

"Mother must have mislaid the ring, father. I consider it a down-right shame to condemn Violet unheard."

"Gently, my boy, gently. You must acknowledge that it looks suspicious when a girl, who is known to be in straitened circumstances, with a spendthrift brother, upon whom she bestows all her spare cash, goes to see that brother under the impression that he needs further aid, yet she returns with plenty of money. Moreover, the brother announces that he has come into a fortune, and goes off upon a pleasure trip, and his sister accompanies him. I am much afraid that the temptation has——"

"Violet would never dream of doing such a thing, father," interposed Comar indignantly.

"Perhaps not; but that scamp of a brother may have begged her to raise the money for him somehow, Comar, and when that valuable ring was left in her possession she was doubtless tempted to take it to him and let him dispose of it."

"I cannot, will not, for one moment believe Violet capable of dishonesty, father, and I will not accept release from my engagement."

"If you marry Violet Ward before the snake ring is restored you will do so without my consent, Comar."

"I think both mother and you are unjust to Violet, father, but I will see her and satisfy you as to her innocence, and then I shall fulfil my promise and marry her as arranged."

"As soon as the ring is found, Comar. I have already taken measures which I hope may lead to its recovery, and no stone will be left unturned. The peculiarity of the workmanship should enable it to be traced without much difficulty, but you would scarcely care to have it proved beyond a doubt that the thief was your wife, so take my advice and wait."

"I do not fear the result. I am so certain that Violet's innocence will be established that I *will* wait, but, in the meantime, I am off to find her."

Following up the clue he had obtained, after many fruitless inquiries, Comar at length came across the right party of tourists, and discovered the names of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes in the visitors' book of an hotel where they had stayed, but he looked in vain for the name of Violet.

"What sort of people were this Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes?" he inquired of the waiter.

"They were a very young couple; he was fair and she was dark."

"Had they not a young lady with them, Miss Violet Ward? I do not see her name here."

"There were two other ladies and three gentlemen with the party; these are the names: Emily Jones; Lettice Smith."

"Was this lady dark or fair?" asked Comar, pointing to the first name.

"She was little, dark, and of uncertain age, sir."

"And the other?"

"Was young, fair, and very pretty; but appeared to be rather shy. She was evidently not accustomed to travelling or going amongst strangers."

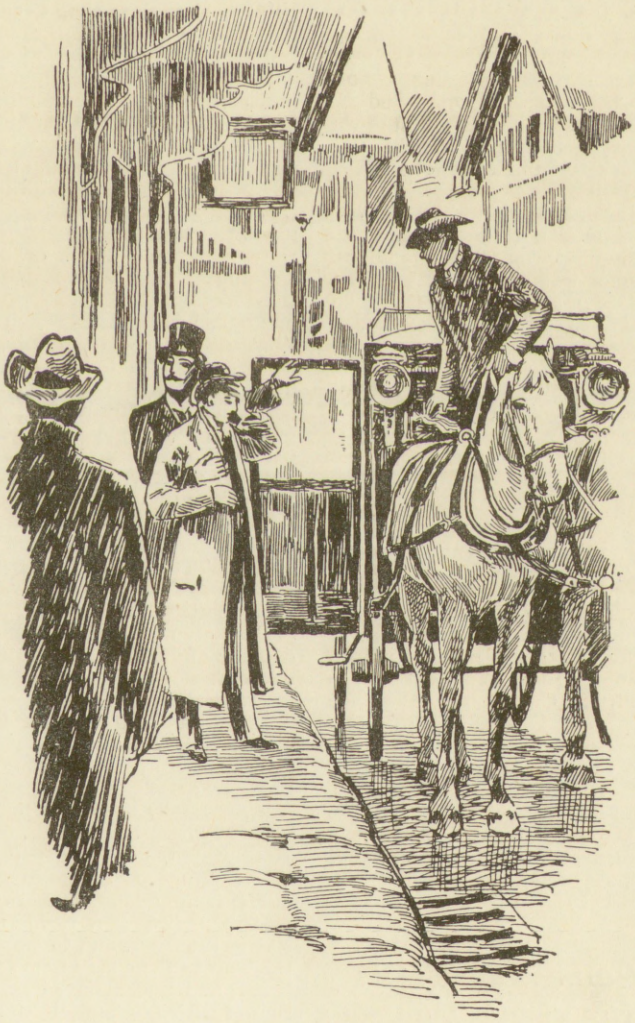
Comar thanked the man and slipped a gratuity into his hand after he had ascertained the route the tourists had taken. When he was alone he paced the room trying to think.

"Young, fair, and pretty. What could better describe Violet? Why should she travel under an assumed name? I cannot understand it, but I will follow, and—Oh, my God! my God, it cannot be!" he exclaimed, in answer to the doubt that was beginning to form itself in his mind, in spite of his determination to believe in Violet's innocence.

From one place to another he traced Frank and his wife, only to find upon his arrival that they had just gone. He arrived late one night in a small Italian town, and made inquiries as to whether there were any English tourists in the place, and was informed that a party was staying at the hotel. Thither he at once proceeded, and was overjoyed to find that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes and Miss Lettice Smith were amongst them.

"Violet, my darling, have I found you at last?" he murmured, but a cloud passed over his brow at the thought of her assumed name, and the doubt that rose in his mind almost goaded him to madness. Could it be possible? No, he would not entertain such a thought for a moment, yet it recurred again and again, in spite of all his efforts. He went out into the street in hope of getting rid of these distracting thoughts, having first ascertained that the persons he wished to see were not in the house. On, on he went, scarce noting where he was going, when the sound of angry voices startled him from his reverie.

Comar found himself in a dark, narrow street. He saw a group in front of him, and as he approached he discovered that a couple of dark-browed Italians were evidently trying to intimidate a young Englishman.



"Drive to the Hotel Metropole.'

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"They have taken all my money," mumbled the Englishman, in a maudlin tone. Comar saw at once that he was intoxicated and, consequently, entirely at the mercy of these men, but he demanded in a stern tone,

"What is the meaning of this?"

"We won it in fair play, signor," responded one of the Italians, with a scowl.

Comar gave a quick glance round and saw several others, who were evidently ready to come to the assistance of their comrades.

Grasping the position he quietly placed his arm through that of the Englishman and drew him away, saying,

"Never mind. It's a pity that you had such bad luck."

"I hadn't bad luck. That fellow cheated. I won, but he said I had lost. One of them held me whilst the other took my pocket book, and then they put me out. That's the plain fact, as sure as my name's Frank Holmes," persisted the young man, as Comar guided his unsteady footsteps; the Italians having disappeared into a dingy-looking house and closed the door behind them.

Comar started, and exclaimed in a tone of surprise as he looked more closely at his companion,

"Frank Holmes! Can it be Violet's brother?"

"Of course I am, but—Oh dear, I feel so queer."

"They had turned into a principal thoroughfare when the speaker reeled and would have fallen had not Comar's strong arm supported him. Hailing a passing vehicle he said,

"This gentleman is ill; will you drive us to the Hotel Metropole?"

The driver sprang down and came to his assistance, but when he looked at Frank, who seemed to have suddenly grown dazed and helpless, he uttered the one word, "Drugged?"

"I don't know. I came across him down there. He says that he has been robbed, but he is evidently under the influence of drink," responded Comar, frankly.

"Ah, you Inglese should keep away from the gambling dens. No good got there," said the driver, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

When Frank Holmes was carried in and laid upon his bed in a state of stupor, his wife turned to Comar and said, in a tone of careless unconcern,

"How stupid of Frank to get like this in a strange place. I am *so* much obliged to you for bringing him home, Mr. ——, I beg pardon, I have not heard your name?"

"Comar Cameron, at your service, Mrs. Holmes."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Cameron."

A girl, with dull fair hair, lack-lustre eyes, and a face that might have been pretty but for the look of selfish discontent that pervaded it, inquired—"Is Mr. Holmes very ill, Maggie?"

"No, thank you, Letty, Frank has only had a drop too much; he will sleep himself round. Let us go down to supper now. You will accompany us, will you not, Mr. Cameron? Allow me to introduce you, Miss Lettice Smith – Mr. Cameron."

Comar could not repress a smile as he contrasted this vapid, expressionless girl with his darling Violet, whom he had supposed her to be. A feeling of relief came over him, as he realised the mistake he had made, but—where was Violet?

(To be continued.)

He Who Runs May Read:

"THE MAN IN THE TREE."—A MODERN PARABLE.



ND at length in our travels we came to a country the inhabitants of which reminded us very much of our own people. They were tall and shapely, pleasant to look upon, and kindly mannered, courteous and dignified in bearing, and very hospitable in their welcome to strangers. The houses, both in towns and villages, were well built, brick or stone being used with mortar or cement to bind the material together. The streets were laid out with fair uniformity, especially in the newer parts, and every town of any considerable size had its own public buildings.

So far as the country outside the towns was concerned, it appeared to us, when compared with the other countries through which we had passed, to be more like a huge garden; for no land hitherto visited by us in any way equalled or approached this lovely and productive land. Fields of waving corn, alternated with rich grass pastures on which thousands of sheep and cattle browsed or lay down in great contentment; whilst enclosures of root crops, growing in symmetrical rows, were interspersed with innumerable orchards and gardens where fruit and flowers, in all their rich beauty and promise, were a source of pleasure to the householders and the passer-by. Prosperity and happiness abounded. And yet "the rose had its thorn," and, with so much to cause the inhabitants to rejoice, there were still some drops of bitter in the cup of sweetness; for in every town and village there were trees, and amongst other trees there grew one particular species which produced fruit of a very attractive and peculiar kind. It had a certain beauty of appearance, and although the first time anyone tasted there was nothing very agreeable, yet after a few tastes the first feeling of aversion disappeared, and gradually, from not caring about it at all, the eaters acquired an appetite for it which, in many instances, later on became an uncontrollable passion.

The trees were all private property, and the owners derived large sums of money from the cultivation and sale of the fruit, and consequently were very jealous of any interference; and, although the eating of the fruit produced strange results upon some of its eaters, making madmen of some and imbeciles of others, yet the citizens and rulers of the country seemed totally unable to grapple with the evil.

And so, by and by, there became two factions, one called the "Preventionists," who spent a good deal of their spare time in trying to prevent the poor deluded fruit-eaters from obtaining the fruit, generally by persuading them of the foolishness of their infatuation, but occasionally by attempting to cut one of the trees down or to lop off a dangerously tempting branch; and the other faction—the Tree-owners—who in every possible way sought to increase the number and size of the trees, and to encourage the lovers of the fruit in their mad demands for more.

If it had not been so serious we could have roared with laughter, it did seem so droll; for there, in any of the villages, on any day of the week (not even excepting the day set apart for religious worship), you could see a Tree-owner sitting astride of a branch, whilst underneath a score or more of wretched men and women would stand asking him for fruit. One by one they threw up their money, which he deftly caught, and then quite as deftly threw them down some fruit, which he knew quite well would make them crave for more. And so it went on for hours, they paid and ate, and ate and paid, until their funds became exhausted; and then these wretched

creatures would barter away anything, and almost everything, they possessed, and still their one desire and passion seemed to be "more fruit."

Some of the "Preventionists" stood around too, and, as often as opportunity offered, would persuade some of the fruit-eaters to go away, or would caution or threaten the Tree-owner of what they would do to him. But he was rich, and, besides having a long purse and plenty of weapons with which to defend himself, he was supported by a vast number of persons who liked the fruit but who were too strong willed to become slaves to its seductive influence.

Sometimes the "Preventionists" would throw stones at the man in the tree, and then the poor wretched fruit-eaters underneath, encouraged by a few gratuitous handfuls of fruit thrown down by the man in the tree, would attack their would-be benefactors with great fury until they had driven them away. And then the man in the tree did a very rude thing, he put his thumb to his nose, spread out his fingers and wagged them vigorously, and he repeated this three times. It looked rather ludicrous, but it evidently pleased him vastly, for he accompanied the action with sundry chuckles and grimaces.

It was not, however, the poor and wretched only who patronised the man in the tree, for every day, except on that set apart for religious worship, many very respectable and well-to-do people would stop, and, whilst exchanging salutations with the man in the tree, would get as much fruit as they then wanted and go on about their business, orderly and well behaved, as became good citizens. And although these eminently respectable people could see the poverty-stricken and degraded condition of the poor creatures who constantly gathered round the trees, and scorned and despised them for it, yet could they not see that any responsibility rested with them to try and bring about a better state of things, and, when earnestly appealed to by the "Preventionists," they would merely shrug their shoulders and say it was no affair of theirs, they, themselves, liked the fruit, they derived much pleasure and no harm from eating it, believed a little really did them good, and they should always do their best to stop the "Preventionists" from getting the trees cut down.

After many weeks spent in the provinces, and marvelling at the general prosperity and happiness which existed there, we at length came to the chief town or capital of the country. A wonderful city, with splendid streets, shops, parks, and public buildings. Wealth seemed to abound at every turn and on every side; and yet, even here, in the back streets and slums, poverty and squalor, wretchedness and crime, were rampant; and here, too, in this great city the man in the tree did a thriving trade.

Many of the streets were laid out like boulevards, with trees on either side, and about every twentieth tree was one of those bearing the fruit of which we have spoken; and, as sure as ever we came to one, there we found a group of poor, poverty-stricken, specimens of humanity doing their utmost to get all the fruit they could. The baby at the mother's breast, or the tiny ragged urchin at her heels, might cry for food! "Let them," was her reckless answer, for fruit she must and would have. The wife timidly touches the husband's arm and implores him to come away, but only gets a blow or a curse for her well-meant efforts. He is simply crazy for fruit, and, for the time, values nothing else on earth. And so, we were told, the thing goes on, day after day, week after week, year in and year out.

We spent a few days seeing the many places of interest, picture galleries, museums, churches, parks, monuments, and what not, and then, having obtained the requisite authority, we paid a visit to the Legislature or Senate House of the country; and there, as if we could never have enough of this wretched tree business, the whole body of Legislators were having a debate upon it. The "Preventionists" were represented by a compact minority who tried to make up in ardour what they lacked in numbers; but it was plain to see that they need not expect to get their requests granted in regard to cutting the trees down! "Then might they cut off some of the branches?" they asked. Well, perhaps they might, provided the cutting be done under proper direction, and with due consideration and care for the feelings and interests of the Tree-owners! But, when the time came for voting even this small concession, there trooped into the room about a hundred jolly, well-fed, well-groomed, fruit-eaters and Tree-owners, who had never listened to the debate at all, and they voted solid in a body against the motion, and so it was lost once more amidst much laughter and many compliments to the "Preventionists" on having made so good a fight.

Then a very benevolent-looking, elderly gentleman, with a white waistcoat and a pleasant smile (a fruit-eater but not a Tree-owner) got up and proposed that, instead of cutting down or lopping the trees, they should build some splendid mansions, with large parks round them, and high walls round the parks; and that they should then catch all the depraved fruit-eaters who ate to excess, and keep them in these mansions and parks, with a proper staff of officials to look after them, until they had quite lost all taste and desire for the fruit which was causing their ruin.

This motion was received with much cheering and clapping of hands, was quickly put to the assembly, carried by a large majority, and forthwith passed into law; and the Legislators retired to their homes heartily congratulating themselves upon the splendid piece of work they had done.

It did seem to us, though, that it would have been vastly better to have decided to gradually cut the trees down. The method adopted looked rather the wrong way about—something like cutting the top off twitch in a garden. But then, you see, we were strangers, and could not be expected to understand the needs of that country as its own Legislators did. One thing, however, we did notice, and that was, that when the man in the tree heard of this latest piece of legislation, he was again guilty of that rude action of putting his thumb to his nose and playing an imaginary tune with his fingers, and he again did this three times. Still, in spite of all this, it is a grand country, very, and well worth visiting.

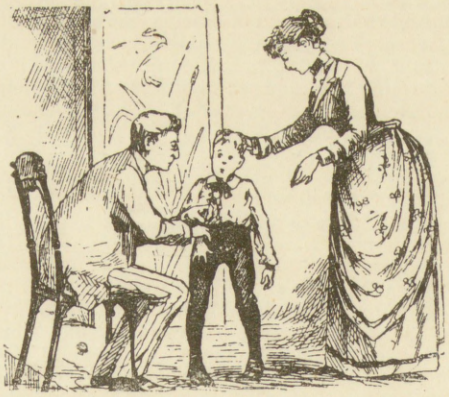
—*Dom.*



CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

By "A Children's Man."

"HA! ha! Master Tom, so you have been climbing up that plum-tree again have you? Oh, you troublesome nipper, what *am* I to do with you? Come here, and let me have a look at you. Where are you hurt? Both arms and both legs! Ah, I don't wonder. It's a mystery to me how you manage to keep a whole bone in your body. Bring the vinegar, Mary, and the Elliman, and the arnica, and those white oils off the top shelf in the store cupboard, and let me see what can be done. Now don't cry so, boy, you make *me* feel bad. I don't think you are hurt so *very* much."



"Yes I *am*, father," said Tom, "I've knocked the skin off my knee, and one of my knuckles is stiff, and I can't move my big toe. Oh-boo-boo-oo-oo-oo-oooooh!"

"Well, Tom, if you are as bad as that I shall have to send for the doctor."

"Oh, please don't, daddy, I don't want the doctor to come, I'll make haste and get well if you won't send for him."

"Very well, I won't then, but you must let me have a good feel all round your bones. (Daddy feels all his bones.) Oh, you are as sound as a trivet, you'll be able to climb the tree again by dinner time!"

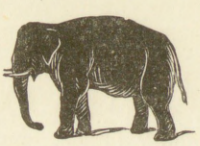
Tommy begins to laugh, and then he looks rather grave and says he never means to climb any more trees.

"Well, well, Tommy, don't make any vows. Wait until the time comes and then ask yourself this question—'Would I climb this tree if my father were here?' and if the answer comes back 'No!', then I'll thunder out a good loud 'No!' to Satan when he tempts me to do it.'

"That's right, Tommy, *always* obey your parents; that's the commandment with a promise hanging to it, remember. Your father is no milk sop, he wouldn't mind you carefully climbing a good sensible oak tree, not he, but he told you to keep out of the plum tree, not because you would eat the plums, for there are none ripe now, but because he knew that plum trees were very brittle and would be almost sure to let you down, and then, unless you happened to be made of the same material as the nigger who fell on his head from the top window of a store and the papers reported that 'fortunately, he fell on his head, so he wasn't hurt', you are almost sure to damage yourself, and, don't forget, it's much easier to break yourself than to get mended up again, and there are other things that break besides bones, there are such things as parents' hearts, you know, and nothing breaks parents' hearts sooner than troublesome, disobedient boys. Do you see, Tommy? Be off to bed and sleep it all off, and wake up as bright as a button"

STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT!

Who wants to be strong? I do, I do, I do! Very good; you may if you like. Follow the elephant's plan, which is as follows:—Don't smoke, don't drink alcohol, or even boiling hot tea, and don't swallow your food without biting it, and don't take snuff and don't forget that fresh air, exercise, a pure mind, and a simple diet, mean—HEALTH. And if you are healthy, there is no reason in the world why you should not be



as strong as the elephant in proportion to your size.

NOW FOR SOME PUZZLES!

What can you make out of these?

Expensive 1/-.
Meet 3 me 6 for J.

If the B mt put : If the B . putting :

If a hen and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in six days?

A herd of cows was going along a road. There was a cow in front of two cows, and a cow behind two cows, and one in the middle. How many altogether?

A man went out fishing, and caught 4 fish, but when he got home he had 5. How was that?

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?

Answers shall be given next month. Have a good try to find them out before then.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY'S "CHILDREN'S PAGE."

1 TOBACCO.
2 INSATIATE.
3 PATRIOT.
4 RAMROD.

2. Because they are both licked and put in a corner.

3. B above MEDDLING between MAN and WIFE

OUR BROTHER BOB.

A RECITATION BY YOUR "CHILDREN'S MAN."

LEGS and arms and fingers,
Hands and feet and toes,
Jumping, jerking, pulling,
That's the way he goes.

Laughing, squeaking, shouting,
Making heads to throb,
Growling, crying, pouting,
That's our brother Bob.

Climbing up the piping,
To the roof he crawls,
Slips and shuffles backward,
Scaling all the walls.

In the house a torment,
Never still a minute,
Nothing ever happens,
But our Bob is in it.

Hanging to the curtains,
Pulling down the poles,
Dragging coats and trousers
Into ugly holes.

Creeping under bedsteads,
Picking out the flock,
Tiresome little rascal
Winding up the clock.

Eating with his fingers,
Out of plate and dish,
Appetite enormous,
Drinking like a fish.

Worth a lot of trouble,
Is our little man,
Only learn to love him,
Anybody can.

Lead his thoughts to Heaven,
Train his lips to truth,
Tell him of his Saviour
Now in early youth.

Urge him not to ever
Take his first wee drop
Of the deadly liquor
From the liquor shop.

All his "go" and vigour,
If it's channelled right,
May be used for Jesus,
Putting sin to flight.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

RESOLVE every morning to be good natured and cheerful, and if any accident happen to break your resolution suffer it not to put you out of temper with everything else besides.

SILENCE is the fermentation of our thoughts; It adds grace and authority to our words, and, like kindly sleep, refreshes wisdom and settles the judgment. Those who speak much speak often what they should conceal. The rare speaker is always listened to.

WHERE the love of amusement prevails there will be constant demand for variety. A mind given only to be amused is seldom satisfied, the craving increases with the gratification.

THESE six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those who live beyond their means—are ever unhappy.

---o---

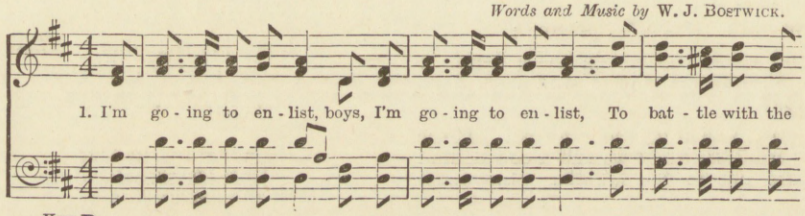
AN old Scotswoman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

MR. LOGAN (Glasgow) asked sixty-two criminals at the Assizes what was the cause of their being there; fifty-nine replied, "Drinking and public-house company." The superintendent of the Wellington Reformatory says that of 1,000 boys of the thief class more than 900 would not have been there but for drink.

A LINCOLNSHIRE man observed in company, that in some parts of the county of Lincoln the soil was so prolific that if you turned a horse into a new-mown field at night the grass would be grown up to his fetlock joints next morning. "Psha!" said a Yorkshireman, "if you turn a horse into a new-mown field at night in our county you can't find him next morning."

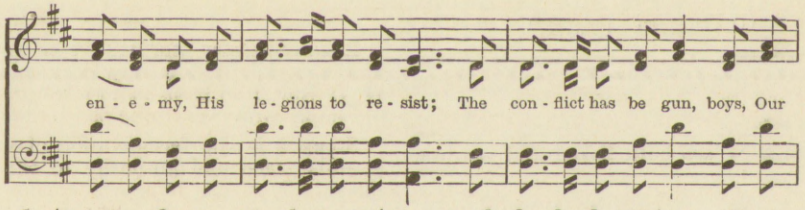
TEMPERANCE BATTLE-SONG.

Words and Music by W. J. Bostwick.

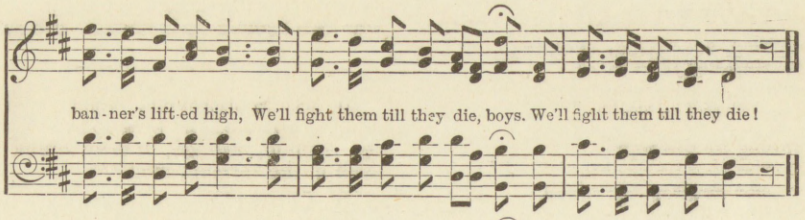


Key D.

	.m | s .,s :s .l | s :d .m | s .,s :s .l | s :- .d' | d' .,t :d' .l
2. They're	.d | m .,m :m .f | m :d .d | m .,m :m .f | m :- .s | l .,se :l .f
3. Our	.s | d' .,d' :d' .d' | d' .s :m .s | d' .,d' :d' .d' | d' :- .d' | d' .,d' :d' .d'
4. They've	.d | d .,d :d .d | d :d .d | d .,d :d .d | d :- .m | f .,f :f .f



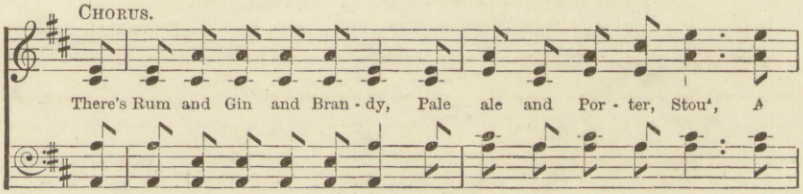
	| s .m :d .m | s .,l :s .m | r :- .d | d .,d :d .m | s :m .s
	| la - tion, boys, They've | made a bar-ri - cade: | They're | sit - ting in our courts, boys, Our
	| m .d :d .d | m .,f :m .d | t, :- .d | d .,d :d .d | m :d .m
	| mas - ter them, They'll | drive us to the ditch: | They're | al - ways wide a - wake, boys, Just
	| d' .s :m .s | d' .,d' :d' .s | s :- .m | m .,m :m .s | d' :s .d'
	| chil - dren Have | had to beg their bread: | But | now the tide is turn - ing, We're
	| d .d :d .d | d .,d :d .d | s, :- .d | d .,d :d .d | d :d .d



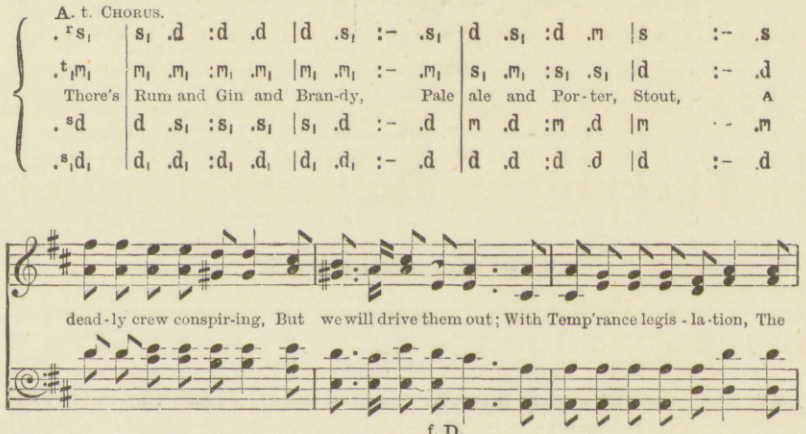
	| m' .,r' :d' .t | l :- .l | r' .,d' :t .l | s .m :d' .m | s .,f :m .r | d : .
	| cause they have restrained—We'll | shoot them with our bal - lots, boys, Un- | til they all are slain.
	| s .,f :m .s | f :- .f | f .,f :f .f | m .d :m .d | r .,r :d .t, | d : .
	| wait - ing for a chance, But | when we get all ready, boys, We'll | make the demons dance.
	| d' .d' :d' .d' | d' :- .d' | l .,l :t .d' | d' .s :l .l | t .,s :s .f | m . .
	| ris - ing in our might! We've | truth and vir - tue with us, boys, We're | rallying for a fight.
	| d .,d :d .m | f :- .f | f .,f :f .f | d .d :l, .l, | s, .,s, :s, .s, | d : .

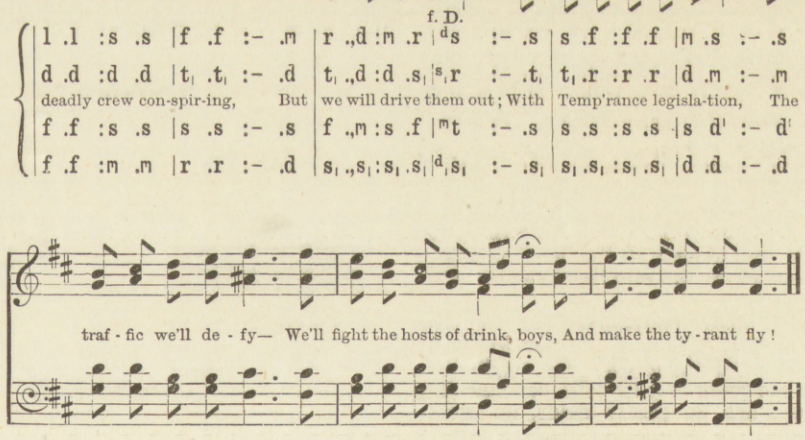
TEMPERANCE BATTLE-SONG—*continued.*

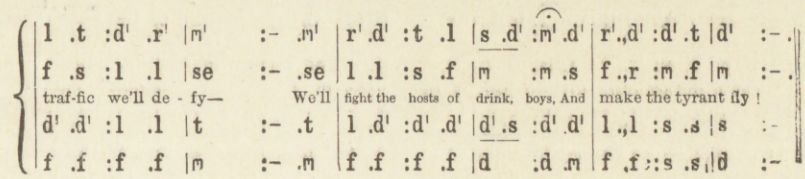
CHORUS.


There's Rum and Gin and Bran - dy, Pale ale and Por - ter, Stout, A

A. t. CHORUS.


.rs, | s, .d :d .d | d .s, :- .s, | d .s, :d .m | s :- .s
.t,m, | m, .m, :m, .m, | m, .m, :- .m, | s, .m, :s, .s, | d :- .d
There's Rum and Gin and Bran-dy, Pale ale and Por-ter, Stout, A
.sd | d .s, :s, .s, | s, .d :- .d | m .d :m .d | m :- .m
.s,d, | d, .d, :d, .d, | d, .d, :- .d | d .d :d .d | d :- .d
dead-ly crew conspir-ing, But we will drive them out; With Temp'rance legis - la-tion, The


f. D.
l .l :s .s | f .f :- .m | r .,d :m .r | ds :- .s | s .f :f .f | m .s :- .s
d .d :d .d | t, .t, :- .d | t, .,d :d .s, | sr :- .t, | t, .r :r .r | d .m :- .m
deadly crew con-spir-ing, But we will drive them out; With Temp'rance legisla-tion, The
f .f :s .s | s .s :- .s | f .,m :s .f | mt :- .s | s .s :s .s | s d' :- d'
f .f :m .m | r .r :- .d | s, .,s, :s, .s, | ds, :- .s, | s, .s, :s, .s, | d .d :- .d
traf - fic we'll de - fy— We'll fight the hosts of drink, boys, And make the ty - rant fly !


l .t :d' .r' | m' :- .m' | r' .d' :t .l | s .d' :m' .d' | r' .,d' :d' .t | d' :- .
f .s :l .l | se :- .se | l .l :s .f | m :m .s | f .,r :m .f | m :- .
traf-fic we'll de - fy— We'll fight the hosts of drink, boys, And make the tyrant fly !
d' .d' :l .l | t :- .t | l .d' :d' .d' | d' .s :d' .d' | l .,l :s .s | s :-
f .f :f .f | m :- .m | f .f :f .f | d :d .m | f .f :s .s, | d :-



The Rainbow.

The Marvellous in Common Things.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

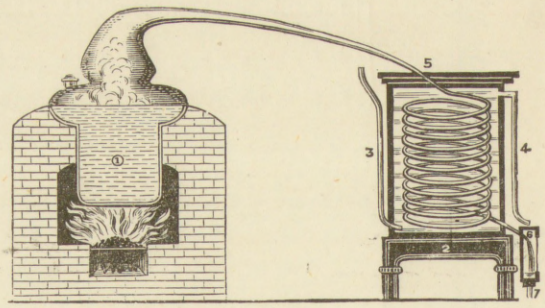
- - - RAIN. - - -

MANY a boy and girl stands dismally against the window on the wet and rainy days, and says, "Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day." But it would be a very unfortunate thing if the rain were to obey our foolish wishes. It makes us damp and wet; it makes everything look miserable, and, as a young friend of mine says, "It is possitively hateful to have a wet day." We must remember, however, that the smiling fields of corn, the leafy forest, the lovely flowers, and, indeed, all the beauteous face of nature depend on the rain that renders us so miserable.

Every night many telescopes are directed towards the moon, for the astronomer wants to learn all that he can about our near neighbour. There is one sad thing that he tells us about the moon. There are no grassy fields, no sweet-scented flowers, no woods and glades; neither bird, nor bee, nor any living thing. It is a waterless world. and therefore a dead world.

Were it not for the showers of rain our world would be in a similar condition, and all life be at an end. We must not, therefore, grumble at the rain drops, seeing that they do so much for us.

Where does the rain come from? is a question that we may very well ask. From the clouds, of course, some one will reply. But what are clouds, and where do they come from? Every boy and girl knows that the greater part of the surface of the globe is water, made up of oceans, seas, lakes and rivers; and all this vast expanse of water is yielding up to the air tens of thousands of tons of water every day. The heat of the sun and of the air causes the water to vaporise, and this invisible water vapour passes into the air. But as it rises it reaches a colder atmosphere,



Distillation.

and consequently begins to condense, and it is the drawing together of the thousands of millions of tiny particles of water, invisible in the warmer air, that form the clouds. Clouds are immense masses of water vapour which have been abstracted from the surface of the water everywhere. When clouds contract beyond a certain point they can no longer hold the water as a vapour, and it begins to fall in drops, and we say that it rains.

We have, then, the following natural circulation of water: Rain falling from the clouds, running off the earth in streams and brooks, forming rivers, and ultimately reaching the sea. All the time, however, the heated air is abstracting water vapour, and this in turn forms clouds,

which again dispense the rain in grateful showers upon the earth.

It is a process of natural distillation, for although rivers and seas may contain great impurities these are left behind, for the water vapour is perfectly pure; and the rain-drop, although not absolutely pure, is the purest form of natural water.

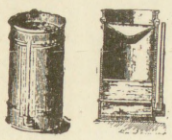
A reference to the distilling apparatus will help us to understand this. Impure water may be placed in the boiler, and by the heat of the fire converted into steam, which passes into the dome and thence to the condenser where the steam pipe is surrounded by cold water. Here the steam is condensed to the liquid condition. Whilst the water in the boiler may have been very impure, the distilled water is very pure. It is such an apparatus as this that is used on ships to convert sea water into drinking water.

Man does on a small scale what nature is doing on a vast scale.

One of the most beautiful sights in nature is the rainbow. There is nothing miraculous about this appearance, as was thought to be the case centuries ago, but even then men assigned a peaceful and blessed reason. It was said to be "God's bow of promise."

To thoroughly understand all about the rainbow we should have to learn all about the great natural laws relating to light. A little, however, may be understood if we remember that light itself is a compound thing made up of coloured rays. By causing a ray of light to pass through a piece of glass called a prism, the coloured rays are separated and may be projected on to a wall, when we should observe that they were the colours of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. This will help us to learn that the rainbow is caused by the rays of light from the sun falling upon little globules of rain, being broken up in exactly the same way as in a prism, and the colours projected on to a dark wall of cloud. A miniature rainbow can often be seen in the spray from a garden hose when the water is being discharged into direct rays from the sun. The rainbow is constantly seen in the spray from a waterfall when the sun is shining directly upon it.

A great deal of attention has been devoted to finding out how much rain falls, and, in order to measure this, various rain gauges have been devised. One of the simplest forms being here shown. It consists of a tin cannister, a funnel in the upper part, and a graduated glass tube at the side, the reading of which shows the depth in inches of the rainfall. In other cases the rain is collected in a vessel constructed of a given size. At a fixed hour the rain collected during the preceding twenty-four hours is transferred from the collecting vessel to the measuring glass, and the amount recorded. A very simple form of a gauge consists of a funnel having a diameter of 4·697 inches, or an area of 17·33 square inches. Now, as a fluid ounce contains 1·733 cubic inches it follows that for every fluid ounce collected by this gauge one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen.



Rain Gauge.

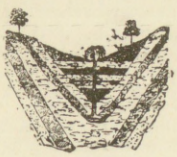
Enough has been said to show that considerable attention is given to finding out how much rain falls. The quantity varies very much for different places. The heaviest annual rainfall is at Chena Punji, near the Bay of Bengal, where it reaches the extraordinary amount of 524 inches. The tropical rainfall is generally heavy at Vera Cruz—183 inches; Caracas, 155 inches; Sierra Leone, 126 inches; St. Domingo, 107 inches; Bahamas, 55 inches; Rio de Janeiro, 45 inches. In the West of Great Britain and Ireland, in the vicinity of high hills, it varies from 80 to 128 inches. Away from the hills it is from 30 to 45 inches. In France it averages 30 inches. In Germany and Russia 20 inches, whilst in Sweden it falls as low as 14 inches.

We may judge of the vast quantities of rain that fall when we bear in mind that an inch of rain over an acre of land weighs 100 tons, so that 30 inches of rain in a year would mean there thousand tons of water falling on every acre of land. We need not wonder, then, either at swollen streams and rapids in the time of heavy rain.



Mountain Stream.

It may be said that there is only a given quantity of water in the world, constantly circulating round, in a somewhat similar way to the circulation of blood in the human body. All our water supply is derived from the rain. It is true that we depend on the water companies and the water works, but they obtain their supply from rivers, lakes or springs, and all these obtain their water from the rainfall. Condensed on the mountains we get the brawling mountain streams, but these, rushing down the mountain side, empty themselves into a river or lake, and so the supply is kept up.



Artesian Well.

The deep wells, known as artesian wells, depend also upon the rain for their supply. Our diagramatic view will help us to see the source of supply for an artesian well. The various strata form really a great natural cup or basin. Water percolating gradually through the soil over a large area collects at the bottom of the cup, and in the gravelly soil up the sides of the cup as shown, and this gives the great pressure that forces the water up with considerable force through the well that has been bored in the centre. We often see water gushing out of the earth in the

form of a spring, and perhaps do not reflect that the springs, too, have their origin in the rain that falls. Here we get a view of one way in which springs are formed. Water has been collected on the hill side, and it finds its way through crevices into openings in the interior of the hill, and the underground cistern gets full of water. If there is no outlet it simply remains there, but generally there is some crevice or opening by which the water can escape, and as it rushes out we say that it is a spring, but after all it is only rain-water coming to us by a roundabout way.



Liberty's Landmarks.

By "Dextra."

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.



SOME people scoff at religion and declare that, after all, the world could get along very well without it. It is the easiest thing in the world to sneer, and especially easy to an idle brain.

Yet true it is, the faith men hold, more than aught else, determines their conduct. The untutored savage, holding as a cardinal faith that himself and his needs alone are worthy of consideration, deems theft, debauch, and even murder, no vices, but even commendable, if thereby he be advantaged. Hence must the inculcation of newer codes of morals and of belief ever be considered landmarks in the history of our nation. And when the newer codes mean improved modes of life, when their outcome is greater honesty, the cultivation of homely virtues, the development of natural and purified affections, then the establishment of a new religion marks not only a historic landmark but a landmark of real liberty, for

> Truest liberty
> *Not* licence is; but right to do and be,
> To give, to get, whate'er ourselves ennobles,
> And our brother benefits.

Such a landmark was the introduction of Christianity into this country, for it marked the commencement of an era which, despite the dark times of relapse, has made, and in the days to come will make still more, for the development of the higher faculties of the people of this nation, and for the truer realisation of the divine purposes of living that

> Each man shall find his own in all men's good,
> And all men live in noble brotherhood.

When in the year 55 B.C. the Roman conquerors landed upon this our island they found it inhabited by rude barbaric races, ever warring with each other, with no shadow of civilisation, sun and stone worshipers, but little removed from savages. Brawny, muscular men they were, swift in the chase, desperate in war, accustomed to human sacrifices in propitiation of their deities, with no code of morals beyond that of each man for his own tribe, the right that might and prowess could give.

The conquest by the Romans and their subsequent occupation of these islands for 465 years greatly changed this. The engrafting, by the the conquerors, of Roman customs, laws, arts, education and manufactures prepared the way for a larger measure of civilisation, though, unfortunately, the Roman vices also transplanted into our isles greatly hindered this work.

During this period it is not at all unreasonable to believe that among the Romans legions must have been adherents to the cross of Christ; hardy soldiers, whose love for the Nazarene must have impelled them to teach of Him, who came to bring light to them that sit in darkness, and to guide their feet into the way of peace. Tradition, little capable of substantiation, speaks of the conversion of these islands to Christianity in the Roman period. With the withdrawal of the Roman forces in 410 A.D., ancient Druidism reasserted itself, and almost, if not altogether, extinguished any sparks of the religion of the cross there may have been, while the division of the island into many kingdoms, ceaselessly at strife with their neighbours, re-awakened all the slumbering savagery of our rude forefathers.

Twenty years after the last Roman standard, as the symbol of authority, had disappeared from Britain, the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick, landed in the land of snakes and bogs and inaugurated the Christian religion; and one hundred and thirty years after, an Irishman, Columba, of Donegal, with a devoted band of twelve monks, settled in Iona, from whence they went forth to missionise Scotland and Northumbria.

As yet, nothing except of the most fugitive character had been done in the southern parts of our island until the days of Ethelbert, King of Kent. This man married a professed Christian, daughter of the King of Paris. With her she brought to Ethelbert's Court her own Christian priest, who regularly conducted Christian service in the little chapel of St. Martin, Canterbury. The king, meanwhile, and for thirty years after, continued to worship the idols Thor and Odin.

At length, however, probably acting under the Queen's influence, and doubtless also with a desire

to secure alliance with the Christian Franks of Gaul (France), Ethelbert invited the then Bishop of Rome, Pope Gregory, to send a mission to his kingdom. Gregory readily responded.

He had long desired to win Britain to the service of Christ. Once in his early days he had seen in the Roman slave market a number of beautiful slaves with blue eyes, yellow hair, and pink-white complexion. Inquiring who they were, and learning they were Angles from Deira, he had punningly remarked, "Not Angles, but ANGELS, snatched from wrath," and from that time forward had bided his time for sending the Gospel to their countrymen.

Now that time had come. Selecting a tried and earnest priest, one Augustine, he despatched him with forty monks to the land of Albion.

They landed in the year 597 A.D., and were received in the open air by Ethelbert and his Queen. What a sight was their reception!

There, in the island of Thanet, upon a double throne, sat Ethelbert and Bertha. Around them, half suspicious, stood the rough Kentishmen, the Jutes. Suddenly upon the silence came the sound of sweet music chanted by the monks marching solemnly forward. Nearer and nearer they came, dressed in robes of silk and gold, carrying a picture of the Saviour, until the procession reached the foot of the throne. Then Augustine stepped forward, and to the wondering ears of all told the peacefulness of his mission, the story of the love of Jesus whose faith, the service of liberty, he bade them embrace.

Not all at once did the mission succeed. The King was cautious, his people suspicious. But at length Augustine was enabled to announce Ethelbert's baptism into the new faith, and the conversion of ten thousand of his subjects, and in the very temple at Canterbury wherein men had worshipped Thor and Odin, was the new religion conducted by Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, whose coming, if not the first occasion on which Christianity was preached in our islands, was the time when Christianity received its first formal and authoritative recognition.

IF WE WOULD.

Oh! the wrongs that might be righted
If we could but see the way!
Oh, the pains that might be lightened,
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting fellows;
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could."
But a God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is "*if we would.*"

Perish Everything but "The Trade."



LICENSED victuallers, their friends and supporters, are loud in their assertions that "the Trade" are as anxious for the moral and social welfare of the people as are the teetotalers, parsons, or any other section of the community.

This statement had a striking exemplification recently at Wolverhampton. There a poor lone widow had a son, who unfortunately, although

ONLY JUST TURNED SIXTEEN YEARS

of age, began to develop the habit of frequenting a certain well-known public-house. The mother, nearly heart-broken, determined to save her boy. "Surely," thought she, "the publican will help me." So to him she went to beg of him to aid her by refusing to serve the youth with drink.

"The publicans are the real reformers." Are they? Let us see! For answer, instead of the sympathetic consent, the publican ordered his barman to eject the woman from the premises. The barman declined; he was too humane. He was some mother's son, and he could not. Whereupon the publican, himself, brute as he was, threw the poor woman violently into the street, inflicting upon her considerable injury.

What was a lad's character, a mother's anguish to him? Money, money, money was wanted, and if the lads did not learn to drink how could the publican's coffers be filled! What right had a mother's son to be considered before the drink-seller's interest?

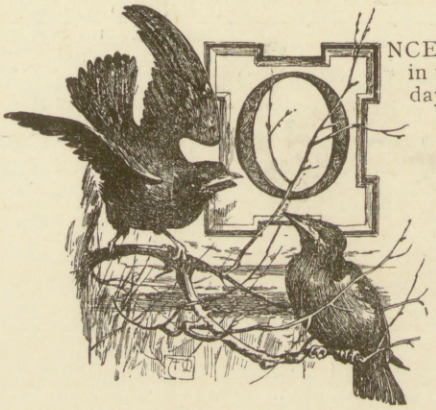
Happily his brutality did not pass unpunished. The case was taken into court, and the magistrates marked their sense of his cruelty by a severe fine and heavy costs.

All publicans are not stony-hearted, nor are all of brutish disposition. Their trade, however, flourishes on the degradation of many mothers' sons and daughters. Indeed, were it not for drunkenness the gigantic proportions of "the Trade" could not continue. The man who takes just a glass and leaves may help to give an air of respectability to the public-house, but he does not find sufficient to keep this colossal iniquity going. Many must take glass after glass, must drink heavily, aye, and must become drunken, or the money-bags of the trade would seriously suffer.

This is a fact which all moderate drinkers should carefully ponder, for without the countenance of its quiet, respectable customers, the drink traffic would stand revealed in its true condition, and self-condemned as the greatest demoralising, degrading, debrutalising agency of modern England.

Jack and His Fairy.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



ONCE upon a time, in the good old days of Gullivar and Sinbad, there lived a little boy called Jack. Jack has always been a very common name, and is closely associated with fairy lore, for who has not followed a certain Jack up a certain beanstalk in quest of fame and fortune? Or looked on with awe and admiration while another Jack stretched his giant foes upon the ground?

Now, "once upon a time," as you all know, was the time of fairies, every rock had its mermaid, every cavern its goblin, every dell its little spirit; and every child that lived "once upon a time" was certain to meet at some time or other one of these mysterious and interesting creatures. It so happened that Jack met his little fairy just at the moment he was turning his back on his mother's cottage, with a tear in his eye, and a small bundle thrown over his shoulder in the artistic fashion in which all boys who went seeking their fortunes carried their belongings.

The little spirit jumped out of the cabbage-bed at the end of the garden, and thus accosted him:

"Brave-of-heart, whither away?"

Jack started, and his black eyes peered through the tears that half blinded them, like the eyes of a spring bird through a curtain of rain. Up the road and down the road, Jack looked for the owner of the bird-like voice that had just accosted him, but nowhere could he see any one likely to possess such a sweet, silvery little organ. And yet she was standing before him all the time, but she was so small that even if his eye had wandered in that direction, he would most probably have thought her a leaf or flower blown from one of the trees. And very like a flower she was indeed, with her soft, round face, no bigger than a daisy's heart, and her pretty yellow hair, like the leaves of a buttercup, and her white, shimmering robe, smooth and satiny like a lily. But wee as she was, she was perfectly made, from the crown of her tiny head to the sole of her tender foot. And when at last Jack did see her, standing so near him that she could have leaned against his shoe, he drew his foot away in alarm lest it should fall upon the dainty little creature and crush her.

"*Who are you?*" he cried, and he found that a sight of her bright face dried his tears, as the sun the rain.

"Oh, you have heard of me often," she answered. "Some day I will reveal my identity if you will take me with you on your travels. You are going in quest of fortune. Let me help you to find it."

"But the way may be long and dreary, and you are so small and delicate," he answered.

"Small as I am, I have weathered many a storm," she said, creeping still closer to him until the gold of her hair touched his shoe.

But Jack was still doubtful, and looked dubiously at her feet, that seemed only made for resting on the bosom of some sweet flower.

"Those little feet of yours will never be able to walk rough ways," he said, shaking his head.

"You must carry me," she replied.

"My hands are dirty, and I will spoil your pretty clothes." he retorted.

She tossed back her yellow hair from her rose-leaf brow, and laughed merrily.

"My clothes are everlasting; you cannot spoil them. If you will just take me up to your breast I will help you along the way. With me against your heart, the longest road will appear short, and the darkest night quite bright and clear!"

"I can well believe that!" Jack cried, flinging his bundle to the earth, and raising the little spirit to his bosom. There she nestled so soft and so warm that she seemed to set his whole body on fire with hope and eagerness for his journey. Once again he shouldered his bundle, and set forth, the bright, round face of his companion peeping from his ragged coat.

As they went along the country roads, she pointed out the wondrous beauties and divine lessons hidden and written in every leaf and blade of grass. Sometimes she sang soft, sweet, gladsome little songs, that were more musical than the melodies of the birds, and merrier than the chirping of the field cricket.

Jack listened in wonder, rapture, and admiration. He had never felt how deliciously sweet the fresh air was, until she had bidden him drink it in, in deep, long draughts; had never noticed that the drops of dew hanging on the grass were brighter than the diamonds in some lady's hair, until she had drawn his attention to them. Oh, she was a wonderfully good companion, and he would try to keep her for ever. Then when they sat down to their mid-day meal, and he expressed regret that the bread was so thick, and the butter so thin, she closed his mouth with the tenderest of kisses, and bade him look forward to the time when his fortune would be made, and he would have thick butter on thin bread.

For hours the little fortune-hunter, with the fairy in his breast, travelled on until at last the shadows of night, like a great army in dark clothes, began to draw in around him. He was beginning to feel weary, too, and the fairy felt just a trifle heavy in his breast. He looked about him for a place in which to spend the night, but he found that he was in the centre of a great, wide, desolate looking moor, and he could not see even a tree that would afford him a friendly covering through the hours of his sleep.

He began to grumble, just as a boy under the same circumstances would in these modern times, but the fairy in his bosom stretched her mouth to kiss the frown from his face, and tossed

her golden hair over his breast until his heart beneath it grew warm, and catching some of its bright glitter lost its gloom.

"Perhaps, if we go on a bit, we'll find a shelter!" he said.

"You surely will," she answered.

So away he trudged again, and she lightened the journey by telling him funny little stories that made him laugh in spite of his weariness. And when they had gone a mile or so, they came to a hedged-in field, where the grass was long and soft, and foliage abundant.

With a sigh of content, Jack sank under one the thickest, leafiest trees, and stretched his tired limbs in the velvet grass, and making a pillow ot his bundle, prepared for sleep. But the night was very dark, and the wind, sighing among the branches, had a strong, weird sound that made Jack, who had never been away from home before, very frightened.

"Never mind the sounds," the fairy whispered, "you'll soon be asleep, and then they will not trouble you!"

And true enough he was, and slept so soundly too, while the white stars rose up in the heavens, and, seeing the sleeping face of the boy upturned to their light, softly kissed him on lip and brow.

The next day he and his little companion trudged on again in the direction of a great city, to which the majority of mortals, bent on fortune, made their way. His store of bread and butter had grown small by degrees and beautifully less, and towards evening a wind arose, which grew very rough and stormy as the night advanced. To make matters worse, this same wind blew a flock of black clouds into the space immediately above Jack's head. The clouds resented this action of the wind by bursting into tears, which fell upon our little traveller, and wet him to the skin.

"Never mind," whispered the fairy in his breast, "the rain will pass away, and the sun will shine to-morrow!"

"That's all very well," replied Jack. "But what am I to do in these wet clothes until to-morrow comes?"

"Perhaps we'll come to a fire by-and-bye, at which you may dry them!" the fairy answered.

"It isn't very likely," Jack grumbled.

But even as he spoke, he saw a gleam of red in the distance, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a fire of leaves and broken twigs, which some children had kindled for amusement.

Jack soon took off his dripping jacket, and as he did so he noticed with surprise that the little fairy, who had lain against it, was as dry as possible.

"There's not a single drop of rain touched you!" he cried, pressing his hand over her golden locks. "However have you escaped?"

"Oh, the rain doesn't affect me; I'm waterproof," she answered, laughing.

As the clouds still continued to pour their liquid fury on to the earth with much persistency that the little wood fire was extinguished, and Jack's clothing was still in a dripping condition, that gentleman thought it best to look for a place of shelter. He was shivering and cold, and although the fairy tried her best to keep him warm, she was such a tiny creature that she failed. Indeed, as he went along the way, wet and weary, she seemed to grow tinier and tinier, until he could hardly feel her at all But still she whispered to him to be of "good heart," and her merry chirping little voice kept him from sinking on the road.

The wind rose higher and higher, the rain fell heavier and heavier, and Jack grew weaker and weaker, while the dripping branches of the trees, under which he had to pass, lashed him like wet whips, and the sodden earth clung to his thin shoes like lead.

"We'll come to a place of shelter, soon," the fairy whispered, but he hardly heard her. His chin was drooped upon his breast, and he was most dejected.

"Courage, Jack!" she cried. "You have carried me so far, and I shall reward you!"

As she spoke, she raised herself from his breast, and he saw she had two wings, like the leaves of flowers, sprouting from her shoulders. And these wings spread and spread until the whole road seemed full of their wondrous lustre, and the rain and the wind were shut away, and the world was once again beautiful.

"Stick to me fast!" she cried, "and I will fly away with you to the city of light and fortune!"

He obeyed her, with a great wonder in his heart, which grew warm and bright beneath the beauty of her wings.

For days, and weeks, and months she flew, and Jack still stuck to her loyally, no matter what the place or weather through which they passed.

At last they came to the city, which held so many fortunes—Jack's amongst the rest—and here the fairy alighted, like a beautiful, bright bird, and placed Jack in the midst of his sought-for wealth.

"You will not leave me?" he said, lovingly, looking at her with the most tender of eyes. She had grown wonderfully since that day she had met him first, and was now almost as big as himself. Her beauty, too, had increased, if that were possible. Her eyes had a richer fund of light, and hair a deeper tint of gold, while the storms through which she had passed had given dignity to her figure and bearing. What wonder that Jack, now grown to manhood, should fall in love, and try to win for wife this peerless creature? It only remains for me to record that his wooing was successful, and that the happy pair were joined in marriage, with the ceremony used in fairy land.

And a wonderful ceremony it was! The sun gilded the path with gold, and the fountain strewed it with diamonds, while every tree hung out green banners, and the wind played a wedding march, and the flowers rung their bells, and a chorus, specially composed for the occasion, was sung by the birds, and altogether this marriage of man to fairy was the happiest and most beautiful ever seen. And when the bride came to write her name, as is the custom even in fairyland, Jack looked over her shoulder and laughed. But long before that he had discovered her identity, and so was not a bit surprised when she wrote in four big capitals—HOPE.

What Fools some Wise Men are.



MR. PLOWDEN, presiding magistrate of a London police-court, and presumably a man learned in the law, possessed of a fair amount of common sense, and with great experience of the crimes and follies of the masses, has been showing to what folly even the wise can descend.

On Tuesday, January 3rd, 1899, there appeared before him a labourer charged with being drunk and disorderly. The accused admitted the offence, and urged in mitigation of punishment that for fourteen months he had been sober, whereupon Mr. Plowden delivered the following silly speech, which must fairly have tickled everybody who heard it:—

"And you have found it monotonous? I am not surprised. I quite understand your desire for a change after fourteen months of total abstinence," etc.

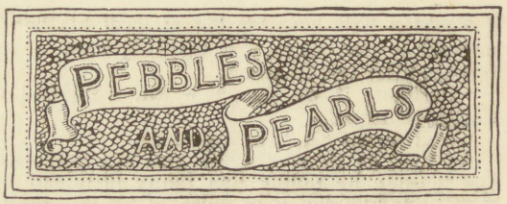
Why didn't Mr. Plowden put on the cap and bells appropriate to the season, announce himself as Lord of Misrule, and cry out,

"Just listen to a magistrate's decision wise and grave;
If you'd avoid all melancholy,
Don't be teetotal, try some folly,
Go and have a drink.

You may take too much? That's bad; so many do; but then,
See how much of spreeing you'll enjoy;
For a life of fun try this, my boy,
Go and have a drink.

Be teetotal? Pray don't; for then you will not here appear.
A case like this, you know, delights me,
It moves me greatly, it excites me;
For, truth to tell, if men became teetotal, one and all,
For 'beaks' there'd be no further need, our work would be so small.
So pity on us take, please do;
Don't think what may become of you;
No! Go and have a drink."

Jesting apart! it is pitiable that a magistrate should suggest drinking as a remedy for drunkenness to one whose conduct clearly proved that in abstinence alone lay his safety.



TOTAL abstinence, as an indisputable fact, contributes to longevity.—*Archdeacon F. W. Farrar.*

WHAT would become of many a miserable woman if it were not for the baby?

BE as merry as you can. If there is no sunshine in your religion don't be surprised if nobody wants it.

"THE drink difficulty lies at the root of everything. Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice, and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root."—*General Booth.*

A MAN will curse his foolishness,
And make a vow to end it;
Until some friend refers to it,
Then straightway he'll defend it.

"Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or other injured by it; benefited by it, never."—*Sir Andrew Clark, M.D.*

JUDGE no one hastily, hear the end of a story before you give your verdict; to take an instance:—

An Irishman one day came running into a farmyard and hurriedly called for a spade. The farmer, coming out, demanded what he wanted with it, when Pat replied that his friend had stuck in a bog, and he wanted to dig him out.

"How far in is he?" inquired the farmer.

"Up to the ankles," said Pat.

"Is that all?" said the farmer, "then he can pull himself out again, you'll get no spade here."

Pat, scratching his head, while his face bore evident signs of grief, blurted out, "Oh! but, be jabers, he's in head first!

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there.

CHAPTER III.—Sunshine and Shadow.

VIOLET WARD was flitting hither and thither, gathering flowers in an old-fashioned garden. Having filled her basket with chrysanthemums of rich and varied hues, she carried them into the house and arranged them tastefully about the room, giving a bright and home-like appearance to the somewhat prim and stiffly-furnished sitting-room.

"There, I think that will do," she remarked, as she surveyed the effect.

Violet had been engaged by Mrs. Ormiston as nursery governess to her two little girls, but her duties had not commenced in real earnest, for they were at present staying at a farm house in the country for a few weeks, as there had been an epidemic of measles in the neighbourhood of their home, and therefore their mother did not wish them to return.

"Oh, Miss Ward, what pretty flowers! I shall have those red ones to wear, they will go well with this white frock."

"No you won't; I shall have them, and you can have the yellow ones."

"Indeed I will not, Mabel, I——"

"Get down from that chair, Elsie; Mabel, you must not touch those flowers. Your mamma is bringing a friend with her this afternoon, and you will like the room to look pretty, will you not, dears?" said Violet, as she drew the children to her.

"Mamma would let us have them to wear if we wanted them, Miss Ward," said the elder of the girls, pettishly.

"You shall each have some to wear, Mabel, but not those," replied Violet firmly.

"No, we can't, for old mother Grubb says she will throw water on us if we pluck any more of her flowers. Nasty old thing; I hate her!"

"Hush, Elsie, you must not speak of Mrs. Grubb in that way; it is neither kind nor lady-like."

"I don't care; I shall do as I like," said the child.

"So shall I," added her younger sister.

"Mrs. Grubb will not object to your going with me, so let us all go together and we can make up a nice little bouquet for each of us, and one for your mamma, too, if you would like, my dears," said Violet, ignoring their remarks, for she had learnt during the time that she had had charge of them that it was wiser not to notice many things, for these children had been utterly spoiled, and her position had been a very trying one.

"As if mamma would wear those common flowers. Oh, my, you do not know mamma, or you would not think of such a thing, Miss Ward," said Mabel, with the air of a society belle.

Violet smiled pleasantly as she responded,

"Oh, well, we will not offer Mrs. Ormiston any if she does not like them, but I think them very pretty."

"That is not the question, Miss Ward; it is how much do they cost? Mamma always wears rare orchids."

"You want these, do you not, Elsie?" asked Violet, by way of changing the subject, as she twisted a posy of rich crimson chrysanthemums and delicate green ferns.

"Yes, please, Miss Ward; will you pin them in for me?"

Violet did so, and then she remarked,

"Nothing could look prettier against the white. You wanted red, too, I think, Mabel?"

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"Not now that Elsie has got them. I will have old gold. No, I won't, I will have these pink ones; but what colour are you going to wear, Miss Ward?"

"I prefer white, but they would not be as effective on your dress, Mabel."

"All right, then, I will have the pink."

Violet plucked the desired colour without any comment, and fastened it in the child's dress; then she said,

"Now, I think that you had better go and ask nurse to brush your hair and make you look tidy before your mamma comes."

"It doesn't matter a bit, Miss Ward, we shall be untidy again before then, as if she is bringing somebody with her she is sure to be late."

"I wonder who it is, Mabel. I hope that it is that old guy of a Lady Mosscrop, don't you?"

"You must not speak of your mamma's friends in that way, Elsie," said Violet sternly.

"Why, that is what mamma calls her; but she is very rich, and so mamma always invites her when we are out of town, or when there is no other company, because she might take a fancy to one of us, you know, for she has no one to whom she can leave her millions," answered Elsie in an injured tone.

"She has never been married, and she talks to us as if we were babies, and she does not know half as much as we do."

"Mabel, Mabel! what are you saying?" exclaimed Violet in despair.

"It's perfectly true, Miss Ward; the poor lady actually does not know the title of the latest novel."

Violet felt an irresistible impulse to laugh, but she coughed instead, and said very gravely,

"There may be other equally important points upon which Lady Mosscrop is better informed than even Miss Mabel Ormiston. I shouldn't wonder if she could write a letter without more than half-a-dozen errors in spelling."

"Oh, here's old Grubb, and nurse will be waiting for us. Come along, Elsie," said Mabel, with whom spelling was a weak point, and taking Elsie by the hand they returned to the house.

Violet gave a sigh of relief and sought her own room for a few moments' quiet.

Her heart was very sore, for she had not heard a word from Comar. True, she had released him from the engagement, but if he had loved her as she loved him he would at least have sent a line in reply. She had summoned pride to her aid and told herself that he was not worth caring about, but there were times when her heart felt fit to break.

It was only for a few moments that she gave way to melancholy musings, then she braced herself up and looked in the mirror to see if she was presentable. She was naturally anxious to make a good impression on Mrs. Ormiston, whom she had not yet seen, for she had been engaged through a governesses' agency, and she had frankly told the principal that she had not filled that capacity before. Of course she had given the same references that she had previously given to Mrs. Cameron. She was told that she would have stood a poor chance but that Mrs. Ormiston had specially requested them to send her a young person and not a stereotyped governess, as she merely wanted someone to teach the children, when they felt inclined to learn, and not one who would want to tie them down to routine, as it was time enough for that.

It was with a beating heart that Violet met the mother of her charges. From the children's chatter she had gathered that Mrs. Ormiston was a fashionable lady, but she was by no means prepared for the ultra-grand individual that looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion plate. She was accompanied by the sweetest old lady, simply attired in grey, with frills of soft lace at the throat and wrists.

"This is my dear friend, Lady Mosscrop, Miss Ward. Miss Ward is the children's governess, as your ladyship will have guessed."

"I am pleased to meet you, my dear," said her ladyship kindly, in a voice that vied with her face in its sweetness.

Her ladyship greeted the children with a loving kiss and word of welcome, and remembering what they had previously said about her, Violet could not help contrasting the over-dressed loud-voiced woman, who seemed anxious to impress everybody with a sense of her own importance, with the perfect lady, whose gentle, unassuming manners stamped her with true nobility.

"I am pleased to see Mabel and Elsie looking so well, Miss Ward. I hope you have not been overworking them," said Mrs. Ormiston, in a high-pitched key, as she surveyed Violet through her gold pince-nez.

"They have only been studying two hours daily, as I understand that you did not wish more whilst they were staying in the country," responded Violet respectfully.

"That is right. You see, my dear Lady Mosscrop, I have a horror of overpressure. In these days there is so much cramming done that one cannot be too careful with such bright, intelligent girls as mine are, so I do not mean to let them be overtaxed. In fact, learning comes naturally to them, and a few hours a day is really all that is required until they are old enough to take lessons in accomplishments, or to be sent to a continental school to finish."

"That is simply veneer, Mrs. Ormiston; what about the solid foundation, the mental and spiritual training that they need to fit them for the duties of life?" asked her ladyship gravely.

"A couple of hours each day is quite sufficient for that, in fact I have a difficulty in keeping them from doing too much. Your ladyship would scarcely believe it, but Mabel looks out for Mudie's list, and both she and Elsie are just as eager for every new book as I am myself."

The lady drew herself up with a self-satisfied air, as if she expected everybody to agree with what she said. Lady Mosscrop, however, merely remarked,

"I should scarcely think society novels were fit to place in the hands of children of such tender years."

"Mine are intelligent beyond their years, Lady Mosscrop."

Violet fancied she could detect the shadow of a smile playing round her ladyship's mouth at this statement, and she no longer wondered at

the behaviour of the girls, who were permitted to listen to such sentiments as these.

When they were once more alone with Violet, Mabel exclaimed,

"Did you ever see such a dowdy as Lady Mosscrop looks, Miss Ward?"

"I thought she looked very sweet, Mabel," said Violet truthfully.

"Oh, Miss Ward, why, her sleeves were cut on last season's model."

"That is no concern of yours, my dear; you should not criticise your mamma's guests."

"But mamma likes us to do so, Miss Ward. Just you see if she does not ask us what we thought of Aunt Mosscrops's dress, and then she will laugh and call us clever to notice so much," retorted Elsie.

"Is Lady Mosscrop your aunt, then?" inquired Violet, who began to feel the hopelessness of contending against the influence of such a mother.

"She is my father's second cousin, but mamma likes us to call her aunt because she hopes that she will pay for one or both of us to go to Madame Canaud's Academy in Paris, where Maud Torrens went, and she married a millionaire her very first season."



On the Landing Stage.

Violet felt intensely relieved when she could turn over her charges to the nurse to be prepared for bed, as on the point of retiring early Mrs. Ormiston's orders were imperative; for it would tend to improve their complexion, and now that Violet had seen their mother for herself she could well believe what the nurse had previously told her, that Mrs. Ormiston would overlook an untruth sooner than a pimple.

The next morning, Violet was up betimes, and having gathered fresh flowers she was arranging them upon the breakfast table, as she had been accustomed to do for Mrs. Cameron, when Lady Mosscrop entered and gave her a kindly greeting, and drew her into conversation. Violet soon discovered that she was in the company of a really well-informed and intelligent woman, who, nevertheless, made her feel perfectly at ease. After conversing for awhile on general subjects Lady Mosscrop said kindly, placing her hand on the girl's shoulder,

"I do not wish to pry into your private affairs, but I can see that you have some trouble weighing upon your mind, my dear; do you know of a refuge? The Lord Jesus Christ has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' He is your best friend, but if ever you are in need of advice and help that I can give, this is my card. Do not fear to come to me."

Before Violet could reply, Mrs. Ormiston swept into the room, and taking up her flower-basket Violet left it, at a glance from her ladyship.

Violet had not another opportunity of speaking to Lady Mosscrop, for she returned during the day, although she had been expected to stay the week. It was plain to Violet that Mrs. Ormiston was very glad to get rid of her

company, for the two had evidently nothing in common.

Three days afterwards, Violet was returning with the children from a walk when they met Mrs. Ormiston, accompanied by Mrs. Steele, whom Violet at once recognised and acknowledged; but that lady drew herself up and merely gave her a haughty stare.

Violet passed into the house with Mabel and Elsie, whilst the others proceeded to the station.

"What was that young person doing with your children, Mrs. Ormiston?" inquired Mrs. Steele, in a tone of surprise.

"Miss Ward is my governess, Mrs. Steele. Do you know her?" responded her companion.

"Do you think that it is wise to let such a person have the training of the precious little dears, Mrs. Ormiston?"

"She seems to be a very superior young woman, and she came to me with the best of references. I have had no fault to find with Miss Ward so far, Mrs. Steele."

"Oh, of course, if you are satisfied, it is no business of mine; but I should not care to trust *my* children to the care of a thief."

"A thief! Good gracious, you don't say so!"

"It is a fact, my dear Mrs. Ormiston. She stole a valuable ring, valued at ten thousand pounds, and only for the clemency of Mr. Cameron she would be in prison now. If you doubt my word I will give you Mrs. Cameron's address, and you can inquire for yourself."

"How thankful I am that you happened to see her, Mrs. Steele. If she had come to our town house there is no knowing what she might have taken before we found her out. It makes me shudder to think of it even."

"I really should not have mentioned it but that I thought you could not know, and it is such a pity that anyone should be so deceived," responded Mrs. Steele, complacently.

"She shall not stop in my house a single night, I can assure you. To think of *me* harbouring a gaol-bird!"

Meanwhile, Violet had wondered what Mrs. Steele had meant by her studied insult. Surely she did not think that she was guilty of taking Mrs. Cameron's ring? Violet had been so indignant at the charge that she had come away in a pet, and never really thought of it as a serious matter. She had hoped that it would be found long ere this, but she would not stoop to make the inquiry.

When Mrs. Ormiston returned, she sent upstairs to Violet's room and summoned her down at once. The girl obeyed, with a beating heart, for she felt sure that the gossip had been busy, but she was not prepared for the storm that was awaiting her.

"Miss Ward, here is a quarter's salary in lieu of notice, as you leave this house to-night."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Ormiston, I understood you to say this morning that you were perfectly satisfied."

"So I was, Miss Ward, but I was not aware that you had been discharged from your last situation for dishonesty."

"It is false," began Violet; but Mrs. Ormiston interrupted her,

"Why, then, did you not give Mrs. Cameron as a reference? Because you knew perfectly well that I should not have entrusted my innocent children to the care of a woman who was guilty of stealing, and who would be in gaol at the present moment but for her employer's mistaken clemency. You obtained this situation under false pretences, and you cannot claim a farthing. Indeed I could give you in charge!"

The torrent of words had fairly taken Violet's breath at first, but her cheek had flushed, and a defiant look had come into her eyes ere Mrs. Ormiston paused for breath, and she replied,

"I also could call upon you to prove your false accusations, but I think it beneath my notice to refute the malicious slanders of Mrs. Steele."

"How dare you speak to me like that! Get out of my house at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormiston, her face livid with rage.

"You need not alarm yourself, as I would not remain with you now upon any account. I am perfectly innocent of the charge you have brought against me, and I defy either you or any one else to prove it. Good evening."

Violet walked from the room with firm step and head erect, but no sooner had she regained the privacy of her own room than she broke down, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

At that moment Lady Mosscrop's words recurred to her, but she did not know the value of them, for the Lord Jesus was not to her a personal friend. She had always prayed in a general way, but nothing more, so she braced herself up and turned away from the loving call, and again went forth in her own strength.

Having had a letter from Frank, saying that he had returned and set up housekeeping, she resolved to go to him.

It meant a long night journey, but that could not be avoided, so she was soon speeding away towards the port from which she would have to cross by ferry to the address that he had given. Violet arrived at the terminus in the early morning She was an utter stranger, and the bustle of the busy station seemed to put her head in a whirl.

"Want a cab, Miss?" inquired a porter, seeing the look of dismay on the girl's face.

"Yes, please," she answered, glad of the suggestion.

When the cab drew up at the landing-stage, the man remarked,

"You are rather early, Miss; but the first boat is due in half-an-hour, and you will go back in her."

Violet then obtained her first view of the sea, bathed in the morning sunshine, and she sat upon the landing-stage like one entranced, watching its restless, everchanging motion, until she saw a great ship laden with passengers, and with black smoke pouring from its funnel. It never struck her that this could be the ferry, which she had identified in her own mind with a little boat in which she had been rowed across the river at Malton.

With the keenest interest she saw the gangway lowered and the passengers stream forth, and as she saw so many strange faces a sense of loneliness stole over her, and she felt utterly alone.

The passengers had almost all left, and others were beginning to take their places, when a gentleman strolled leisurely off, as if he was the owner of the vessel at least.

Violet gave a start, and then looked at him earnestly. He passed her close by; when she suddenly grasped his arm and exclaimed,

"Oh, Frank! Is it really you?"

"Hallo, Vi, you here! Coming to pay us a visit, eh?"

"Yes, I thought that perhaps you would not mind."

"Mind! We shall be delighted; come along, we will go back by this boat."

"Where will it take us, Frank?" asked Violet in a tone of awe, as she found herself on board of the great vessel.

"Where? Home, of course. We have got a beautiful home, Vi. I was lucky to get it, but the fellow was in trouble, and he sold it to me ready furnished, just as it stood."

"I am out of a situation again, Frank," said Violet presently.

"Never mind; there's plenty to keep all of us, Vi."

"But I have been discharged again because of that ring."

"Confound the ring! I wish it would turn up. By the way, that young Cameron, came after us to Italy, looking for you, as he said he never got the letter you sent him until after you had gone. *He* believes in your innocence, Vi."

"I can never marry him, Frank, whilst this suspicion hangs over me."

"Oh, well, you can please yourself, but he told me himself that he would not be released from his engagement."

Nothing further was said on the subject, but a load was gone from Violet's heart, and she felt that she could face anything if Comar was true, though her resolve was firm as ever to refuse to renew the engagement until her name was clear, and hope whispered it would not be long.

(*To be continued.*)

President Lincoln's Temperance Prophecy.

DELIVERED FEBRUARY 22nd, 1842.

OF our political Revolution of 1776 we are justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated and is still to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

Turn now to the Temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged; by it no orphans starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest—even the dram maker and dramseller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching drafts of perfect liberty. Happy day when, all appetites controlled, all passion subdued, all matter subjected to mind, all-conquerable mind shall live and move the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!

Mr. Lincoln and the Drummer-Boy.

AMONG a large number of persons waiting in the room to speak to Mr. Lincoln on a certain day in November, 1864, was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy about thirteen years old. The President saw him standing, looking feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and, with bowed head and timid accents, said:

"Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my Colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick, and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me."

The President looked at him kindly and tenderly, and asked him where he lived, "I have no home," answered the boy. "Where is your father?" "He died in the army," was the reply. "Where is your mother?" continued the President. "My mother is dead, too. I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends—nobody cares for me."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him: "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No," said the boy, "I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave, and I have no money and no place to go."

"The scene," says Rev. Mr. Henderson, "was wonderfully affecting." The President drew forth a card, and addressing it to certain officials to whom his request was law, gave special directions "to care for this poor boy." The wan face of the little drummer lit up with a happy smile as he received the paper, and he went away convinced that he had one good and true friend at least in the person of the President.

The "Phillis."

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

YES, that's the "Phillis," the good old boat,
That weathered the storm last night;
Ah, sir, but it was an awful gale,
I was senseless nigh with fright
When the wind came over the water there
Like a beast with angry roar,
And the waves arose 'neath its cutting lash,
And followed it to the shore.



Our cottage is only a weakly thing,
And it shivered just like a child
When the wind and wave got at its door,
And the sky grew black and wild;
Why, even the lads, who are as bold as brass,
And used to the worst of weather,
Got scared; and, creeping from their beds,
They crouched by the door together.

I was full of fear; at the best of times
My courage is nothing grand,
But I'm simply a baby when Jack a'int by
To lend me a shielding hand;
And Jack was out, and I knew not where,
But my heart grew weak and sick,
As from hour to hour the old brass clock
Went on with its measured tick.

Ten—eleven—and then midnight came,
With the storm at its very worst;
The roaring waters rose mountains high,
Then up on the wind they burst,
And rolled and tumbled along the shore,
And into the streets ran free,
'Till it seemed as though the whole small town
Were built in a tossing sea.

And the house shook so that these lads of mine
At my very feet crouched down,
And with hands that trembled like wind-tossed leaves
Hid their faces in my gown;
Then over the howling of wind and wave
A voice came faint and clear,
So clear that I fancied it called my name,
While my heart stood still to hear.

Again and again that weak, wild cry,
And fainter each time it seemed;
My head and heart were so full of Jack
That I wondered if I dreamed.
When I thought my name came over the sea,
And the voice belonged to Jack,
But I rushed and opened the creaking door
And shouted an answer back.

This house, as you see, stands all alone,
With never a neighbour nigh
To hear that call o'er the wild, wild sea,
Or to catch my answering cry;
None but the lads, who, scared and white,
Had followed me to the door,
And caught my hands as I hurried out,
Down to the dripping shore.

And there we stood in the raging storm,
My two young sons and I;
While still o'er the waters, along the wind,
There fluttered that feeble cry.
"It's your father, boys!" I hoarsely cried,
While I strained my eager eyes
To where those rocks in the water there
Loomed black 'gainst the midnight skies.

Ah, yes, he was there! I caught the gleam
And flutter of something white—
His signal, that waved like a sea-bird's wing,
Through the awful black of night.

"It is your father, out on the rocks,
There! there! in the midst of sea!
Oh, Thou who didst still the storm, dear Lord,
Have mercy on him and me!"

Then the boys looked up to the great black ridge,
And I felt their hands grow warm
As they lifted their faces—the brave, young things—
To the fury of sea and storm.
"Hold on, dear father!" I heard them shout;
Then, hurrying from my side,
They cut the "Phillis," the good old boat
That down in the stones was tied.

I knew their purpose, my dear, brave lads,
And my soul rushed through the air,
Up, o'er the wind and the rocks and sky,
Up in a mother's prayer;
And ere it was finished my two young boys
Unaided had loosed the boat,
And were out on the breast of the panting sea,
Out in the storm afloat.

"God help them! God aid them!" was all I prayed,
As I knelt on the shore alone,
And heard the shriek of the mocking wind
That after the boat had flown;
The brave old boat that still struggled on—
On with a rise and fall,
Leaping the top of each mountain wave,
Like a steed o'er a water-wall.

And ever and ever a welcome sound
Came cleaving the mists of night,
The laddish note of a clear, young voice,
"All right, dear mother, all right!"
And all was right, for a mother's prayer
Had broken the clouds apart,
And a God of love His mercy poured
Down on a woman's heart.

And the boat came back through the wind and wave,
Came back to the dripping shore,
And my hungry arms were closely bound
Round my living wealth once more.
Yes, that's the "Phillis," the good old boat,
That weathered the wind and sea,
And battered and tossed though she looks to-day,
She's sacred and dear to me.



YOU MAY BUILD A CHURCH IN EVERY STREET, AND MAKE YOUR RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS AS COMPLETE AS YOU WILL, BUT AS LONG AS YOU ALLOW THE SALOONS TO BE OPEN YOU WILL MAKE CRIMINALS FASTER THAN YOU CAN RECLAIM THEM.

MARCH ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN!

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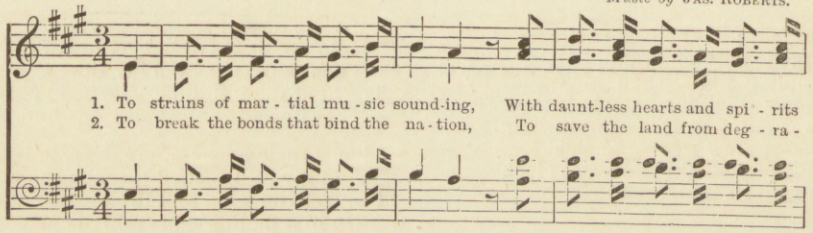
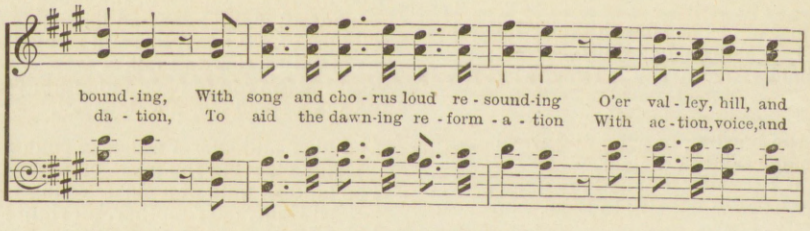
Music by JAS. ROBERTS.



1. To strains of mar - tial mu - sic sound-ing, With daunt-less hearts and spi - rits
2. To break the bonds that bind the na - tion, To save the land from deg - ra -

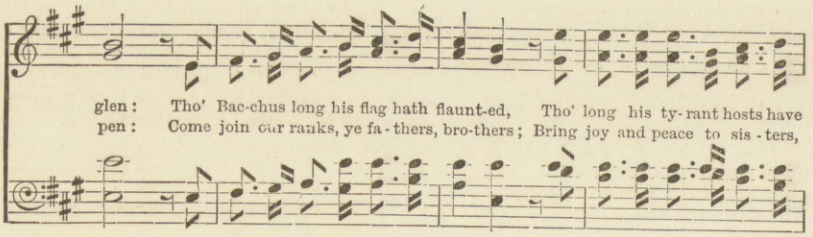
Key A.

:s₁	s₁ .,d :l₁ .,d :t₁ .,r	r :d : .m	f .,m :r .,d :r .,m
:s₁	s₁ .,d :l₁ .,d :t₁ .,r	r :d : .d	t₁ .,d :t₁ .,d :t₁ .,d
3. March	on - ward, then, all dan - ger	scorn-ing, Till	Temp'rance light, the hills a -
:s₁	s₁ .,d :l₁ .,d :t₁ .,r	r :d : .s	s .,s :s .,s :s .,s
:s₁	s₁ .,d :l₁ .,d :t₁ .,r	r :d : .d	r .,m :f .,m :f .,m



bound - ing, With song and cho - rus loud re - sound-ing O'er val - ley, hill, and
da - tion, To aid the dawn-ing re - form - a - tion With ac - tion, voice, and

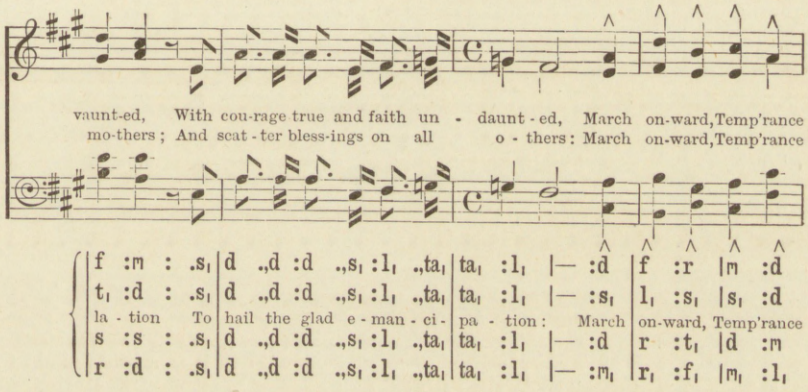
f :r : .r	s .,s :l .,s :f .,s	l :s : .s	f .,m :f :m
t₁ :t₁ : .t₁	d .,d :d .,d :d .,d	d :d : .d	t₁ .,d :r :d
dorn - ing, Shall	ush - er in the bright-er	morn-ing Of	glo-rious tri - umph ;
s :s : .r	d .,m :f .,m :r .,m	f :m : .s	s .,s :s :s
r :s₁ : .f₁	m₁ .,d :d .,d :d .,d	d :d : .m	r .,d :t₁ :d



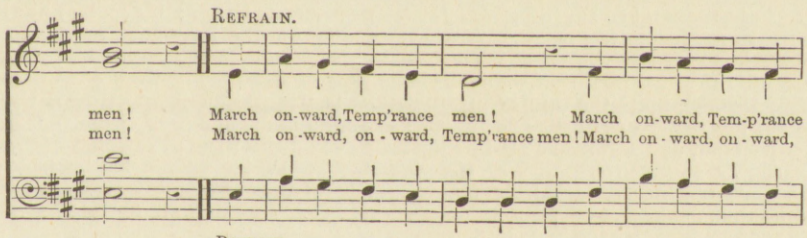
glen : Tho' Bac-chus long his flag hath flaunt-ed, Tho' long his ty-rant hosts have
pen : Come join our ranks, ye fa - thers, bro-thers ; Bring joy and peace to sis - ters,

r :— : .s₁	l₁ .,t₁ :d .,r :m .,f	m :r : .s	s .,s :s .,r :m .,f
t₁ :— : .s₁	l₁ .,t₁ :d .,r :d .,t₁	d :t₁ : .t₁	d .,d :d .,t₁ :d .,t₁
then With	joy ous shouts of ac-clam-	a - tion, U -	nite in songs of ju - bi -
s :— : .s₁	l₁ .,t₁ :d .,s :s .,s	s :s : .s	s .,s :s .,s :s .,s
s₁ :— : .s₁	l₁ .,t₁ :d .,t₁ :d .,r	d :s₁ : .f	m .,m :m .,f :m .,r

MARCH ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN!

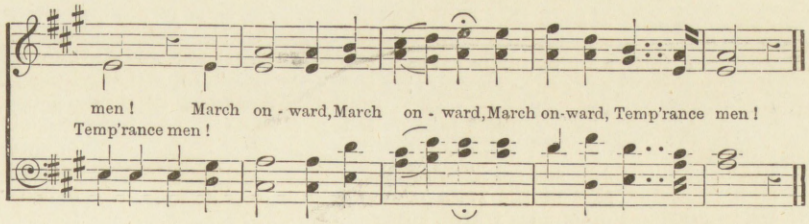


REFRAIN.



REFRAIN.

men! March onward, Temp'rance men! March on-ward, Temp'rance
March on - ward, on - ward, Temp'rance men! March on - ward, on - ward,



men! March on-ward, March on - ward, March onward, Temp'rance men!
Temp'rance men!



"Nippers."

MY DEAR YOUNG NIPPERS.

WHAT *is* a "nipper"? Well, I suppose it is somebody who nips! I am thankful to say that Mr. Jack Frost has given us a very easy time of it this winter, at least during the part of it that we have got through up to the time of my taking up my pen to write to you for this month's chat, and I am very glad he has, because *he* sometimes is a *very terrible nipper*. He nips our noses, and he nips our fingers, and he nips our toes, and even when we are in bed he creeps in under the bed clothes and says: "Who's there," and even if we are so cold that we can only shiver out "Me-e-ee," he has no mercy on us and he makes us tell him whether we have got any warm places on our body, and then he just sits down on them and waits until our teeth chatter and our toes curl up, and he won't move an inch till he hears us call out "Oh! ma, *do* come and put some more clothes on the bed, I *am* so cold," and *then* at the sight of mamma with an armful of rugs and a hot water bottle he "nips" off and creeps into someboby else's bed and starts his little tricks again.



But there are other "nippers" besides Jack Frost, only they are not hard-hearted, cold-souled "nippers" like he is. They are just dear little "nippers" like *you*, and indeed you *are* dear little "nippers," and it is a real delight to talk to you, and I fancy I can see you all the time. There is Fred Lively, watch *him*, "nipping" off to the post for his father; his feet go like lightning and patter on the pavement as though they would knock a hole in it and let him drop through to New Zealand. Then there is Charlie Whipper; *he* is "a whippersnapper of a boy," and if you want a moment's peace from a "nipper" of his sort you will have to get hold of that whip of his and keep it locked up, for he has just about as much respect for your eyes as he has for his own, and that's none at all, for he is a don't-care sort of "nipper" and reminds me of a boy I was reading about the other day who got his eye hurt, and while he was having it bathed, he said, "I don't take no count o' *one* bad heye, if I lose one I shan't ev so much trouble a hopenin' and a shuttin' of em"! Then there's Nellie Motherley. What a dear little "nipper" she is! She has only reached her twelfth year but she's worth her weight in gold, and can "keep house" as well as any woman who is old enough to be her grandmother. Ah, can't Nellie make a jolly good cup of tea! Rather!! You don't catch her forgetting to warm the tea pot, and she knows when to finish the "brewing" to a tick of the clock, and she never forgets to pour it off the leaves into another tea pot when it has been "cooking" for five minutes, for she has heard how a poison called "tannin" is forced out of the leaves if they stand too long with the water on them. Oh yes! she knows "all about it," and she can talk over "tannin" and "stewed tea," and "water off the boil" just like a book. Bless her little heart, she *is* a treasure indeed, gold and diamonds and bank notes are not worth mentioning in the same breath.



So you see there are "nippers" *and* "nippers." I hope you are the right sort of "nippers." I saw a poor little "nipper" with one leg the last time I was in London, and he looked just as satisfied as this old crane does as he hopped about on his solitary limb. I am sorry to tell you he had an ugly beer jug in his hand, and it matched well his ragged trousers and his shaggy hatless head. Whatever kind of a nipper you are, don't take nips of beer or any of the other poisonous drinks which are sold at the "White Nigger" or at the "Black Swan." Take care *always* to nip past those places just as though you were being shot out of a cannon.

A PECK OF RIDDLES.

1. Which is the smallest room?
2. Which is the largest room?
3. Why is a bull like a butterfly?
4. How many peas in a pod?
5. Why is dancing like new milk?
6. Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp?
7. Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy doing a sum?
8. Why did the fly fly?
9. Why can nobody starve in the desert?
10. Spell donkey with one letter.
11. Spell blind pig with two letters.
12. Why is a disobedient boy like a chair with the bottom out of it?
13. What relation is a doorstep to a doormat?
14. Why is a short nigger like a white man?
15. What is the most difficult train to catch?
16. Enquire after your next door neighbour's health in four letters.
17. If you called at a post-office for a stamp and you asked the postmaster to put it on a letter for you and he would not do it, what should you do?

WHAT MY LITTLE JUDY CAN DO!

How you *would* all like to see my little Judy! Not that she is anything very wonderful to look at, for she has about her a big dash of what hard-hearted "undoggy" men would call "mongrel," but it's *Judy*, not Judy's skin, that I am in love with. I will tell you what she will do, and then you will say, "I *should* love her, too, if she were as ugly as a toad." Well, first of all, she can do the three tricks which *all* properly educated dogs can do, namely, she can "beg," and "trust," and shake hands, but she can do much more than this. She shuts the door when she is told, and she sings when she is told, and she chases her tail when she is told, and she stands on her head when she is told, and she gets up on her hind legs and "walks like a lady" when she is told, and she chases imaginary burglars in the garden when she is told, and she gapes the sleepiest of yawns when she is told, and she is just learning to "bow to the Queen" when she is told.

Do you know why I have repeated so often the words "when she is told?" I will tell you; because I want to impress upon you all, my dear little people, that a boy or a girl who doesn't learn to *obey* is not *likely* to be loved *nearly* so much as Judy is! Just fancy that! An obedient boy is the joy of his father, and an obedient girl is the delight of her mother. But oh, those "I shan't" and "I won't" sort of young "shavers;" we all wish them a happy new year, but we hope they will spend it with somebody else, don't we?

All be like Judy in *this* respect, then, and remember that disobedient boys and girls will make obstinate men and women, and there isn't any room for another grown up person of that kind either in England or Wales, or Scotland or Ireland!

Look out for the answers to riddles in the April number.

Balancing Accounts.

A THICK-SET, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time, and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social; then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me *delirium tremens*. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage.'

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits, but, instead, he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—*The Appeal.*

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economise his time.

No man ever did anything worth doing in the service of either God or man without being misunderstood and misrepresented.—*Gladstone.*

The Marvellous in Common Things.

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

Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

COAL.

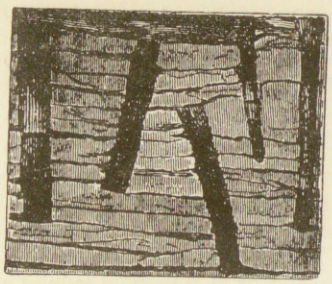
HOW pleasant it is to sit by the fireside on the winter evenings and to enjoy the cosy warmth and ruddy glow of the blazing fire. Heap on some more coal, and let the flames roar up the chimney. It may be cold and bitter outside, but within all is warmth and light, thanks to the black diamonds which have been won from the ground by the art and skill of man.

We seldom, perhaps, stay to think in what numberless ways coal ministers to our welfare. Not only in the glowing fire around which we draw our chairs in cold weather, but in the kitchen range, cooking our food and baking the bread, or in the heart of the boiler generating the steam by which the countless wheels of our factories are kept revolving, making the clothes we wear and countless other things that minister to our comfort. We may also see its power in the stoke-hole of the engine, or the steamships, giving that mighty force by which the train rushes through the air at sixty miles an hour, or by which the steamship forces its thousands of tons of dead weight through the ocean from continent to continent.

Coal is certainly one of the most wonderful and the most useful things, because of what it does in the way of generating heat, but it is still more wonderful when we consider what it is, and what it contains.

To fully answer the question as to what coal is would require a very long chapter, and to get any idea about it at all we must go a very long, long way back in the world's history.

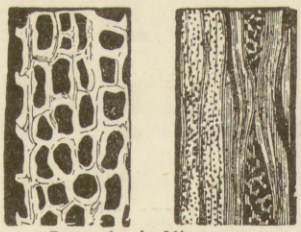
The geologist divides the early history of the world into periods, so that he has a period when rocks were formed, another for clay, another for sandstone, another for various animals, another for different forms of vegetation. Amongst these is what is known as the carboniferous period. From the picture of a coal forest we may judge something of what the world was like at that time. Vast trees of fern-like character, whose remains are still found in the coalfields of to-day, covered the face of the earth. There was a higher temperature existing then, and under the influence of this, and an abundant supply of water, these trees and plants grew at a very fast rate. As they died, others grew up on the same place, so that for a very long time, a period that can only be measured by thousands of years, this plant and tree life lived and died, so that, as a result, great masses of decaying vegetable matter covered the earth. This, of course, should have resulted in a vast coal-bed over the whole surface of the earth, and it would have done so but for other causes, such as earthquakes, eruptions, volcanoes, floods, and mighty rivers, all of which have played their part in altering the surface of the earth, and in fixing the position and depth of the coalfields.



Tree Trunks found in Coalbed.

Professor Phillips once calculated that it would take 122,400 years to produce sixty feet of coal, and that the famous coalbeds of South Wales were probably half-a-million years in being formed. By taking into account the specific gravity of wood and the amount of carbon it contains, compared with coal, it has been calculated that a vast bank of leaves, plants, tree trunks, etc., 310 feet thick, would in the gradual process of time produce a coalbed of sixteen feet thick.

More than 3,000 different kinds of fossil ferns have been discovered in the various coalbeds of of the world, and the microscope reveals the fact that coal has a definite fibrous structure, the cells being filled with a bituminous or resinous substance. All these facts help us to see that there is no doubt as to the vegetable origin of coal.



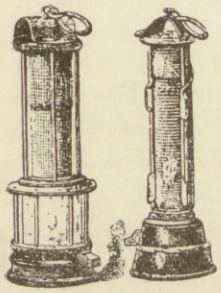
Coal under the Microscope.

It is an illustration of what might be called the Savings Bank of God's providence. Ages upon ages ago, He knew that coal would be of service to man in the progress of the world, and in the carrying out of His wonderful plans in this nineteenth century, and so in Nature's vast storehouses He treasures up the waste products of vegetable life, and to-day we are realising the benefit, although we possibly have seldom thought of Providence being concerned in it at all.

Another point we seldom stay to think of, is the toil and suffering endured by the miner in wresting from the bosom of the earth this necessary fuel. Down into the dark underground the miner descends, often literally carrying his life in his hands.

One of the Government Inspectors, a few years

ago, prepared a table showing that in ten years 9,916 deaths had occurred in the United Kingdom by various accidents in mines. This is close upon one thousand per year. The very next shovelful of coal that you put on the fire may have been won at the cost of a human life.



Clanny Lamp. Davy Lamp.

Sir Humphrey Davy, proved himself a great benefactor to the miner by his invention of the safety lamp. It is covered with wire gauze and gives the miner sufficient light, but the flame cannot pass through the gauze to ignite the gas in the mine. It has been the means of saving hundreds of thousands of lives.

What coal contains, or rather what can be obtained from it, is most wonderful of all. In addition to its vast use as a fuel, it yields when distilled in a retort the gas which is of so great service in lighting the streets and factories and houses. One ton of good pit coal will yield about ten to twelve thousand cubic feet of gas, leaving behind a residue known as coke, which still contains a large amount of heat-giving material, and forms a useful fuel.

But gas is only one of the products of coal. It might seem an exaggeration to say that the beautiful white paraffin candles are obtained from coal, but it is not so. When cannel or bog-head coal is heated at a comparatively low temperature in a retort volatile substances pass over, which condense to a liquid crude oil, from which can be obtained Paraffin Naphtha, and Paraffin oil, and from the residue still remaining in the retort a lubricating oil is obtained, and finally the solid white paraffin.

In the process of gas making there are many bye-products, such as Ammonia, Sal Ammoniac, Sulphur, and Gas Tar.

One ton of coal will yield about fifteen gallons of gas tar. Whilst a few a years ago, this used to be thrown away as a waste substance, it is now a most valuable product. It has been made to yield Creosote, Pitch, Carbolic Acid, and, what is more wonderful still a series of Aniline and other dyes, giving the loveliest possible shades of color.

The first of these was found in 1856, and was a purple dye called Mauve, then came Magenta, which is so powerful that it is said that one ten-millionth part of a grain will give its color to a drop of water. As time went on other colors were derived, rich blues and brilliant greens, oranges and violets, until, at the present time no less than two hundred and seventy-four classified shades of color are derived from this source.

Whilst we sit by the fire and enjoy its warmth, we may remember with interest that it is the coal that supplies the heat, and at the same time gives us light either with candles or gas, that gives us the useful ammonia, and the excellent disinfectant carbolic acid, and at the same time gives the charming colors of the ladies' silks and satins.

The quantity of coal used is wonderful in its vastness. Last year the mines in the United Kingdom raised no less than 202,129,931 tons, the number of persons employed in and about the mines being 681,531.

Have Faith in the Boy.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined:
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strangely checkered career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear;
The gold in his nature rejecting
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stubborn,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and fearful,
And ready with words and reproof;
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing
We may not divert from its course
Until the wild, turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force;
The brook is the life of the river,
And, if we the future might scan,
We'll find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigour and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Or dreamed of the battles he fought.
So if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,
Believe that at last he'll prevail,
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
Though day after day he may fail;
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
His hopes and his courage destroy,
So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in a boy.

— *Selected.*

"Strong as a Lion."

IT was in a small low room that a woman lay on a dying bed with three little children clustering near her. The eldest was a boy of seven or eight, the other two were girls of three and five.

"Willis, dear," the mother said, feebly reaching out her hand to clasp her boy's, "mother is going on a long journey. I wish it was God's will that I could take my little ones with me, but I know it is His will that they shall all come to me after a while. There is a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven. Will you climb it, Willis, dear, and bring Elsie and Felta with you?"

Willis looked at his mother with eyes full of tears. His breath came quick, as he answered:

"Yes, mamma, if I can find the ladder that reaches up to the heaven where you are going. I will climb to the very top, and I will bring my little sisters along, if I have to carry them every step of the way."

Willis' hand within his mother's quivered as he talked, but his face looked strong and resolute, and so it brought comfort to his dying mother.



"Willis, precious boy," she said, "be as kind to your poor father as you can, but do not let him pull you down. You are a little fellow, but I want you to understand me; I want you to know that you are the link between my little girls and myself. If you hold true and firm, all will be well, I believe."

"What shall I hold to, mamma?" sobbed the boy. "I cannot hold to father, and you say you are going away."

"Hold fast to your Saviour's hand, Willis. You know how He gathered little ones to His bosom and how He loved them; well, it is just the same now. Call on Him, if you are in trouble, and He will comfort you. Trust God, and you will be as strong as a lion. You will be tempted, my boy. Some one—perhaps your own father—will offer you strong drink; but do not touch it. It is the first glass that makes all the trouble; you see, if there were not a first glass, there would not be a second."

Mrs. Stern could say no more. She sighed faintly, and then smiled, and closed her eyes. Was the pale boatman carrying her off on that "long journey" of which she had talked? No; not yet. She opened her eyes and held out her arms, whispering faintly:

"Come, all of you."

Willis lifted his little sisters close beside their mother, then knelt with them; and the mother wound her feeble arms around them all.

The arms relaxed their hold; one look at Willis, and then the eyes closed for ever. One expression—"Strong as a lion!"—and then the beloved voice was still.

"Strong as a lion! Strong as a lion!" Those dying words clung to Willis ever afterwards. As he grew older they seemed grand to him, and proved to be the inspiration of his life. It was a pathetic sight to see him, day after day, caring for his little sisters, dressing and undressing them, cooking the scanty food his father provided, carving toys for the little ones and hearing their prayers.

Thus passed two years, the father meanwhile coming in and going out, sometimes with a gentle word for his motherless little ones, but often with scowls and scoldings. But Willis, the faithful and true, patiently bore all, for was he not climbing up to his mother?

Just after Willis' tenth birthday, the family were obliged to remove from the little house which once they had owned, but which was theirs no longer, owing to the habits of their father.

Surely the shadows were thickening. The weather was cold; the father was sinking fast, and the little ones seemed left to chance charity. Mark my words! I say seemed left to chance charity, but, thank God! they were not; there is no such thing as chance. Over them all God watched.

Are you wondering whether Willis lost his courage? Well, he was only a boy, you must remember, and his heart grew heavy in that cold little attic room. It was the evening after their removal, he was shivering as he sat by the bed, watching over his sleeping sisters. All the food was gone, and soon, perhaps, these little sisters would awaken and would beg for food. Child though he was, Willis could scarcely endure the thought. Suddenly he seemed to see his mother's face, and her voice said:

"Trust God, my boy, and you will be as strong as a lion."

Peace came. Out into the darkness he went. He was not aimlessly wandering, either, but with a settled resolution to call upon a gentleman, who once met him on the street with his little sisters and bought cakes for them all, and who then turned to a friend with the whispered explanation:

"They are poor Billy Stern's little ones."

When Willis reached this gentleman's house and stood before him, he felt awed for a moment, and was dumb.

"What is it, little fellow?" asked the gentleman.

"Can I clean the snow from your walks, sir?" asked Willis.

"Well, I have no objection, if you are here early in the morning."

"But I would like to do them to-night, sir, because—because——"

"Because what?"

"My little sisters went to bed without any supper, and they will be so hungry when they wake up."

Were tears glistening in the gentleman's eyes? I think so, but he turned so quickly that I am not quite sure. Soon he came back with a basket, and said, kindly:

"Here, little fellow! run home with this and feed yourself and the little ones. You can come here in the morning and do the work."

Willis went home. Too happy to wait for his little sisters to wake, he roused them, and they had a feast; and then Willis made them kneel while he thanked the Father above. At daylight he began his labour cleaning the walks. His arms ached, but he persevered until the task was finished. All through the winter—a cold and stormy one—he cleaned walks, and thus kept the wolf from the door. When spring came he found other and steadier work. Thus the time went on—working, praying, trusting, climbing.

Years—many of them—have passed.

There has just been a terrible fire in the city; many firemen have done brave acts, but one tall young man has aroused the admiration of the crowd. Up and down long ladders he has gone, quickly, yet carefully, saving lives and rescuing valuable property. The fire is under control, and the people are shouting:

"There's no more danger now."

But are they not mistaken? A misguided saloon keeper has set out a cask of brandy for the benefit of the wet workers. The cups furnished are eagerly snatched up by the tired, excited men. One little lad shouts:

"There comes Willis Stern, the bravest fellow among the whole lot. Give him a drink, quick! See how pale he looks!"

In a flash a cup was held up to the brave young man.

"Drink it, sir; it will do you good. You are wet to the skin."

Yes, the young man was wet to the skin, and about the smell of the offered beverage there was something strangely tempting. For a second he wavered, and then a whisper seemed to reach him.

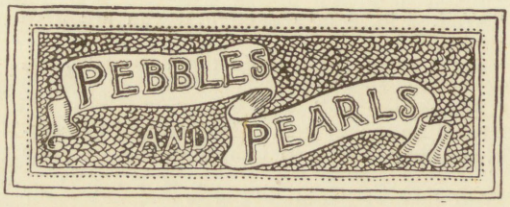
"If there is never a first glass there cannot be a second. Strong as a lion, my boy! Strong as a lion."

"Thank you sir," said Willis, declining the glass; "I never drink intoxicating liquor. You see, sir, it might kindle a worse fire than this one now dying away."

A gentleman just passing by heard the remark, and, after Willis had gone on, he said to the group:

"That Willis Stern is a fellow to pattern after. God bless him! He has climbed up from the depths with his two sisters clinging to him, and there is not a prettier or more peaceful home in the city than his."

LET no one falter who thinks he is right.



HE who has never known sorrow, neither knows man nor God.

FIRST keep thyself in peace, and thou shalt then be able to make peace among others.

THE question of life is not, "How much time have we?" The question is, "What shall we do with it?"

FATHER (sharply)—"Lucy, stop pulling the cat's tail."

Lucy: "I'm only holding the tail, pa; pussy is pulling it."

"DICK, why did you eat so little of your Christmas dinner? Your sister ate so much."

"Well, auntie, I lost my appetite, and I guess she must have found it."

CLERYMAN (to his wife)—"I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon."

Young Tommy: "Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit."

A TEACHER said to a boy who had the reputation of being very bad: "How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?" "One, sir, if you treat him well," was the answer.

WE have only to be patient, to pray, and to do His will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist and under clouds as truly as under sunshine. So does the heavenly principle within.

A LITTLE girl about eight years of age, witnessing the ceremony of ordination at one of our recent conference sessions, was much impressed, and, after the service, asked her mother what it meant. "What do you think it meant?" the mother inquired. "I don't know," was the answer, "unless the Bishop was feeling of their heads to see if they had any brains before he sent them off to preach."—*Pacific Christian Advocate.*

WATER!

WHAT falls from Heaven refreshingly?
Not wine, but water clear!
What drapes with bride-like veil the mountain side?
Not wine, but water clear!
What gently drops from sympathetic eyes?
Not wine, but water clear!
What bears rich laden ships from land to land?
Not wine, but water clear!
In baptism's holy rite bedews the brow
Red wine, or water clear?
Thank God, a Kipling song shall cheer! and cheer!!
Not wine, but water clear!

—*E. C. Martin.*



Parody on the Old Sexton.

BY W. SEARLS, D.D.

NIGH to a bar that was long since made,
Stood a Land-lord, old in his death-dealing trade,
The day was done and he paused to wait
The thirsty train through his open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin,
I gather them in, I gather them in,
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

I gather them in, for man and boy,
I fill to the brim, with grief—not joy,
And I curse every home within this town,
And fill up with dead the burial ground,
Mother and daughter, father and son,
I bring down in sorrow, one by one,
But come they stranger or come they kin
I gather them in, I gather them in!
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

Many are with me, I am not alone!
In this death dealing trade, and I make my throne
On the tear-stained altars, and hearth stones cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the license I hold,
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects all! all!! all!!!
They may loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in,
Gather, gather, I gather them in!

I gather them in, and their final rest
Is there, out there, in the earth's dark breast,
And the old man ceased, as the thirsty train
Came to his bar to drink again!
Then I spoke out loud, in words quite bold—
A mightier one than the land-lord old
Will dash to the earth this fearful sin
And into perdition will gather them in!
Gather, gather, will gather them in!



IN THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

By RUTH B. YATES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea.

CHAPTER IV.—REVELATIONS.

VIOLET stood at the window of her beautiful bedroom, looking out over the sea. It had been a rough day, and the prospect was anything but pleasant. The shades of evening were falling, great banks of cloud were looming on the horizon, and a veil of fog was beginning to creep over the face of the waters, accompanied by drizzling rain.

It was a dreary scene, yet, it seemed to accord well with the state of Violet's feelings, and she stood, without moving, as the light faded. She noted a little boat tossing on the waves, and wondered how anyone could be so foolish as to venture out on such a sea.

Suddenly she gave a scream and rushed away from the window and down the stairs.

"Good Gracious, Vi, have you taken leave of your senses?" inquired Frank, as he met her in the hall.

"Oh, Frank, come at once; there is a boat capsized close by the gate."

Slipping on his macintosh Frank opened the door.

"You had better stop inside, Vi, it is raining."

Violet, however, having thrown her cloak over her, was already running down the path.

"Look, there is the boat," exclaimed Frank, pointing to a dark object floating at a distance, but Violet replied,

"Never mind that. Come along."

She ran along the beach, whilst Frank followed, wondering where she was going.

Violet had often wandered along the beach in search of seaweed, and she knew that the incoming tide would throw up anything first upon a promontory, a little distance beyond.

On arriving at this point Violet rushed right into the water, much to her brother's alarm, but she took no heed of his warning cry.

"Quick, quick, Frank, I have got him; come and help me before another wave comes."

Frank answered her call, when he found to his surprise, that what he had taken for deep sea was only shallow water that did not come over his boot tops. He found Violet clinging to the body of a man.

"Help me to get him away, Frank. The tide comes in so quickly here that he will be swept out to sea in no time."

Even as she spoke, a great wave came rolling in and almost tore him from their grasp, and drenched them as it broke.

Between them they carried the still form through the surge, on to the beach beyond. Not a moment too soon, for when Frank looked back upon the spot that they had just left, he saw the waves dashing and seething over it.

"Gracious, look there, Vi," he exclaimed, as he pointed to the danger they had escaped.

"Yes, I know; it always covers this corner first."

"Can you help me to get him home, or will you run on and send the servants, Vi?"

"It is only a few yards, and the sooner we get him warm and dry the better."

Thanks to the prompt action of Violet the young man was little the worse for his perilous adventure, and next day he was about to take his departure, but Frank gave him such a hearty invitation to stay for a few days that he accepted it.

"As I am away for my holiday, I shall be most happy to accept your kind invitation, if I shall not be intruding, as it is rather cheerless at a lodging-house at this season."

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"I am sure you will be conferring a favour upon us, for I am almost moped to death, Mr. Turner," responded Mrs. Holmes.

Violet said nothing, but she wondered if it would be the best thing for Gilbert Turner to form an acquaintance with Frank.

In the evening wine was placed on the table as usual, but to Violet's great relief, Gilbert Turner refused it.

"Oh, all right, please yourself. You will have a game at any rate," said Frank, as he produced a pack of cards.

"I shall have to plead ignorance, Mr. Holmes, for I have never touched a card and do not know how to play."

"I will teach you," responded Frank, in his cheery way.

Turner proved an apt pupil, and was soon able to join in the game with interest.

He was very good company, being a good conversationalist, sparkling with wit and ready at repartee.

"Will you not try just one glass of wine, Turner, I can recommend it?" said Frank, persuadingly.

"Of course he will," remarked Maggie, as she poured out a glass and offered it to the young man, saying in her most bewitching tones, as she looked up at him,

"There, now; you will not refuse to take it from me. Just one glass will do you no harm. Taste it to please me; if you do not like it you needn't drink it, you know."

Violet looked at the young man beseechingly, as she said,

"Let him alone, Maggie; if he does not want to drink, why should you tease him."

Instead of desisting, Maggie held the glass a little nearer and pleaded,

"Won't you taste it to please me, Mr. Turner?"

"I will, Mrs. Holmes." responded the young man, as he took the glass from her hand and drained it to the dregs.

Maggie darted a triumphant glance across at Violet, who felt that her interference had been calculated to do more harm than good. Gilbert's glass had been filled again and again, before Violet retired.

When she reached the top of the stairs, the nurse accosted her with a look of anxiety on her face,

"I am afraid that baby is poorly, Miss Violet; he is so fretful."

"I will come and look at him, Mary," responded Violet.

She sighed as she followed the maid into the well-appointed nursery, where the child was tossing uneasily upon his little bed.

"You can go and lie down for awhile, Mary, and I will stay with Master Harold for an hour or so; you look tired."

As she spoke, Violet raised the little fellow in her arms and kissed him. She gave a start of surprise.

"What have you been giving him, Mary?" she asked, sternly.

"Mistress heard him crying when she went downstairs, so she came in and gave him a drop of brandy to make him sleep, Miss Violet."

"No wonder the poor child is feverish," exclaimed Violet, indignantly.

Seating herself upon a low rocker, she sang in a low tone until the child dropped off into a heavy slumber.

"Is the curse of intemperance to be carried on to another generation?" she murmured, as she looked at the flushed face of the sleeping infant.

As she sat there she could hear an occasional noisy laugh from below, and she knew well what was going on.

Violet recalled the events of the last eighteen months since she had been an inmate of her brother's house. How pleased she had been, at first, with the beautiful house by the sea and the warm welcome she had received. A tear dropped upon the face of the sleeping infant, as she thought of the time when Frank had written to Mr. Cameron to ask if the ring had been found, as his sister was anxious to know. He had written in answer that no sign of the ring had been discovered, and that he should never give his consent to Violet's marriage with his son until it was restored.

How indignant she had been at the tone of that letter, and when Comar himself had appeared the same day how emphatic she had been in her refusal to renew the engagement; but she remembered also that he had told her that he should leave England, and that he would never call any other woman his wife. The loss of the ring still remained a mystery. Neither Mr. Cameron nor Frank had spared any expense in trying to trace it, but in vain. It had disappeared and left no trace behind. Frank's home was not a happy one. Maggie had a violent temper, and soon grew disatisfied with domestic life. Violet tried to act the part of peace-maker, but it had proved no easy task.

Poor Frank, he had not improved any, for he took more and more drink.

Violet sighed heavily as she thought of the nightly orgies and daily bickerings.

Violet was very weary, and gradually her eyes closed, and she slept long and soundly. Suddenly she waked with a start, and, hearing a noise, she gently opened the door, and the sight that met her eyes was enough to make an angel weep.

The young man, who but a few short hours before had been ignorant of the taste of drink, was now helplessly drunk. Frank and Maggie, who were assisting him, were little better than himself. Violet stood looking at the trio as they stumbled up the stairs, and her heart sank within her as she thought that this woman, with flushed face and heavy eyes, was the mother of an innocent babe.

Violet resolved to expostulate with both parents on the folly of creating an appetite for alcoholic liquors in a mere infant, but, alas! she knew that it would be of little use. Of late, Maggie had seemed to resent her interference in anything, but upon the Temperance question they had *never* been able to agree for a moment; and Frank was equally obstinate. Easy-going as he generally was, he would bristle up at once if she attempted to remonstrate with him on that point.

Next day, Violet was out on the beach with

Harold, whose father and mother were sleeping off the effects of the previous night's debauch, when she saw Gilbert Turner coming towards her. He was walking slowly, with his head down, and a general air of dejection about him.

"Good morning, Mr. Turner," she said brightly.

"Good morning, Miss Ward; you look as bright as a button. I have such a splitting headache that I came out to see if the wind would blow it away."

"Ah, Mr. Turner, you are paying for your taste of wine last night. Teetotalers have the best of it next morning, I think," responded Violet pleasantly.

"You are right, Miss Ward; I never felt so said Maggie, as she poured out a cup of hot tea, and added a quantity of brandy.

"No, thank you. I don't feel I want anything to eat. I have such a beastly headache."

"You need a pick-me-up, my dear fellow. You will be all right when you have had some breakfast," replied Frank.

"Of course you will, Mr. Turner, let me be your doctor. There is nothing like a cup of my tea for curing morning headache. Sit down and drink this off, and then you will be able to enjoy your ham and eggs, you will see."

For a second Gilbert hesitated, he had made up his mind that he would never again taste alcoholic liquor, but he did not like to refuse his



"Do you think that I am going to wear a last season's gown?"

miserable in my life as I do this morning, but it has taught me a lesson, and I shall return to my home to-morrow a sadder, if a wiser, man."

"To-morrow! I had no idea that you were going so soon, Mr. Turner."

"Nor I; but I have this morning received a request from my employer that will necessitate my return to-morrow, as one of the other fellows has been taken ill."

Alas! for the strength of Gilbert's good resolutions and the lesson that he fondly hoped that he had learned.

When he returned from his walk he found Mr. and Mrs. Holmes just sitting down to breakfast.

"What! been for a stroll so early," exclaimed Frank as he entered.

"Come along; we are quite ready for you,"

hostess, and it did not really matter, for he was leaving on the morrow; besides, now that he had once yielded, he could not refuse without giving offence.

Having thus silenced his scruples, he took the potation from her hand, drained it to the dregs and had his cup re-filled.

Very soon he began to feel the exhilarating effect of the potent spirit, and he began to laugh and joke with his host and hostess, and fall into their plans for the day.

As they rose from the table, Frank and Gilbert having arranged to cross by the next ferry, Maggie said,

"Oh, Frank, you might just write out a cheque before you go, as I want to make some purchases to-day."

"More money! You can't have it then," responded her husband, crossly.

"I must have it, Frank."

"You had fifty pounds only last week; you would break a bank. I cannot give you any more until you have spent that."

"Spent that, indeed! You know that I spent that paltry sum on my ball dress, and now I want something to go out in. I am ashamed to be seen, Frank."

"You have plenty of dresses, and you will have to make them do, as the lawyer has refused to advance me any more, and I have had a run of bad luck lately, so there you have the truth."

"I do not believe a word of it," replied the lady, growing purple with passion.

Gilbert had slipped from the room during this conversation, feeling that it was not intended for the ears of a third person. He strolled down the garden path and stood leaning upon the gate waiting for Frank.

Violet, on her return, found him there and asked if he felt any better.

"Oh, yes, I feel quite well again now, thank you, Miss Ward. Mrs. Holmes has prescribed for me, and her remedy has acted like a charm."

Violet looked up at the young man, and her heart sank, for she well knew what was Maggie's sovereign remedy for all the diseases that flesh is heir to, and she feared that Gilbert Turner had again yielded to temptation.

The sound of voices in loud and angry altercation was borne to them even at that distance, and a shadow passed over Violet's brow.

Constant as such scenes had become, she felt surprised and annoyed that her brother and his wife should so far forget themselves before a total stranger.

"Am I intruding, Miss Ward? If it is not convenient for me to—"

Before he could finish the sentence Frank came out of the house, slamming the door behind him, and joined Gilbert saying,

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, but my wife got a bit out of temper, you see."

He stooped to kiss the baby, and as Violet looked at his flushed face and noted his excited manner, she said, gently,

"You will be back to dinner, Frank?"

"Not I." Suddenly recollecting Gilbert's presence, he answered, "I do not think so. I have promised to show Mr. Turner the lions, and we will get dinner in town. Tell Maggie that she need not wait up for us, as we may return by the last boat. Come along, Turner, there's the boat at the ferry now."

Violet sighed deeply as she watched the two pass along the pier and on to the boat together, for she knew that Frank would rush recklessly into an additional excess of dissipation.

Sadly she entered the house and took little Harold to the nursery, for she knew that it was wiser not to intrude upon his mother until she had cooled down somewhat.

When, however, she did venture to go downstairs, she found her still pacing the room impatiently.

"So you are here at last. I thought that you were never coming. Where have you been all the morning Violet?" she burst forth.

"I have been out on the beach with Harold, Maggie," responded her sister-in-law quietly.

"I should think that nurse is quite competent to look after baby without you wasting your time with him. You might have a little more consideration for me, but you are like your brother, so it's no use talking."

"Do you want me to do something for you, Maggie?"

"*I* want you? No! I hate the sight of you and him too, the mean skin-flint."

Violet was accustomed to these ebullitions of temper so she took no notice of the remark, but took up a bodice that was lying on the couch and began to sew some lace on the neck.

"You needn't trouble with that now; I am not going out. Frank hasn't left me any money, and he knows quite well that we ought to spend the evening with the Lowe's next week, and I have nothing to wear."

"There is your grey silk," began Violet, but Maggie turned upon her with flashing eyes.

"Do you think that I am going to wear a last season's gown? If you do you are sadly mistaken. I tell you I will have a new dress, and cape and hat as well."

"But Frank must have had a reason for not wishing you to have them just yet, Maggie," expostulated Violet.

"Oh, of course, he said that he had no money."

"Then how could he give it you?"

"Do you think that I believe that story? No, no; I know better than that. I know that he drew three thousand pounds, not a fortnight ago, and he lost it all in a single night. Then he drew two thousand more, and he only gave me that fifty for my dress and another hundred to pay some bills, and now he grudges me a thing to wear."

Violet looked up, with a startled expression on her face, and her work dropped from her hand as she exclaimed,

"My dear Maggie, what are you both thinking of? If you have been drawing on your capital at that rate it will soon be exhausted, and your housekeeping expenses must be enormous."

"That is just the way that Frank talks, but *he* denies himself nothing all the same, and I mean to have what I want, or he shall have no comfort. How can I go to Lowe's in a last season's costume? And I have only ten pounds left; it is no earthly use to go shopping with that, as you know, Violet."

"I think that with a few yards of silk and lace, either your grey silk or green poplin might be renovated and made into an up-to-date gown, Maggie, and you always look nice."

"How provoking you are, Violet; I have no patience with such pettifogging ways. You can wear my old gowns if you like, but you don't see *me* going out like a begger to please either you or your brother."

Maggie flounced from the room in a rage at the suggestion, and Violet quietly went on with her sewing.

(*To be Continued*).

The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

A BOX OF MATCHES.



ALTHOUGH matches are so abundant and so common, they are of quite modern invention, having been introduced a little more than sixty years ago.

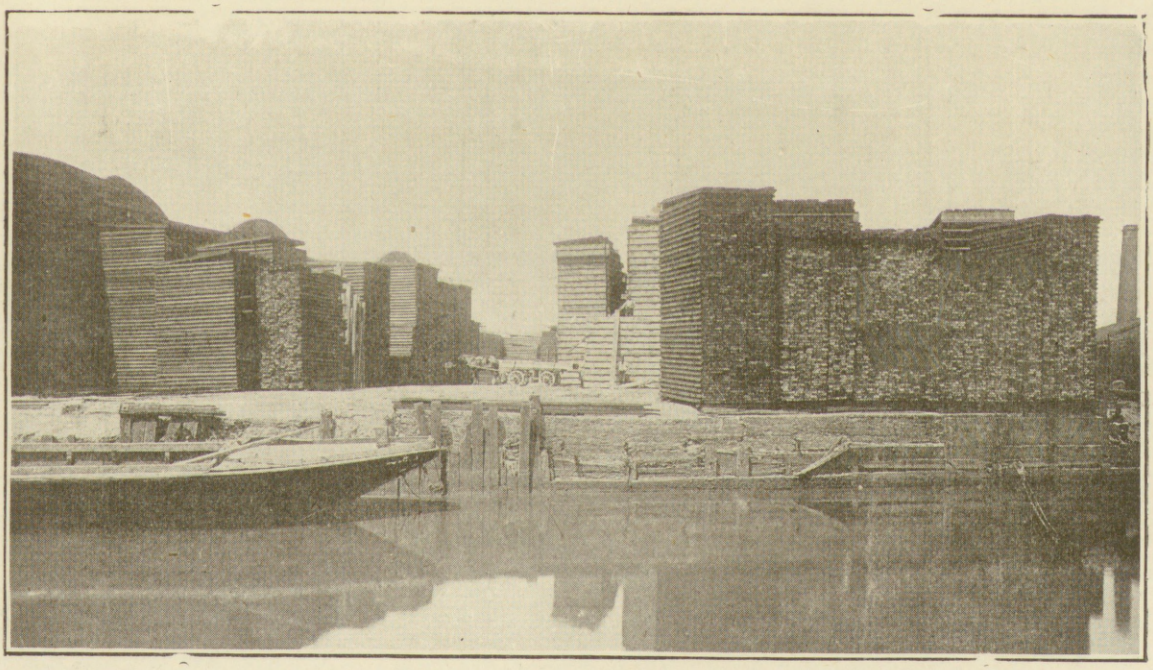
How did the ancients light their fires without matches, is a question that may well be asked. Undoubtedly one of the earliest methods of obtaining fire was by means of two dried pieces of wood rubbed together until the heat caused by friction ignited them and caused a smouldering spark, which could be fanned into a flame.

This method, however, requires the wood to be drier than it is ever found in this climate.

The difficulty amongst the ancients of getting fire anew, led to their constantly maintaining it in certain places, and, in course of time, such hearths where the fire was always maintained were looked upon as sacred.

In the later Middle ages, it was discovered that when steel and flint were struck together a spark of fire flew off. By allowing this spark to fall upon tinder or dry fungus it smouldered, and thus fire could be obtained. For some hundreds of years the flint and steel held sway, but about the beginning of this century serious attempts were made on the part of chemists and others to get a more ready method of obtaining fire.

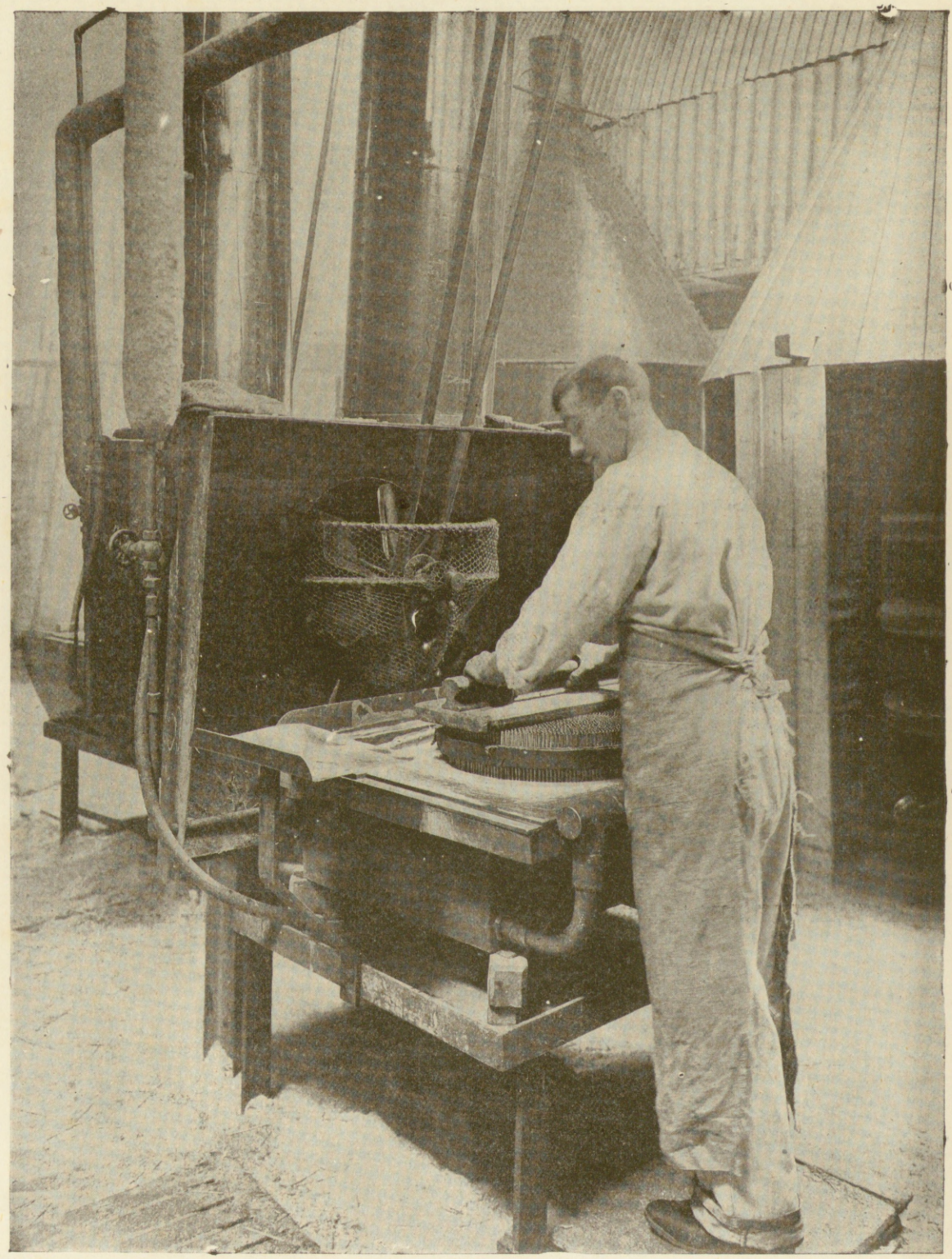
One of these early inventions was the instantaneous light box, which consisted of a small tin box containing a bottle in which was placed some sulphuric acid, and a supply of properly prepared matches. These consisted of small splints of wood about two inches long, one end of which was coated with a chemical mixture the chief ingredient of which was chlorate of potash. These readily inflamed when coming into contact with the sulphuric acid. The plan, however, was very dangerous, owing to the likelihood of accident occurring through the corrosive nature of the acid, The lucifer match succeeded the above, and enabled the sulphuric acid bottle, with all its inconveniences and dangers, to be dispensed with. The match consisted of strips of wood, one end of which was covered with a mixture containing chlorate of potash, sulphuret of antimony, and melted brimstone. These matches were ignited by being drawn through a piece of bent sandpaper, when the friction readily inflamed them.



One of Bryant & May's Timber Wharves.

The matches of to-day are simply improvements on the lucifer match, the principal one being the introduction of phosphorus. About 1830, a young Austrian mechanic, Johann Jrinyi, hit on the notion of using phosphorus, experiments with which substance he had seen made at a lecture. Jrinyi added a little phosphorus to the sulphur, and a great advance was made in the production of matches.

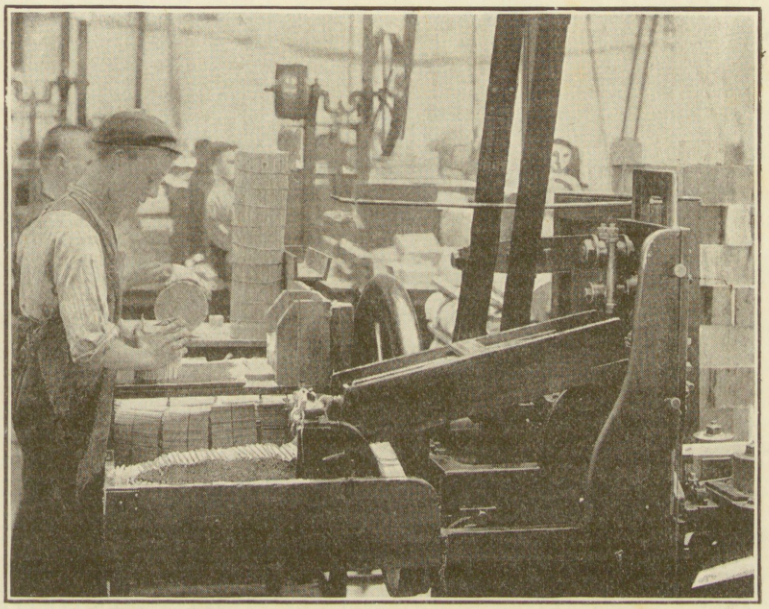
Phosphorus, as is generally known, takes fire when it is rubbed: the burning is passed on to



ONE OF BRYANT & MAY'S DIPPERS DIPPING WOOD MATCHES.

the sulphur, and from the sulphur to the wood. There were, of course, many technical difficulties to be overcome, for the process is not so easy as it at first seems.

In 1856 a Swede named Lundstrom invented the safety match, and this may be said to be the latest development of this wonderfully useful little article. In the safety match there is no phosphorus. The other ignitable substances are on the match, but the phosphorus is on the friction surface, so that it is only when the match comes into contact with this particular surface that it ignites, and hence it becomes the safety match. Some of the most recently devised matches are free altogether from the use of phosphorus, which is the one dangerous ingredient in the trade of match-making.



SPLINT CUTTING AT BRYANT AND MAY'S. BOW COMMON WORKS.

The trade in matches has assumed enormous proportions, no less than £400,000 being spent on imported matches, to say nothing of those manufactured at home. One factory in Sweden employs 900 hands, and there are several factories in this country where the hands employed number many hundreds. One of the largest of these is that of Bryant and May's, and it is a somewhat startling sight to stand on one of the wharves belonging to this firm and gaze upon huge stacks of timber covering a large area of ground, and to realise that all these ship-loads of wood are to be devoted solely to being cut up into matches, and to supply boxes for holding them. It is said that this firm alone turn out thirty thousand millions of matches every year, that is, about four hundred million boxes, or over a million boxes per day. Vast quantities of these are exported to all parts of the world.

It might seem on a first consideration a very simple thing to make matches, but the processes involved are both many and wonderful. The deals are taken from the timber yard to the saw mill, where they are cut off in pieces just double the length of a match. These pieces of wood are then transferred to the splint cutting mill, where wonderfully devised machinery cuts them first into thin boards just the thickness of a match, and then cuts them again into the little sticks that will form the matches; but at present they are double the length of an ordinary match. These splints are gathered together into fillers, where they are wound between leather bands into coils measuring 17 to 18 inches in diameter. Each coil is composed of some 8,000 splints, producing 16,000 matches. The coils are then placed under a beater, which levels them so that there is no projecting splints. They are then moved across hot iron plates and travel through melted paraffin, which is kept in a shallow iron tank with a double bottom, and kept at an even degree of heat by steam circulation between the two bottoms. The result of this early bath of paraffin is to render the match more inflammable. The next process is the most important in the making of the match. It is known as that of "dipping," and is really one of the final stages of the match itself It is work that is carried out entirely by men and boys, and is not, perhaps, of the most pleasant character. A mixture of the properly prepared chemical ingredients is made and coloured according to desire, and it is into this that the splints are dipped, giving them the rounded head which appears on the splint.

The making of the boxes, the printing of the labels, the filling of the boxes, the packing and distributing, all form important parts of the industry, and give rise to the employment of many thousands of hands, principally women and childen.

Besides the wooden matches there are those known as wax vestas. These consist of cotton threads which are passed through hot paraffin wax and are shaped and moulded into long lengths called tapers. These are cut into the length of the matches, and undergo the process of dipping into the igniting fluid in a similar way to the wooden matches. A vast amount of trouble and ingenuity is taken, and much hard, and even dangerous, work is endured in order to give us the ready facility of kindling a light or a fire.

THERE is no elevating force, no moral uplifter, whose power is not lessened wherever and whenever it is exerted to give countenance to the Drink Trade and its associations.

THE BONNIE MAY.

Words by Gus Ellerton. **Chorus.** *Music by* Percy E. Fletcher.

Allegretto.

mf

1. The bon-nie May, The bon-nie May, So fresh, and fair, and gay, A -
2. Come, let us play, Come, let us play, This bon-nie, bon-nie May; Join,

So fresh and fair, so fair and gay,
This bon-nie, bon-nie, bon-nie May;

Key G. *mf Allegretto.*

:m	f .l :r :t₁	d .m :s₁ :l₁	t₁ .l₁ :s₁ :f	m :— :m
:d	t₁ .t₁ :t₁ :s₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	f₁ .f₁ :f₁ :s₁	s₁ :— :s₁
1. The	bonnie May, The	bon-nie May, So	fresh, and fair, and	gay, A -
2. Come,	let us play, Come,	let us play, This	bonnie, bon - nie	May; Join,
:s	s .s :s :f	m .m :m :d	r .d :t₁ :t₁	d :— :m
:d	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	d .d :d :m₁	r₁ .r₁ :s₁ :s₁	d₁ .m₁ :s₁ :d

So fresh and fair, so fair and gay,
This bon-nie, bon - nie, bon-nie May;

mp

- gain has come, A - gain has come In beau - te - ous ar - ray. Cold
one and all, Join, one and all, In mer - ry roun - de - lay. At

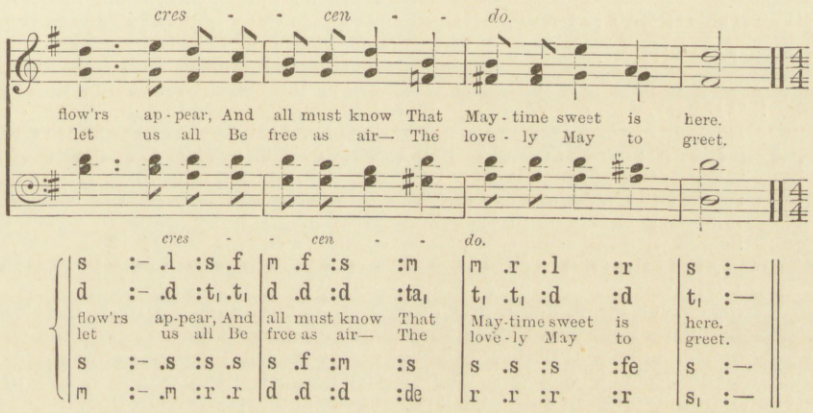
mp

f .l :r :t₁	d .m :l₁ :t₁	d .r :t₁ :l₁	s₁ :— :s₁	
t₁ .t₁ :t₁ :s₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ .s₁ :fe₁ :fe₁	s₁ :— :f₁	
gain has come, A -	gain has come In	beau-te - ous ar -	ray. Cold	
one and all, Join,	one and all, In	mer-ry roun - de -	lay. At	
s .s :s :f	m .m :m :m	m .m :r :d	t₁ :— :t₁	
s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	d .d :d :t₁	l₁ .l₁ :r₁ :r₁	s₁ :— :s₁	

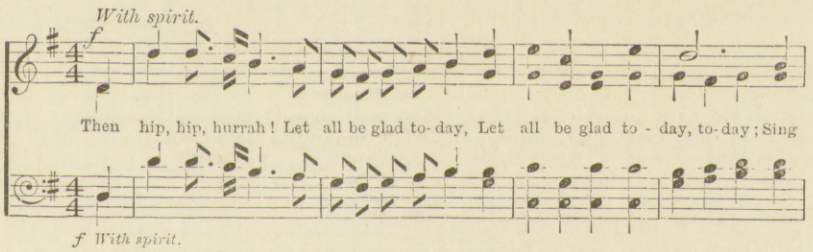
win - ter drear With frost and snow, Has left us for a year; Now
May-time's call All na - ture fair Breaks forth in cho - rus sweet; So

l₁ .t₁ :d :t₁	l₁ .t₁ :s₁ :s₁	l₁ .t₁ :d :m	f :— :r
f₁ .f₁ :f₁ :f₁	f₁ .f₁ :f₁ :f₁	f₁ .f₁ :s₁ :ta₁	t₁ :— :t₁
win-ter drear With	frost and snow, Has	left us for a	year; Now
Maytime's call All	na - ture fair Breaks	forth in cho - rus	sweet; So
d .r :m :r	d .r :t₁ :t₁	d .r :m :de	r :s :s
s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— :f

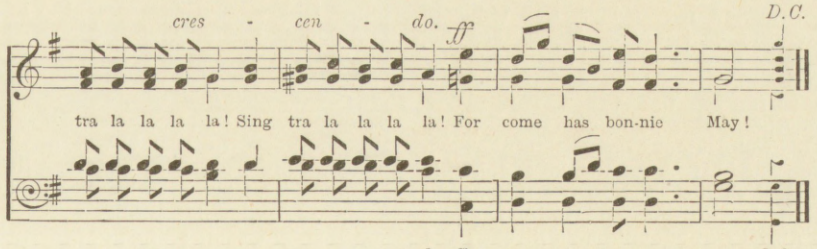
THE BONNIE MAY.



cres - - cen - - do.				
s :- .l :s .f	m .f :s :m	m .r :l :r	s :—	
d :- .d :t_1 .t_1	d .d :d :ta_1	t_1 .t_1 :d :d	t_1 :—	
flow'rs ap-pear, And	all must know That	May-time sweet is	here.	
let us all Be	free as air— The	love-ly May to	greet.	
s :- .s :s .s	s .f :m :s	s .s :s :fe	s :—	
m :- .m :r .r	d .d :d :de	r .r :r :r	s_1 :—	



f With spirit.					
:s_1	s :s .,f	m :- .r	d .t_1 :d .r	m :s	l :f | d :l | s :— | — :m
:s_1	s :s .,f	m :- .r	d .t_1 :d .r	m :d	d :l_1 | l_1 :d | d :t_1 | d :d
Then	hip, hip, hurrah! Let		all be glad to-day, Let		all be glad to- | day, to-day; Sing
:s_1	s :s .,f	m :- .r	d .t_1 :d .r	m :m	f :d | f :f | m :f | s :s
:s_1	s :s .,f	m :- .r	d .t_1 :d .r	m :d	f_1 :f_1 | f_1 :f_1 | d :r | m :m



cres - - cen - - do. ff					D.C.
r .m :r .m	d :m	m .f :m .f	r :l	s .d' :s .m	l .s :— | d :— |
t_1 .t_1 :t_1 .t_1	d :d	de .de :de .de	r :d	d :d	t_1 .t_1 :— | d :— |
tra la la la la!	Sing	tra la la la la!	For	come has bonnie	May!
s .s :s .s	s :s	l .l :l .l	l :f	m :m .s	f .f :— | m :— |
f .f :f .f	m :s	s .s :s .s	f :f_1	s_1 :s_1	s_1 .s_1 :— | d :— |

This Song can be had in separate form, for use at Festivals, from 124-6, Portland Street, Manchester.

Liberty's Landmarks.

By "Dextra."

ALFRED THE GREAT: LAW AND LEARNING.

PROBABLY no character in English history is more popular with young and old than the greatest of the Saxon sovereigns—the Wessex king, whose millenary is shortly to be celebrated with imposing splendour—Alfred the Great.

The son of Ethelwulf and his queen, Osberga, as a boy he had been notorious for his studious habits, and that at a time when learning was despised, and only strength of body and feats of arms considered honourable. Out of his knowledge, out of his love of letters as much as, and even more than, from the prowess which afterwards distinguished his career, has his great and abiding fame arisen.

Before his ascent to the throne, he had been partly prepared for evil times to follow. The hardy Danes, then over-running the land, made more than one bold dash for victory, but had been repulsed. In one of the encounters, the young prince, at seventeen years of age, had borne his part, and, despite the mockings which his scholarship had aroused, proved himself a knight of the sword as well as of letters.

When he came to the throne in 871 A.D., at the age of twenty-two, he immediately set to work to carry out several reforms which his young brain had planned. Unfortunately for him, however, his subjects were not prepared to do as he wished. They questioned his good intentions, thwarted his designs, and objected to all his efforts at reform. Meanwhile the relentless Danes made continual incursions into Wessex, burning the villages, and putting the inhabitants to the sword.

Thus when the celebrated Danish chief, Guthrum, with his well-trained, hardy fighting men, made a determined attack on the kingdom, only a few dispirited men rallied to the king's side. Stronghold after stronghold fell into the enemy's hands, and Alfred was left without a throne; and had to seek a hiding place with a few faithful followers in a marshy swamp, known as Athelney, "the place of the nobles," where he was often almost destitute of food.

It was while in Athelney the occasion took place which gave rise to the story so dear to all children's hearts.

One day, it is said, while seated in a herdsman's cabin watching the fire, the good man's wife bade him attend to the cakes she was cooking on the hearth. Alas! for her. The king forgot all about the cakes! His mind reverted to the lost kingdom and all he wished to do for it, and wondered whether he should ever regain it. Just then an angry cry aroused him. "You lazy fellow! You're ready enough to eat the cakes, if you can't watch them." The cakes were burned to a cinder!

Alfred was not one to sink under affliction. If he *had* lost his throne it was possible to regain it, and this he would do at all hazards. Accordingly he made known his hiding-place to his people. Many had not forgotten him and longed for his return. These flocked to his side in increasing numbers, and, soon at the head of an army, he marched towards the Danish camp. Leaving his forces in ambuscade, disguised as a harpist, Alfred entered even into Guthrum's tent, where he learned the weakness of his enemies. On the morrow, returning to his men, he used the knowledge he had gained to such excellent purpose that the Danes were defeated, and compelled to sue for peace. Thus he returned (878 A.D.) in triumph to rule in the kingdom from which he had been expelled.

From that time on until the closing years of his life, Alfred dwelt in peace and was enabled to greatly extend the power and fame of his country, to construct a fleet of ships, and to build up a newer and better civilisation.

In a country's laws you can read the freedom or servitude of its people. The laws of England on the whole are just laws, tending to encourage right, to discourage wrong—laws which make for real liberty of speech, and thought, and right action. Hence it is among the nations that England is styled "Land of the Free."

To Alfred the Great, the founder of our laws, who would have no man punished for any alleged offence until proven guilty, who would have none kept imprisoned without due trial, must be ascribed the honour of inaugurating the liberty of good laws:

> Laws which bind none who right perform,
> But them alone restrain who purpose harm.

Into a greater liberty than that of just laws did Alfred usher his people. There is no bondage so galling, so enslaving as ignorance. Knowledge is power! Yes, and freedom, too! Alfred the Great knew and felt this. All over his kingdom he established schools at very great expense, encouraged the pursuit of learning, and did all in his power, according to the standard of his time, to advance the real greatness of man, mind! and to encourage the real liberty of thought, from which, fully exercised, all other liberties have sprung. The great University of Oxford, it is said, was originated by him.

A man of weakly body, of great strength of will and of heart, in the ruder days of our semi-barbaric forefathers he erected two landmarks, whence we to-day enjoy untold blessings, the landmarks of law and learning, priceless liberties by all sane men appraised.

NO MAN CAN RISE ABOVE THE LEVEL OF HIS OWN IDEALS.

"I Fear No Foe!"

J. G. TOLTON.



THE experiences of a commercial traveller are varied. Many of them are of sufficient interest to bear reciting, though much of the aroma will probably evaporate in the process of telling.

On one occasion, through somebody's fault—mine, my customers', or the Railway Company's—I found that I should be called upon to endure the social delights of a provincial town until two o'clock in the morning.

I debated the question with myself whether I had not better secure the best bed obtainable at an hotel, and proceed on my journey at a more reasonable hour. But business is business; and the exigencies thereof were stern, so I decided to make a martyr of myself and do without bed for once. I was assisted to this conclusion by the recollection that an old acquaintance resided in the town where I was temporarily delayed.

This chum of former days spent most of his evening hours at a swell club. It was worth trying. If Jack was in I could kill two birds with one stone—put my time on, and refurbish the acquaintance, which had become somewhat rusty.

Good luck was with me. Jack was at the Orpheus, and we had both plenty to tell each other of the months and years which had intervened since last we met. Presently we were interrupted by the importunities of a "gentleman" who wanted to barter a drink in exchange for a song.

Why this gentleman was tolerated in a club with a high reputation was more than I could understand. But whose mental capacity is equal to the comprehension of all the vagaries and anomalies of club life?

However, it was not my business, but Jack's. The vocalist was sober enough to realise that I was only a friend of a member, and so had directed his appeal to the quarter where there was a possibility of success.

The importunate got his drink, which was quickly imbibed, then he sat down to the piano, and proceeded to make noises that had a resemblance to the powerful song—"I fear no foe."

After a few preliminary stumbles the performer swung into the accompaniment as no one could who had not once played it perfectly. As he proceeded the voice improved, and was nearly perfection as he thundered forth:—"Strike! and captive make of me."

The way he produced the upper F on the word "captive" displayed careful training. Indeed, as the man sang those half-dozen words I felt that I was listening to a man whose name, only a few years before, was constantly appearing on the programmes of some of the best concerts in the country.

And now he had dropped to this! How had it come about? Once this man, Maurice, was fêted by everybody, welcomed everywhere. His antecedents were good, his musical education brilliant, he was in those days handsome and well-dressed. Now, nobody acknowledged him as a friend, scarcely anyone looked upon him as an acquaintance. Jack declared that the singer's moustache and beard resembled a ragged chrysanthemum. He had long ceased to take any pride in his appearance, and so bore little resemblance to a human being, yet it pleased me to act as if the singer were still what he had been in days gone by. There were tears in his poor shallow eyes when I thanked him for his song.

What had brought about the poor fellow's downfall? Jack drew me aside to a secluded corner of the room and recited the story in a few words.

As the pride of the concert-room and the pet of the clubs, Maurice made too many friends, or too many of the sort.

The singer's friends may have been well meant in their intentions, but the effect of their kindliness was most disastrous. Maurice never refused the polite requests to take a drink till the drink fairly took him. When his popularity was at its height he scarcely ever returned home sober. Indeed, sometimes after a musical evening at a club Maurice was not able to attempt the homeward journey. Cabmen were paid to convey him to his residence, and frequently found it necessary to lift the helpless man from the vehicle into the house.

One one occasion—it was a concert of a very high class—when Maurice's second song was due, the singer was not within call. The audience becoming impatient the concert caterer apologised to the audience, and with an excess of candour stated Maurice was not in the building and hinted at the truth.

Later in the programme Maurice came upon the platform, lurched and gave such unmistakable signs of intoxication that the outraged audience refused to hear him. That event was practically the termination of Maurice's career as a public singer.

His engagements after that were confined to clubs or, worse still, public-houses. The more respectable clubs would fain have refused him admittance, but for "auld lang syne" did not wish an old favourite to starve. So the once-popular singer was tolerated, though he came to stoop as low as I had this night witnessed—bartering songs for drinks.

I left the club before Maurice, as I did not wish to rush for my train. But the song fragment was ever repeating itself—"Strike! and captive make of me." I never saw the singer again. A few months later I read a melancholy paragraph in the newspaper to the effect that the once-eminent basso had thrown himself in front of an express train, and so put an end to his miserable existence.



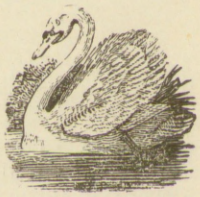
CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

BY "A CHILDREN'S MAN."

BLESS me, bless me, what a bevy of young ladies! There's Martha smiling, and Jane giggling, and Lucy winking (oh, no, I beg your pardon, Lucy, I see you are *not* winking, that's right, I don't like winking maidens), and Sophia looks dreamy, and Caroline looks saucy, and Meg looks as full of fun as a fresh egg is full of feathers (don't contradict me, please, a fresh egg *is* full of feathers, for if there *are* none in it where does that little bundle of feathers we call a chicken get its fluffy jacket from? It certainly does not *come out* to get it, and so it *must* find it *inside* somewhere!) Anyhow, feathers or no feathers, I like the look of



those merry laughing maidens, I am not at all sure whether Lucy, that's the one in the middle who I thought was winking, will not be an old maid, in fact, I think she *will*, but she won't have anybody to blame but herself, because sensible young men don't care for those curlywig frizzimajigs into which she has twirled and twisted all the hair she could possibly find and pull together for the purpose. If ever she *does* become Mrs. Somebody you may depend upon it Mr. Somebody will be like a china image which I saw in a shop window the other day, he will be *a man without a head*, or if he has a head at all it will be like the head of the boy who told me that he once had a hole knocked in it, and I asked him what there was inside, and he said "nothing"! Well, well, everyone of them is as bright as a silver teaspoon and as graceful as a swan, and as lively as a thistle-down in a March wind, and they are all going to leave the world better than they found it, I hope, or else I hope they won't live at all, for the world doesn't want any more empty heads and frozen hearts, it has a great deal too many in it already.



WHAT YOUR "CHILDREN'S MAN" THINKS ABOUT GIN, WHISKY, RUM AND BRANDY.

Gin.

G ood for nothing.
I njures those who drink it.
N ever brings happiness.

Whisky.

W ise people shake their heads at it.
H ard workers won't touch it.
I llness isn't improved by it.
S ad hearts are made sadder by it.
K ings are disgraced by it.
Y OU MUST NOT TASTE IT.

Rum.

R uins thousands of souls.
U nderstand its ways and avoid it.
M isery follows it wherever it goes.

Brandy.

B ad as a beverage.
R emarkably risky *always*.
A ntiquated as a medicine.
N asty to take.
D oes not warm the body.
Y oung people are poisoned by it.

A SMALL BOY'S TEETOTAL SPEECH.

You ask me where my whiskers are! Well, I have not got any yet, but I think they are coming, at least I *know* they are. Pa says *he* used to have a smooth face just like mine, and *now* look at him! Why his whiskers blew about in the wind and flew all round his head when he

went to the door to talk to Mr. Pork, the butcher. Yes, OF COURSE, I shall have whiskers like Pa. My Pa doesn't have Mr. Stout's (the brewer) dray stop at *his* door, because he says he wants to live to be a healthy old man, and he says there is nothing like Mr. Stout's stouts to give the man that buries people plenty of work. So I shall keep st-out out and I certainly shan't let gin in, and as for all the other nasty mixtures that make people topple about like ninepins, I shall just say "Outside, please" if they come and try to sneak inside *me*. That's what *I* mean to do, and if you can tell me a better way I will follow it, for although I *am* only a youngster, I have got a will of my own, and I can say "NO." Listen to me. "NO!" "NO!!" "NO!!!" "NO!!!!"

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. A mushroom.
2. Room for improvement.
3. Because there is a B in both.
4. One.
5. Because it strengthens the calves.
6. Because they both want to be well licked and put in the corner.
7. Because they both put down three and carry one.
8. Because the spider spied her.
9. Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.
10. U.
11. P G without an eye (I).
12. Because they both want well caning.
13. A step father (farther).
14. Because he is not a tall black (at all black).
15. The twelve fifty, because it is ten to one if you catch it.
16. R. U. C. D. (are you seedy?)
17. Put it on *yourself*.

SIX RIDDLES WHICH USED TO PUZZLE THE "CHILDREN'S MAN."

Find them out if you can.

1. If the poker, tongs, and shovel come to 5s. 11d. what will the coals come to?
2. If I shoot at ten birds on a tree and kill three how many will remain?
3. Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?
4. When is a man not a man?
5. When is a little girl's cheek not a little girl's cheek?
6. Why does a duck cross the road on a wet day?

A Useful Life.



EVER one hundred years ago, in the town of Portsmouth, a tall man, named John Pounds, with shaggy eyebrows, and a kindly face, sat in his chair in a little house which he occupied by himself, with a cobbler's awl in his hand. The world was not so good as he wished to see it. Children were allowed to grow up uncared for and untaught, with very little happiness in their lives. We can fancy him saying to himself—for he had no one else to talk to—"What can I do? I was once a lad overflowing with fun; but I was carried home from the dockyard 'a heap of broken bones.' When I got to be as well as ever I expect to be there was nothing for me to do but to learn to be a cobbler. I have just this awl in my hand; I may be able to earn my bread with hard work, but I shall never be able to do aught else."

One day he offered to take charge of an invalid child, who was a year old, and whose mother was not tender enough towards him. The offer was accepted, and the child was committed to his care. Some other children were invited to look into the house by day and keep the little one company. He began to play with them himself, and to amuse them by cutting out toys, telling stories, and amusing them with his cat and cage-birds—in fact, establishing a kindergarten on a humble scale. He then proceeded to teach them to read from pieces of newspapers, handbills, and from his Bible. He never kept them long at one kind of work, but as soon as they showed any signs of being tired he would allow them to return to play. Before long the neighbours would come to his door, one after another, and say—"Johnny, would you mind taking my little ones with your own?" "Johnny, I am away from home all day, shall I bring mine?" Johnny would say, "Yes, bring them all, until the shop is full." And the shop was soon filled, and remained filled; and over the threshold of that humble little home in thirty-six years one thousand little feet passed, making music to the shoemaker as they pattered on the floor, and bringing joy to his heart as they learned to read and write and cast an account, while he worked with his awl, or prepared something for them to eat. On memorable occasions the children took pleasure in listening to him pointing out the beauty of a flower, directing their ears to the sweetness of the song of the birds, or their eyes to the grandeur of hill and sky and sea, reminding them of the goodness of God, the Maker and the Giver of all, as he led them forth for a holiday.

Fifty-nine years ago last New Year's Day his house was filled with children. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and all were busy at their lessons. He went out with one of the boys who had a sore foot to buy some ointment at the apothecary's. A week before he had said, "I have not a wish on earth unfulfilled. I should like to die like a bird dropping trom its perch." He had no sooner entered the apothecary's than he died just "like a bird dropping from its perch," for God saw that his work was done.

A very great company of young and old followed his body to the grave amid signs of profound respect and grief; and on the tablet to his memory were engraved the words—"Earning his livelihood by mending shoes, he gratuitously educated and in part clothed and fed some hundreds of poor children."

John Pounds not only lived with God, but he lived in the lives of those whom he had helped, and his memory continued to be an inspiration to others.

Jack, Our Hero.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

KNOW the rascal? Aye, that I do,
Wasn't it I who brought him up?
Didn't I get him a dumpy pup?
And watch, and tend him, until he grew
Into the canine dignified,
Who carries his tail with stately grace,
And holds so much in his speaking face
Of dogly wisdom, and dogly pride?

Bless you, sir, he's as wise a brute
As ever sniffed at the passing wind,
He's the best, and the truest of his kind.
A poet, I think, although he's mute;
See the dreams in his soft, brown eyes
As he bends his nose to the daisy's heart,
Or turns his gaze to where sunbeams part
The white cloud-veils in the summer skies.



'Neath that hairy coat, there's a heart as true
As ever beat in the breast of man!
When my life like a stream grown muddy, ran
Through shadows that chilled it through, and through,
Jack still clung to me staunch, and tight,
Followed my steps through the worst of weather,
Rain, or sunshine, we walked together,
True in the shadow, as in the light.

I must confess he behaved most strange,
When first to my home I brought a wife,
In fact, I was fearing the worst of strife,
For Jack was jealous, and hated change,
And the golden gleam of my Nellie's hair
Seemed specially to arouse his ire,
For his eyes grew full of a lurid fire,
And often he laid his white teeth bare.

He sulked, and fretted, and stormed, and pined,
'Till I almost feared he would have to go,
And it cost me a pang, for I loved him so,
My dear old dog, my companion kind!
Then suddenly seeming to understand,
He crept one night to my darling's feet,
Looked up in her face so girlish sweet,
And laid his nose on her little hand.

Did ever a vanquished foe lay down
His well-loved sword with a fairer grace
Than Jack, his honest pathetic face—
On the crumpled hem of my Nelly's gown
He had surrendered, and from that hour
She has never a thing to fear from him,
He has grown, perhaps, more stiff and grim,
But is never surly, and never sour.

And still I can call the keen delight
Into the depths of his dear brown eyes,
My faithful comrade, so true, and wise,
Who is mine in the shadow, as in the light.
Though hearts grow hollow, and friendships fail,
I am sure of Jack, though the world grows wrong,
Sure of a lick from his warm, soft tongue,
Sure of a wag from his friendly tail.

How Joseph Hunter came to be a Total Abstainer.

JOE HUNTER was the first boy in his class at school, and was never known to have a sulky look or a rude answer for any one.

But there was a mystery about him which puzzled all the inhabitants of the village of Welland. How came such a fearful scar on the boy's throat?

Before he was so well known and liked, as by and by he became, his school-fellows nick-named him "Little Cut Throat," "Jack Ketch's youngster," etc.

When Joe first heard them his eyes filled with tears, and he ran to his mother.

"What's the matter, child?" said his mother, who was standing at her table, ironing.

"They have called me 'Jack Ketch' and 'Cut Throat'; and, oh mother, take me away!"

"Hush! my darling; don't you remember that that mark is the sign of our new life and of your father's steady ways? Let them laugh who will, but you, my boy, thank God that He let you be His way for changing your father and giving us a happy home."

The Hunter's were new comers in Welland; and though the neighbours all liked Joe, no one knew much of his parents. The summer after their arrival in Welland there was a general holiday and a festival, to which every one, both rich and poor, was invited. Joe was delighted at the thought of going, and no rest would he give his father till he promised to take him.

The day of the party came at last. As the clock struck two, Hunter, dressed in his Sunday clothes, walked with Joe down the long, straight road which led to Welland church. In a field close by flags were flying, merry-go-rounds were tinkling their gay bells, little faces and old faces, too, were laughing with delight as they swung round in richly painted carriages, races were being run, and in and out of all of the great crowd a kind clergyman was rushing about, making the shy people at home, welcoming the old ones, and setting the young ones to play.

His quick eye soon found out Hunter, and he stopped to speak to him. Joe ran up to his school-fellows.

"Halloo, Jack Ketch! you are behind-hand. Didn't the rope break quick enough this time?" was their greeting.

The boy stood irresolute; tears filled his eyes.

"What's that?" thundered out his father; and he came forward, holding Joe tight by the shoulder. The unusual stir among the children gathered a crowd of grown-up people together, and then with a clear, vibrating voice Hunter began: "Jack Ketch, you call my boy, on account of his scar, I suppose; well, you shall hear how it came, and perhaps then my lad will not hear the taunts I ought to bear. I was a gay, careless chap, and had good wages, and could sing a song as well as any man. I began by being 'treated'; then I never went to a town without a glass 'to refresh' myself; next, I stopped at the inns; and then very soon the drink got hold of me completely. Joe was just six, and I sent him one frosty morning to a tavern for a jug of beer. Coming home, he slipped and fell, and the jug broke, cutting his throat till he nearly bled to death. He was carried to a hospital, and God gave him back to me. From that day I have been a total abstainer."

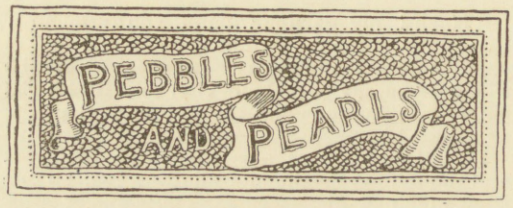
There were some shocked faces, some pitying, round Hunter when the tale was told.

The clergyman came forward and held out his hand, saying:

"Joe was the unconscious way of helping you, and you, by your brave confession and sober life, shall be the conscious way of helping us."

"I first gave him the nickname," said Bert Williams, a large boy and the acknowledged leader among the boys; "I am very sorry, and very much ashamed. I'll be Joe's friend after this. I'll stand by him, and if anybody dares to call Joe names, they will have me to settle with."

He kept his word. Joe has no warmer friend than Bert.



ALCOHOL is one of the most insidious of drugs It soothes and lulls, not because it is giving rest and refreshment, but because it is paralysing nerve centres. Therefore the drinker is the one most unable to say whether it is doing him good or harm. It is as a rule only when much harm is done, and the mischief is irreparable, that the drinker realises what alcohol is doing for him.

MISTRESS: "Charley writes me that he will coach his class this season. Isn't he a son to be proud of?"

Bridget: "He is indade, mum, an' we kin both fale thor proudness, fer it's mesilf thot has a bye who is a coachman too."

To bring up a child in the way it should go, travel that way yourself.

SHE: "Do you mean to say that papa didn't reply to your request for my hand?"

He: "No. He said he couldn't find words to express himself."

BROWN: "Ah, no! I'm not opposed to women riding bicycles. There are some I would like to see give all their spare time to it."

Mrs. Brown: "Who are they?"

Brown: "Well! for instance, the young ladies in this neighbourhood who are learning to play the piano."

BOBBIE "I think that fellow must be engaged to my sister at last."

Willie: "Why?"

"He has suddenly stopped giving me money."

A COUNTRYMAN shopkeeper received lately this encouraging reply from an old lady, whose bill had long remained unpaid:

"Don't worry about my bill, Mr.——I'll owe you for ever before I'll cheat you out of it."

FIRST TRAMP: "Blest if I like dis here secret ballot. A man shouldn't be ashamed to let it be known who he votes for."

Second Tramp: "No. De only t'ing dat ought to be kep' secret is de price he gets for his vote.',

"WHEN did they discover that the burglar was a woman?"

"When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight."

"HOSTESS (*with whom little Willie is taking dinner*): "And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willy?"

Willy (*who has asked for a second piece*): "No, ma'am."

"Hostess: "Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

Willy (*confidently*): "Oh! she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know."

Different Ways of Teaching Manners.

SUSIE is getting ready to go to a party. All the family are interested, and mother says, "Now, Susie, I want you to act like a perfect lady. I'm sure I've told you enough, that you ought to know just how to behave. Keep your eyes open, and don't let anybody catch you in a blunder."

Susie dutifully promises to do credit to her mother's teaching, and goes happily to the scene of gaiety.

The next day the mother begins to ask about the party, "What did Jennie's mother have on?" (Jennie is the girl who has given the party.) "What! That same old Henrietta cloth black dress? I should think she would be as tired of that dress as all the rest of us are! And how many kinds of cake did they serve? You saw only three? Why, the Browns had eight kinds, when they gave Will's birthday party! And did Jennie sing? Not very good taste, I must say, putting herself forward in her own house." Susie remarks, in behalf of her friend, that she supposes Jennie thought she ought to do *something* to entertain her guests. But the mother's adverse criticisms go on. "I suppose they had that cousin of Jennie's that works in the kitchen, right in among you all, and treated her like company! I hope *you* didn't have anything to say to her. What? She is pretty and full of fun! Much she has to feel funny about—all her money lost in that failure, and she has to live on her uncle—though I guess she earns more than her keep. Was Maud White there? How does see seem to bear the loss of her lover? I wonder she felt like coming!"

Thus Susie's mother goes on, from name to name, leaving on each an ugly touch of venom, teaching Susie a false standard of valuation of life and character, still saying, "I want *my* daughter to be a perfect *lady*."

Can any girl be a lady—or better yet, be a worthy woman—trained by such a mother?

Many times it is the tone more than the words that causes anger or sorrow.

> "It is not so much what you say,
> As the manner in which you say it."

A candid study of the needs of the child shows us that the practical problem before us is how we can so govern, control, and develop ourselves that we shall be able so to endow, to train, to develop the future denizens of life's great city that they may know themselves divine.—*The New Crusader.*

THE most hopeful sign of the progress of the Temperance movement is in the increasing bitterness of the Trade.

THE old adage, "Make the best of things," is grounded in occult wisdom. That is to say, never quarrel with Fate. Make friends with circumstances.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop, who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation.

CHAPTER V.—RUIN.



"T'S all up; I'm a ruined man!" exclaimed Frank Holmes, as he threw himself down on his luxurious easy-chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Lost again! I never saw such an unfortunate fellow as you seem to be of late. I thought you would have made a good haul to-day," remarked his wife in a cross tone.

He only groaned for answer, and she continued,

"Never mind, take a glass of brandy and bear your loss like a man. Can't I have the fur that you promised me now, Frank?"

"Go away, Maggie, do; you will drive me mad!" exclaimed the wretched man, in a tone of anguish.

"Oh, well, you needn't be so bad-tempered. I shall go without you and enjoy myself at Simpson's. You can follow me when you have done growling. You make such a fuss about nothing."

For one moment her husband raised his head and looked at her reproachfully, but he said nothing more.

After she had left the room, Violet, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, came forward, and placing her hand on her brother's shoulder she said gently,

"Can I help you, Frank?"

"No, Vi, nobody can help me now; I am ruined."

"Not so bad as that, Frank; you are young enough to begin life again, if only you will give up the drink and gambling and take a situation. This may prove a good thing if it teaches you that lesson."

"Ah, Vi, you don't know. I shall go mad I think," groaned Frank, as he fairly writhed in anguish.

"Come now, cheer up, and look the matter fairly in the face. Perhaps things are not so bad as you think. Even if your money is gone, you have a lovely home and a wife and child to live and work for."

"I have no home, Violet."

He raised his head, and something in his look struck terror into her heart.

"Oh, Frank, you do not mean it?"

"It is but too true, Vi."

"Surely the lawyer will advance you enough to save your home, and then you must retrench expenses and go into a smaller house, and I will get a situation. We may be happy yet."

"Oh, you don't know," he repeated. "I have been a fool, Vi, but it is no use crying over spilt milk. The money has been done for some time, but Maggie would not believe me. I had a run of good luck, however, and that kept us going, then the tide turned, and I borrowed again and again, giving a bill of sale. I have heaps of bills due and not a penny to meet them with. I went out to day with the determination to win or stake everything on the throw. I had raised the money and—lost. I am homeless, penniless, ruined!"

"Why did you not tell me this before, Frank? It is very bad; still you are young and need not despair."

"Will you tell Maggie, Vi.? I dare not; she will go on so. I think I will go and lie down a bit."

"Very well, Frank, I will do my best. Poor Maggie! It will be a terrible blow."

With his customary weakness Frank went off

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to bed, and skirked the unpleasant duty by throwing it upon his sister's shoulders.

It was late when Maggie returned looking radiant; and, unmindful of Violet's pale face and tearful eyes, she exclaimed,

"We have had such a good time. It was simply lovely; but why did not Frank come for me? Tom Simpson had to bring me home."

"Frank went to bed directly you had gone, Maggie," responded Violet, dreading to tell this thoughtless, frivolous creature that her circumstances were so entirely altered.

"The lazy beggar! What are you looking at me like that for, Violet? One would think that you had seen a ghost."

"Frank has had a serious loss, Maggie."

"Oh, that's old news; I'm tired of hearing the same tale. Whenever *I* want anything new this bogie is trotted out to frighten me. Didn't Frank tell me the identical yarn the day that Mr. Turner went home, and yet he gave me a hundred pounds for my dress the very next day?"

"Ah, Maggie, I fear it was only borrowed money, and now it will have to be repaid. As far as I can understand the money is really done, and there is no more to come."

"Oh, stop your croaking; I don't believe a word of it. The money will turn up somehow. I am not going to stint myself, whatever you may say, Violet."

"Would it not be better, dear, if you were to have a proper understanding how matters really stand, and then Frank and you could pull together, and though you cannot keep this house you might be as happy in a smaller one, if Frank was steady?"

In an instant the expected storm burst upon Voilet's devoted head. Maggie poured forth a torrent of angry ejaculations.

"Go into a small house! Never, never! Do you think that I am going to suffer for his confounded stupidity? Indeed I never shall! I would never have married a poor man. Frank told me before I consented to have him that I should be a lady as long as I lived."

She went on in this strain for a length of time, her voice growing louder every instant, until she worked herself up to such a pitch of excitement that she seemed to lose all control of herself.

How she lived through the days that followed Violet never knew. The man in possession and the dismissal of the servants; Maggie in hysterics most of the time, and, to crown all, Frank constantly drinking brandy to "drown his sorrows," as he said.

In vain Violet pleaded and Maggie raved. Day and night he was shut up in his room drinking, drinking without intermission.

They had to go into apartments, and the household furniture was put up for auction, then the building was sold.

Maggie wrote to Frank's lawyer, beseeching him to come. He came, but he could only emphasise the fact that nothing whatever could be saved from the wreck. He spoke some plain words of advice, telling Frank to brace himself up like a man, and have nothing more to do with the drink that had proved his ruin. To Maggie he talked seriously of the necessity of preventing her husband from taking the drink, but she only laughed and said that he would have to stop when the brandy was done.

Violet went out day after day to find a situation, but soon found that she stood very little chance.

They had still a few pounds in hand that Maggie had had in her own possession before the smash came. With mistaken kindness the creditor had permitted Frank to bring away a case of brandy, so that he was never sober, and he would not taste food.

One day Violet had been to an agency in hope of getting an opening, for she felt that she must earn something or she could not live, for her own pocket-money was just exhausted.

To her great joy, she was told that a lady had applied for a companion, and she might call on the following day.

Violet returned with the good news. She was telling Maggie and playing with Harold, when they heard a crash, and the landlady rushed upstairs, then she gave a terrible scream and there was another crash.

"Whatever can be the matter?" exclaimed Maggie in alarm.

A most heart-rending scream made them both spring to their feet and rush upstairs also, and the sight that met their eyes made them cry out in alarm. There was the landlady struggling with Frank Holmes, but his eyes appeared to be starting from the sockets, and he glared like a wild beast. The mirror was broken across, as were also several of the window panes. The room was strewn with empty brandy bottles.

Placing Harold in his mother's arms and bidding her go for help, Violet sprang forward and tried to quiet him.

All at once he turned upon Violet and caught hold of her hair, entangling his hand in it as if he would pull it out by the roots.

"Oh, don't, don't, you hurt me!"

"I'll kill them!" he shouted. "Look! look! there they are again. They come! they come!"

Dragging the shrieking girl across the room by her hair he hurled a glass at some imaginary enemy.

Suddenly several men rushed into the room; she was liberated and fell fainting upon the floor, whilst Frank, after a desperate struggle, was overpowered and kept from doing any further damage until a doctor arrived.

The doctor shook his head, but he gave him a draught that quieted him, and told them to repeat the dose every twenty minutes.

Next morning Frank lay in a state of utter exhaustion, apparently only just alive. Violet took her place by his side, and sat there listening to the sounds of busy life as pedestrians began to pass in the street below. How different it was in this crowded town to their late home by the side of the sea.

Her thoughts flew back over the past and on into the future. If she was successful this morning in obtaining the situation, it would take her once more into the country, and, as the remuneration was a liberal one, she would be able to assist Maggie until Frank was able to take a situation.

"I think that would be the best thing possible for him. If he felt that he was obliged to work,

he would keep sober. Oh, if he could only be induced to sign the temperance pledge, he would be all right, but Maggie would not hear of it, and he needs some one to stand by him."

In her earnestness Violet had spoken aloud, and she was startled to hear a voice from the bed, and turning, she saw that Frank was looking at her with wide-open eyes, but with such a vacant expression that she shuddered.

"Do you want a drink, dear?" she asked, holding a cup of water to his lips.

He tasted, then pushed it away and murmured, "Brandy; give me brandy."

"I have none, Frank. This will do you more good."

He fancied himself amongst the scenes of the past, and talked at random, but every now and then he would plead for wine and brandy, and bitterly upbraid his wife for her extravagance.



The sight that met their eyes made them cry out in alarm.

At length, the landlady appeared at the door and said, "Mrs. Holmes is waiting breakfast for you, Miss Ward."

"Will you come in and stay with Mr. Holmes for a few moments, Mrs. Smith, until I go down and send Mrs. Holmes to take my place?"

"No, indeed, I will not, Miss Ward. He has nearly killed me once, and I shall not give him the chance to do so again."

"But he is perfectly quiet now, and as weak as a baby."

"Just so; therefore, he will take no harm if he's left to himself for a bit. Come down and get your breakfast or you will be in bed, too, Miss Ward. The doctor will be here presently."

Violet knew that she had not much time to lose if she must be at the office by the time appointed, so she sat down and swallowed a cup of tea; eat anything she could not.

"I wish the doctor would come before I go, Maggie; I do not like Frank's manner at all," she remarked.

"I will go up and see what I think about him," responded Maggie. "Here is the doctor, now."

Violet stayed until the last minute to hear the doctor's opinion of Frank.

"I am sorry to inform you that his brain is hopelessly injured by alcoholic liquors, and if he recovers—which is not likely—he will be an imbecile for life."

It was with a heavy heart that Violet pursued her way. So absorbed was she in sorrowful thoughts that she never noticed a heavily-laden lurry that was emerging from a side street, and she would have gone under the horse's feet if a hand had not suddenly grasped her from behind and pulled her back.

"Hallo, Miss Ward, who would have expected to see you here!"

The voice seemed familiar, and Violet turned with a start to find herself face to face with Harris, Mrs. Cameron's gardener.

"Harris! Is it possible! How are Mr. and Mrs. Cameron?"

"They are all right, as far as I know."

"Has the snake ring been found, Harris?"

"It hadn't when I left Burnside, as I think *you* ought to know," said the man, with an insolent leer, and, touching his hat, he hurried along; and, to Violet's surprise, ran up the stairs and entered the office in front of her.

The door of the inner office opened, and the

clerk called out, "Next," as a middle-aged woman came forth.

"My turn next," said the gardener, stepping forward, and Violet sat down to await her turn.

This meeting, coming as it had done after the events of the previous night, had thoroughly upset her. She longed to ask after Comar, but the man's manner had been so objectionable, and it was evident that he had left Mr. Cameron's service, and was now in search of a situation.

At last the gardener came out, and she rose to enter. As she passed him, he remarked, "I've got a rare good berth this time, but you see I have a *good character*."

The emphasis was so unmistakable that Violet turned pale, and then flushed a rosy red, but she passed in as if she had not heard the remark.

"Your name?" demanded the clerk.

"Violet Ward. I called about the post of companion to Mrs. Meredith."

"Ah, yes, you are not exactly suitable."

"But you told me yesterday that I *was* exactly the person wanted!" exclaimed Violet, in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"True, but you see we have to be very careful about the character of those whom we send out from our office."

"What do you mean?" demanded Violet, but again the hot blood rushed to her forehead.

"I have been informed that you were discharged from the service of Mrs. Cameron, of Burnside, for dishonesty."

"I am perfectly innocent of the charge."

"Doubtless; but until that has been proved, it is impossible to recommend you to one of our clients. Good morning."

Throwing open the door, he called out "Next," and Violet found herself dismissed.

Would this terrible suspicion never be removed? It seemed to dog her steps everywhere. What could have become of that ring? How often had she asked herself that question, only to be baffled by the utter mystery that surrounded it. Comar had questioned her as to every possible solution, but she was not aware that anyone could have touched the jewel-case from the time that she put it away before going to Weston and her bringing it out again.

At length, she slowly turned her steps homewards. When she arrived at the place, she entered with the latch-key and went into the sitting-room, but there was no one there.

"Maggie will be with Frank, of course," she said, with a feeling of reproach, that in her own trouble she had, for the time being, lost sight of that of her brother and his wife.

Taking off her things, she went quietly upstairs, but, to her utter surprise, the room door was open, and—could it be possible?—yes, the bed was empty.

"Frank must be better, and have gone into the other room." Violet searched the house from basement to attic. There was not a living soul in it.

(*To be continued.*)

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

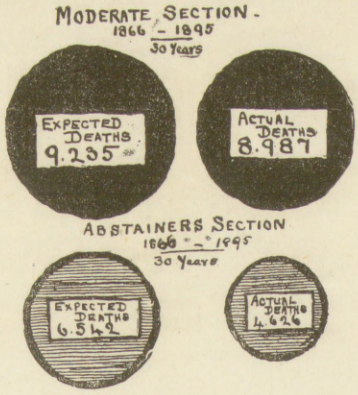
Abstinence Lengthens Life.

THERE is no disease caused by being teetotal. The whole body is benefited by it, freedom from many ailments is secured, and longer, healthier life ensured. The returns of the Rechabites and other great Teetotal Friendly Societies show that of two young men, 18 years of age, equally healthy, equally strong, one an abstainer, the other a moderate drinker, the probabilities of life of the abstainer would be 7½ years longer than that of the drinker. The

GREATER FREEDOM FROM ILL-HEALTH,

and the longer expectation of life of the abstainer over the drinker, are conclusively shown by the experience of the insurance societies. Many of these will insure the teetotaler at less charge than even the moderate drinker, and there are few which will insure a liquor dealer except at very much increased charge, and some which will not insure a publican at any price. Why is this? Because they have learned by long experience that the taking of intoxicating liquors increases sickness, shortens life, while teetotalism benefits health and lengthens life.

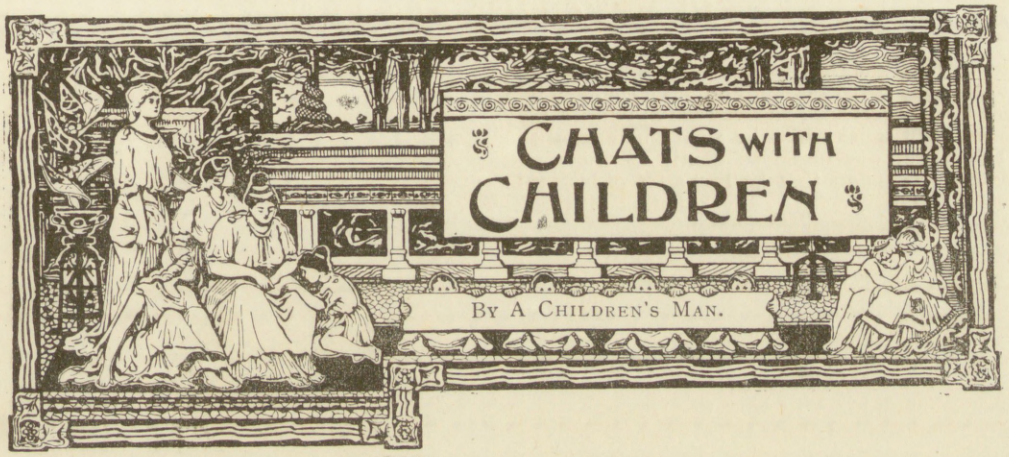
One of these insurance societies—the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution has two sections—one open to Total Abstainers, the other to moderate drinkers only, but not open to heavy drinkers. It is the practice of insurers to forecast how many of their members are likely to die during each succeeding year. The accompanying diagram shows us the



experience for thirty years. In all that time, in the moderate, non-teetotal section, 9,235 deaths were expected, 8,987, occurred. In the Temperance section—the abstainers' section—the number of expected deaths was 6,542, but the actual number of deaths only reached 4,626. That is to say, over the whole thirty years, of every 100 expected deaths among moderate drinkers, 97 took place; while among the abstainers, out of every 100 expected deaths, only 71 occurred. What this Society finds is confirmed by other Assurance Companies. Their experience shows that the

BALANCE IS ALL IN FAVOUR OF THE ABSTAINER.

They can take him at less charge and with less risk. On the other hand, their returns conclusively prove that the "moderate" use of Alcoholic liquors increases risk and shortens life.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door!" Yes, I learnt that when I was a small boy, and it is a good thing to learn how to pity sorrows when you are small, for, alas, when you get big there is so much to harden your heart. You get so "sucked in" by people who deserve an hour at the treadmill instead of an hour of pity, that unless you have got well into the habit of *pitying* when you are young, you are apt



to bind everybody—good, bad and indifferent—together in one bundle, and say in your heart, "all men are liars." But if you have cultivated a spirit that "weeps o'er the erring one" when you are in your teens, you find that you have inside your heart some *very faint* likeness to the heart of the blessed Saviour, who could say over one of the very worst of women, "Neither do I condemn thee." Yes, my dear little people, whose eyes run over these pages month by month, your games will be heartier, your legs will be nimbler, your eyes will flash brighter, your lips will ripple out the words cleaner and sweeter and more musically if your heart throbs with *pity*.

You remember the fate of the boys who called out, "Go up thou bald head," how the wild beasts were allowed to tear them to pieces; and you may depend upon it God is angry *every day* with boys and girls who jeer and laugh at old or afflicted people. Just think what a poor deformed boy has to suffer! He has to be a man without being a boy. He moves painfully about day after day just like a grown-up person, and he cannot rush about and leap and jump like you can. And just realise how much it must add to the undeserved misery of his sad life if he is made fun of by those whom he would give all the world (if he had it) to be like in health and straightness.

No, no; never make mock of helplessness under whatever form it is found. And don't *ever* laugh at the poor drunkard. Pity him with all your heart, and try and think out some means to save him from his ruin. Cultivate *this* kind of spirit; it is worth any amount of trouble to do it. Everybody will fall in love with you if you do! Believe me, your affectionate friend,

YOUR "CHILDREN'S MAN."

Oh, what a skinny horse! Poor thing, what a bad night it must have had if it went to bed fat last night.



Have you got any pets I wonder? I don't suppose you have a pet pony, but perhaps some of your fathers and mothers possess a real live horse. If so, you be sure to pet it up! I would rather hear a horse neigh when it saw me go towards the stable, than I would hear somebody say, "Dinner's ready" when I am ever so

hungry. I know a dear Quaker gentleman who has a good many horses, and his coachman told me if they were ever so awkward in temper they always got quiet when he went amongst them. The secret was he spoke gently to them and sometimes found that he had a bit of biscuit in his waistcoat pocket. Try kindness with *everything*, it goes farther than harshness.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. Ashes.
2. None; they will all fly away.
3. *No* horse (because no horse has 1,000 legs.)
4. When he is a shaving.
5. When it is a little bare (bear).
6. To get to the other side.

SEVEN MORE RIDDLES.

Answers next month.

1. What is that prevents a teetotaler from getting married?
2. When is it a bad thing to lose your temper?
3. What word contains all the vowels and in their proper order?
4. How many sticks go to the building of a magpie's nest?
5. Why are landlords unable to be so without the help of some busy little insects which creep on the ground?
6. Why do milestones appear disagreeable?
7. Why do birds in their nests agree?

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

Boys and girls like to know what their names mean. Suppose we take the A's and the B's in order, right through to W. I don't think there are many beginning with Y or *Z*. We will take the A's this month.

BOYS—

Aaron, high or lofty.
Abel, conceit.
Alexander, protector.
Alfred, all peace.
Andrew, manly pluck.
Anthony, prosperous.
Arthur, high born.
Augustus, Imperial.

GIRLS—

Adelaide, a princess.
Agnes, pure.
Alice, high minded.
Amy, much loved.
Ann, sweet mannered.

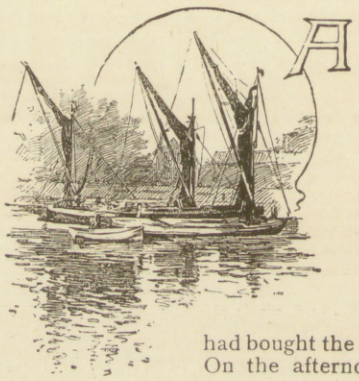
Be sure and carry out your name's meaning. All except Abel's.

SMOKE!

A little boy was outside a tobacconist's shop the other day, looking at the pipes, and a Christian man went up to him, and gently tried to show him how the horrible drug would injure him. The tobacconist came out and was very angry with the Christian man, and told him to mind his own business. Which do you think was the boy's best friend?

The Butcher's Apprentice.

A GERMAN FABLE FOR CHILDREN.



A BUTCHER in a German town had an apprentice living with him, to whom he gave one day a thousand guldens to pay to a man living in another town for some cattle that he had bought the month before. On the afternoon when the young man started off to pay the money, he took with him a very large and trusty dog, and in his hand he had a large cane, with a heavy brass knob on the end of it for a handle. As he left the town he felt in his pocket for his purse, and, taking it out, counted the money over again to see that it was all right. Then he said to the big dog,

"Now, Cæsar, if any persons try to rob us on the way, you must take care of three of them, and I, with my big stick, will be able to take care of three more."

Cæsar, of course, did not say anything, but wagged his tail and trotted along.

Jock, for that was the young man's name, put his money back into his pocket, and, whistling a tune, went off gaily too. After going several miles they reached an inn, or beer-shop, on the edge of the dark, thick forest which they had to go through before reaching the place where the money was to be paid for the cattle. Jock thought it best to spend the night there, and take an early start in the morning through the forest, for people had been known to be robbed in passing through it. During the evening, Jock drank a good deal of beer, and the more beer he drank the more freely did he begin to talk. As the evening grew late he said to the beer-drinkers around him,

"Gentlemen, I have got in my possession a thousand guldens, to be paid in the town of L——, which lies through the forest; and though it has been said that robbers are in the forest, I would like some of them to try their hand at getting my money from me. My big dog Cæsar can take care of at least three men, and I am sure, with this brass-headed stick, I myself can take care of three more."

All the beer-drinkers around him were struck with Jock's telling his business so freely; but there was one man off in the corner who was more attentive than anybody else, though he did not say a word at what Jock said. The next morning, Jock started off early with Cæsar, though he had a headache, which cannot be wondered at in view of the amount of beer he had drank the night before. As he entered the

forest, he was as confident as ever that he could manage all the robbers who might assail him.

When he reached the middle of the forest, he saw a person sitting by the roadside who seemed to be a beggar, and who asked Jock for some money. Jock pulled out a few kreutzers, put them into his hand, and marched on as gaily as ever. After going a few hundred yards, he saw another person by the roadside, who also asked him for money; and so on till he had given to five or six men, who, to all appearances, were beggars. He at last met a man who was well-dressed, who approached in a very pleasant manner.

"Shall we not have a little talk together?" said the stranger to Jock.

"Oh! no," replied Jock, "I have no time for that. I have a thousand guldens in my pocket, and must hurry off to L—— to pay it for some cattle which my employer has bought."

"Indeed!" replied the man, "that is considerable money for you to take with you. But I suppose you are a very reliable young man, and you need have no fear of robbers."

"Oh! no," said Jock. My dog Cæsar is a brave fellow; he can take care of three men, and you see this stick in my hand—with this I can take care of three more."

"No doubt you have a good dog and a stout stick, and perhaps you need not be afraid of anything. By the way, what sort of a stick is that you have?"

"Oh! that is a stick which belonged to my grandfather, and perhaps to his grandfather. It has a heavy brass knob on the end of it, which serves for a handle, and I have found it very useful many a time."

"That is no doubt a very curious stick, and you must think a great deal of it. I don't know that I ever saw such a stick as that, before."

"I don't believe you ever have," replied Jock. "I am sure I never saw another one like it myself."

"Let me examine it, if you please."

"Oh! yes," said Jock, "willingly; and I think you will agree with me that it is quite a remarkable and useful stick."

Then Jock thoughtlessly handed the stick to the stranger; and when the latter had handled it and looked at it carefully, he said to him standing up and drawing it upon Jock:

"I call this stick mine! And I order you if you do not wish to suffer at once, to deliver into my hands your thousand golden guldens!"

Just then Jock saw how foolish he had been to let out the secret at the inn of his having the money, for this man was no other than the one who was sitting off in the corner, who had listened very attentively to him as he told his secret the evening before. Just then the dog Cæsar rushed at the man who was holding the stick, and tried to seize him by the throat. But the man was too quick, and before the dog could spring upon him, with one blow of the brass-headed cane, he knocked him flat upon the ground. He gave poor Cæsar a blow from which he died soon after.

"That is the way I will serve you," said the man to Jock, "if you do not pay me immediately the thousand guldens."

Jock now saw that it was no use to contend any longer with the man, for poor Cæsar had not been able to take care of three men, and he found that he was not able now to take care of one himself. So he was compelled to deliver up the money, and was even glad to get off with his life.

MORAL—When the drink is in the wit is out. Who would keep his own counsel, save his own character and his money, must keep clear of strong drink.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY T. F. WEAVING.

THE drunkard's baby drooped and died;
Her soul its slender casket fled;
And while the mother mourned and cried,
"Thank God!" the neighbours said.

Before the child had breathed her last,
The minister they roused from bed;
He came, to find that life had passed,
"Thank God!" the good man said.

The drunkard's kinsfolk heard the news,
And though they loved the little child,
And loth due pity to refuse,
Thanked God that it had died.

Oh, why should neighbours, kinsmen, all
Thank God a little one had fled?
Alas! they knew drink's bitter thrall
Had robbed the home of bread—

Had made the father dead to truth,
Bereft of feeling, lost to good;
And so they felt that heaven in sooth
Their gladness understood.

Oh, God! that in a land where throng,
In rich profusion far and wide,
Thy love-gifts, men, and without wrong,
Thank Thee a child has died.

FOR THINKERS.

THE following are extracts taken from an article in the leading medical organ, the *Lancet*, April 1st, 1899:—

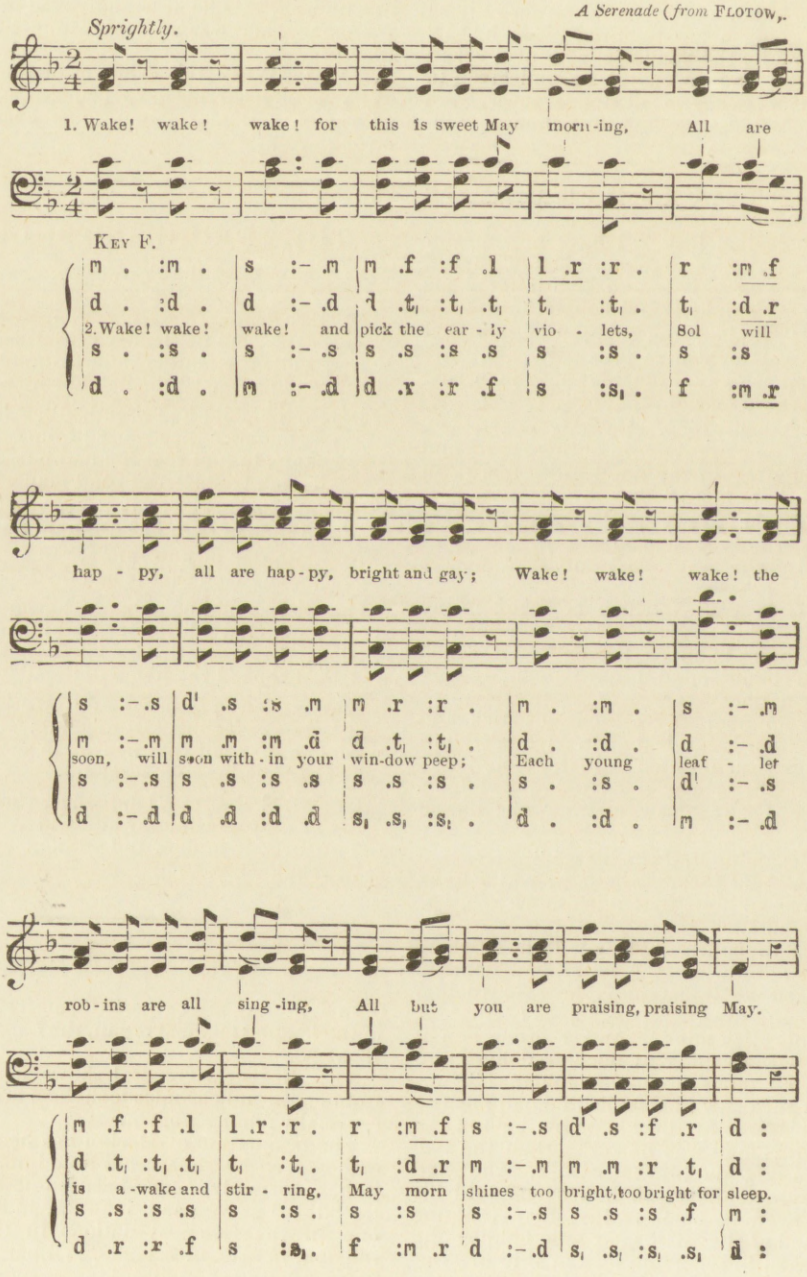
The Registrar-General shows us that deaths from acute and chronic alcoholism are increasing, especially among women.

The fascination of alcohol has been the theme of poets and writers from time immemorial, but it has certainly never been so powerfully illustrated and proven as it is to-day in the fact that one of the foremost nations in the world in religion, in arts, in science, in liberty, and in all that constitutes civilisation, spends out of its hard-earned income £154,480,934 on purchasing it for consumption, with very little to show for the outlay, and a very great deal of evil in the form of degradation, insanity, disease and general misery.

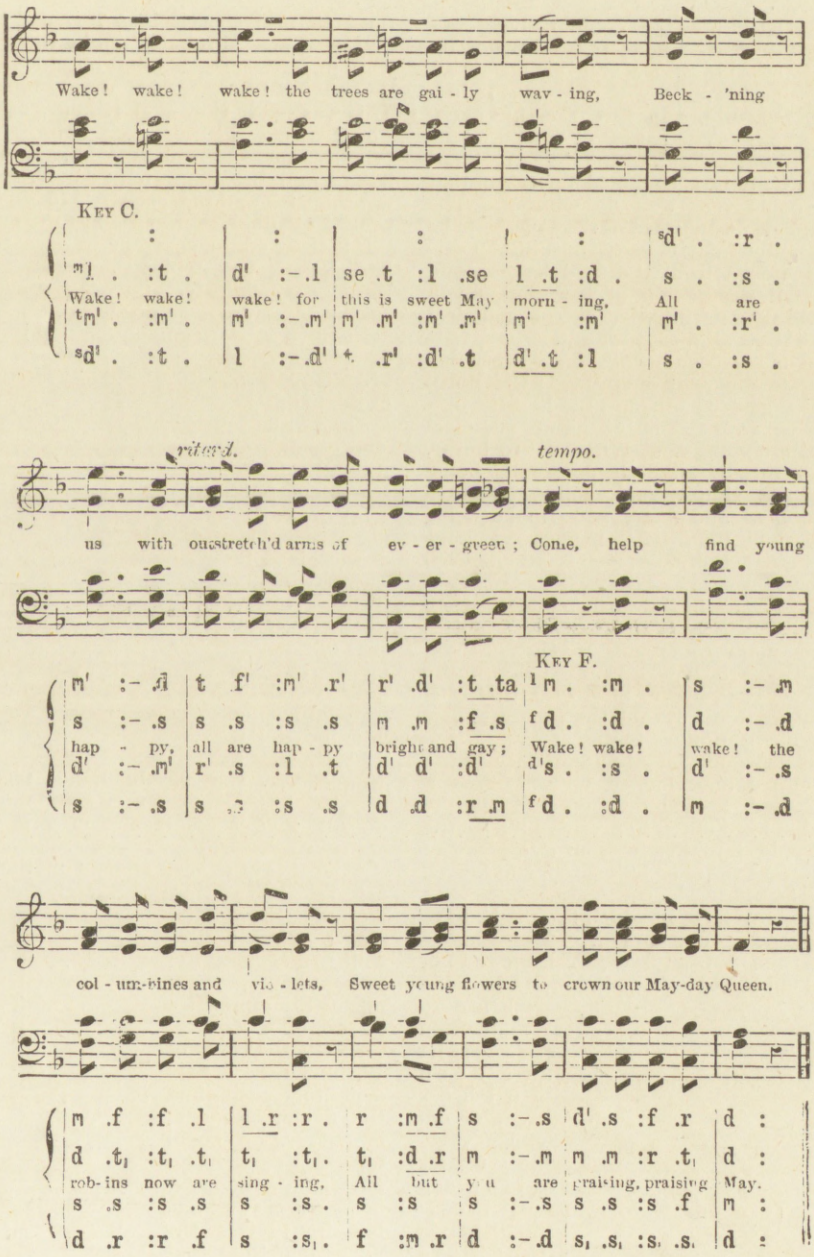
MAY MORNING.

A Serenade (from FLOTOW*).*

Sprightly.



MAY MORNING—(*continued*).



The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

FIRE.

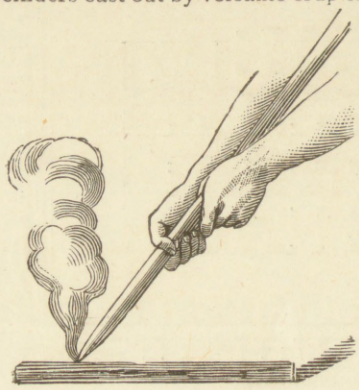
THERE may be comparatively few who are chemists, and who are capable of working chemical experiments, yet everyone does something in this direction every day. The eating of food and its conversion into the living material of the human body is a chemical operation that none of us could very well do without. The breathing in of oxygen from the air, and its action within the human body, burning up carbonaceous material from the food we eat, and the consequent production of warmth and of carbonic acid gas is another set of chemical operations that we all must perform.

There are many other things done every day that necessitate chemical operations; the burning of candle, gas, or oil, and the lighting of a fire are all outward signs of great chemical changes that are going on. When a fire burns, the material that is alight is not really being destroyed, it is simply undergoing chemical change; the heat and flame and smoke being the outward signs that such changes are going on. In this sense, therefore, we are all chemical experimenters.

There was a time in the world's history when man did not know how to make a fire; when he simply lived upon roots and berries. Long before history itself began to be written, the great discovery was made, and with that discovery mankind took one of the greatest steps towards the civilisation we to-day enjoy.

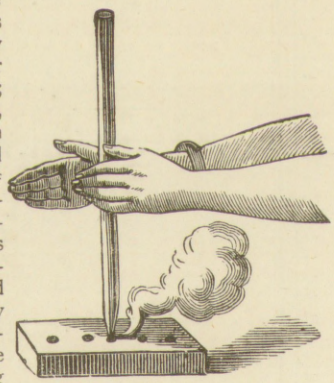
Because of its wonderful power and its immense service primitive man looked upon fire as a sacred thing, and, having once obtained it, the greatest pains were taken to preserve it; so the live coal would be carried from one place to another wherever the tribe wandered, and fanned into a blaze at will.

There are many ways in which fire might have come into the possession of man. He could have obtained it from red-hot lava, or from red-hot cinders cast out by volcanic eruption. Lightning setting fire to trees and dried grass might have been another source, or decaying vegetable matter setting up spontaneous combustion might have been another means of its introduction.

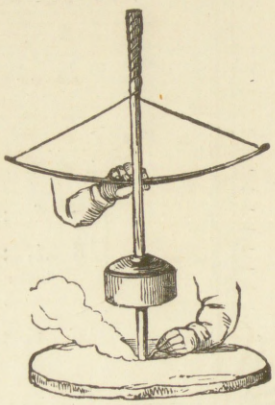


It is evident, however, that apart from these natural sources men invented methods of obtaining fire. Probably one of the very earliest ways of getting fire was that obtained by friction, by rubbing two pieces of dried wood together. This was both slow and tedious, and the plan would quickly be improved upon. Among the primitive races of New Zealand, Tahiti, Tonga, Samoa and the Sandwich Islands, they have in use the stick and the groove. In a piece of dry wood a channel is formed along the grain, and in this is inserted the sharp point of a piece of dry hard wood. By rubbing this backwards and forwards very quickly, and with great pressure, sparks of fire are soon produced.

A much more common method is that of the fire-drill. There are many forms of this, and they are met with over a very wide area; Australia, China, North and South America and many other parts of the globe furnish us with illustrations of this method. It consists of a pointed piece of very hard wood, inserted in a hole in a board lying flat upon the ground. By rubbing the hands together, with the stick in between, a very rapid motion is produced, that soon results in fire making its appearance.

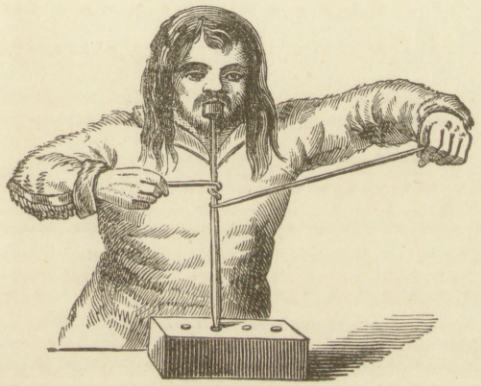


That this is a very ancient method of getting fire is shown by exceedingly old Mexican pictures showing a native using a fire-drill. In India at the present day, if by any means the sacred fire on an altar expires, the High Priest of Brahma uses a fire-drill for rekindling the flame, although, of course, he could have access to modern methods by using a lucifer match, but he prefers the ancient method that has been handed down from most remote ages.



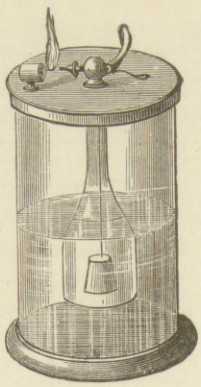
There are several forms of this drill, as shown in the sketches, indicating its wide adaptability and its common use. Probably until modern

times this plan of obtaining fire was the most common. When the right materials were used,



and the knack of using the drill had been acquired, a fire could be obtained in a few minutes by means of this plan.

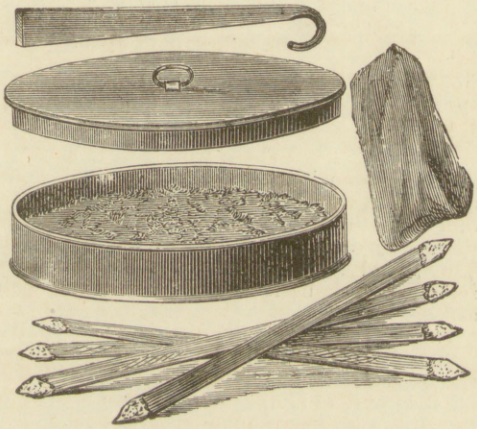
Fire can be obtained from most unlikely sources. One of the most remarkable illustrations of this is the Döbereiner lamp, which was invented in the early part of the century before the advent of lucifer matches. The lamp consists of a glass cylinder, six inches high and about four inches across. Suspended from the metal lid is a bottle-shaped glass tube, open at the bottom, and suspended within this is a piece of metallic zinc. On pouring in dilute sulphuric acid, hydrogen gas is generated by the action of the acid on the zinc, and this escapes by means of a tiny orifice in the metal. As the gas escapes it is forced against a piece of material known as spongy platinum. This substance has the power of absorbing oxygen from the air, and as the hydrogen comes into contact with this oxygen chemical action takes place and the platinum glows with white heat, and this at once sets fire to the hydrogen escaping from the lamp, and so flame is obtained. The hydrogen will go on burning as long as the gas continues to be generated, and thus becomes the ready means of igniting other fires.



Döbereiner Lamp.

The object of this invention was to displace the tedious process of obtaining fire by the tinder box. This consisted of a tin box containing rag burned to a tinder. On striking the steel against the flint sparks were given off, which, falling upon the tinder caused it to smoulder. On touching the smouldering tinder with a splint—the ends of which had been dipped in sulphur—ignition at once occurred, and the splint was soon in a blaze.

Still more wonderful is the fact that fire can be produced from water. If a very small pellet of the metal potassium, not larger than a small pea, be thrown upon water chemical action is at once set up, and there is a flame of fire produced, which burns round the metal until it is exhausted. The action here is somewhat similar to that of the Döbereiner lamp. Water consists of hydrogen and oxygen chemically combined, but the



Tinder Box, Steel, Flint, and Sulphur Matches.

potassium has a very strong affinity for oxygen, and when it comes into contact with the water it at once begins to unite with the oxygen with great force, and thus disengages the hydrogen. There is so much heat developed in this change that the hydrogen gas takes fire and burns round the piece of metal.

Not only is fire wonderful because of the chemical changes that occur in its production, it is equally wonderful in its usefulness to man. There is hardly any physical comfort or blessing that we experience but what fire has had something to do with it. It cooks our food, warms our houses, drives our machinery. In the stoke-hole of the steamship it creates the power that transports us across the seas. In the locomotive it is the active agent that wafts us from one end of the land to the other.

In one sense we are dependent on fire for every breath we draw. The sun itself is an immense fire, with flames reaching out into space for distances from 20,000 to 60,000 miles in length. From this great fire all the heat that this world possesses is obtained. Supposing the sun were to become extinguished, then it is certain that life on this globe must at once cease to exist.

N.B.—The illustrations used in the article, "A Box of Matches," were very kindly lent for the purpose by Messrs. Bryant and May, the celebrated match manufacturers.

GEORGE I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and, while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his Majesty; "eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host; eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

The Boy who Didn't Need Help.



"OH, yes, religion's all right for some people, but I don't need it! I'm strong enough to do what's right without being helped. Of course, for a fellow that's weak, religion's a good thing, and for some people it's the only thing that will keep them straight. But you needn't worry about me!"

These words were spoken by a young man just at the outset of his college career. A friend had suggested to him his need of a strength beyond his own to help him resist the many temptations incident to college life. The friend sighed when he found his kindly remonstrances useless, and went home with a sad heart.

Let us follow the young man for a few years.

An exceptionally brilliant scholar, he soon won the regard of the faculty, while his social proclivities and unfailing good nature made him a favourite with his companions at school.

This was at first. As the months went by, the boy who didn't need help began to feel the freedom of college life a different thing from the wholesome restraint of the life at home. He learned easily, so his studies did not occupy all his time, and he fell gradually into the habit of going "out with the other fellows" occasionally, and even drank an occasional glass of wine.

He would have scorned the suggestion that this could lead to anything worse. He stood at the head of the class in his studies, and a little mild dissipation of that sort wouldn't do any harm. He knew how to take care of himself!

The first year passed, and the young man had found no difficulty in keeping up with his work, and won most of the honours in his examinations. He came home loaded with congratulations from all sides. His friend, however, saw an almost imperceptible change in him. He asked whether he found himself still strong to resist temptation. The young man laughed carelessly, and replied with a superior air, "A fellow doesn't have to be a prude. I think I'm still capable of looking out for myself. You need not have any fear on my account!"

A year later, and the young man found he was not standing so well in his examinations as formerly. He was spending more of his time with the "other fellows," and often had a bad headache in the morning, and did not feel like studying. Still his work was fairly creditable, and a fellow can't work all the time; he must have a little fun. When he came back in the fall he would brace up and do better again.

There was a hint of recklessness in the tone of the young man when he talked with his friend again on his return at the close of his sophomore year. Again the friend tried to show him that his only safeguard was to take Christ as his guide, and resolve never to yield to the tempter, and never to touch a drop of strong drink. The young man listened with smiling incredulity, and laughed at the idea of there being any danger in an occasional glass of wine, or even stronger drink. "Thank you for the interest you take in me," he said complacently, "but there really is no cause for alarm. I think I know enough not to go too far!"

Poor fellow, the net was already drawing closer about him, already the terrible habit had him in its power! Yet he went on, blindly but gaily, to his destruction. His mother was a widow, and her son was her idol. She was far from suspecting the truth. He seemed as frank and as affectionate as ever while with her.

Soon after his junior year began it became evident that something was amiss. The professors began to remonstrate with him kindly, for they all liked the boy. They saw all too clearly the danger he was incurring, but his reply was still the same, "There's no danger in it for me!" At last one wrote to the mother, and she came at once to have a talk with her son. When she saw him, however, his bright, frank manner entirely disarmed her, and—so does drink deaden the conscience—he assured her that there was nothing wrong, but that it was all a false report started by some of his competitors, who wished to injure his standing with the faculty.

The weak but adoring mother returned home with her mind at rest, and the young man tried for a time to do better, but the habit was too strong for him, and after a little, in spite of all warning, the "occasional glass" grew more and more frequent, till at the end of the third year the once brilliant and promising boy who was so confident as to his future, not only failed utterly in his examinations, but was suspended from school, and went home in disgrace.

Even then, so insidious is the growth of this terrible habit, he would not see his danger. Even then he insisted that it was not a fixed habit, but went on, alas! heedless alike of the warnings of friends and the pleadings of his widowed mother, until to-day, at less than thirty years of age, that young man is a physical and mental wreck—his once brilliant intellect clouded and his fine constitution undermined by late hours and dissipation, his mother heart-broken and his prospects for life ruined. And, strangest of all, to one who has not seen this phase of that terrible habit, he still insists that drink has never hurt him, and that he can stop it at any time! God pity him and all others who have fallen into the clutches of the terrible demon of drink, and may these pages from a life help every boy who reads them to decide, if he has not already done so, to take Christ as his guide and friend through life, and to abstain always and for ever from touching a drop of strong drink, for nothing less than total abstinence is safe. But do not trust your own fancied strength.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me," but "without Me ye can do nothing."

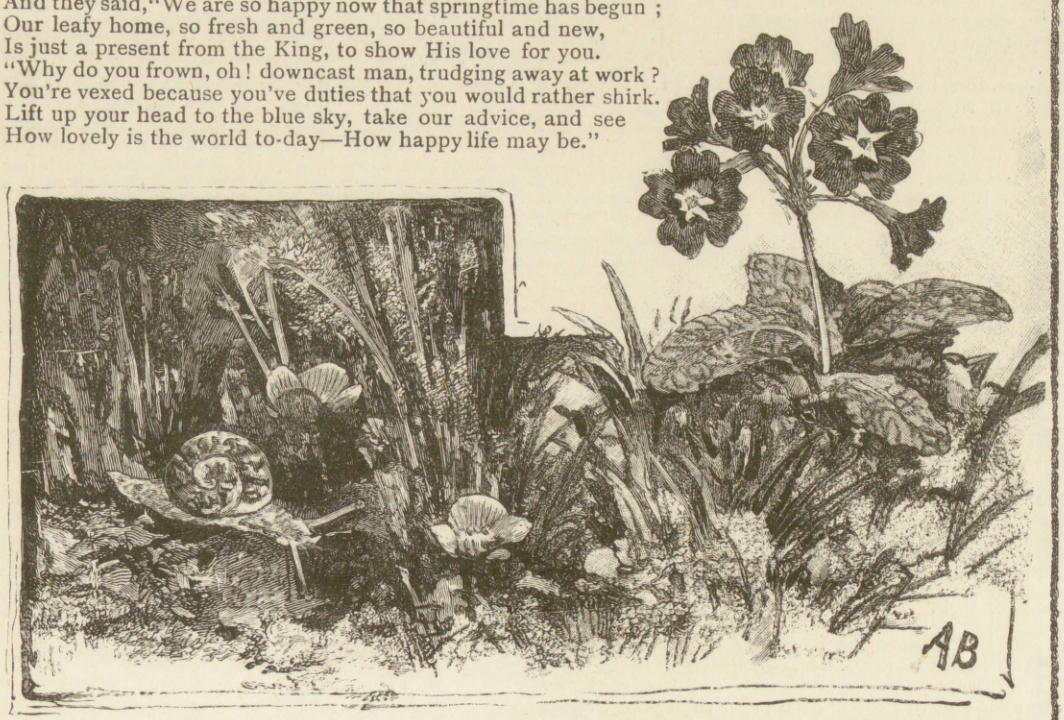
"Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh!"

Alcohol, habitually used, can of itself produce disease.—*Professor A. Simpson.*



MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

'Twas a pretty group of flowers, that smiled up at the sun;
And they said, "We are so happy now that springtime has begun;
Our leafy home, so fresh and green, so beautiful and new,
Is just a present from the King, to show His love for you.
"Why do you frown, oh! downcast man, trudging away at work?
You're vexed because you've duties that you would rather shirk.
Lift up your head to the blue sky, take our advice, and see
How lovely is the world to-day—How happy life may be."



"PENNY."

By Eleanor Greenhough.

"A soul has seen,
By the means of evil, that good is best."
—*R. Browning.*

SAY '*Au revoir*,' and not 'Good-bye,' The past is dead, love cannot die," wailed out the small and squeaky voice of a child, who stood wearily turning the handle of a barrel-organ on wheels. A donkey was harnessed between the shafts, and he, regardless of the dismal sounds behind him, lazily pushed his nose into a snowdrift at the side of the road, in the vain hope of finding a stray, unfrozen tuft of grass.

The road was deserted, and it stretched away in either direction, a desolate waste of almost untrodden snow, made unlovely and depressing by the thin yellow fog, which, with its clinging dampness, hung everywhere.

No one came out of the house, in front of which the child had stopped her donkey, in hopes of earning a copper. She did not notice that the blinds were drawn down uniformly in all the windows in the manner that tells its own tale of bereavement and death. Her song soon came to an end; she was weary and rather hopeless, for she had never been out quite by herself before, and the weight of responsibility, combined with the clinging cold, took all her courage from her. She ground out the tune to the end, without singing the words, and then, with a parting look at the house, she took the donkey by the bridle and pulled his head up from the snow. But Neddy, after the manner of his kind, was obstinate; he could see no reason why he should abandon his search just then, and the child's weak tugs were in vain. He turned his head and looked at her, and then resumed his interrupted employment. Penelope soon gave way in despair, and leaving the apparently hopeless task of hurrying Neddy she wandered aimlessly nearer the hedge, seeking a dry resting place, for she was very tired and depressed by the knowledge that she had not earned even a copper in all her wanderings.

Before her the house lay in almost supernatural stillness, as houses do in which the inmates steal about with quiet footsteps and bated breath, as if 'twere possible to disturb the eternal repose of the one who lays at rest in that quiet room.

An unclosed French window, not far from the inner side of the hedge, with steps leading down to the garden, attracted Penny's notice, and she pushed her small form through a thin part in the hedge, and went up the steps.

A still, covered form on the bed struck no terror into her, as she stepped with childish curiosity, but no awe, into that shaded and silent room, pushing aside the curtain with her small grubby hand. Children in the street where she lived grew up strangely familiar with the laws of life and death; laws which to more carefully-protected and sheltered children remain a mystery until they are far older than poor Penny. She had long been familiar with death; she had heard her mother and the neighbours discussing necessary but gruesome details ever since she could remember, until familiarity with the subject, if it had not bred contempt, at least had removed all awe from the child's mind. She peered about the room with interested curiosity, though most things were covered over with white linen. A small work-table stood near the window, and, being nearly hidden by the curtain, had escaped notice and was uncovered. Something bright caught Penny's eye, and she stretched out her hand and took it. No thought of stealing was in her mind; she did it as a jackdaw might, in obedience to a natural instinct for the possession of bright objects. She took and toyed with the gleaming thing for a moment; fitting the bangle on to her small, thin wrist, and turning it slowly round, until at length the sound of a footstep outside the room door aroused her, and she turned and went out noiselessly by the way she had come, leaving the hanging curtain moved a little to one side. She passed out and crept through the hedge. There was a solitary figure in view now where there had been no one before. It was that of a man standing by the garden gate. He took no notice of the small creeping figure, and Penny vouchsafed him but a glance, and then taking Neddy's rein once more this time successfully pulled his head up from his absorbing occupation. She started off, slowly dragging one foot after the other; then she tried the plan of sitting on the shaft, and warming her cold body against the donkey's warm coat, but Neddy strongly objected to the extra burden and stood stock still. So Penny was obliged to descend and lead him, without any rest for her tired limbs.

One hand firmly clutched the bracelet inside the bodice of her dress, and the possession of it cheered her on her weary way. Several times she furtively took it out and examined it; the glitter of the stones had a strange charm for her. She had no idea that it was of any value; if the cheap jewels in the small general shop near her home had shone as brightly, Penny would have valued one equally.

Alternately absorbed in her glittering treasure, and in guiding Neddy's perverse footsteps, Penny slowly wended her way towards the alley where she lived.

Before she reached the bend in that long, straight road, she looked round and saw that the man had entered the gate.

* * * * * * * *

The door into that silent room was opened by a tall girl, dressed in new and deep mourning. The still form on the bed was that of her mother. Amy for the last year had nursed her, devoting herself day and night, with the tenderest care, to the weary task; so completely absorbed in the engrossing occupation that now it was ended Amy was almost stunned by the stillness and the silence, and she went tearlessly about the house wrapt in that merciful numbness which often comes at the time

When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new.

Unlike Penelope, Amy was not familiar with death, and to enter that room unflinchingly required all her self-control. As she opened the door she faltered for a moment, for she saw the curtain at the window shake slightly. It had evidently been touched by someone passing out, for there was hardly a breath of air to account for the movement. Amy stood still, just inside the door, her nerves strung up to their highest pitch by the long strain she had been through. Her first impulse was to run screaming from the the room. She conquered that inclination by a strong effort. Some old instinct of dislike of hysterical girls came to her aid; yet for several moments it was impossible for her to move from where she was standing. The still form on the bed was not visible from where she stood, but she was painfully conscious of its presence; conscious of it with that fear and awe which, when it comes, cannot be explained away, or reasoned with, however irrational it may be. Soon, without looking towards the bed, she forced herself to cross the room to the window, pushed back the curtain, and looked out. A man was visible, the only figure in sight. He stood just inside the garden gate, evidently undecided whether to retreat or advance, unsure of his welcome, and bewildered by the unexpected appearance of the house, with its drawn blinds.

Amy saw at a glance that it was her brother Philip. She had not seen or heard of him for a long time, and now she shrank back with a gesture of almost loathing. In a flash she saw her life and her mother's for more than a year past. It had been so full of sorrow and of suffering for them both; and her brother, standing there, had been the cause of all the trouble.

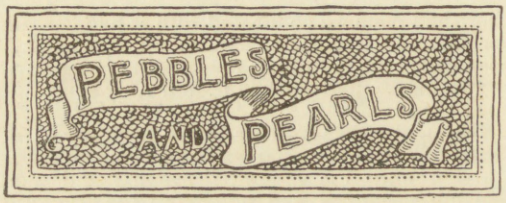
How vividly Amy saw it all! The pride she and her mother had always felt in Philip in his cleverness, his successful career at school and at college; the joy when he triumphantly took his degrees, keeping easily ahead of his colleagues. How proud they had been of him! Then the first downfall, the dreadfulness of it all; the slow, dragging, unbearable weeks; then the climax, and a newspaper paragraph headed, "A doctor charged with wounding a man while drunk;" in another paper, "Drunken affray: Dr. Philip Temple arrested." Would Amy ever forget that humiliating agony? And never since that time had she seen her brother till now. Now! just when her mother's tedious suffering had ended in death. She shrank back with disgust, which was plainly visible to Philip. He retreated, holding the gate open with one hand, while he waited for some sign from his sister. She made none, but withdrew inside the room, and Philip, after a few minutes, went out of the gate, and walked slowly and dejectedly down the dreary white road. He felt that the final seal had been put upon the stone that held him down in the first and lowest depth of his degradation, from which he had been trying so earnestly to rise. Amy had come into the room to find a valued bracelet. She was employed in the task of putting away some of her mother's personal belongings, and the bracelet alone was missing. It had been almost a part of Mrs. Temple; some cherished memory connected with it had caused her to wear it always, but the nurse, who had been called to help Amy towards the latter part of the illness, had mislaid it, and Amy sought it now.

The sight of her brother drove from her even the recollection of what she had come to seek, and not until the following evening did she remember that she had not found the bracelet. Search was made high and low, but no trace of it could be found. They Amy, recalling to memory the misplaced curtain, bitterly laid on her brother the accusation of one sin more, this the heaviest of them all. For she promptly jumped to the conclusion that Philip was living the same debased life, and that he had deliberately stolen the bracelet to sell, in order to get money to enable him to continue his degrading dissipation.

She stopped the search with very little explanation, simply implying that she knew where the bracelet was. Then, with the memory keenly before her of those long sad nights and days, when her mother had turned wearily from side to side, spending the hours in saddest retrospect, living over and over again days she longed only to forget, Amy sat down and wrote bitter words to her brother, sparing him nothing and softening nothing. She directed the letter to him under cover to their old family lawyer. As she did so she remembered that after all Philip had been the idol of her girlhood. Now she was alone, Philip and her mother had both left her. She laid her head down on the letter and wept the first tears she had shed since her mother died.

(To be continued.)





Grit.

THE advice once given by General Mitchell to an audience of poor boys is as good for the boys who read this magazine as it was for the boys he addressed. He was invited by Mr. Cyrus W. Field to address a Sunday evening meeting of newsboys. The sight of the shoeless, ragged, weather-beaten little fellows seemed to arouse all the sympathy in the heart of the good General, who said:

"Boys, when I see you I feel that I am one of you. No one of you can be poorer or more friendless than I once was. I have known all about being poor."

No wonder all the eyes in the room were fastened on him, He then told the boys this story:

"When I was a boy of twelve years of age I was working for an old lady for twenty-five cents a week, and I tell you she kept my hands full! I used to saw wood, milk the cows, carry water, make fires, wash dishes, and scrub and scour before the day's work commenced. My clothes were awfully ragged, and I had no money to buy shoes with, and so I often went barefooted. One morning I hurried and got through my work early. The old lady thought I hadn't done it, and was very angry and called me lazy, and said I hadn't worked any. I said I had. She called me a liar. I tell you, boys, I felt indignant, and I told her she should never have a chance of applying that ugly word to me again. I walked out of her house, and I never entered it again. I had not a cent in my pocket that day when I faced this big world! You couldn't tell what I did then? I met a man with a team. I addressed him boldly and asked him to hire me to help him. He looked at me and said that he didn't think I would be of any use to him. 'Oh, yes, I will,' said I. 'I can rub down and water your horses for you, and do a great many things for you if you will only let me try.' He didn't object any more, and told me to get up and ride. It was hard travelling; the mud was deep, and he was on a long journey. But that was my starting-point in life. I went ahead after that. An independent spirit, push, an honest purpose, and what capacity God had given me, carried me safely through. Now, boys, don't be afraid. What if you are poor and have few friends. Try again and again. You can push through if you only live to please God. I know it's hard times for you; but trust in Christ, and he will always be your friend. Keep a good heart and be sure you push your way honestly through the world."

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

AWAY FROM HOME.—APPLEBY: "How does your wife like her new sealskin?"

Foxly: I haven't seen her lately."

"How's that?"

"She's been so busy calling on her friends."

THIN BOARDER: "I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding-house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half-starved."

Fat Boarder: "I courted the cook."

AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.—MAY: "And you told your mother that he had been introduced to you?"

Ethel: "Well, he *was* introduced to me."

May: "By whom?"

Ethel: "By himself."

TEACHER: "If I should say 'Your two sisters are coming,' would that be correct?"

Johnny: No, ma'am; I only has one sister."

STRAWBER: "Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret?"

Singerley: "I had to tell the girl, didn't I."

FIRST CITY BOY: "What's that cow got a bell on for, I wonder?"

Second Ditto: "I suppose it's to tell the bicycler to look out."

LECTURER (*to medical student*): "This subject's right leg is longer than his left, which causes him to limp. Now what would you do in such a case?"

Student: "Limp, too, I'm thinking."

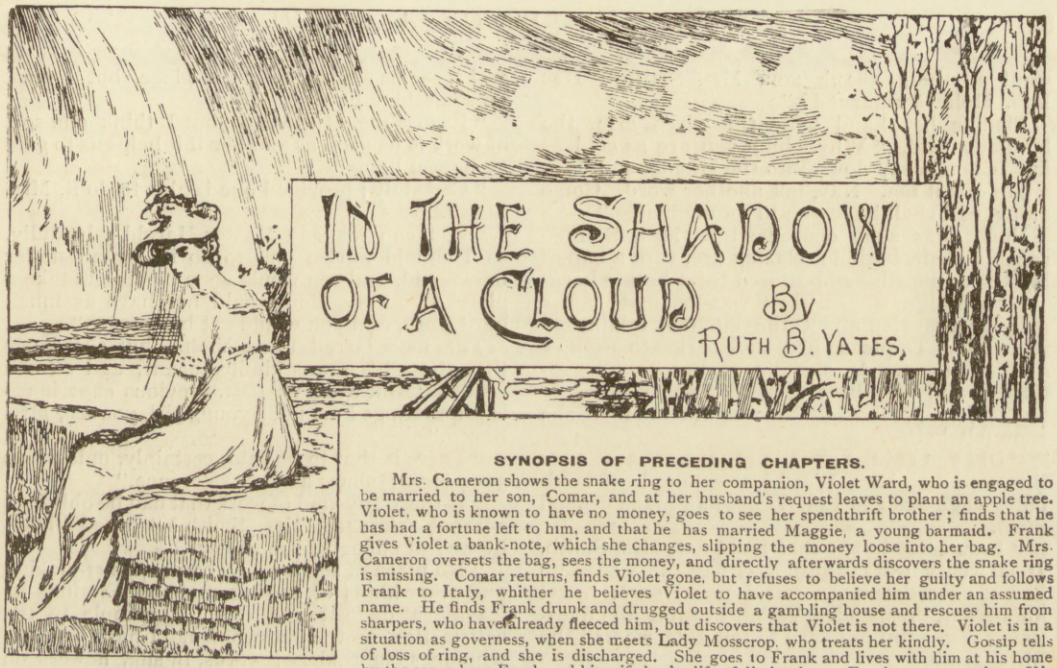
FATHER: "I had no idea your summer trip would cost so much."

Daughter: "What could you expect? You sent me to a wilderness, so I was obliged to buy my own engagement rings."

DRINK menaces our English life as no foreign foe has ever done. The attacks of our enemies stiffened our backbone, put strength into us, made us courageous. Drink lessens backbone, weakens physique, enervates muscle, destroys will, and is therefore the greatest foe we need to fear.

HE WOULD NOT TAKE IT.

As an English boy was once passing an old house that was being torn down, the front wall suddenly tottered and fell with a crash, knocking down the iron lamp-post, and burying the boy under the ruins. Willing hands quickly rescued him and carried him to a house near by. He was unconscious for a time, and brandy was ordered for him. As the fiery liquor was placed to his lips, the little fellow threw out his hand—the first movement he had made—and shouted, "Band of Hope, Band of Hope!" He would not take a drop of brandy between his lips, the smell of which had roused him. He soon recovered his senses, and escaped with only a few bruises.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop, who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad, and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone.

CHAPTER VI.—THICKENING GLOOM AND A LITTLE LIGHT.

"WHERE is Mr. Holmes?" demanded Violet, anxiously, as the landlady appeared, dressed in her Sunday best, and flushed with haste.

"He is nice and comfortable now, Miss Ward, and he will be well looked after. Mrs. Holmes was very fortunate, I'm sure. After you went out this morning, Mrs. Holmes told me what the doctor had said, and then she said to me, poor dear—'What must I do, Mrs. Smith, I cannot profess to stop with him. My money is almost done, and I shall not be able to pay you much longer.' I felt sorry for the poor young thing, and I said—'Is there nothing you can do, Mrs. Holmes, for I'm much afraid that you'll be left a lone widow like me before long.' 'That would not trouble me,' she says, 'I could go back to my situation, and I could arrange about baby, I think, but I can do nothing if I am to be hampered with a helpless man.' Then I says to her—'Just you go to the doctor, and tell him your circumstances, and ask him to give you a note to the overseer. He is a nice man, and a particular friend of my dead husband, so he will do a good deal to oblige me, you see.'"

"I do not understand," began Violet, but the landlady was not to be interrupted until she had had her say.

"I'm coming to that. Well, to make a long story short, we got an order for the House, and Mrs. Holmes went right away for the van, whilst I got everything ready. You see, I knew just what was wanted, for I had a lodger taken away once before. I had all ready, and they just slipped the ambulance out of the van, and laid him on it as cosy as possible, and slipped it in again without disturbing him a bit. Mrs. Holmes asked me to go with her to the station, after he had gone, and she has gone to see after a situation."

"But you have not told me where you have taken my brother, Mrs. Smith."

"Why, bless you, girl, have you no sense. To the workhouse infirmary, of course. Where else could he have gone?"

Violet covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"This is cruel, cruel. To take him whilst I was out too," she sobbed.

"Mrs. Holmes thought it would be best, for she said that you would only make a fuss, Miss Ward."

Violet crept away to her own room, and threw herself upon the bed, in a perfect abandonment of grief. Her brain was in a whirl, and in the over-wrought state of her nervous system, she seemed unable even to think connectedly. Presently a dull stupor stole over her, and she slept. It was a troubled sleep, full of dreams, in which distorted images of the events of the last twenty-four hours were strangely mingled with those of her former life.

At length she started up in affright, to find that it had grown dark, and Mrs. Smith was at the room-door, calling her—

"Miss Ward, Miss Ward, come down and have something to eat. You frightened me, for I thought something must be the matter with you. I called you till I was tired, and then I came to see what was the matter."

With a weary sigh, Violet replied—"I do not

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want anything, thank you, Mrs. Smith. Has Mrs. Holmes returned?"

Placing her hand upon the girl's arm, the landlady said, "Why, child, you are as cold as ice. Come away down into the kitchen and have a cup of hot tea. Nay, not another word. Come along, or I shall have you ill on my hands."

Violet was soon ensconced in Mrs. Smith's rocking-chair, beside a blazing fire, with a cup of hot tea and a slice of buttered toast beside her.

Mrs. Smith, whose heart was touched by her pale face, bustled about the kitchen, talking all the while. To please her, Violet tried to swallow a bit of toast. As she did so, her appetite returned, and she discovered that she was really hungry, and, revived by the warmth and food, she soon felt better.

"Did you get the situation that you went after this morning, Miss Ward?" enquired the landlady, when she saw that Violet had made a good meal.

"I am sorry to say that I did not, Mrs. Smith. It is weary work waiting. I have answered no end of advertisements, but I never seem to get an answer," responded Violet, evading the question, for she did not wish to tell this woman the bitter truth.

"Oh, I quite forgot. There is a letter waiting for you in the sitting-room, Miss Ward."

"Nay, sit still, and I will bring it here for you; it is no use wasting gas by lighting up the other room as I know of," she remarked, as Violet sprang up with renewed alacrity.

The handwriting was strange to her, so she tore open the envelope to find that it was in reference to an application that she had made for a situation as governess in a private school. A look of dismay passed over Violet's face as she read.

"No good news, I can see, Miss Ward," remarked Mrs. Smith.

Touched by the woman's kindly interest, Violet replied frankly, "I saw an advertisement for a governess in a private school. It only said 'state qualifications and salary required,' so I wrote, and this is from the principal. She wants to know if I have passed the Oxford or Cambridge local examinations, if I hold any science and art certificates, in what school I have been last employed as teacher. She also says that £25 is a large sum to ask unless I have exceptionally good credentials, and that she is surprised that I did not mention further particulars in my application. As I mentioned drawing, if I have my D. certificate, she might give £20, all else being satisfactory."

"Well, I don't know what all those names mean, but it seems to me as if she wanted a deal for a little money, Miss Ward."

"That is out of the question," responded Violet, with a sigh, as she laid down the letter.

"It seems to me, Miss Ward, that it's no use for anybody to go in for a teacher now-a-days that has not served an apprenticeship. There's Polly Brown now, as lives down the street, she's been at the Board School ever since she was a little child, and now she's a teacher, but she says nobody can teach that hasn't passed."

"What else *can* I do, only go as companion, and it seems so hard to get a place, but I must do something now."

"Excuse me, Miss Ward, but I think one sort of work is as good as another if it helps us to gain an honest living."

"Certainly; provided one is able to do it, Mrs. Smith."

"You can manage Master Harold splendidly, so I should advise you to go in for an under nursemaid, and you would soon be able to take a place as nurse. You would not have as much hard work, and you would get better pay."

The idea jarred upon Violet, but she knew that the advice was kindly meant, and so she replied, "But even for that, previous experience is required, as I am not a young girl, you see, Mrs. Smith."

"There is that to be said, certainly, unless you gave Mrs. Holmes as your reference."

"Is there any kind of work that can be obtained without reference, Mrs. Smith?" asked Violet, by way of changing the subject.

"No place of service. Of course, shirt-making and other kinds of sewing may be obtained by leaving a deposit and doing a sample to the satisfaction of the forewoman. I have a niece, who does embroidery; works, in silk, flowers on children's frocks and coats, and that sort of thing, but of course you could not live in, and the work is so poorly paid that to my mind a good place of service is vastly preferable. I was a cook myself and I had a comfortable home and a tidy bit saved when I married Smith."

The arrival of Maggie, with little Harold asleep in her arms, put an end to any further conversation.

Maggie was flushed and excited, and appeared to be in the best of spirits. Violet looked at her in surprise, but she said nothing, but proceeded to put the little fellow to bed. "Poor baby, he is tired out," she remarked.

"He has been asleep for the last two hours or more; he never even awakened when I put his hat on. Be quick back, Violet; I have some good news for you."

Violet darted a reproachful glance at her sister-in-law; how could she talk in this way and Frank gone to that place?

When she heard Maggie begin to play a waltz on the cracked piano, she felt that it was beyond the limits of endurance.

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie, how can you?" she exclaimed.

"How can I do what?" enquired Maggie, turning round so as to face her.

"How could you send Frank away to that place?" She could not bring herself to utter the humiliating name.

"My dear Violet, what else could I do? You would not have him starve to death, surely?"

"There are plenty of hospitals, without sending him *there*, but I think that we might have nursed him ourselves, Maggie."

"Oh, indeed; well, I don't. I am very thankful that I have managed to get rid of him, though I shall be expected to pay a few shillings weekly, as soon as I am able. The doctor told me that there is not another hospital that would admit him, even by payment of a fair amount, except the Hospital for Incurables, and there admission

is by vote, and he might have to wait months or years, if we had no influential friends."

"It does seem a shame. Can we go to see him, Maggie?"

"Certainly. You needn't look so glum about it, Violet. The ward is as clean as a new pin, and the patients have specially trained nurses to wait upon them. It is only the name, and nobody need know."

"It seems so terrible to have to come to this, Maggie."

"It is more terrible to leave his wife and child without a penny to call their own. However, that brings me to what I was going to tell you. I have been to see Mr. Griffin, and he is delighted to get me back again, and as they have no children of their own, both he and his wife are willing that I should take Harold. It turns out fortunate that Hetty Somers is going to be married very shortly, and then they will want another barmaid, and although it is unusual to take an inexperienced person, yet Mr. Griffin says he will give you a trial, Violet, at 'The Clarence,' so long as I shall be there to put you in the way of it. By-and-bye, I may get the management of the house myself. What do you think of that?"

"I go to a public-house! I should not think of such a thing."

"Why not, pray?" demanded Maggie, angrily.

"You know my principles, and———"

"Principles be hanged. Will your principles keep you, I should like to know, or are you too lazy to work for your living?"

"I am perfectly willing to work, but I promised my dying mother that I would not have anything to do with the drink, that had proved the ruin of Frank's father; and now I know what it has done for Frank himself, I hate it the more."

"Bah! I have no patience to listen to such nonsense. Frank's a fool, and doesn't know when to stop. It does *me* no harm. You needn't drink it without you like, but you will have a good home, plenty to eat and drink, a good salary, and lively company. It's better than being stewed up here all day, I can tell you. I am going, and I should think that if it's good enough for me, you need not turn up your nose at it."

"I could not serve out the drink, Maggie. I would rather starve than be engaged in such a trade."

Maggie sprang to her feet, mad with passion.

"Starve then, and never dare to come to me for a farthing, you lazy, good-for-nothing idiot. I got you this place on my own recommendation, without a character, but you will find that there are not many situations open to a suspected thief. Thank goodness I can go back to my old place, for nothing was ever missing that had been left under my care."

With this parting shot, Maggie bounced from the room, leaving Violet pale as death, for this was the cruellest cut of all.

All night long Violet lay awake thinking, but she could not tell how she might save Harold from the curse that had overtaken his father and grandfather. She quite understood that his foolish young mother saw no danger in taking her boy into such surroundings, and she made up her mind to make one more appeal for Harold's sake.

She did so next morning, but was met with the scornful rejoinder,

"I wish nothing better for my boy than that he should become the proprietor of such a public as 'The Clarence.' If Frank had had the good



"Will you let me help you?"

sense to invest in such a house as that, instead of throwing away his money as he has done, I might have been in a splendid position to-day."

"Oh, Maggie, do pause, and think what you are doing. What if your boy should turn out the same as his father?"

"Serve him right, if he has no more sense. I shall teach him to take it and let it alone."

Maggie had promised to commence her duties at once, so she paid Mrs. Smith for her rooms and prepared to start for Weston.

As Violet was almost covering Harold with kisses, his mother said, in a more conciliatory tone than she had hitherto employed since the previous night,

"I will keep the post open for a week, Violet, as Miss Somers is not leaving for a fortnight, and that will give you a chance to change your mind. You know the address, and you can just drop a line, as I expect that you will have had enough when you find that Mrs. Smith wants paying, and there is nothing left for food. I have only three pounds, and I shall want that, but as soon as you send word that you are coming, I will get Mr. Griffin to let you have five pounds in advance."

After they were gone, Violet set to work to finish a cushion that she had begun in their old home by the sea.

She was a quick, neat worker, but her eyes kept growing dim with tears, for this had been intended for Frank's easy chair, and now—she dared not permit herself to think, but she worked steadily on until it was completed.

After surveying it critically, she rang for the landlady, and, spreading it out before her, asked if that was the kind of work that she had mentioned her niece as doing.

"It is and yet it isn't," said the woman, as she touched the rich satin with the point of her finger.

Violet understood this ambiguous answer to mean that it was the same work done on different material.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Ward, I'll go with you to see Sally, and she will tell you if there is an opening."

In the town, after passing along several streets, each more dingy than the last, they turned down a narrow passage, which suddenly widened out, and Violet found herself in a court containing four cottages on each side.

"What a place for anybody to live!" exclaimed Violet, in surprise, for she knew little of town life.

"This is not a bad place, Miss Ward, though it is not like my house in the suburbs, certainly; people have to live where their work is. I could not live out there only for lodgers," remarked Mrs. Smith, as they passed three houses, whose windows were plentifully supplied with rags, instead of glass, and stopped at the door of the last house, whose door-step was white and whose windows, which were whole and clean, had a white muslin curtain stretched across. She opened the door, and entered without ceremony.

"I have brought a young lady to see you, Sally," she said, addressing a tidy-looking young woman, who was sitting near the window.

"That's right, Aunt Milly; anyone you bring is always welcome."

Taking a seat herself and setting one for Violet, Mrs. Smith asked, "How is your mother to-day, Sally?"

"She is not so well again to-day, for she had another do last night, and it always upsets her. Our lodger is going to leave us, too, as her brother has lost his wife, and he wants her to go and look after the children. Will you go and see if you can cheer mother up a bit, Aunt Milly?"

"Aye, that I will, lass. Maybe, you will show Sally your sample while I am away, Miss Ward?"

Meanwhile, Violet had been taking in all the details of the work upon which the young woman was engaged.

"You work very quickly," she now remarked, with a pleasant smile.

"We have to work quickly if we are to make anything out of it. Are you an embroideress?"

"I have never worked for pay, but I have done a good deal at one time or another, and Mrs. Smith thought I might be able to obtain a situation. This is my work."

"There is no opening at our place for work of that kind. It is all baby-linen."

"Have you done all those?" enquired Violet, pointing to a pile of flannel squares, with a design embroidered in silk in the corner.

"Yes, but I should have had much more done only mother has been so ill that I have had to keep leaving my work to attend to her. If I do not get them all finished to-night, I shall get paid for none of them, so you must excuse me for not stopping whilst I talk to you."

"Will you let me help you, and then you will be able to manage it?"

A look of intense relief passed over the young woman's face, as she said, "If you do not mind, I shall be glad."

Without further parley, Violet set to work, and, taking a completed one as copy, worked it quite as neatly, though not as quickly, as Sally herself.

"I am sure that the Lord Jesus Christ sent you in answer to my prayer, for I do not know what I must have done to get a drop of tea for mother if you had not come, and now we shall easily get them finished, and take them in. If you like, you can go with me and get some work, too, or I will bring you some."

"If you will be so kind, I would much prefer that you should get it for me."

"The girl that has been lodging with us has gone away to-day, so, as you can do the work as well as she did, I will get her bundle for you."

"Will it be too much for you to carry, though?" asked Violet, as she saw the size of the parcel that Sally had made up.

"Oh, no, you deserve that surely for helping me so kindly."

"Have you far to go?"

"No, only to Croad and Mack's, the big warehouse that you passed just before you turned into the court."

TO BE CONTINUED.

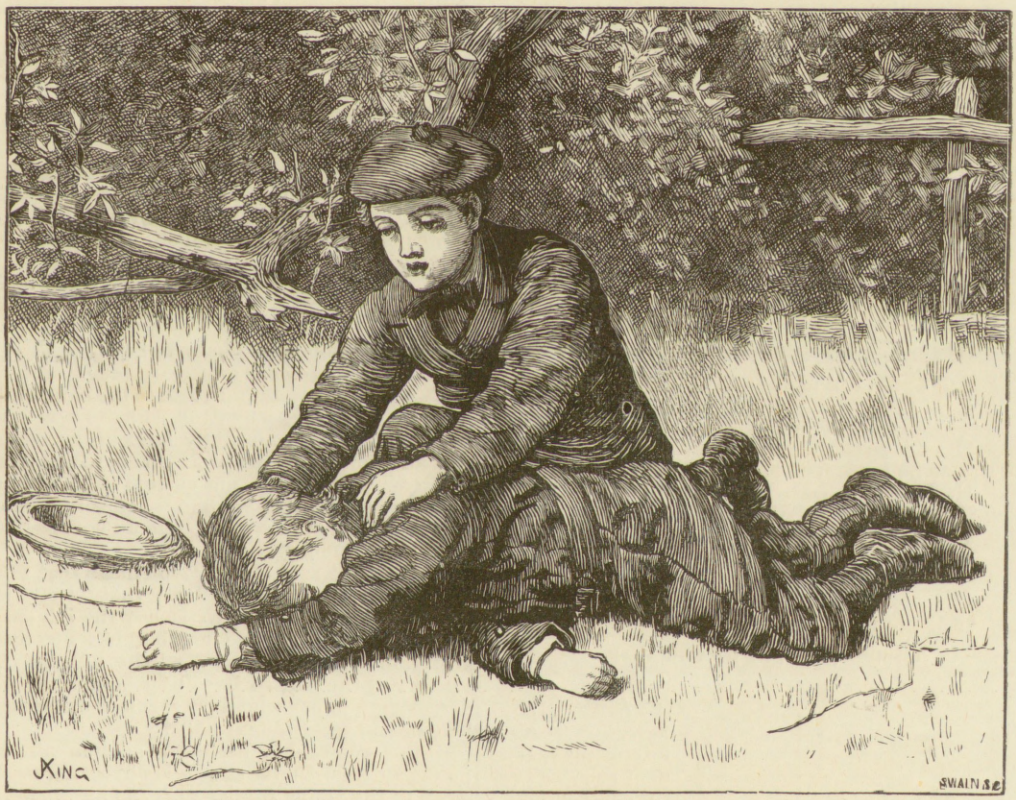
Little Phil's Dream.

By Mary M. Forrester.

'TWAS May-time, and the breath of spring
  Was fragrant in the air;
The golden glint of sunny light
Was smiling everywhere;
  When from the city's pulsing heart,
With spirits light and gay,
  A score of lads set out to spend
A country holiday.

Was ever day so brief and bright
  As that in sunny May?
Was ever world so full of flowers?
  Were ever boys so gay?
The very hill tops seemed to smile,
  The very wind to sing,
As in the nostrils of the lads
  It shot its scented wing.

Most gay of all was little Phil,
  Most swift his nimble feet;
His great blue eyes, ablaze with fun,
  His laughter loud and sweet;



"Phil! Phil! wake up, it's time to go!"

With shrieking cry and steaming breath,
  The great train onward sped
Past stream and mill, through lane, o'er hill,
  With blue skies overhead;
Until it reached a tiny world
  Of white and yellow flowers,
Where trill of bird and song of breeze
  Made sweet the passing hours.

A score of laughing, romping boys,
  With sunlight in their eyes,
Raced off to where the streamlet caught
  The glitter from the skies;
And in the waters dipped their feet,
  And in the long grass played,
Where wild bees flew, and hawthorn trees
  Their scented branches swayed.

And yet, poor little Phil was but
  A newsboy of the town,
Whose life had more of thorns than flowers,
  And less of smile than frown.

Grown tired at last of romping play,
  Into a lane he crept,
Where in a bed of velvet grass,
  Most peacefully he slept;
And there he dreamed a wondrous dream
  Of sunny streets and flowers,
Of cities full of waving trees,
  And alleys full of flowers.

He felt no more the city flags
  Beneath his little feet,
For grass was waving green and tall
  In every road and street;

He saw no more the dingy bricks
Of houses damp and small,
For blossoms red and blossoms white
Twined every cottage wall.

And every trace of dirt and dust
Had vanished from the world,
While from the chimneys bright and tall,
Green branches were unfurled,
And wild-birds poured their sweetest songs
From underneath the eaves,
While wheels and horses rushed along
With rustle as of leaves.

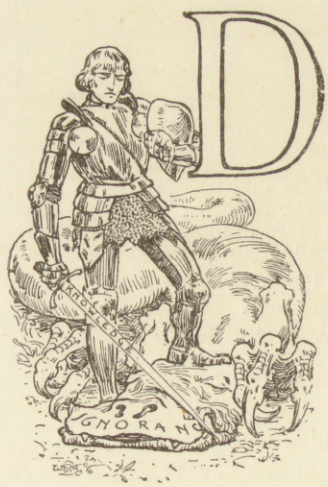
And in this beauteous dream of his,
He saw his mother's face,
No longer smeared with sweat and dust,
But full of country grace;
Bright garlands twined her hair, and lay
In clusters on her brow,
Her eyes were clear, her mouth was warm,
Her eyes were all aglow.

That was a dream of fairness strange,
Where town and country met,
And mingled graces as no man
Has seen there mingled yet;
Man, beast, and bird, street, lane, and hill
All linked in love together,
And o'er them all the golden sheen
Of glorious May-time weather.

"Phil! Phil! Wake up! It's time to go!"
Poor little newsboy, Phil,
Was rudely 'wakened from his dream
Of city, street, and hill;
But as he journeyed home again
He thought, with eyes agleam,
"Heaven, with its streets of gold, is like
The city of my dream."

He Disobeyed Orders.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.



R. C. A. ROBINSON tells an interesting incident relating to the canteen, the substance of which is as follows: The hero, Harry Rolf, a youth of twenty-five, when the war broke out enlisted. Being a whole-souled fellow, who always had friends wherever known, he soon had a host of them in camp. He was always ready for any duty assigned him, and performed them so cheerfully that his officers became warmly attached to him, and he became the trusted friend of many a man whose shoulders were adorned with decorations denoting high rank in the army.

One morning, as Harry was standing not far from the colonel of his regiment, whom he had known and respected all his life, an officer came up and called for the artificer of a certain company. Stepping forward, Harry answered promptly, "I'm your man," and started away with him.

They had not gone a dozen steps before Col. Ayther turned to another officer and remarked: "Now you may look for the finest piece of bucking you ever saw."

"How so?"

"They want that boy to work on the canteen, but he'll never do it."

"What will they do with him?"

"Arrest him, I suppose."

"Then what will happen?"

"I am not prepared to say what may happen, but I can tell you what will not happen—that boy will never work on that army canteen, and there is no use to try to compel him to do so."

Harry walked along with the officer good naturedly, until he found that he was being taken toward the canteen, when he grew serious, and asked:

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to work on the canteen."

"What do you want me to do to the canteen?"

"Why, you see, when the canteen was built we thought it was sufficiently large to accommodate all the custom we were likely to get; and so it was at first, but our custom has increased so rapidly of late that we find we must have more room at the bar to accommodate all comers, and so we want it enlarged."

"I suppose," said Harry, "you mean that when the canteen was set up here there were not enough drinking soldiers to occupy the full space of the bar, and that the number has increased until now you want me to help enlarge the capacity of the bar, so it will accommodate this increasing number who have taken to drink since the canteen was brought here?"

All this was said in perfect good humour, but the officer thought he saw a slight gleam of defiance in the young soldier's eye, so he answered pleasantly, yet firmly:

"Yes, yes, that temperance lecture may fit the case or it may not, but we want you to help enlarge the canteen."

"Well, I cannot do so."

"Do you presume to disobey the orders of your superior officers?"

"No, sir; but I cannot do that."

"Do you not know, young man, that by your course you refuse to do your duty as a soldier? That you have taken a solemn oath to obey all orders given you, and that you now set yourself at defiance, and thus encourage insubordination in the army?" said the officer, having regained control of his temper.

"I appreciate what you say, and I do not think any one will assert that I have ever failed to do my duty," said Harry, "but I have such a hatred for intoxicating liquors, and its effect on good men, and now that I see how it is going to ruin

many young men here, I can only say that, in the first place, my government has no right to insist that I perform this work, and if it does, I can but obey a higher authority—the authority of God."

This brought forth an ironical peal of laughter from some of the bystanders, and a clapping of hands from another element, although it was in the minority.

"Then the only thing I can do is to place you under arrest, and take you back to your colonel to be dealt with as he chooses."

"Very well, I am ready."

It took but a few minutes for all this to transpire, and Col. Ayther, standing in the same spot, and talking to the same friend, said: "Look yonder, there comes our man under arrest."

Sure enough, there came Harry with the officer, who as he thought of this, the first refusal to obey orders, and over such a trivial thing, grew more and more angry, until, as he saluted the colonel, he said: "Col. Ayther, I bring you a man under arrest."

"For what?" asked the colonel, with difficulty repressing an outburst of laughter.

"For insubordination."

"In what way?"

"He refuses to obey orders."

"What were the orders?"

"He was ordered to help enlarge the canteen; but he not only refuses to do so, but presumes to argue the matter with his superior officer."

"How is this, Harry? What have you to say about it?"

"The statement of the officer is correct, colonel, I am willing to undergo any punishment you consider it your duty to inflict upon me, but I cannot do what they ask of me."

"Are you not aware, Harry, that if violators of military law are allowed to go unpunished we are as likely to have anarchy here in the army in a short time, as we would in civil life if civil laws were violated without hindrance?"

This was a stunner to Harry. If any other man in the regiment, be he officer or private, had asked the question he would have met and successfully parried it, but coming as it did from the man he loved most of all others in the army, it unmanned him for the moment. It was not "Colonel" Ayther, but his friend "Mr." Ayther, whose words caused his tongue to cleave to his mouth, for much as he respected his colonel he loved his friend the more, and he hesitated, with hanging head for a moment, then raised his face and with a smile, said: "What you say is no doubt true, Col. Ayther, beyond question, but you know I cannot work on that canteen. I could put this in much stronger language, but I have too much respect for you to do so."

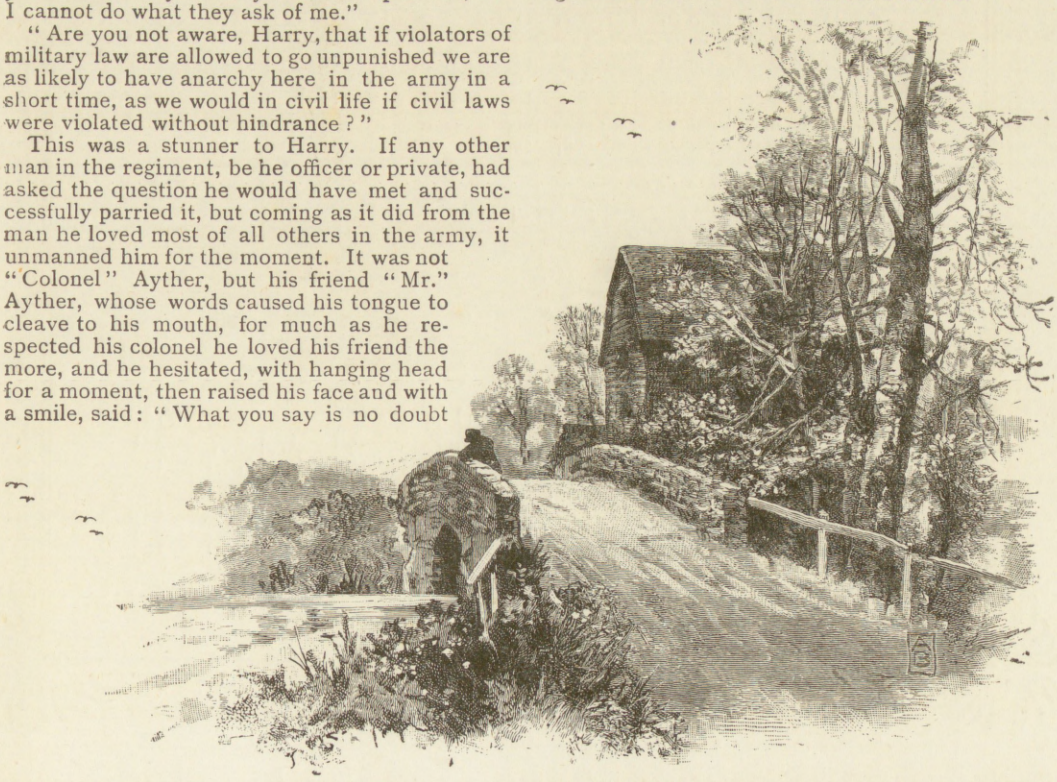
"Col. Ayther," said the officer, "if you will pardon the interruption, I fail to see the necessity of this cavil, and it is my duty to take him to the guard house."

"Take him to the guard house, then!" and, turning upon his heel, the colonel entered his tent.

Harry was somewhat taken back by this, for it must be confessed he had an inward hope that his long acquaintance with the colonel would prove to be advantageous to him; but to the guard house he went, fully determined never to obey the order.

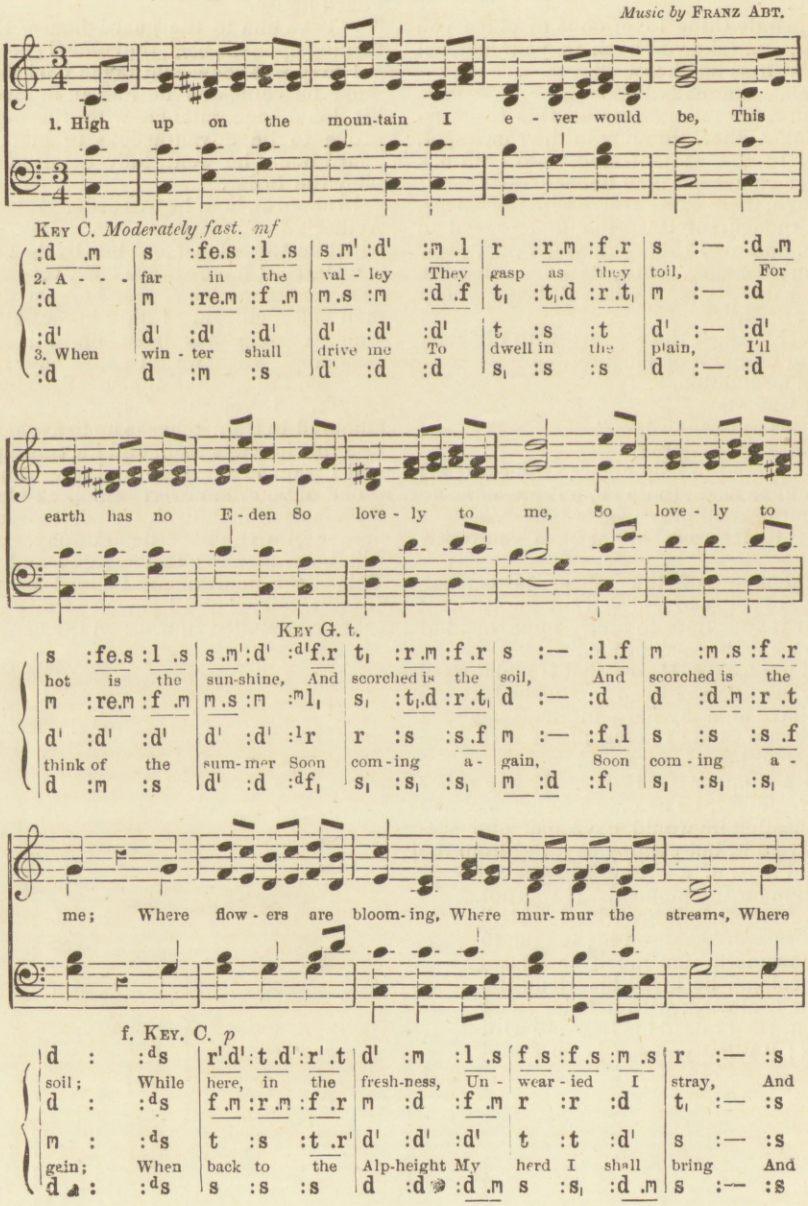
In about an hour he was ordered to report to Col. Ayther's headquarters. Once inside and alone with him, the colonel took him by the hand, saying:

"Harry, I have always been very proud of you as a soldier, as I was proud of you at home as a man and a citizen. I have known all along what your training has been on this subject. I remember when we all expected your father to die from the effect of the shot fired by that saloon keeper. I remember how your mother has laboured to train her sons up to avoid and antagonise this horrible stuff, and its consequent evils; and I want to say here and now that I am more proud of you than ever. Stick as closely to the principals of manhood, virtue, honesty, and temperance, as you have done to-day, and your life will be a blessing to your day and generation. This is the punishment I inflict for this breach of military law, and I promise that you will never again be detailed to work on the canteen."

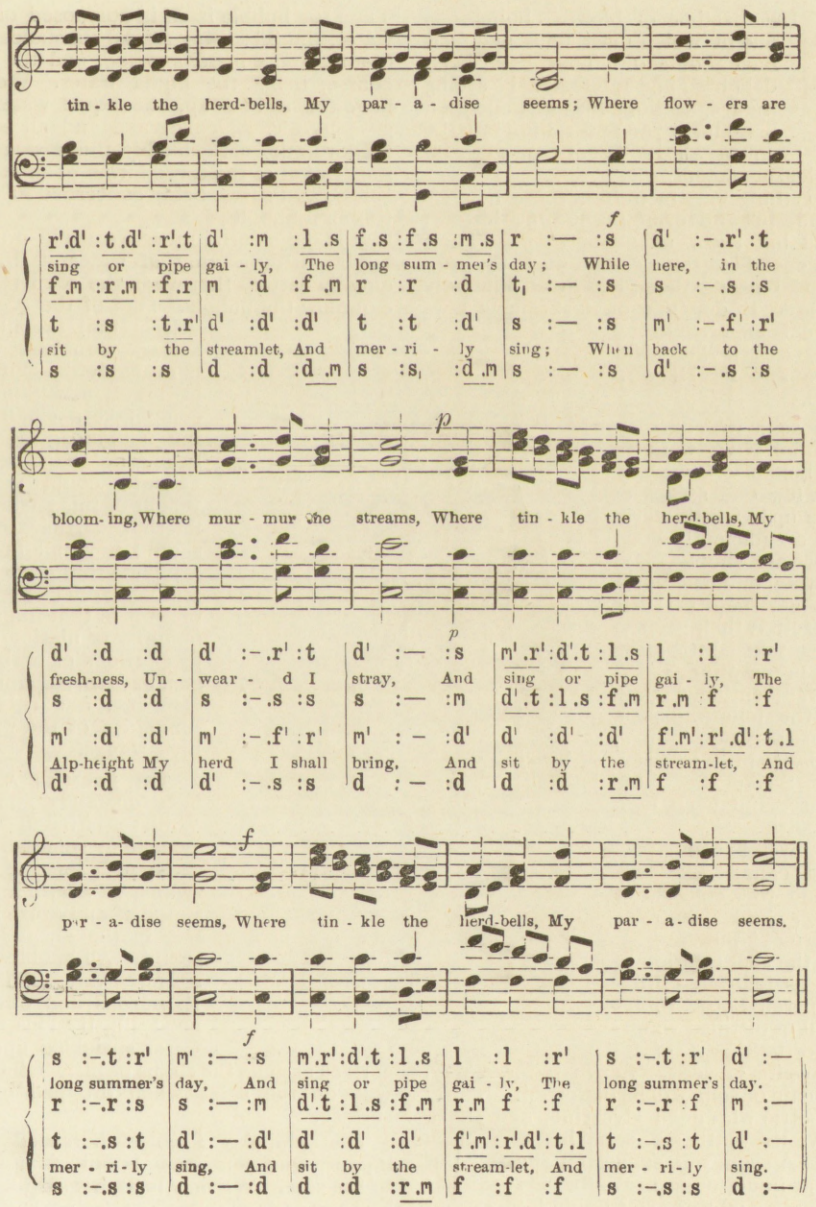


THE HERDBOY'S SONG.

Music by FRANZ ABT.


1. High up on the moun-tain I e - ver would be, This
KEY C. *Moderately fast. mf*
:d .m | s :fe.s :l .s | s .m' :d' :m .l | r :r .m :f .r | s :— :d .m
2. A - - - far in the val - ley They gasp as they toil, For
:d | m :re.m :f .m | m .s :m :d .f | t₁ :t₁.d :r .t₁ | m :— :d
:d' | d' :d' :d' | d' :d' :d' | t :s :t | d' :— :d'
3. When win - ter shall drive me To dwell in the plain, I'll
:d | d :m :s | d' :d :d | s₁ :s :s | d :— :d
earth has no E - den So love - ly to me, So love - ly to
KEY G. t.
s :fe.s :l .s | s .m' :d' :d'f.r | t₁ :r .m :f .r | s :— :l .f | m :m .s :f .r
hot is the sun-shine, And scorched is the soil, And scorched is the
m :re.m :f .m | m .s :m :ml₁ | s₁ :t₁.d :r .t₁ | d :— :d | d :d .m :r .t
d' :d' :d' | d' :d' :lr | r :s :s .f | m :— :f .l | s :s :s .f
think of the sum-mer Soon com - ing a - gain, Soon com - ing a -
d :m :s | d' :d :df₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | m :d :f₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁
me; Where flow - ers are bloom - ing, Where mur - mur the streams, Where
f. KEY. C. *p*
d : :ds | r'.d' :t .d' :r' .t | d' :m :l .s | f .s :f .s :m .s | r :— :s
soil; While here, in the fresh-ness, Un - wear - ied I stray, And
d : :ds | f .m :r .m :f .r | m :d :f .m | r :r :d | t₁ :— :s
m : :ds | t :s :t .r' | d' :d' :d' | t :t :d' | s :— :s
gain; When back to the Alp-height My herd I shall bring And
d : :ds | s :s :s | d :d :d .m | s :s₁ :d .m | s :— :s

THE HERDBOY'S SONG—(*continued.*)



The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

A SOAP BUBBLE.

THE pastime of blowing bubbles is one in which most boys and girls have indulged. They have been delighted and interested in seeing the fragile globe forming, and then breaking away and sailing into the air in all its beauty of graceful form and pleasing colour.

Like everything else in nature, these bubbles have a wonderful and even fascinating history, if we could but learn all about them. Their formation depends to some extent upon the skill of the person blowing them, but in an infinitely greater degree it depends on marvellous laws which have been created by an all-wise and loving God for our use and for His own great purposes



A GOOD SOAP MIXTURE

is an essential if we want to make good bubbles. Generally speaking, a few odd scraps of soap beaten up in a little warm water form a sufficiently good mixture if we are simply playing at blowing bubbles, but if we want to get them at their best, and to study their properties, we must take a little more care in our preparation.

Prof. Dewar mentioned many years ago the following as a good mixture:—Soap, 1½ oz.; water, 20 oz. (1 pint); glycerine, 15 oz. Shake the whole well together, and keep in a stoppered bottle.

Another well-known preparation is called Plateau's solution, and this consists of Castile soap, 1½ oz.; water, 1 pint; glycerine, ¾ pint.

Perhaps the best solution of all is made as follows:—Fill a clean stoppered bottle three-quarters full of distilled water. Add one fortieth part of its weight of oleate of soda. Leave it for a day, when the oleate of soda will be dissolved. Nearly fill up the bottle with good glycerine, and shake well. Leave the bottle stoppered in a dark place for a week. A scum will collect on the top, but it is the clear liquid underneath that is required; therefore, syphon off this clear liquid into a clean bottle, add a drop or two of liquid ammonia for each pint of the solution. Carefully stopper, and keep in a dark place.

WHAT A BUBBLE IS MADE OF

is an important item. There are three forms of matter concerned. First there is a quantity of air confined in the fragile shell of the bubble. Then the bubble itself is composed of soap and water, the first being a solid substance composed of a fat and a metallic oxide, and the second, of course, being the liquid water. We therefore have the solid soap, the liquid water, and the gaseous air, all concerned and all essential to the formation of the bubble, thus giving a practical illustration of the three forms of matter, liquids, solids, and gases, being concerned in the formation of a bubble.

It is quite certain that we could not blow the bubble with a drop of water itself, but it is equally certain that when the soap is added we can blow the bubble. One of the greatest marvels is that the film of soap and water forming the bubble is probably the thinnest thing in creation. Supposing we could take a small section of the bubble as big as a pin's head, no balance, however delicate, could measure the weight of this particle, and yet in that particle of stuff we should have all the chemical elements that go to form water and soap. There would be present in that infinitely small quantity of matter the proper proportions of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sodium, and other elements, and this gives us some idea of the greatness of little things.

THE FORM OF A BUBBLE

next demands consideration. Whilst it is being blown it is elongated, something like the shape of a lemon; when it is resting on a wire it is more the shape of an orange; but when free in the air it is perfectly round. All bubbles and drops assume the globular form. Raindrops and dewdrops are good illustrations. Drops of water sprinkled upon a dusty surface assume the shape of little balls. Mercury will do the same when dropped on any dry surface.

This globular form is persisted in by all liquids, and our soap bubble is no exception to the rule. We may learn something about this by considering a drop of water before it falls. First it gathers in exceedingly small quantity at some point, and then increases more and more, the drop hanging down in the form of a bag, until at last it stretches down so far that it breaks away and falls.

The drop is composed of tiny particles, each of which has an attractive force for the other,

and the force being equal in every direction, the tendency is to draw the particles to a central point, hence, as the drop breaks away, it becomes globular. In the case of a bubble we get the reverse of this, for the air is blown into the centre, and every part is pushed out with equal force, so that as long as the tenacity of the bubble is maintained, it will go on increasing in size, but its shape will always be globular.

There are three great forces at work in the making of the bubble—attraction, cohesion, and elasticity. We may easily show that there is attraction between a solid and a liquid. If a number of glass tubes of fine bore are stood in a dish of water, it will be seen that the water rises on the inside of the tubes, and the finer the bore the higher the water will rise. This force of attraction is exerted between the particles of water, as some rise against the solid sides of the tube, others are attracted and follow until they stand at definite heights in the tubes. Such a force is called capillary attraction, and it is capable of exerting itself in many ways.

The elasticity of the water is shewn in the curves seen in the tubes. The weight of the water tends to cause it to fall in the tube, but the power of attraction at the sides is too great, and so we get the water pulled down in the centre. Water acts as though it had a skin-like covering, although of course, nothing of the kind exists. A pretty experiment may be shewn illustrating this property by blowing a large bubble on the end of a trumpet-shaped tube, and then holding the small end of the tube against the flame of a candle. The elastic skin-like nature of the bubble will press out the air with considerable force, and blow against the candle flame.

We may illustrate the property of cohesion by making a spiral of iron wire, and then fastening the two ends to a piece of straight wire running down the centre. On dipping this into our soap mixture, we shall find that the film will stretch across the spaces and give us the pretty effect of the particles of water not breaking away, but being held across the spaces by the cohesion of one with the other. The reason why a bubble floats in the air is that gases have different weights. Now, although we blow air into the bubble, and there is also air outside, yet the air within the bubble is warm from the lungs, and is therefore lighter than the colder air outside, hence the bubble floats. If we blew the bubble with hydrogen gas, then it would rise with great speed into the air, because that gas is 14 times lighter than the air. A pretty experiment may be shewn illustrating this by putting sodium bi-carbonate and tartaric acid into a glass vessel, and then adding water. There will be great effervescence and a liberation of carbonic acid gas. This latter is much heavier than air, and will remain in the vessel. If we now blow a bubble and let it fall into the vessel, it will not sink to the bottom, but will float on the invisible carbonic acid gas.

We have not said anything about the many pleasing forms of bubbles that may be blown, but have confined our attention to the philosophy of the bubble itself.

Worth Thinking About.

From the Book of the Day—"The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell. (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton).

IT may be doubted if the world has ever actually suffered from

OVER-PRODUCTION.

The radical defect in the economic situation is always one of

UNDER CONSUMPTION.

Over-production of two million pairs of boots is not over-production while ten million people remain unshod. What is needed is to stimulate consumption, but the man who is thriftless, lazy, drunken, so far from helping consumption, stops it for himself and family. It is not only what he fails to earn, and so cannot spend, that stops consumption, but what he earns and wastefully expends; for all forms of expenditure have not the same economic value. Expenditure upon drink, for example, has

NOT THE SAME REPRODUCTIVE VALUE

to the community as expenditure upon clothes, food, books, etc.

The Drink Bill for 1898 was £154,480,934, a sum equal to:

(1) Nearly one and a half times the amount of the National Revenue, or:

(2) All the rents of all the houses and farms of the United Kingdom.

No wonder that, as the same authors point out in their extract from the report of Dr. E. R. L. Gould, the Special Commissioner of the United States Labour Department: The danger resident in these huge national liquor bills reaches beyond misery and moral degradation. Civilisation itself is menaced by this growing economic waste. If it be true—and there seems to be a general opinion to that effect—that excesses are less frequent now than formerly amongst the upper classes, the burden must be

FALLING CHIEFLY UPON THOSE WHO ARE LEAST ABLE TO SUPPORT IT.

Certainly, the family budget of the wage-earner is not so flexible that liberal expenditures for drink may be made with impunity. So delicately adjusted is the balance that the status of a new generation is largely

DETERMINED BY THE QUANTITY OF LIQUOR

the fathers consume.

A CHINESE woman asked a missionary once, "What does love mean?" The word for it and the thing itself were new to her. It was difficult to explain with the want of a common ground of knowledge. But after a while she came back to the missionary to tell him that she understood the word now. She had meantime been "found of Christ," and she said, "Love is Christ inside. I don't see Him, but I know He is in my heart."

How many boys have you to keep the liquor "industry" in working order?



CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

By "A Children's Man."

My Dear Children,

How should you like this dear old New Zealand chief for your father? I expect you shrug your shoulders and say, "Oh *no*, thank you." Well, don't shake yourselves out of your shoes and socks over it, my dears, because you needn't have him for your father unless you like; but do you know, I think he would make a kind old "daddy!"



There used to be a great many of these wonderful chiefs in New Zealand; they were called Maoris (the "Mao" is pronounced in the same way as you pronounce the name of this pretty creature which gives you such lovely milk for breakfast)! Well, what was it, do you think, caused so many of these noble Maoris to die, so that there are very few remaining?



Alas! I am sorry to say, it was caused by the greedy drink sellers who were not satisfied with selling their horrible fiery drinks to the white people, but they sent shiploads of "firewater" over the seas to New Zealand, and the noble New Zealanders were deluded into drinking it and died by thousands.

Once, when they drank water from the brooks, they were so healthy that if they got a cut in battle, even if it were a *very* deep one, it healed up in a few days, but when they had made their bodies so diseased with the white man's poisonous spirits, their flesh became so unhealthy that they could not recover if they got badly hurt. We see just the same terrible result of drinking this poison before our eyes every day, for the flesh of brewers' men cannot heal because they are so full of the deadly poison in the beer they drink so freely of. Ah, my precious children, never, never taste anything that can intoxicate.

You cannot drink a single glass without taking away from your flesh some of its power to heal up quickly, and you never know how soon you may have an accident. There is a young man living in the house where I am at the present moment; he fell over a cat the other day which rushed between his legs as he was walking across the floor of a shop and he was carrying a big bottle of sweets in his hand; the bottle smashed and cut his arm and his leg most dreadfully so that a doctor had to stitch them both up, but although only a few days have passed, the wounds are beautifully healed, and he is walking about again. And the reason why his flesh has healed so quickly is because he is a teetotaler. How *much* wiser it is, dear boys and girls, never to taste a single drop of these blood poisoning drinks, is it not? I never do!—Believe me, your loving friend,

The "Children's Man."

A FRESH "LITTLE BOY BLUE!"

Little Boy Blue come blow up your horn,
And blow up the brewers for spoiling the corn.
Blow them up to the sky in the moon or the sun,
And while they are up we will let the taps run.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. Because when he has a wife he can never support her (sup porter).
2. When it is a bad one.
3. Facetious.
4. None. They are all carried there.
5. They cannot be landlords without tenants (ten ants).
6. Because they are never seen very near each other.
7. Because if they did not, they would fall out.

SIX MORE RIDDLES.

Don't forget to look out for the Answers next month.

1. There was once a captain named Captain Silk. Why was his name the very best possible one for a soldier?

2. My first I hope you are, my second I see you are, my whole I know you are.

3. My first is the cause of my second, and my whole is what every good man in the year 1899 is afraid wicked people will take from him.

4. What county in England can be represented by two letters?

5. Why is a bad cold likely to humble a proud man?

6. When is a clock dangerous?

WHAT DOES MY NAME MEAN?

(*B's this time.*)

BOYS—

Benjamin, the son of a right hand.
Baldwin, a brave winner.
Bertram, fair.
Bernard, bold.

GIRLS—

Barbara, foreign.
Beatrice, making happy.
Bertha, famous.
Bridget, shining bright.

Abel's Promise.



"NO, I go for gin 'thout any water; gi' me somethin' as tastes." And the burly driver cracked his whip.

"Tastes ain't all alike," said the man at his side, a slender, well-made personage, who had just given the driver a "pull" at his brandy-bottle, a flask all covered with pure-looking straw, worked in various devices.

"No, that's true, sir. Gen'le'm like you (and I takes you air a gen'le'm," he added, running a hasty glance over the seedy clothes) "likes brandy."

"Oh! no, if that's what you mean," laughed the other; "only from hand to mouth; nothing put by—nothing," he finished, not with a laugh, but with a sigh.

"Well, it's a precious cold day for poor or rich," said the driver, touching up his off horse.

"Stop," said the other; "there's something in the road."

"It's a man; he's drunk I guess," said Jehu, reining in. "Holloa, there, get out of the way; don't you see the horses? Why, it's a lad, sir."

"Better get down and see about it, hadn't we?"

"Well, I reckon I'll hold the horses, the cold's put life into 'em, and they're a little techy."

With some difficulty the other climbed over the wheels and touched the ground. He stooped over the boy, shook him, and presently said—

"He's all right. Boy, do you know you narrowly escaped being run over?

"I was sleeping or something," said the boy, stupidly looking around. "My head was dizzy; I guess I was tired."

"I should think so. How far are you going?"

"Over to Warren."

"Well, I live there myself. Driver, let him in; I'll pay; the child looks sick."

"All right; only half-price." And the boy was snugly seated between them.

"Whose establishment is that?" queried the man who had picked up the boy, against whose shoulder the youngster lay—for he had gone to sleep again.

"That's Cyrus Mott's. Biggest hotel in the place. Why, sir, I knew that man when he wasn't worth one darned cent; no, sir, not one. Came over here poorer nor any church mouse you could find in a deserted meetin'-house—and there he is."

"Don't take his own liquor, I take it then?" said the other.

The driver looked at him squarely, as if he had never thought of the thing—"Well, no, I s'pose he doesn't," he said. "Come in and take a glass. Wake the youngster up; he shall have some too."

The boy was roused with difficulty, and made to understand that he was to go in and get something.

"Yes," he muttered; "so hungry! so hungry!" but they did not hear him.

Presently they stood by the bar. Suddenly the boy looked up, trembling all over.

"Mister, is this a bar?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy," said the keeper.

"Then there's a curse upon it, and I won't stay here," cried the child with vehemence. "Who brought me in here? My father died of the delirium tremens last week, and it killed my mother, and she made me promise when she was a dying"—here the boy began to sob—"that I'd never touch a drop of liquor in my life, for it killed all our family, and I won't, so God help me!"

"What are you talking about?" cried the bar-keeper, with a scowl on his low forehead, and an oath on his coarse lips.

"I'm talking about what killed all of our family," cried the boy with another sob—"RUM!"

The three men were silent—one from anger, one from shame, and one from thinking sorrowfully that this demon had also killed all his family.

"Who are you, boy, and who was your father?" asked the shabby gentleman.

"I'm Abel Stone, and my father was Abel Stone, and my mother was Rachel Stone; and I—I'm most starved, but I wouldn't tetch to eat here, I wouldn't," said the boy with another burst of indignation.

"Come here, Abel, said the first speaker; "I am your uncle, and your poor mother was my only sister. And so rum killed her, did it?"

"Yes, sir, it did," sobbed the boy; "father was bad to her, but she always said it was the drink."

"Yes, accursed drink!" muttered the man.

Abel was treated to a good supper, but not in the hotel; and his uncle took him home, vowing that from the moment the boy entered his house, rum should go out.

"PENNY."

By ELEANOR GREENHOUGH.

(Continued from last month.)

"A soul has seen,
By the means of evil, that good is best."
—*R. Browning.*

SYNOPSIS:—Penny, a child organ-grinder, enters through the window of a room in which Mrs. Temple lay dead, and takes away therefrom a valuable bangle. Amy Temple entering to search for this sees outside her brother Philip, who, a doctor, in a drunken brawl had disgraced himself, and left home. She, missing the bangle, believes him the thief and closes her heart against him.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP walked slowly and sorrowfully away. The road was dismal with its untrodden snow and wet fog, but he hardly noticed it. It was in accordance with his own mood. That hour to him was even darker than that in which he had come to his senses in prison. The last remnant of hope seemed to have been cut off from him. He had been working hard, and earnestly trying to redeem himself before he went home to ask forgiveness. He had at last won himself respect and trust in the poor neighbourhood where he had taken post as assistant to a busy parish doctor. He had come home full of hope; full of plans by which he could undo his evil past. Of the reality he had never dreamed. No one had sent him the news of his mother's death, not even the old family lawyer, who had kept sight of him all the time; but the drawn blinds, the strong scent of white flowers wafted from the unclosed window, his sister's expression of mingled scorn and horror, had told their own tale to him. Never could he retrace his steps or make up for his past life. The same old despairing cry: Never can the past be washed out; what is written is written, the future remains ours, the other has passed out of our hands for ever.

Philip at last realised it deeply and bitterly. Repentance seemed to him to be of no avail. Somehow he had never dreamt of this; no thought of any possible alteration in the home had crossed his mind. He had mentally rehearsed his return hundreds of times; it had been the star of hope beckoning him on. But this blank unavailing weight of remorse, this everlasting impossibility of making the slightest recompense, had never dawned upon him. It fell the heavier now from its very unexpectedness, and Philip felt crushed and hopeless. He walked dejectedly along, looking neither to the right nor left, not noticing the tired child and the donkey as he passed them. But Penelope envied the strong man who strode by as if he felt no cold and dampness, and who had no tiresome donkey to manage. Yet Penny, with all her hunger and exhaustion and discouragement, was living in a perfect heaven of happiness, when her woes were compared with Philip's misery and dejection.

Nearer the town some children were going from door to door, prematurely wailing forth, "Peace on earth," but Philip knew there was no Christmas peace possible for him.

* * * * * * * *

Was it only a few days, or was it a life-time before Amy stood at the side of the grave, in the old church-yard, and saw all that was mortal of her mother lowered into the earth? She never could tell. Time was not measured in the usual way; the slow hours crawled by, and yet rushed cruelly fast.

She went back to that lonely home, where the housemaid had drawn up the blinds, and had tried—with poor success—to make it all look cheerful. She sat down on her mother's chair, and mechanically drank the cup of tea which the nurse brought to her. Across the hall the other mourners—in name only—were sitting down in the dining-room. Amy could hear them talking; and was that a laugh? She shrank back. Who could have been so cruel as to laugh just then? True, it had been repressed instantly, and turned into a very ghost of a laugh, but it was an unmistakable one, and it hurt Amy like a blow. Sister Ruth (the nurse) came in, softly busying herself about the room; attempting no useless comfort, nor troubling Amy with talk. She knew that just quiet companionship was the only possible comfort for the lonely girl, and for that reason she stayed on after her help was no longer needed.

Amy sat still. Everything was changed. She had taken a long step forward in experience of the world's sin and of human sorrow, and never could she be the same light-hearted girl again. It seemed such a short time ago since she had danced with careless glee through life. Her worst trouble being some slight thing, too light to be counted now as a trouble at all—a wet day, a dress that was not quite as she had ordered it, some trifle light as air. She looked back to that time now. She remembered once, in some sudden dawning ambition, she had written a story; it had pleased her so much when it was completed, and she thought of it now. That poor thing a life story? How could she have dreamt for a moment that she knew life? Why, she did not know it even yet, but she knew that what she had called life hitherto was nothing like the bleak and barren way that had opened before her now. The whole of the trouble and sin of the universe seemed to suddenly shut her in, overpowering her. Amy had made no plans yet for her future; she hardly cared what became of her. But while she was letting things drift, Sister Ruth and the old family lawyer had been planning.

"The girl's alone in the world, Sister, now," he said, "except for that brother of her's, and he has been a worthless scamp for some time past. Beyond knowing his address, in some slum, I know nothing about him, and what can I do with a girl left on my hands?" The old man ruffled up his hair in a perplexed manner, adding, "It isn't a matter of money; in that she's all right, but she can't be left alone here."

"Let me take her, if she's willing to come, Mr. Howard; at least she can try how she would like my sort of life. It is interesting and absorbing, and would take the poor girl out of herself."

So it came about that a week later Amy found herself established in the hospital where Sister Ruth worked, glad to be taken in hand and cared for, without the trouble of arranging matters for herself. She worked hard, too hard, Sister Ruth said. She did not spare herself in any way; her face had become very hard and worn. All happiness had left her; left her for ever she thought, not knowing how every human life alternates between joy and sorrow all along the way; that morning always succeeds night by the unvarying laws of nature.

The ward was very bright one day; the winter's sunshine lit up the long room from end to end. The red bed-jackets of the patients, the green and flowering plants in the windows, made a cheery picture, notwithstanding the pain and sickness and sorrow within the four walls. The approaching Christmas season seemed to be creating a cheery excitement among the patients. Those who were well enough were making plans for spending it in their homes. Some were already busily knitting and preparing things for Christmas presents. The sunshine did not cheer Amy up. Its brightness was too great a contrast to her mood.

A young girl, recovering health and spirits, hopped down the ward on her crutches, singing cheerfully,



No one could lift Bobby Martin, the little cripple, with such gentle care.

"Oh! love for a year, a week, a day,
But alas! for the love that lives alway."

This was the last straw to Amy. The words seemed to penetrate through the frozen surface, and touch the aching pain beneath. She turned quickly from the work she was doing, and hastened from the ward, brushing past Sister Ruth without any explanation or apology. But Sister Ruth had been through it all herself in years gone by, and, as "our own tears give us power all other tears to explain," she let Amy go without asking any questions.

"Poor girl," she murmured, she has not yet come out on the other side; she must have time and patient treatment before she finds that life is richer and fuller than she thinks it is now."

And as the Sister went down the ward from bed to bed, with words of encouragement, hope, or sympathy, her face was so sweet and peaceful, that more than one poor woman was struck by her expression.

"Ay, Sister Ruth does look rare and bonny today, to be sure," said one woman, when the Sister had left the ward.

"She may well," responded a sour-faced woman in a bed near her. "She hasn't got no worries like the likes of us 'as; give her a drunken man and six brats, and she'll none look so pleasant long."

"There's them as makes a deal of their own worries," said the first woman, knowing that her neighbour was not immaculate on the subject of drinking herself, any more than her husband, nor was she noted for her thrift in her home, or cleanliness and care for her children; "and Sister's had a deal of trouble, according to all accounts. It's her sweet temper that makes her so pleasant, and"—she added in an undertone, for religious discussions were not easy or pleasant in the company of such neighbours—"something else too; she knows things are right in this world and the next."

"All right, are they? Then they are not; and if Sister knows that, she knows a deal too much, for it ain't true."

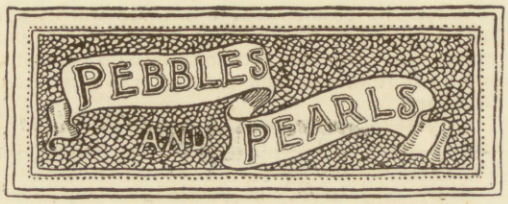
Sister Ruth came back at that moment, and, catching her own name, she came to the side of the bed, smiling down on the discontented occupant.

But the complaining voice died away to a sullen mutter, and she refused to speak.

Amy had gone to her own room, and there for a few moments she had indulged in that rare luxury of a "good cry."

Sister Ruth, when she came across her later on, and saw that she was doing her work with more evident interest, felt triumphantly that her cure had begun to work.

TO BE CONTINUED.



ALCOHOL is not a gift of God, but the devil's most powerful agent for destroying God's image in man.

IN every age, in every clime,
Drink leads to want
And want conducts to crime.

SHE: "Isn't it awful cold here?"
He: "I think you need something around you." And the improvement was made forthwith.

JOHNNY: "May I wake the baby, mamma?"
Mamma: "Why do you want to wake the baby?"
Johnny: "So's I can play on my drum."

SHORTSON: "Shyson, until now I have never felt obliged to ask you for a loan."
Shyson: "And, strange to say, Shortson, until now I have never felt obliged to refuse you."

INSTRUCTIONS. Chicago Hotel Clerk: "I shall have to give you a room on the eighteenth floor, sir." Guest: "All right. If anyone calls to see me, tell them I am out of town."

BINKS: "How did you ever bribe a policeman?"
Pinks: "Gave him five shillings to advise our cook to stay."

DURING the teaching of the temperance Sunday school lesson, an Indian boy, ten years old, was asked, "What does alcohol do in a man's brain?" He answered, "It makes him think crooked."

MAMMA: "You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy, she does it for his own good."
Johnny: "Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM: "This new clerk doesn't know much about getting up an advertisement."
His partner: "No?"
The Head of the Firm: "No; he says here, 'our prices are reasonable.'"

THE late Sir Andrew Clark declared:—"I have the evidence in my own personal experience of the enormous number of people who pass before me every year, and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets the less alcohol he takes. . . Good health, in my opinion, will always be injured by even small doses of alcohol. Even in small doses it will take the bloom off, and injure the loveliness of health, both mental and moral.

Adam's Ale.

IT was a very warm day when Farmer Welden began ploughing the south meadow, where the grass had grown rank. His forehead became moist and his throat dry as he followed the plough across the field. Over in the corner where the bushes cast a shade he had placed a jug full of a drink that never failed him when thirsty. He drank from it several times during the day. On the other side of the fence a young man was lying on the ground in the shade. He had been asleep. His eyes were red; he looked wretched. He was thirsty. He awoke just as Farmer Welden left his horses and went over to the corner near where he was lying. He saw him lift his jug to his lips and take from it long draughts. It made the young man feel still more thirsty to see the farmer enjoy his drink. He jumped up quickly and shouted:—

"Hallo; what have you got there to drink?"

The farmer turned quickly, meeting the eyes of the young man eagerly fixed upon him and his jug. He felt sure, however, that the drink that satisfied him would not satisfy the younger man. He beamed upon his visitor a kindly smile as he replied:

"Oh! it is nothing that will hurt man or beast, I assure you, if it is in a jug. It is only pure Adam's ale, brewed this morning under the elms you see over yonder. Will you have a pull?"

Then he rested the jug upon the fence, and the young man drank as if he was burning with thirst. When he had finished the farmer said to him:

"You'd better drink more of this kind of ale, young man, and less of 'tother, hadn't you?"

"Yes sir, I had," was his reply. "I wish with all my heart that I had never tasted anything stronger."

"Well, then, young man, take an old man's advice, and stop at once. I can drink as much as I please of my Adam's ale and feel none the worse for it. Instead, it freshens me up, and makes me strong and ready for work. I reckon you cannot say the same of yours?"

"No, sir, I cannot. I am wretched this morning."

"Yes, I see you are."

After a few more kind words and good advice, which were listened to because given so kindly, the elder man swung down the jug into the shade, gathered up the reins, and said to his horses:

"Come, lads, get up! Go 'long there. Bill! What are you about there, Doll, old girl? We must be after them thistles lively."

His advice is just as good for us as it was for the young man. Adam's ale is the safest drink, the best drink for every one. Why is it called "Adam's ale?" Because it was the drink God supplied for Adam in the Garden of Eden.

WHAT makes drunkards? Strong drink. Who sells the drink? The publican. Who created the public-house? The law. Who makes the law? The legislator. Who make the legislator? The people. Who are the people? We are the people.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally.

CHAPTER VIa.—Motherly Advice.

MRS. SMITH came into the room as Sally left it, and proceeded to explore the cupboard.

"Just as I expected, nothing but a scrap of dry bread in the house, and that ungrateful lodger gone off without paying."

"If you will tell me where to find a shop, Mrs. Smith, I will go and buy a bit of tea and bread, for Sally said that she could not get any until she had taken her work in."

"Look here, Miss Ward, if you can make the kettle boil and set the tea things for four, I will go to the shop."

In an incredibly short space of time Mrs. Smith was back with a multifarious collection of provisions.

"There, now, can you cut some bread and butter, whilst I cook these herrings? We don't come out to tea every day."

Violet told Mrs. Smith all that had passed between Sally and herself.

"I am right glad, Miss Ward; but you won't be offended if I speak plainly, will you? You see I'm but a poor woman myself."

"You have been very kind, and I will do whatever you advise."

"You see Mrs. Holmes has paid up, so that you owe me nothing, and I have heard of a couple that are likely to take my rooms. I would have let you stop with me in the kitchen, but you could not carry this work all that way, to say nothing of the loss of time, so my advice is this: Take lodgings here, and work along with Sally. It will be cheaper and better for you, and you will soon get used to the neighbourhood."

"I think that you are right, for I have only ten shillings now, and what I earn would not be sufficient to pay you, Mrs. Smith."

"Listen to me. Put that ten shillings away, and do not touch it whilst you have any work to do."

"I thought that——"

"I have lived longer than you, Miss Ward; Put it into the Post-office Savings Bank, and I will arrange for you to board with Sally, and you must make your wages do."

All being prepared, Mrs. Green was brought in, and her pale face expanded into a smile as she saw the bounteous fare.

"God will reward you for this, Milly!" she exclaimed.

When Sally returned she could scarcely believe it, when she saw her mother sitting at the table. They were a happy party, and as Violet listened to the expressions of thankfulness over this meagre fare, she thought of the sumptuous feasts in her brother's house, and wondered what made the difference.

Mrs. Smith explained her plan to Mrs. Green and Sally, and, to Violet's surprise the latter exclaimed,

"There, mother, didn't I tell you the dear Lord would send somebody?"

"Eh, lass, but He is rare and good to us, after all," replied her mother.

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CHAPTER VII.—Deliverance.

"Violet, will you come to the mission to-night? Mr. Turner is coming, and you will like him I'm sure," said Sally, coming into the room where Violet was reading to old Mrs. Green.

"How can we both go and leave mother, Sally?"

"Mrs. Connor will sit with her whilst we are away."

Violet had been six months an inhabitant of Crown Court. The scenes that she witnessed, and the sounds that she heard there had strengthened her resolve to have nothing to do with the drink that could work such woe. She had learned to love Sally and her mother, whose simple trust in God, and their unselfish work for others, even amid such surroundings, made her feel that they had something that she had not.

She longed to know the secret her humble friends possessed, but she made no sign. She did not know that Sally and her mother and the friends at the hall were praying for her, pleading on her behalf. She had often heard them speak of this Mr. Turner, who had been instrumental in doing much good in the neighbourhood, but had never yet seen him.

They were early; and as they went to take their places a man came forward with a message from Miss Beale, the young lady who played the organ, saying that she had been taken suddenly ill and would not be able to come that night.

"Oh dear, what shall we do? It is too late to send to anyone else, and the service will be a failure," said the leader of the singers.

"God will take care of His own work, brethren, let us ask Him to supply the gap," said an old saint, whose face shone with the light of heaven.

"He raised his hand, and all sat with bowed heads whilst he prayed aloud, "Oh Lord, Thou seest our difficulty; Thou hast laid Thine hand upon our sister and kept her at home for a purpose. Now, Lord, supply her place. If Thou hast to send an angel from heaven to play for us we believe that Thou wilt do it rather than leave Thy work undone. We ask for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen."

There was a moment's pause, and then he said,

"Will you who are able to play come to the help of the Lord?"

Quietly Violet stepped forward, and the old man cried, "Praise the Lord!"

Sally's eyes opened wide, as, after a moment's consultation with the leader, Violet sat down and began to play a voluntary. The leader gave a sigh of relief as he recognised a master touch. Violet soon forgot herself in the loved employ, and, though she had only sat down to test the instrument, she played on until the minister entered, and in a clear ringing voice gave out the hymn,

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

Where had she heard that voice before? She did not turn her head, but through the singing of that beautiful hymn and the touching prayer that followed, Violet felt that here was one who meant every word that he uttered, and yet it fell upon her ears like the strain of a long-forgotten song.

Earnestly he spoke of the good news that God had sent His Son into the world that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

"My dear friends," he urged, "will you not accept this good news for yourselves? You are in danger of perishing, and you know it. You cannot save yourselves. You have tried it and found it a miserable failure. Let Jesus save you. He is ready, He is willing to save each one to-night. Listen, I will tell you how I was saved from perishing by water, and again from perishing eternally. I was away for my holiday last year, when one stormy day I went to engage a boat. The man wanted to accompany me, but I said that I was quite able to manage it myself. That is just what some of you are saying to-night. Well, I went out alone, and when I tried to return I found that the current was too strong for me; the boat upset, and I was thrown into the water. I was perishing, and I cried aloud for help, but the cruel waves tossed me about like a cork, and I sank—as I thought—to rise no more, but God was watching over me, though I knew Him not. A young lady had seen the accident from her window, and with her brother hastened to my assistance. They saved my life, but would you believe it? instead of giving up my spared life to God I learned to drink and gamble in that beautiful home. The young man was living a fast life, but his sister faithfully warned me not to follow in his footsteps. I meant to take her advice, but the devil proved too strong for me. I tried in my own strength, and when temptation came I fell. One night I reeled home in a state of intoxication. My mother's heart was almost broken; but on the following morning, when I came down with aching head, there was nothing but kind words for me. Not a word of reproach. Friends, that cut me like a knife. I was prepared to resent any interference, and I verily believe that if my mother had scolded me I should have gone forth and been lost, but this I could not stand. It made me feel like the brute I was. I brought down my hand on the breakfast table with a force that made all the crockery rattle, and I said, 'This is the last time that a drop of intoxicating drink shall ever cross my lips!' I meant it, friends.

"I was in danger of perishing, and the pierced hand was outstretched to save me, but as yet I had not grasped it. A fellow-clerk gave me a little book entitled 'How to fight the devil.' I was alone in the office that night, having a task to finish, and temptation assailed me. I had closed and was about to go—where? Suddenly I seemed to see the devil himself at the door. He was dressed as a gentleman, but I knew well who it was. I attempted to fight him, but I could not throw him, and I was in despair, when I heard a voice say, 'Hide behind Me.' I looked up and saw one whom I knew to be

Jesus, for his hands were pierced, and I hid behind Him and the devil was gone. I looked into His loving eyes and said, 'My Lord and my God.' He smiled upon me and said, 'My son.' He was gone, and I found myself leaning upon the desk, but the burden had gone from my heart. I was hiding behind my Saviour, and I picked up my pen and wrote to tell my fellow-clerk that I too was a Christian. Something whispered, 'Wait till morning, it is only a dream; you will be just as bad in the morning.' But I said, 'Nay, if Christ can save me I trust Him to do it.' And I'm trusting still, my friends. These have been the happiest months of my life, and it is my highest joy to point others to the same hiding place. Oh, my dear fellow-sinners, will you come? I do not know why I have told you this story; I had no intention of doing so, but God must see that somebody present needs it, or He would not have led me thus to speak of myself."

Violet played the hymn, and joined heartily in the refrain, "Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee."

There was an after-meeting, and Violet left the organ and sat a little way off. To Sally's surprise and delight she remained, and when the minister gave an invitation to any who wished to declare themselves on the Lord's side to come forward, Violet rose and went with a firm step.

"Are you willing to come to Jesus just now and give up all sin?"

"I have just stepped behind Jesus, whilst you were speaking, Mr. Turner, and I feel so happy, but I came out to show that I mean it."

"Tell me, are you Miss Ward, or am I mistaken?" inquired the minister after the meeting was over.

"I am Violet Ward, but in very altered circumstances," and in a few words she told him about Frank.

This was the beginning of a new life for Violet. Her joy was now to speak of the Saviour to those with whom she came in contact.



Before, she had drawn her skirts round her in passing down the court, and remained a stranger to its inmates, but now her heart ached with pity for these miserable men, women, and children.

She had often noticed a little cripple boy, whose father was a terrible drunkard. Now she saw in him one for whom her Saviour died.

"Good evening, Willie; see, I've brought you a pretty flower," she said pleasantly, as she placed a bright blossom in his hands, and wondered that she had never noticed before how thin they were.

A bright smile lit up the wan face, and the great dark eyes grew pathetic in their longing.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked gently, as she stroked his hair.

"Please, are you the angel that mother said she would send to take me to Jesus? Do you know Jesus?"

"Yes, I do know Jesus, and love Him very dearly, Willie."

"Then you must be the angel. I am so glad, because I forget, and nobody ever tells me about Him now, but when father gets drunk I say, 'Gentle Jesus,' and I don't feel frightened any more."

The tears sprang into Violet's eyes unbidden, and gathering the little fellow in her arms she bore him away, and let him sit beside her whilst she worked. He listened with rapt attention whilst she told the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

From that time Willie looked forward to the hours spent with "his angel," as he persisted in calling her, as the bright spot in his dreary life.

It gradually became the daily custom for Violet to run in and bring Willie after his father had gone to work, and let him sit by her side.

Sally was equally kind to the poor boy, but it was Violet upon whose lips he would hang, and whom his pathetic eyes followed. It was a great treat to him when Violet and Sally together raised their voices and joined in singing of Jesus. He would listen with rapt attention, afraid to lose a

a single note, and when the sweet sound ceased he would give a long-drawn sigh, as though his heart was too full for utterance. He was very quiet, and he would sit for hours without speaking, but he was taking note of all that passed, and, little as they guessed it, he would reproduce the substance of it for his father's benefit.

James Forbes was really fond of his child, and would often come straight home from work and take him on his knee and ask how he had passed the day. And the strong man would talk of what had passed at work, or sing snatches of comic songs until the weary head drooped, and then he would steal away to the public-house whilst Willie slept; and when the neighbour who looked after the house came in to put him to bed she would find him crying quietly, listening for the unsteady footsteps till he cried himself to sleep again.

Now all this was altered. Willie had found a new interest in life, but he always insisted on being taken home before father came, and when the same old question was asked Willie had such a tale to tell of the things that "his angel" had told him, and of her lovely singing, that as he listened James Forbes felt a longing arise in his heart to know more about these things; and he would sometimes ask the child questions. One night Willie ventured to say,

"Will you stop with me to-night, father?"

"I will, my lad, if you'll tell me more of what the good lady said."

The man listened with downcast eyes, and then said,

"It's all true, Willie; I know it well. I learnt it when I was a little boy like you, and if I had only come to Him then my life might have been different. Your mother would have been living now, and you might have been like other children, but now it is too late—too late. Oh! why did no angel come to me?"

"Come to Jesus now, father. He will save you and make you so that you won't want to get drunk any more."

"Nay, lad, *that* would be a salvation worth having, but even your angel cannot promise me that."

"Jesus can, father!"

"It is too late, Willie; I must have the drink. To be without it a single night nearly drives me mad. If I asked your Jesus to take me to-night, and I signed the pledge, I should break it on Saturday, if not before."

"I am sure that you need not, father. I wish you would ask my angel about it. I know that Jesus can do it, but I can't tell you how. Mr. Turner told my angel that God is stronger than the devil. Those were his very words, father."

"No! I am too bad, Willie; I am lost for ever."

The day following, Willie was carried in by Violet as usual, but he was even more than usually silent. Violet thought that he felt poorly and sang for him, whilst Sally tried to tempt his appetite.

Gilbert Turner, who was now a frequent visitor in Crown Court, called in to tell Violet that he had been to see Frank and found him much worse, in fact the doctor did not think that he would live many weeks.

"Oh, my poor brother, is it possible for him to be saved?" exclaimed Violet, with quivering lips.

"Nothing is impossible with God," responded the young man gently.

"The drink has been his ruin, body and soul."

"The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost."

"I've seen the worst of drunkards saved by the power of Jesus," interposed Sally.

None of them noticed that the cripple's eyes were shining like stars, and his hands clasped in the intensity of interest, until he burst forth with the eager question,

"Is that true? Oh, tell me, is it really true?"

"Is what true, Willie?" said Violet, as she gently stroked the boy's hair.

"Can Jesus save the lost?" he repeated.

"He came to earth and lived and died on purpose, Willie."

"Father says that he is lost—eternally lost; can Jesus save him?"

A new light dawned upon the minds of the listeners at these words, and by dint of questioning they managed to extract from Willie the substance of the conversation that he had had with his father.

Together they knelt, and Gilbert prayed earnestly that James Forbes might be saved from sin and made a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now I know that father will be lost no longer. I must go, please, there is the buzzer, and I want to tell him it is true."

"All right, my little man, I will carry you home," said Gilbert cheerily, as he raised his light form and bore him away.

(*To be Continued*).

DAY BY DAY:

VIGNETTES FROM A DISTRICT NURSE'S EXPERIENCES.



Miss F. E. WHITFIELD.

DISTRICT nurses have better opportunities than clergymen, doctors, philanthropic visitors and others for seeing people as they are. In and out of the homes they go, their presence making little difference, seeing the inhabitants living their own lives; often the recipients of their confidence, and frequently the pained discoverers of the grimmest family skeletons.

One, Miss Whitfield (whose portrait we give), Matron of the Warrington District Nurses'

Association, at a recent Band of Hope Workers' Conference, declared: "I have no hesitation in declaring the cause of the deplorable condition of things, as we see them from day to day, to be DRINK. King Alcohol rules! Scarcely do we enter a home that is not cursed by his terrible rule. Daily are we saddened and cut to the heart by the fearful stories we hear of prospects blighted, homes wrecked, lives ruined by this awful curse."

Then she proceeded to give the following and other cases from her own experience in proof of her statement. True they are all of one town, but alas! their counterparts are to be found in all great towns, for the

TERRIBLE DOINGS OF DRINK

abound on every hand, in every centre of population "the greatest blot on this age of progress, the most hideous marring of our boasted civilisation."

Let Miss Whitfield, in her own words, tell us what she has found and quicken us, sting us, fire us to renewed hatred of the drink demon and his fiendishness:—

"OH, MY DADDY! OH, MY DADDY!"

One woman we attended for months—a bright, cheerful, hard-working soul, a good wife and mother, and possessed of a fine sense of honour not usually found in one of her class. She had lived for her husband and her children, and theirs had been one of the happiest homes in the kingdom—but, alas! Ned began to play with edged tools; he took to drinking. Oh, no! he was not a drunkard; he would come home helpless about once in two months. The children were dismayed and shocked at the novel spectacle, and the youngest, a girl of five, would sob her little heart out by her mother's bedside, crying "Oh, my daddy! Oh, my daddy!" The poor wife, sad at heart, would pray for her deluded husband, and, in response to his abject pleading when he came to himself, would freely forgive him.

Gradually, the sober intervals grew shorter and shorter, the poor wife grew tired of forgiving him, and became weaker and weaker with anxiety about her children, until at last the weary, broken heart was stilled for ever, and the little ones were left to the care of a father who had, by this time, given up striving against the degradation and destruction of his better nature, and who kept his bed drinking away his sense of responsibility, so besotted, that the funeral arrangements for his once-loved wife had to be entirely carried out by the neighbours.

THE SKILLED WORKMAN.

Less sad but more hopeless are the cases where the drink-fiend possesses both husband and wife. One such comes before me now of a man who, at one time, was a skilled workman, and had been with his firm for many years. Some of the glories of his position a few years back I gathered from a neighbour, who told me that not long before there would never be less than £4 a week going into that house; and, "Nurse" (this with bated breath), "they lived in a front house and had a parlour, with a velvet pile carpet and a plush suite!"

I shall never forget the condition of the room and of the patient when I paid my first visit! No longer in a front street but up a court (one of the many in our midst which are not fit for human habitation). The velvet pile carpet would have been out of place in that comfortless hovel with its bare stone floor, and the table and few ricketty chairs were more in keeping with the surroundings than the plush suite would have been!

But the condition of the patient beggars description. Helpless and paralysed—a terrible example of the effect of alcohol on the human body—lying on a couch on which was a dirty, foul-smelling flock bed—covered with rags—under him, an old, dirty, wet shawl, and, to my horror, his back a hideous raw surface through dirt and neglect.

I washed him and made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, but not a sheet was there in the house; and his former employers warned me that whatever was lent to him would be pawned for drink by his wife. They themselves sent all the food the poor fellow ever got, the bearer having strict orders to stay and feed the patient to ensure his getting it; had it not been for this act of kindness he would assuredly have died of starvation, for his wife was so demoralized by the craze for drink that she would spend her last farthing to satisfy it.

After a few weeks the poor fellow died, a wasted life, making one more victim to this terrible curse.

THE DEGRADATION OF WOMANHOOD.

Drinking among women seems to be carried on to an alarming extent. Said one of the few among them who hate the drink and have nothing to do with it: "Nurse, for one drunken man in this neighbourhood I could count 50 women, women who sit and drink in each other's houses hour by hour, sending their children with bottles and jugs to the public-house. Some old women, some little more than girls, some whose husbands are sober, respectable men, lovers of home, but who dread going home to the besotted wife and the dirty, unkempt children. And as for the children," added she, "if only the Cruelty Inspector could know, where there is one conviction of cruelty to children there are a dozen or more worse cases in the same street."

DRINK'S WIDE-SPREADING BANE.

The terrible feature of this great drink curse is, the fall or yielding to temptation of one affects the lives of so many others.

Visiting a patient suffering from a disease caused by poor living, I found it utterly impossible for her to have the nourishment necessary to her satisfactory recovery, not because her son, on whom she depended, is unsteady, on the contrary, he is a good lad, anxious to do his best for his mother, but he is a striker at the forge, and the moulder for whom he works drinks half his time.

Day after day the poor lad goes to work only to have to return because his moulder has not turned up.

This is only one instance of several I have come across lately. The drinking habits of one man have been the means of plunging two

families into poverty, with its attendant miseries.

DRINK AND INTELLIGENCE.

Take the intellectual condition: How many of the thousands of working men in the town take any interest in anything which would tend to improve their minds, increase their knowledge, or broaden their views? The greater number of those with whom we come in contact have brains so enfeebled and beclouded by drink that they cannot concentrate their thoughts; they gravitate between their work and the public-house, and any further recreation they need is found at the theatre.

"They are quite happy if they have threepence in their pockets for a half-time seat at the theatre after they have had their fill at the public house," was told me of a couple with whom my patients lodged—and to this house I went day after day, finding the husband and wife drinking upstairs together with my patient's husband, leaving the poor children to get off to school as best they could; a bit of bread and cheese for breakfast, the same for dinner, and the poor sick woman completely unattended.

"They have not sufficient enthusiasm even to be Socialists," was remarked the other day by a gentleman who has worked here among the poor for some years.

HELPS TO DOWNWARDNESS.

Drink, too, is responsible for a lamentable custom which prevails,—that of "subbing" wages, a custom whereby a man can draw his weekly wages before they are due.

The son-in-law of one of my patients is a contractor, and on Saturdays I have seen the men come to the house to be paid. I have been filled with horror and indignation at what I have heard—horror, when I have thought of the poor wife and children at home waiting for the money wherewith to buy the necessaries of life, and indignation when I have realized that it is drink which has made a man stoop to do them such a wrong. One man would have the noble sum of 2s. 6d. to draw, another would have 5s., yet another man, more enslaved than the rest, would have nothing due to him, and would ask leave to "sub" his next week's money!

Oh, what innumerable helps along the downward path there are to those who once set their faces to walk in it! The way is made so easy and so attractive, is there any wonder so many allow themselves to drift down it?

Oh, for some counter attraction to this insidious enemy!

(To be continued.)



The Fisherman's Catch.

BY MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

I'VE caught some fish in my time, mates,
As fine as e'er skimmed the sea,
But the rarest treasure I ever caught,
Is the lass that sits on my knee.

Some of the ocean dwellers
Have fins that are golden bright,
But none of them gleam like the golden hair
That tossed on the waves that night.

Tell you the story? I will, mates,
Though there isn't so much to tell;
It's just like this: We were childless,
Me, and my old wife, Nell;
That is, the youngsters—God bless 'em—
From the old roof-tree had flown,
Some away to the golden land,
Some to build nests of their own.

And so we were left quite lonesome,
Me, and my poor old wife,
While the house grew so strangely quiet,
That we longed for a warm young life
To break through the dreary stillness,
To scatter the silent gloom,
A life that was full of singing,
And rosy with summer bloom.

This longing had grown to hunger,
When, one night, when the winds were high,
And there wasn't as much as a star lamp
Hung out in the waste of sky,
I was scudding home through the billows,
With a salty wind at my back,
And my little boat with its weight of fish,
Cutting the water-track,

When I saw a glimmer of yellow,
That was dim when the sea was low,
But brightened up on the wave's white crest,
Like sunlight among the snow;
And then, as the wave fell over,
It scattered the line of gold,
And I saw the face of a baby
Just where the water rolled.

It gave me a creepy feeling,
Though I'm plucky enough as a rule,
I could only sit in my rocking boat
Watching that face like a fool,
The place looked so black and lonely,
And the wind sounded strange and wild,
And there, in the midst of the waters,
The small, white face of a child.

But at last I gathered my senses,
And caught at the gleam of gold—
The tangled curls of the little head,
That tossed in the waters cold;
Then I lifted the wee, cold lassie,
Right out of her great sea bed,
She was bound to a piece of wreckage,
And looked icy, and still, and dead.

But I pressed her into my bosom,
Till the warmth to her limbs came back,
While my little boat with its precious freight,
Still cut through the water-track,
And when I got home to the wife, mates,
And the baby was put to bed,
"I think that child is a gift from God,"
Were the words that the good soul said.



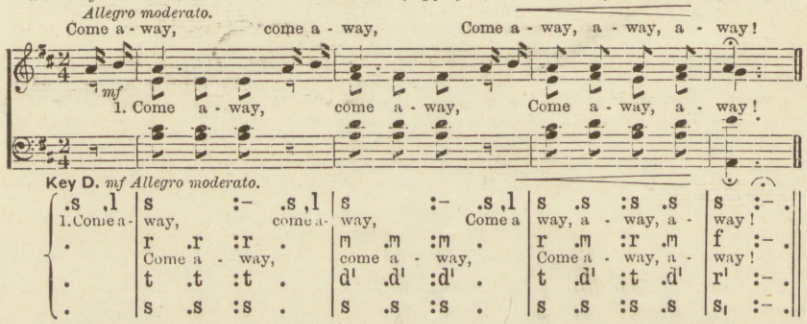
We heard in the early morning
Of a wreck of the night before,
A ship that was split on the rocks there,
With a hundred souls, or more;
And only a dozen left, mates,
To tell the sorrowful tale
Of the ship that struck on the treacherous rocks
When the wind was blowing a gale.

And whose was the bright-haired baby
We have never yet come to know,
But we kept her, the "little gift from God,"
For we love her, and bless her so;
And though I fished for full sixty years,
Both in calm and in stormy sea,
The rarest treasure I ever caught,
Is the little lass on my knee.

SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

Words by GUS ELLERTON. **Chorus.** *(Copyright.)* *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegro moderato.



Key D. *mf Allegro moderato.*

.s	,l	s	:-	.s	,l	s	:-	.s	,l	s	.s	:s	.s	s	:-	.
1. Come a-		way,		come a-		way,		Come a		way, a	- way, a -			way !		
.		r	.r	:r	.	m	.m	:m	.	r	.m	:r	.m	f	:-	.
		Come a	- way,			come a	- way,			Come a	- way, a -			way !		
.		t	.t	:t	.	d'	.d'	:d'	.	t	.d'	:t	.d'	r'	:-	.
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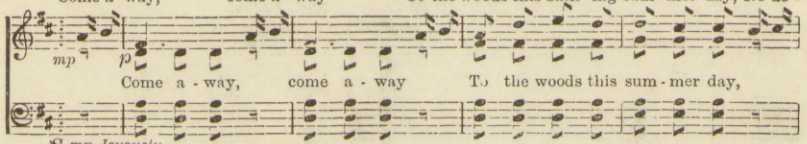
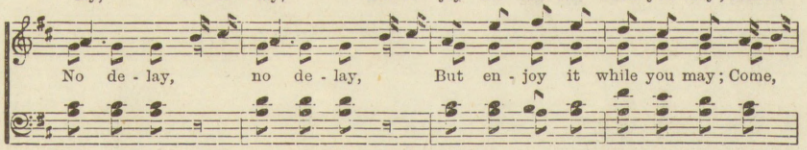
Joyously.



S. mp Joyously.

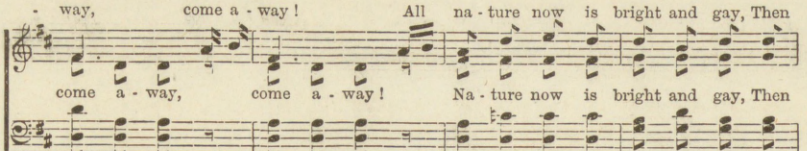
.s	,l	m	:-	.s	,l	m	:-	.s	,l	s	.d'	:r'	.d'	d'	.t	:t	.l	,t
Come a-		way,		come a-		way		To the		woods this smil-ing				sum - mer day, No de-				
.		d	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.	m	.m	:m	.m	f	.f	:f	.	
	p	Come a	- way,			come a	- way			To the woods this				sum-mer day,				
.		s	.s	:s	.	s	.s	:s	.	s	.s	:s	.s	s	.s	:s	.	
.		d	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.d	r	.r	:r	.	

- lay, no de - lay, But en - joy the sea - son while you may; Come a -



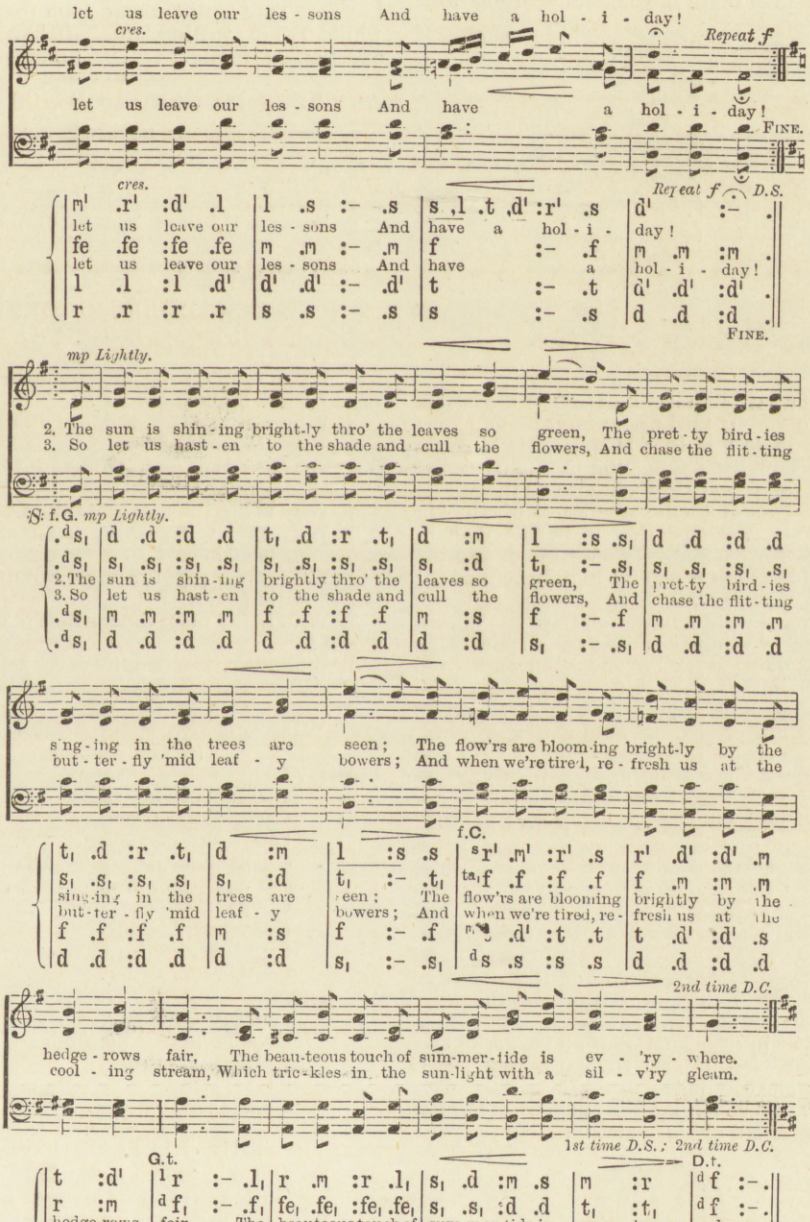
s	:-	.l	,t	s	:-	.l	,t	s	.r'	:m'	.r'	d'	.t	:l	.s	,l
lay,		no de-		lay,		But en-		joy the		sea - son		while you may; Come a-				
f	.f	:f	.	f	.f	:f	.	f	.f	:f	.f	f	.f	:f	.f	
No de -		lay,		no de -		lay,		But en -		joy it		while you may; Come,				
t	.t	:t	.	d'	.d'	:d'	.	t	.t	:l	.t	m'	.r'	:d'	.t	
s	.s	:s	.	s	.s	:s	.	s	.s	:s	.s	s	.s	:s	.s	

- way, come a - way! All na - ture now is bright and gay, Then



m	:-	.s	,l	m	:-	.s	,l	s	.d'	:r'	.d'	d'	.l	:d'	.d'	
way,		come a-		way !		All		na - ture		now is		bright and gay, Then				
m	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.	m	.m	:m	.m	f	.f	:f	.f	
come a -		way,		come a -		way !		Na - ture		now is		bright and gay, Then				
d'	.s	:s	.	s	.s	:s	.	s	.ta	:ta	.ta	l	.d'	:l	.l	
d	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.	d	.d	:d	.d	f	.f	:f	.f	

SUMMER IN THE WOODS.



CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

By "A Children's Man."

My Dear Children,

IF you look at this scraggy boy you will notice at once that there is something wrong with

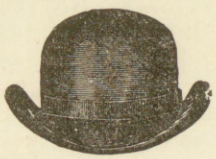


him. If you saw him walking along the street you would certainly turn round after he had gone past and have *another* look at him. He looks as though he had been spending a night in the middle of a gooseberry bush, or else as though he had dropped out of a balloon in a bed of stinging nettles, or else, perhaps, he has been trying to walk the tight-rope across a mud pond, and the tight-rope has given way, and so did the mud!

Anyhow, whether his comical appearance is owing to his having put his clothes on "back-frontwards," or whether he has been riding on a switchback, or whether he has been eating too much hot pudding, there is no doubt about it he is quite "something out of the common," and he is an oddity that we cannot help noticing.

How we *do* notice each other, don't we? I was sitting on a bank the other day waiting to go into a mission room where I was going to talk to the people, and, as I sat there, my trousers perched themselves up on the top of my boots, as I was wearing a pair of elastic side boots. A little dirty, ragged girl of about five years came and stood in front of me and had a good look at me, and then she said in a voice of astonishment: "Why, you've got your mother's boots on!" Of course, I laughed very much, for it seemed so very funny, but I thought, "Ah, how the boys and girls do notice us." They not only notice what we *wear* but they notice what we *do*, and we must be very careful to set them a perfectly safe example in our conduct.

After all, it does not matter much what kind of boots we have on, or what kind of



we wear, but it *does* matter *a great deal* what kind of example we show. Now, I want all of you to resolve now, as our dear Queen did when she came to the throne, "I WILL BE GOOD," and, day by day, look to your loving Father in Heaven to help you to HATE ALL THAT IS BAD and LOVE ALL THAT IS GOOD. Never be afraid of hating what is wrong too much, or of loving what is good too much. Be great haters and great lovers. That is the prayer I am praying for you while I am writing this.—Believe me, your affectionate friend, "CHILDREN'S MAN."

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES

1. Because silk can never be worsted.
2. Welcome.
3. Sunday.
4. S.X.
5. Because it brings him to his knees (to his sneeze.)
6. When it runs down and strikes one.

TEN MORE RIDDLES

(*Answers next month.*)

1. What is smaller than a mite's mouth?
2. When you go for a penn'orth of tin tacks, what do you want them for?
3. Why ought a row of hooks on the back of a girl's dress to see well?
4. What tongue often hurts and worries people and yet does not speak a word?
5. Why is life the greatest riddle of all?
6. Why is an elephant's head different from any other head?
7. Why is a pig the most wonderful animal in the world?
8. Who is the most tender-hearted man in the world?
9. When is coffee like the earth?
10. When is a man like a cannon ball?

WHAT DOES MY NAME MEAN?

(*C this month.*)

Boys—

Clarence, industrious.
Cecil, dim-sighted.
Charles, noble spirit.
Christopher, bearing Christ.
Clement, merciful.
Conrad, resolute.
Cornelius, gentle.
Cuthbert, known to fame.
Cyril, commander.

Girls—

Charlotte, noble.
Caroline, great hearted.
Catherine, pure.
Clara, clear.
Constance, faithful

THE LITTLE DOVES.

Two little boys in a field of rye,
Two little doves in a tree near by,
Two little eggs in a snug little nest,
Now for a test! now for a test!

One little boy said "climb up now,
I'll pull back that thorny bough."
Next little boy said "let them be,
Those dear little doves would fret, you see."

So the dear little boys ran off to school,
And learnt together the golden rule,
What best we like, in work or game,
We'll do to others *just the same.*

The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

- - DUST. - -

AT first sight our subject does not seem a promising one. Something of course would depend on the kind of dust; for instance, gold dust, or diamond dust might be thought interesting topics. Our subject, however, is not of that precious character, but is simply the ordinary common dust of every day life. Like everything else in nature, we shall find something interesting, something wonderful in regard to this common substance.

If a beam of sunlight or a ray of electric light is allowed to pass through the air of a darkened place, dust can very easily be seen, owing to the fact that the light is reflected by the minute particles suspended in the air. If a glass box, six or eight inches square, is made, the bottom of which, before sealing the joints all round, has been covered with vaseline and allowed to stand a day or two, all the dust within the box will settle on the bottom and be retained there by the vaseline. When such a box is held in the ray of light the ray is broken, there being no dust in the air within the box to reflect the light.

The ray will enter one side, and leave on the other, but within the box it cannot be seen. If air is filtered through cotton wool then the dust is caught, and a ray of light cannot be seen in air purified in that way.

WHAT IS DUST?

is a question that will at once occur to our minds. It is a very complex mixture. If a plate is covered with a thin coating of glycerine and exposed in the open air, and the dust that is caught examined with the microscope, it will be found to consist of pollen grains from flowers and grasses, cells of vegetable origin, bits of hairs and fibres, mineral and rocky fragments, particles of sand, spores of fungi and bacteria. These particles are constantly settling down in the form of dust. That which can be collected on flat places is richest in mineral and heavy matter, whilst the dust caught in curtains and hangings, and on the surface of walls is composed more largely of the lighter materials.

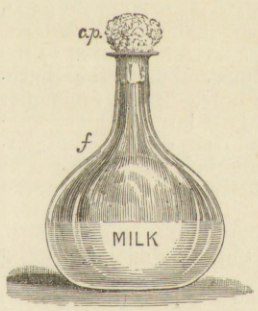
WHERE THE DUST COMES FROM

is another important consideration. The traffic on the roads is one source, for hoofs and wheels are constantly reducing the surface to an impalpable powder, some of which is carried off by the least motion of the air. We can easily understand how the minute pollen of grasses and flowers get carried off by the winds. Small particles of salt form a constituent of dust, for tiny portions of sea water are constantly being carried off by the wind, and as these evaporate in the air the salt is carried off as minute fragments of solid material. Then, all kinds of decaying matter are constantly being dried by the sun, and sooner or later are converted into dust, and are carried off, together with many of the tiny germs that were at work in promoting the decay.

WHAT THE DUST IS DOING.

Pasteur, a great French scientist, found that by putting some of the germs obtained from dust from the air into sugar and water, fermentation was very quickly set up, thus proving that the germs of fermentation were floating invisibly in the air.

Milk quickly turns sour when exposed to the air, but this is not because of the air itself, but because in the dust of the air tiny germs are being carried, and these falling into the milk turn it sour. If some fresh milk be put into a perfectly clean bottle, and then the bottle and the milk are heated for some time, nearly to boiling point, and a plug of cotton wool which has also been heated be placed loosely in the neck of the bottle, the milk will keep sweet for months, although the air has free access to it. The heat killed any germs in the milk and in the wool, and no further germs can enter because they get caught in the wool as the air filters through.



f. Flask. *c.p.* Cotton Plug.

If a pot of paste is left for a few days standing exposed to the air it gets covered with a blue mould. On examining this mould under a microscope it will look like a a bed of rushes, and on keeping for a few days longer these rushes will bear pods looking like poppy heads, which, when ripe, will open, and myriads of little germs will be set free, floating away in the air to set up another growth of blue mould wherever they can find a suitable lodgment and soil to grow in.

The dust of the air is full, then, of these little germs, all of them doing nature's work of destroying decaying matter, and making it into new material that can be good and useful once more.

A healthy person breathes these germs in vast quantities, and they do no harm, but as sure as they find any weak place in the body, brought about by faulty methods of life, or unhealthy conditions, then disease is sure to be the result.

It has been calculated that a healthy man, actively employed in a town like London or Manchester, breathes in during ten hours something like 37½ million spores, germs and grains of dust.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF DUST

are found in various parts of the world. For instance, Mr. Whymper once saw an eruption of

the volcano Cotopaxi, when dust calculated to weigh about two millions of tons was cast into the air, forming a dust shower.

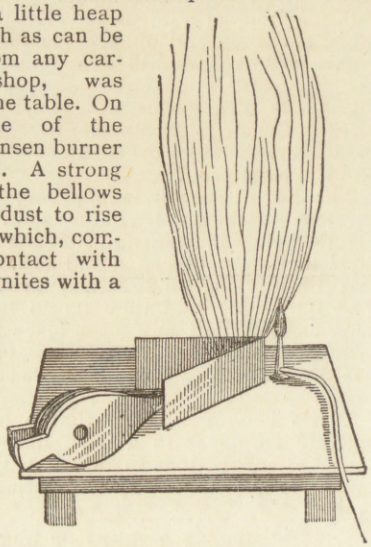
A curious thing is that particles of iron, and nickel, are found in the dust of the air, even in such remote places as on the snow at Stockholm and on Polar ice. Dust containing such particles has commonly been called star dust, but more correctly cosmic or meteoric dust, and it is thought by many that it has come from aërolites falling through the air.

Then there is the well-known dust storm, occasioned by whirlwinds and cyclones in the great Sahara desert, lifting vast quantities of sand into the air, and keeping it suspended perhaps for several days, carrying it long distances and depositing it in the form of dust showers.

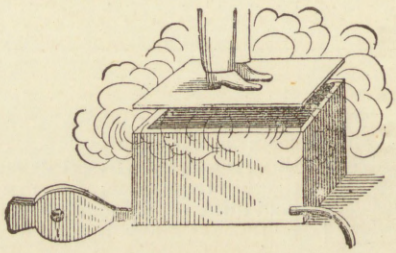
DUST EXPLOSIONS.

At first sight it seems ridiculous to speak of dust being explosive. Gunpowder, dynamite and gas are popularly supposed to have a monopoly of that property; but on examination it is found that dust also possesses this property. It is difficult to ignite a large piece of wood, but if the wood is sliced into shavings it burns much more readily, the reason being that a large surface of inflammable material is exposed to the oxygen of the air, and thus combustion can proceed so much more rapidly. If we remember that in the dust there is a large proportion of inflammable matter, and that each minute particle is completely surrounded by air, it will be seen that if ignited, combustion could proceed with great rapidity. One fortunate thing, is that ordinary air is not sufficiently dust laden to burn, but in the air of a flour mill, or a coal mine, and other places where there is a copious supply of organic dust it is by no means rare that ignition and explosion does occur.

A few illustrations will help us to understand this matter. Two boards are placed at an acute angle, and a little heap of dust, such as can be scraped from any carpenter's shop, was placed on the table. On the outside of the boards a bunsen burner was ignited. A strong puff from the bellows caused the dust to rise in a cloud, which, coming into contact with the flame, ignites with a great flame nearly fifteen feet in height.

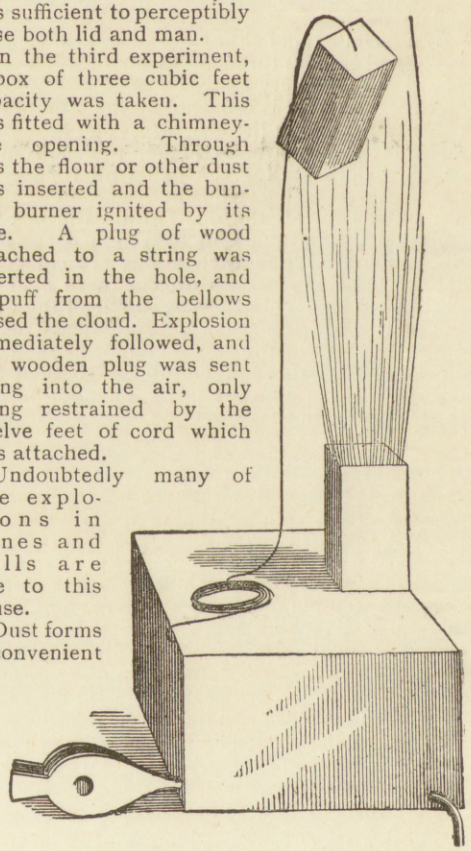


That dust has explosive force is shown by our next illustration. A box of two cubic feet capacity, and fitted with a loosely-fitting lid, had a little heap of flour placed on the bottom within the box. besides which a bunsen burner was



ignited. An assistant then stood upon the box, and a puff was given with the bellows, when the explosive force developed was sufficient to perceptibly raise both lid and man.

In the third experiment, a box of three cubic feet capacity was taken. This was fitted with a chimney-like opening. Through this the flour or other dust was inserted and the bunsen burner ignited by its side. A plug of wood attached to a string was inserted in the hole, and a puff from the bellows raised the cloud. Explosion immediately followed, and the wooden plug was sent flying into the air, only being restrained by the twelve feet of cord which was attached.



Undoubtedly many of the explosions in mines and mills are due to this cause.

Dust forms a convenient resting place for germs, and therefore the more freedom our houses have from dust, and the greater the supply of sunlight and fresh air, the healthier our homes will become.

EARLY impressions are not easily erased; the virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions seem rather to indent the former ones than to erase them.—*Colton.*

DR. NORMAN KERR.

DEATH has removed another of the experts of the Temperance movement, Dr. Norman Kerr, one of the staunchest and ablest of the devoted band of medical men who have continuously proclaimed the danger and uselessness of intoxicating drinks, and even in circles where such advocacy would be likely to deter their social and material progress.

He was born in Glasgow in 1834, and graduated in medicine and surgery at the Glasgow University in 1861. After a lengthy tour in America he settled down to practice in Bedfordshire; afterwards removing to London in 1874, where he soon gained a leading position in the medical world.



DR. NORMAN KERR.
1834—1899.

In his 20th year he was one of the founders of the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, and during his student days re-organised the University Abstinence Society, with over 100 members.

The interest thus manifested he maintained throughout life, and by addresses before medical societies, critical papers in various magazines, and especially by the continuous study he devoted to the subject of "Inebriety," which he regarded as a disease and not a crime, proved himself—as he has justly been considered—an eminent authority on the physiological aspect of the Temperance question, second only to the late Sir B. W. Richardson.

Dr. Norman Kerr, who was a member of many learned societies, was a prolific controversialist author. Among his more numerous productions relating to the Temperance question are his "Inaugural Address to the Society for the Study and cure of Inebriety" (20th thousand); "Diseases from Intemperance;" "The Mortality from Intemperance;" "Stimulants in Workhouses;" "Unfermented Wine a Fact" (fifth edition); "Wines: Scriptural and Ecclesiastical," &c. His great work, upon which he spent vast labour, and which has gone through two or three editions, was "Inebriety: Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence," a work that has commanded the highest attention from medical and other experts, and is accepted as the authority on this increasingly pressing problem.

In speech, Dr. Kerr was not an orator, and rarely ventured, as did the late Sir Andrew Clark, upon dramatic and striking declamations. On the contrary, by the simple, clear, straightforward exposition of Temperance truth as he believed it, he never failed to create a thoughtful appreciation of the pleas he urged, and to win for his advocacy the sincere approval of thoughtful men; for in him his plainness of speech was more the result of deep convinced conviction of the physical and moral justice of his pleas than of a passionate detestation of the evils of drinking, strongly as he deplored and abhored these.

Now his work on this sphere is ended, and we who have so long enjoyed the benefit of the consistent advocacy of our movement, the depth of his research, are left grateful to God for what Norman Kerr was permitted to do, and wondering who shall be his successor, for "God's work goes on and still on, though men die, and ages change, and nations fade."

"PENNY."

By ELEANOR GREENHOUGH.

(*Continued from last month.*)

"A soul has seen,
By the means of evil, that good is best."
—*R. Browning.*

SYNOPSIS:—Penny, a child organ-grinder, enters through the window of a room in which Mrs. Temple lay dead, and takes away therefrom a valuable bangle. Amy Temple entering to search for this sees outside her brother Philip, who, a doctor, in a drunken brawl had disgraced himself, and left home. She, missing the bangle, believes him the thief and closes her heart against him. Philip, who has been living a better life, working among the poor, goes away despairingly. Amy becomes a hospital nurse with Sister Ruth.

CHAPTER III.

PHILIP worked on, but his mother's death and his sister's letter had taken all the heart out of him. He could not help feeling that he richly deserved to be distrusted. Yet the letter seemed to him unjust; the thought that his sister should for a moment suspect that he could be guilty of the baseness of stealing his mother's bracelet rankled deeply.

He had started out in life with considerable hardness of heart towards those poor backboneless creatures who sinned and fell. Sinners had never got much sympathy from him; he believed their fall to be their own fault—a weakness of character for which they themselves were responsible—and now he himself was lower than these, for his chances had been greater. Yet his own fall, low as it had been, served him well in one sense. He understood human nature better than he did before; and, with real comprehending sympathy, he held out a helping hand to many a young man who was ready to slip. He knew now what was meant by the human cry, "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

The children of the neighbourhood, and most of his patients, had grown to love him. The shabby figure of "the doctor" had become a ray of sunshine into many a dull home. No one could lift Bobby Martin, the little cripple, with such gentle care, or enter with such unfeigned interest into the minutely detailed symptoms of old Mrs. Brown, who had wearied two parish doctors out already since her case became chronic. And because "all worldly joys go less to the one joy of doing kindnesses" Philip became comparatively happy, burying his own griefs in the task of lightening the troubles of others.

It was only a few days from Christmas when Philip was one day called to see a child who was very ill. Her mother had not sent for the doctor until Penny was beyond hope of recovery. People in that neighbourhood had long since got out of the habit of troubling the parish doctor. The former one had been a hard man, capable of using incomprehensible and withering sarcasm when troubled unnecessarily, and as that particular form of language was not understood by his patients, and therefore looked upon with fear and wonder, they seldom called him in until the possibility of an inquest loomed before them, and an inquest was the only thing to be feared more than the formidable doctor. Therefore, when Philip arrived at the house in the dirty alley where Penny lived, she was past his help.

She had caught a chill in the cold dampness of the day when she and Neddy had got far afield into the bleak suburbs in search of coppers. And now the dreary illness of the last few weeks was ending. The pathos of the death-bed of that little creature! Only born a few short years ago and now going away again, apparently having done so little and learnt so little. She was not at all frightened, there was simply a wonder on her face as to what was "being done with her." She had been "managed" and ordered about all her short life—never had to think for herself—and now this was some new arrangement of her life, some strange planning by God, about Whom she had learnt at the Sunday School.

Someone had come to see her days ago—was it her teacher? Penelope's small brain was rather confused—and had said, "Penny dear, God is taking you home." Penny had looked up and smiled—a smile rather of recognition than comprehension of what she said—and then, strangely, Miss Bruce had cried. Cried? What for? Penny had vaguely wondered why, for the little girl was perfectly contented with all the new arrangements, and not at all anxious to know what would become of herself. In fact, she had never been so cared for and petted in all her short life, and she found the change was decidedly for the better. The comfort of it all was very acceptable to the tired child.

When Philip entered the bare room, several neighbours were standing about and, mingled with scraps of conversation about "club money" and gruesome details of illnesses of other children, came sobs from the child's mother, who, at the near prospect of separation, had found a love for her little daughter which may have existed before, but had been well pushed into the background and hidden by carking cares and daily worries.

Philip's first care was to clear the room, which was full of bad air. The neighbours retreated reluctantly, bandying free comments as they went. Then Philip approached the small frail figure on the bed. His kindly face and sympathetic voice always inspired confidence in his patients, and Penny's wan face lit up with a feeble smile. She was not at all afraid of him. He examined the child critically, giving her case his closest possible attention, according to his custom. Not till he had come to the end of his scrutiny did he notice that she kept some cherished treasure always in one or the other hand, changing it as it was necessary to set the other at liberty. He inquired half playfully about the treasure.

"Sure, and she never lets even me see it," said her mother. "It's just something she's picked up, and hides away; coloured glass maybe, for it shines when she let's a bit of it show."

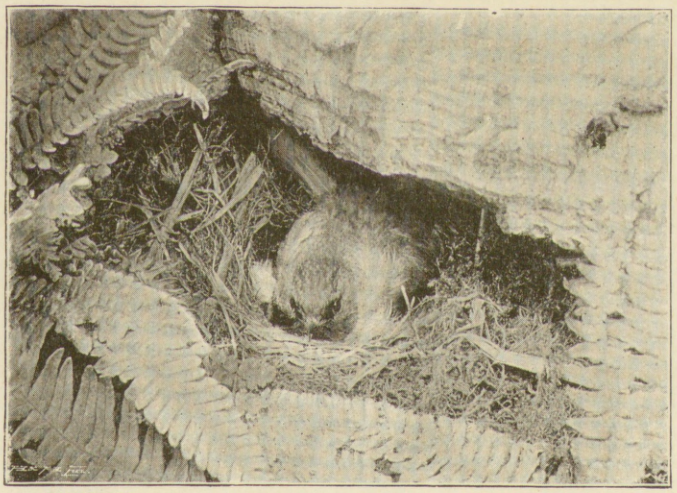
Penny had been looking intently at the doctor while her mother was talking, and, with a child's natural though unreasoning instinct, she felt that here was somebody at last who could enter into

her feelings about her treasure, and perhaps could even understand the intense delight its flashing colours gave her.

Penny was a reserved child, and no one about her had understood her before, or even cared to take the trouble to understand her, and for that reason she had kept the bracelet hidden; taking it out and turning it round and round at odd moments whenever she was alone.

Some remote artistic instinct had crept unsuspected into Penny's nature, and it responded to the richness of the bangle, as keenly as the eye of a cultivated artist responds to the grandest scenery.

She held it up to Philip now, watching him cautiously the while. He took the bracelet from the child's hand, and she, with perfect confidence, let it go. Philip turned the bracelet, holding it with awed surprise. He comprehended Penny's feelings regarding it perfectly. Surely it was this bracelet, and no other, that had flashed its perfect colours for him in that far away childhood of his. It could be no other. What a host of long-forgotten recollections crowded up before him. He stood still for what seemed a long time; Penny reading his changing face with her keen eyes.



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TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND TIME . . AND INST. SHUTTER. . .

At last he spoke, asking her how she had got it. She told him; giving a clear account of that cold day on which her illness began. As the feeble voice talked on it brought back to him vividly the very scent of the flowers wafted from the window—that clinging sweet perfume that is ever unmistakably associated with death. It brought back, too, the expression he had seen on his sister's face. It was the penalty for the old sin, the sorrow and unavoidable suspicion that always makes the sinner's life hard to bear. And his sister had not known how earnestly he was trying to redeem the past.

The scene came back clearly to his mind as he stood by Penny's bedside, and through it all rang the words,

> Say "*Au revoir*," and not "Good-bye,"
> The past is dead, love cannot die.

He had not noticed them at the time, but now they made the mental picture more complete.

"Doctor! doctor!" A small feeble hand pulled at his sleeve. "Doctor, are you crying? I didn't mean no harm, doctor, I only took it cos 'twas so bright."

"No, you meant no harm, child; get off to sleep, and here's a whole shilling for you; Think what you will buy with it."

Philip gave her back the bracelet too. He would not hurt the child by taking it from her. It would not be more than a few days before he could have it; and with a few words to Penny's mother outside the door, to the effect that he would make it well worth her while to be careful of the bracelet, he left the close alley, and trod the streets with a firmer step than he had done for a long time. He could clear himself now from that last and worst suspicion that had lain so heavily upon him—how heavily he had not realised until now the weight was lifted from him.

At last he could seek his sister, and tell her he was not as base as she had thought him, and if she could ever forgive him for the past pain and sorrow they would make a fresh start together. Surely, now they were alone in the world, it was but right and fit that he should take care of her—his only sister.

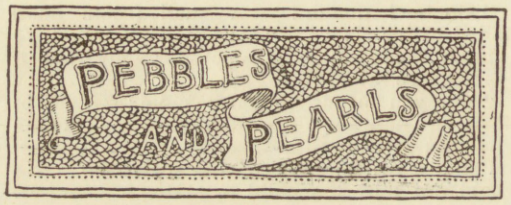
The day seemed brighter, and the air clearer than when he had entered that close alley, and he hastened to Mr. Howard's office in the heart of the town, to seek information as to his sister's whereabouts.

* * * * * * * * *

Christmas day came, a real old-fashioned Christmas. Philip and Amy went to the service at the cathedral, both with a deeper peace in their hearts than they ever thought would be possible again. Her forgiveness had been very real.

Her clear voice rang out heartily, joined by Philip's deeper tone, as the last hymn was sung before the service closed:

> And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
> Whose forms are bending low,
> Look now, for glad and golden hours
> Come swiftly on the wing;
> O rest beside the weary road,
> And hear the angels sing.



ETHEL: "Maud has been trying to learn how to ride a bicycle for four weeks now."

Penelope: "Is her instructor stupid?"

Ethel: "No—handsome."

BROWNE: "Now that the horseless carriage has proved successful, what do you suppose will follow?"

Towne: "The wheelless bicycle, probably."

TOWNE: "I don't see how it comes that shipwrecked sailors often starve to death."

Browne: "Why not?"

Towne: "Well, I came across about two weeks ago and I don't feel like eating yet.

"WHY, you are actually growing cold," said Dr. Paresis to his patient.

"Don't blame me," replied the patient. "It was you who took my temperature."

ALL things that God created He in love and wisdom planned;
He showers His blessings on the earth, He gives with lavish hand;
Among so many precious boons we know not which is best,
Yet, without the gift of water, of what worth all the rest?

LOVING Mother: "Well, Tommy, dear, what did you learn at school to-day?"

Tommy (*with an air of disgust*): "Humph! didn't learn nothin'."

Loving Mother: "Didn't learn nothing? What did you do, then?"

Tommy: "Didn't do nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her—that's all."

God has no end of material
For poets, priests and kings,
But what He needs is volunteers
To do the little things.

There are many men who are ready
To lead in battle and strife;
But very few are willing to do
The little things of life.

Naaman was told to wash and be clean,
But he turned aside with hate,
For he thought a man with his disease
Must needs do something great.

The widow's mite was a little thing
From a money point of view;
But He who reads our inmost hearts
Sees more than mortals do.

Great deeds receive reward below,
And earth's applause is given;
But little things are seen by God
From His watch-tower high in heaven.

A Good Investment.

JOHN and James Roding were twins, fourteen years of age. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen they were talking over what they most wanted.

"I want a pony," said James.

"And what do you want, John?" asked his father.

"A boy."

"A boy!" gasped his father.

"Yes, sir. It don't cost much more to keep a boy than it does a horse, does it?"

"Why, no," replied his father, still very much surprised.

"And I can get a boy for nothing to begin with."

"Yes," replied his father, hesitatingly, "I suppose so."

"Why, papa, I know so. There are lots of 'em runnin' around without any home."

"Oh, that's what you are up to, is it? Want to take a boy to bring up, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the St. Bernard dog you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go about with me, play with me, and do all kinds of nice things for me; and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school and I could help him with his examples and Latin."

"Examples and Latin? God bless the boy, what is he aiming at?" and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

"I know," laughed James. "He's always up to something like that. I'll bet a dollar he wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son."

"Is that so, John? How long do you want to keep him?"

"Until he gets to be a man, father."

"And turns out such a man as old Pete?"

"No danger of that, father. He has signed the pledge not to drink intoxicants, nor swear, nor smoke, and he has helped me, father, for when I have wanted to do such things he has told me that his father was once a rich man's son and just as promising as James and I."

"Do you mean to tell me that you ever feel like doing such things as drinking, swearing, smoking and loafing?" asked his father, sternly.

"Why, papa, you don't know half the temptations boys have nowadays. Why, boys of our set swear and smoke and drink right along when nobody sees them."

"Don't let me ever catch you doing such things."

"Not now, father, I think, for I'm trying to surrender all—every vice, every bad habit, unnecessary pleasures. I don't see how I could enjoy a dog or a pony when I knew a nice boy suffering for some of the good things I enjoy."

"You may have the boy, John, and may God bless the gift."

And God did bless the gift, John Roding grew up to be a much better man because of the almost constant companionship of drunken Pete's son, and as for the drunkard's boy, everything he touched seemed to prosper.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad, and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally, whom she accompanies to the Mission, where she is led to Jesus by Gilbert Turner's recital of his rescue from drowning, his fall and subsequent reformation. Violet takes a great interest in Willie, a cripple boy, whose father is a dissolute character; Gilbert takes Willie home.

CHAPTER VIIa.—Saved.

WHEN Willie was settled comfortaby at home Gilbert Turner said,

"Listen to me, Willie. I was lost and Jesus saved me. He has taken away the longing for strong drink, so that I do not want it any more, and what He has done for me He is willing to do for your father, if he will only let Him. Do you understand, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, I am so glad."

"Do you think your father would like me to come and talk with him about it, Willie?"

"I don't know. He always says that he does not believe in parsons."

"I am not a parson, I am only a brother."

"Father said he would like to hear my angel sing," said the boy.

Gilbert returned and reported what had passed.

"Jim Forbes is an awful man when he's drunk, but he has been a deal steadier since his wife died, and he is never cruel to Willie," said Sally.

"Will you venture to go and sing for him, Miss Ward? God has often used the singing of the gospel to carry His message to a seeking soul," enquired Gilbert.

"Of course, I will sing for Jesus."

Accordingly, the four consulted together as to the best time for Violet to go and offer to sing to Forbes.

Mrs. Green, who had been a silent listener whilst the three young people arranged matters to their own satisfaction, suddenly said, to their great surprise,

"You must not go and offer to sing, or Jim will order you out."

"Willie said he wanted to hear her, mother," responded Sally.

"I have lived longer than you, and I know that the more a man of his type longs for deliverance the more he will resent any attempt to force it on him."

"What would you advise, Mrs. Green?" asked Violet.

"Take a little of this jelly that Mr. Turner brought for me in to Willie, and trust in God for the rest. We will pray."

Violet tapped at the half-open door and a gruff voice bade her "come in."

"Oh, father, it is my angel," exclaimed Willie in glad surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Forbes, I have brought some jelly for Willie. It may tempt him," she said respectfully.

The man rose to his feet and handed her a chair. "I am much obliged to you, Miss, for all your kindness to my boy," he said a little awkwardly.

"I think Willie is getting stronger, don't you, Mr. Forbes?" she responded with a bright smile.

"I'm sure that he has improved wonderfully since you took him in hand," said the man, speaking naturally.

"Will you sing for me, please?" said Willie, looking up with sparkling eyes.

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"If father has no objection, Willie."

"Sing by all means, Miss. I am mighty fond of music."

Thus encouraged, Violet's full, rich voice poured forth a flood of melody. Never had she sung with greater expression and more earnest feeling, and never had she a more attentive audience. As one favourite after another was sung at Willie's request, Forbes sat like one spell-bound.

"No wonder he calls you an angel," he remarked as she paused, her heart being lifted in prayer for the right word to say. "You sing them words as if you believed them, Miss," he said again.

"So I do, from the bottom of my heart. I know that the Saviour that has saved me will save each who will come to Him."

"Can He save from the curse of drink? Tell me that. Ah, you don't know — the awful temptation; the maddening thirst. I have tasted none today, but I cannot hold out much longer. None can save me from this."

"Christ has saved a friend of mine from the very desire to drink." She spoke slowly and with emphasis.

"Oh, God, is it true?" The man bowed his head upon his hands, and the words seemed wrung from him.

Violet slipped away and brought Gilbert Turner, then taking Willie back with her, she left them alone with God.

That night there was rejoicing in Heaven over another brand plucked from the burning, another slave of the drink emancipated, his fetters destroyed for ever. According to his faith was it done unto him.



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TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND TIME AND INST. SHUTTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—Accidents.

"COME, Miss Selby wants 'oo."

The speaker was a fair child of about three years, and the burly landlord of the "Clarence" stooped and patted his head as he replied,

"Run away to grandma, Harold; you are better out of the bar."

Mr. Griffin passed along the corridor to obey the summons of his second barmaid, when he heard a heavy fall and a clatter of glasses, accompanied by a roar of laughter. On opening the door of the bar parlour what a sight met his eyes. There, stretched upon the floor, with a waiter still grasped in her hands, and the wine and spirit glasses and their contents strewn all around her, was his upper barmaid in a state of intoxication.

Imperatively calling two of the men servants, he had her carried away, and left to sleep herself sober.

"This is getting beyond endurance, Alice," exclaimed Mr. Griffin as he rejoined his wife, drawing a decanter toward him and pouring out a glass of brandy as he spoke. "Here is Maggie, dead drunk again; I would put up with a good deal to keep her, for her winning manners are a great attraction, but this is the third time that she has got drunk before closing time."

"I have warned her again and again, and pleaded with her to stop when she had had enough, like I do, but she seems to have lost all control over herself. Still, I don't want to part with Harold," responded Mrs. Griffin.

"Bah! Maggie Holmes cares nothing for her child. She cared nothing for her husband, as you know; she only married him for his money," said the man. "I think as much of the boy as if he was my own, Alice; and I shall not let her take him when she goes."

"She refused to let Violet Ward take him after poor Frank died in the Workhouse, John," said his wife rather doubtfully.

"That's quite a different matter. The young woman wanted to bring him up as a teetotaler, and she knew that he was well cared for here. She'll be glad enough to leave him, never fear."

The next morning Maggie Holmes was lounging over her late breakfast, with a society novel in her hand, when to her surprise Mr. Griffin walked in, and requested an interview.

"Certainly! I am at your service, Mr. Griffin," she replied languidly, wishing that he would let her finish her book in peace.

"I wish to speak to you about last night, Mrs. Holmes. The last time I had to speak to you about being drunk during business hours, I told you that if it should occur again I should dismiss you at a moment's notice."

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Griffin?" she demanded angrily, throwing down her book and facing him.

"I don't know about that. I only know that I can't have my customers insulted by a drunken woman. Your conduct of late has been disgraceful. You will get the place a bad name."

"Oh, indeed, you were glad enough to get me back again when I left before. You soon found that your takings went down, and yet you will dare to insult me like this. Do you think that I will stay to be insulted? Nay, John Griffin, I will not stop in your house another hour. With my appearance I can command a place anywhere, and as for my child——"

"You must not take the child. He shall be treated as if he was our own, and you will get on all right without him."

Purple with rage and glaring like a tiger at bay, she sprang to her feet, and poured forth such a storm of invectives that the man turned and left her.

"I must not take the child, eh, John Griffin? I'll not leave him to please *you*."

Two hours later Maggie Holmes and her boy drove away from "The Clarence" amid the tears and lamentations of Mrs. Griffin, who had really learned to love the child.

The landlord, too, went so far as to ask her to remain if she persisted in taking Harold with her, but these things only filled her with a savage delight that she was able to annoy them.

"I would throw him into the river before I would let you have him," she declared, and departed.

At first she did not attempt to look for another situation, as she knew it would be better to let the matter blow over a bit before she applied to Mr. Griffin for a character.

She petted Harold for awhile, and then, as the the landlord had predicted, she grew tired of him, and decided to send him back to "The Clarence," as she knew that both Mr. and Mrs. Griffin would gladly give her a good character, in order to regain possession of the boy.

"Would you like to go back to Grandma Griffin, Harold?"

"Oh, yes, I would, mamma, so much. Shall we go now?" inquired the boy, eagerly.

"Not yet, Harold; we will go after tea."

Maggie Holmes lay on the couch reading a yellow-backed novel, and sipping the brandy that stood beside her, refilling her glass again and again until the bottle was empty, and another one opened, and part of its contents consumed, when the landlady entered.

"Haven't you brought in the tea?" asked Maggie, rousing herself.

"I've come to ask you to let me have some money, Mrs. Holmes. You already owe me three weeks' rent, and I am but a poor woman; I cannot afford to provide you with food and lodging for nothing."

"I have no money, Mrs. Jones; I spent my last penny on that brandy this morning, and now it's gone, and I want more—bring me more."

"No, indeed, you drunken thing! You've had too much already."

"How dare you speak to me like that. I'll let you know whom you are speaking to;" and Maggie, blind with her drunken rage, sprang upon the woman like a tiger.

Harold screamed, and the landlady shouted and struggled, and finally succeeded in forcing her antagonist back upon the couch.

"I will go for a policeman," she called out, as she banged the door behind her and departed, with scratched face and dishevelled hair.

"Oh, do, do let me go to Grandma," pleaded Harold, as he tried to open the door.

The words seemed to have a soothing effect upon the infuriated woman, and, instead of dealing the child a blow, she took his hand, and, opening the door, said calmly, "Yes, we will go before she comes back."

She turned, not in the direction of the town, but towards the open country, and without



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TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND TIME AND INST. SHUTTER.

hat or any other covering, wandered on. Out in the open air, the effects of the liquor became more apparent, and she staggered along with unsteady gait until she finally gave a lurch and fell, dragging Harold along with her, down an inclined bank and landed at the bottom of a ditch.

For some time the child sat sobbing bitterly, and beseeching his mother to get up. But, finding that his cries were unheeded, with a sudden resolve he scrambled to his feet and set off to find "The Clarence."

On, on, he trotted until his weary limbs refused to bear him, and he dropped down in the road exhausted and fell fast asleep.

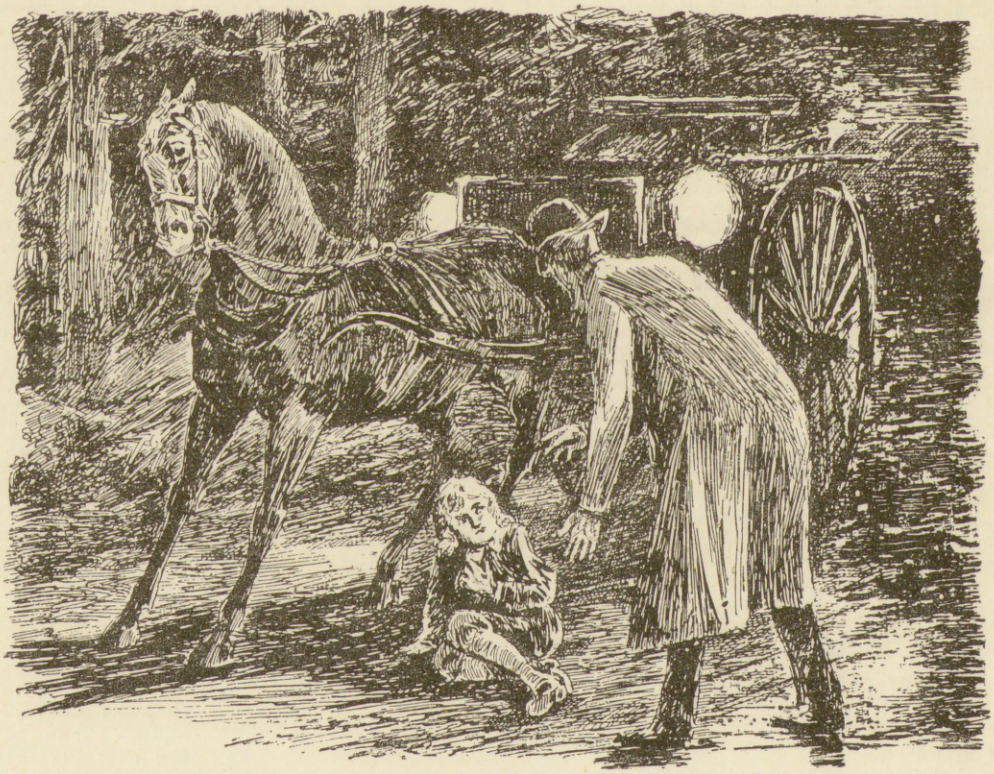
On he drove with his unconscious burden; and, as he got within sight of home, he saw a lad come whistling along, whom he sent for the doctor.

No sooner did the trap turn into the drive than the house door flew open, and Mrs. Cameron peered anxiously forth. As it drew up and the man came forward to take charge of it, she called out, "Is all right, Charles?"

"No! I have had an accident, Hetty."

"Oh, Charles, you are not hurt? I have been so anxious about—" Then, noticing the child in his arms, she stopped short. "Who have you got there?"

"A child that I run over, Shall I take him into the sitting-room or upstairs?"



Mr. Cameron . . . reined in his horse, and sprang down to see what was the matter.

It was getting dusk when a gentleman in a dog-cart drove along the road from Weston. Suddenly he felt a shock and heard a scream, as of a child in pain. Mr. Cameron, for he it was, reined in his horse and sprang down to see what was the matter.

Tenderly he lifted up the child, who gave a groan and fainted in his arms. He looked round to see who owned the little one, for it was far from any house, and great fields stretched on either side of the country road.

"It is very strange! What can this little mite be doing here alone. I must drive home as quickly as I can and send for the doctor. Somebody will raise a hue and cry after him tomorrow."

When the doctor arrived, he found that one leg was broken and the other badly crushed.

"Poor little chap!" said the doctor, when he had set the broken limb. "He has borne it very bravely; he has wonderful self-control for a child. Who is he?"

Mr. Cameron repeated the account of the accident, which, however, threw no light whatever on the identity of the child.

"It is well that it was no worse. The boy will recover all right with care, but I shall have to forbid him to be removed, Mrs. Cameron."

"I will telegraph to the police at Weston, I think, so that if his parents are searching for him, their anxiety may be removed."

Some hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were

leaning over the little sufferer, when he awaked, looked up into the lady's face, and murmured, "Kiss me, Grandma."

Mrs. Cameron stooped and kissed the fair, white forehead, and a contented smile stole over his face, as he again closed his eyes and slept.

Husband and wife exchanged glances, each knew what the other's thoughts were, yet neither cared to give them utterance.

The police had no inquiries about a lost child, and as the boy could give no particulars of the grandmother he said that he was going to find, and there was no distinctive mark about his dress, which was of fine texture, the weeks passed by, and Harold was still at Burnside.

As his leg grew stronger, and he was able to run about, he became devoted to Mr. Cameron, and would follow him about like a little dog.

Meanwhile, after Harold had wandered away, Maggie laid half immersed in water in a drunken sleep, while Mr. Cameron had passed her unseen. When she awoke, and tried to raise herself, she was aching in every limb, and her head was on fire. She fell back utterly powerless, and there she lay while the sun mounted in the heavens and again sank in the west. Plenty of people passed along the road, but none of them thought of looking in the ditch. Darkness once more cast its mantle over the scene, but it brought no relief to the weary sufferer lying there by the roadside.

In the early dawn a stalwart young fellow, with a bright face, came along the road with a cart, whistling a merry tune, while a dog gambolled at his side. Suddenly the dog gave a bark, and rushed to the side of the road, and then back to his master.

"What is it now, rabbits? Oh, never mind them, old fellow."

The dog rushed backwards and forwards, however, and, springing into the ditch at the side of the road, appeared to be scratching at something.

His curiosity now fully aroused, the young man went to the side of the ditch and looked in.

"As I live, it is the body of a woman. Is she dead, old dog?"

He raised the dripping figure, and laid it on the bank, and a low moan of pain escaped her lips.

"No, she's not dead; that's a mercy."

Touching her hand, he started, for instead of being, as he expected, cold as ice, it was like a burning fire. A puzzled look came over the man's face, as he turned to his canine companion, and said—

"This is a pretty pass, Gyp. What are we to do now? It is not a case of murder, but she's evidently got a fever. I shouldn't wonder if it's rheumatic fever, for she's soaking wet through and through. We can't leave her here to die, can we, Gyp? There will be nobody up yet in the places that we pass through, so I think we will just wrap her up well, and take her home to mother, eh, Gyp."

The dog looked up into his face and wagged its tail, as if in assent, and the young man proceeded to lift a number of bags from the cart and fold them gently round the dripping form.

"She is quite young, Gyp, and very pretty. I am sure that mother will take care of her."

Gently he lifted her into the cart, and covered her so that she was entirely screened from view. Then they proceeded on their way through towns and villages, stretches of open country, and bleak moorland, until they finally stopped before the door of a neat cottage on the edge of the moor, where a rosy-cheeked little woman, with a plain, blue dress, and spotlessly clean, white apron, came through the open door.

"We've brought a poor body to you, mother. See, she is very ill, I'm afraid. I picked her up on the road," said the young man, as he drew back the covering and revealed the face of Maggie to her astonished gaze.

"Poor young thing! Carry her right away in, my lad, and tell me all about her afterwards," said the motherly woman, who had a daughter of her own.

"There, that will do, lad. Now, go and tell Prue to give you your breakfast, whilst I make the poor body comfortable."

Presently his mother appeared and the story of the find was told.

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, mother, but I did not know what to do with her, and I could not leave her there to die."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me," said his sister, softly.

"What will you do with her, mother?" inquired her husband.

"I do not know as yet, Silas; we must just wait and see. I believe the dear Lord has sent her here for a purpose, poor lamb."

(*To be continued.*)

TAKE A SHEEP.

THERE is a pertinent Temperance lesson in the following anecdote. A farmer once employed a young man to labour upon his farm without knowing anything of his habits. All too soon the farmer found that his new hand was addicted to drinking, and this habit interfered with his usefulness.

"John," said the farmer to the man, "I'll give ye one o' my best sheep if ye'll give up drinkin' while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain," declared the man.

A grown son of the farmer, overhearing this agreement, looked up, and asked:

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will not drink this season?"

"Yes," replied he, "you may have a sheep."

Then the little boy spoke up, and said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son, you shall have a sheep, also."

After a pause, the boy turned and said:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep?"

"I dunno," said the farmer, doubtfully, and then suddenly concluded, "I declare I'll try it and see!"

The old gentleman was heard afterward to declare that he made the best investment of sheep that season he ever made in his life.

The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

A PINCH OF SALT.

THERE are few substances in daily use that are more important than salt. It has so great a variety of uses, and contributes so much to our well-being that it deserves a careful study.

WHERE SALT COMES FROM

is the first consideration. Chemically speaking salt is known as sodium chloride. That is to say, that the metal, sodium, has been combined with the gas, chlorine, and although neither of these substances by themselves could be of service to the human body, indeed they would be exceedingly injurious, yet where chemically combined to form the substance salt, they become of great utility.

Sodium chloride is a substance most widely distributed in nature. It is abundantly found over the greater part of the earth, and is stored in vast and untold quantities in the waters of the oceans, seas, and salt lakes.

We may gather some idea of the vast stores of salt treasured up by mother earth, by the fact that in the province of Galicia, in Austria, the salt beds cover an area of over 10,000 square miles. Mining operations have been going on for centuries past, and some of the workings in a single mine are over 30 miles in length, whilst in places there are great spaces where the salt has been cut away, forming immense halls over 100 feet in height.

All these masses of salt have come from the beds of dried up seas, or have been deposited by water saturated with salt. In the Dead Sea, the Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and other land-locked bodies of salt water, this process is going on at the present time.

In England there are great deposits of salt in Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire. The salt area in the last named county is about fifteen miles in breadth and thirty miles in length, the salt being in layers of from ninety to 170 feet in thickness.

HOW SALT IS OBTAINED.

There are several methods of getting salt. In some cases there are salt marshes, where the sea makes inroads and retires, and the sun evaporates off some of the water and leaves a thick brine, which is transferred to shallow iron vessels, and allowed to completely evaporate, leaving behind a mass of crude salt. In other cases salt is dug out of the earth in the form of rock salt, and from this the salt for daily use is manufactured. In still other cases the brine, or salt water, is pumped up from underground sources, and from this a supply of salt is obtained.

The method may be briefly described thus: If rock salt is used, it is first dissolved in water, and the insoluble impurities, such as earth, etc., are deposited at the bottom of the tank. The brine is then drawn off and evaporated in pans.

Where natural brine is used, the salt water is pumped up into reservoirs, from which it is distributed to the various works, which are in reality little more than ranges of furnaces and pans, covered by sheds, with large openings to admit of the ready escape of the steam. The evaporating pans are about sixty-five feet long by twenty-five feet broad, and about eighteen inches in depth. The flues from the furnaces heat the pans, and the brine is raised nearly to boiling point, the water being driven off as steam, and the salt remaining behind in the pans. When the evaporation is rapid, fine salt for table use is obtained, but when the process is slow, then the coarser kinds, such as that for curing fish, etc., are produced.

The various kinds of salt are known as common salt, butter salt, fishery salt, and handed squares. The latter is probably the best known. It is an oblong square of salt prepared ready for the shopkeeper. The salt is drawn out of the pans and put into square tubs perforated with holes, through which the surplus water drains. The blocks of salt are then taken out of the tubs and wheeled into a hot-house to be baked hard, or, as the process is called, "to be stoved." By grinding these blocks into very fine powder the prepared table salt is made, and put up into packets ready for domestic use.

There was a period when so little salt was obtained, and so high a value was set upon it, that the term "a substance dear to the gods" was applied to it. In the East at the present day salt is regarded as a pledge of fidelity and the emblem of many virtues. An invitation to eat salt is a sign of friendship and hospitality, and when bread and salt are eaten at the completion of a bargain or treaty it is considered to render the transaction completely binding. A story is told of "Rob Roy" McGregor that whilst exploring the Jordan he was taken prisoner by an Arab sheik, but obtained his quick release by offering the Arab his salt-box, which was eagerly accepted.

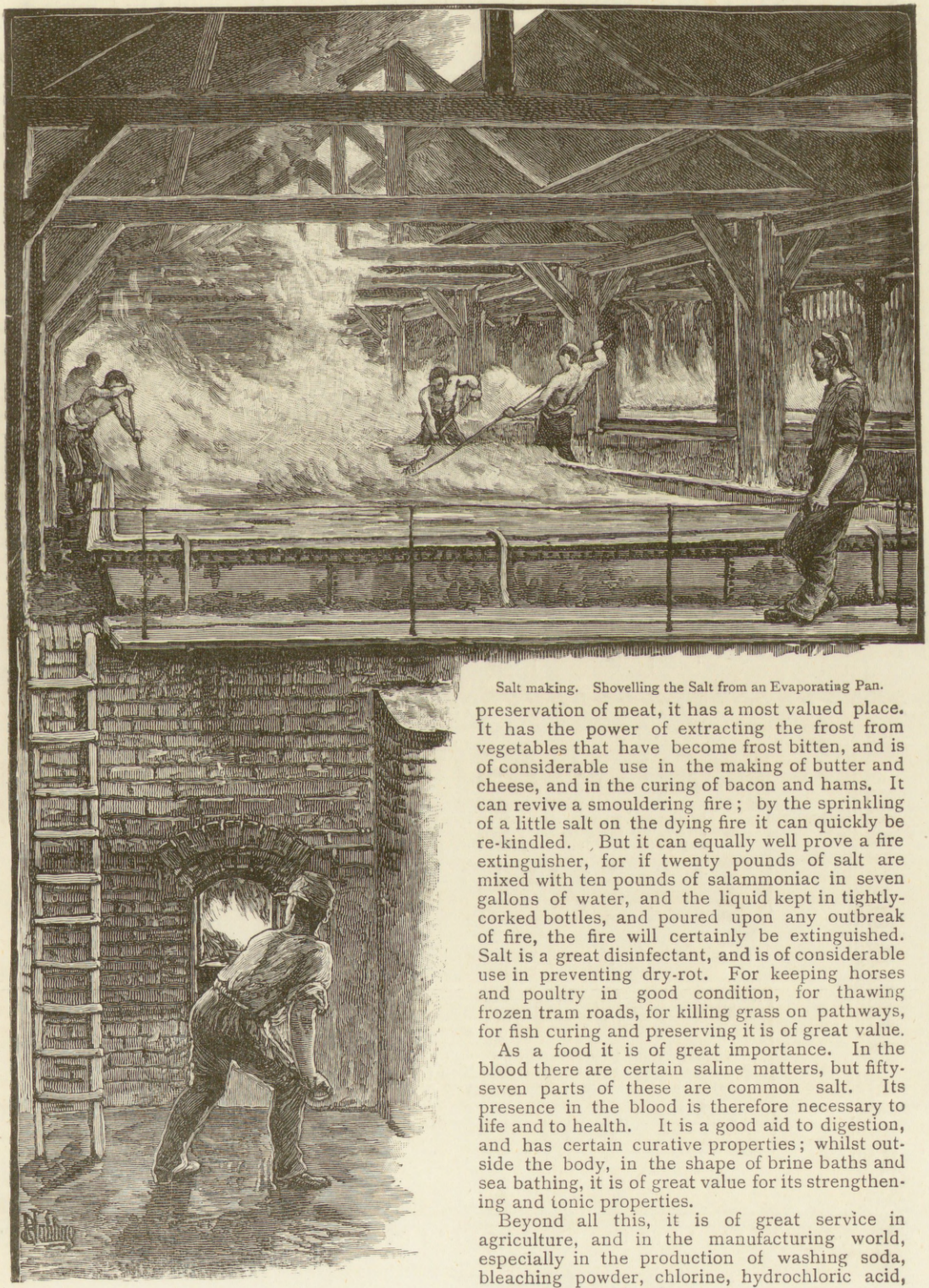
In olden times the salt-cellar had a particular function; it was placed on the table between the family and the servants of the household, who according to custom all dined together. To sit "above the salt" was deemed a great honour, as all who occupied that place were regarded as members of the family.

The old Roman roads were so laid as to pass the salt springs in their course, and it was a custom to give as wages a "salarium," or allowance of salt money, hence we get our word salary.

One hundred years ago salt was taxed to the extent of 3d. per pound, and it was then ranked amongst the luxuries of life. Nowadays it is so common that fortunately the very poorest may obtain it without trouble.

USES OF SALT.

Besides the purpose of flavouring food, salt has many great and wonderful uses. It is an enemy of dirt, and when mixed with water has great antiseptic and cleansing properties. In the cooking of food, the baking of bread, and the



Salt making. Shovelling the Salt from an Evaporating Pan.

preservation of meat, it has a most valued place. It has the power of extracting the frost from vegetables that have become frost bitten, and is of considerable use in the making of butter and cheese, and in the curing of bacon and hams. It can revive a smouldering fire; by the sprinkling of a little salt on the dying fire it can quickly be re-kindled. But it can equally well prove a fire extinguisher, for if twenty pounds of salt are mixed with ten pounds of salammoniac in seven gallons of water, and the liquid kept in tightly-corked bottles, and poured upon any outbreak of fire, the fire will certainly be extinguished. Salt is a great disinfectant, and is of considerable use in preventing dry-rot. For keeping horses and poultry in good condition, for thawing frozen tram roads, for killing grass on pathways, for fish curing and preserving it is of great value.

As a food it is of great importance. In the blood there are certain saline matters, but fifty-seven parts of these are common salt. Its presence in the blood is therefore necessary to life and to health. It is a good aid to digestion, and has certain curative properties; whilst outside the body, in the shape of brine baths and sea bathing, it is of great value for its strengthening and tonic properties.

Beyond all this, it is of great service in agriculture, and in the manufacturing world, especially in the production of washing soda, bleaching powder, chlorine, hydrochloric acid, and carbonate of soda.

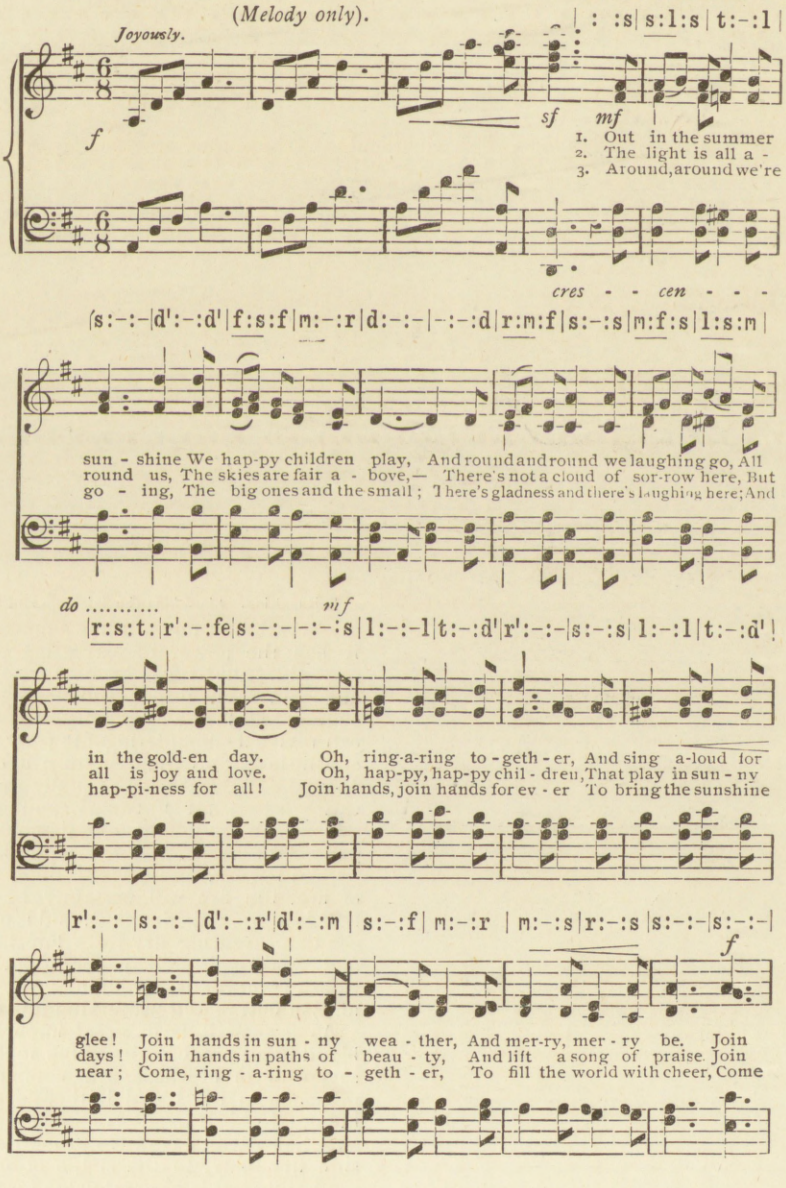
OUT IN THE SUMMER SUNSHINE.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

(From the Service of Song, "JACK OF THE FERRY," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.)

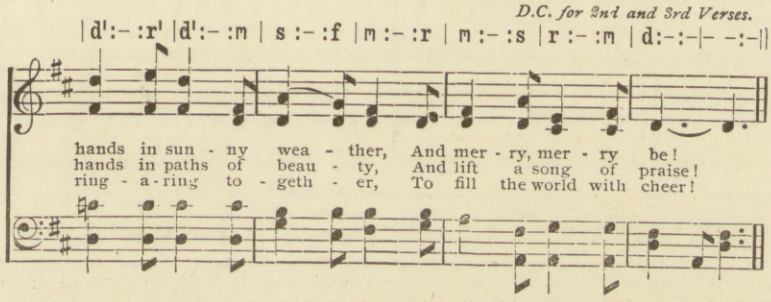
M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.

(*Melody only*).

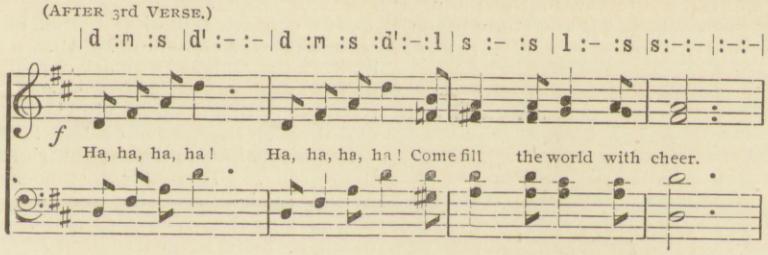


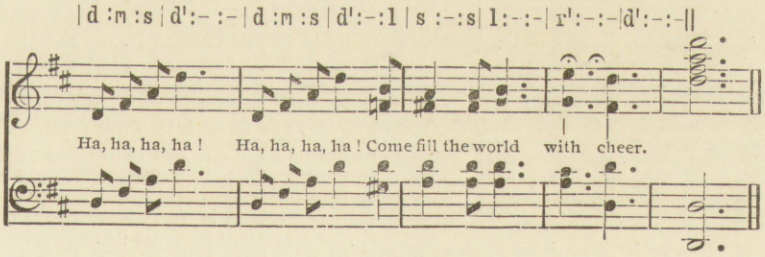
OUT IN THE SUMMER SUNSHINE—(*continued*).

D.C. for 2nd and 3rd Verses.



(After 3rd Verse.)





The original Service of Song, "Jack of the Ferry," price 4d., from which the above is taken, will be found very tuneful and attractive, and suitable for Festivals, Special Gatherings, etc.





MY DEAR CHILDREN,

AT the back of the gentleman in this picture you will see a bill, and if you study it you will find these words, "TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.'

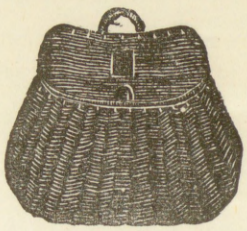


Never were wiser words spoken; but they must be rightly understood or we shall make some very queer mistakes. What are we to be careful not to touch, not to taste, not to handle? I have a beautiful rose tree in my garden, may I not touch that? Oh yes, I may have as many as I like. But my neighbour's garden, just close to mine, has some beautiful roses in it, may I *touch* them? No, I must not touch them, for they do not belong to me. Then there is a bough of beautiful rosy apples hanging temptingly in my path when I take my morning walk; may I *taste* them? No, certainly not, they are not mine; and however my mouth waters at the sight of them, I must learn to say "NO," and to turn away from them. Then again, there is a shaggy dog sitting on the doorstep of Dr. Brown up the street, I pass it every day, and I am sometimes tempted to pat it on the head, but it says "gr-r-r-r" as I walk by, and I say to myself, "I had better not attempt to *handle* it;" wisdom warns me to be wise in time, and I listen to the voice of wisdom, and thus I escape a dog-bite. So it is quite evident that there are certain "touchings and tastings and handlings" which are wise and right, and there are others which are quite wrong.

How can we tell what to touch and what to taste and what to handle? Ah, we have a guide book and a guide. If we ask our guide in prayer, and study the guide book we need not make any mistakes in this matter. God is our great guide, and through the power of His Holy Spirit He will show us how to choose the right and refuse the wrong. Take, for instance, the terrible DRINK, which is covering our land with sorrow and soaking it with burning tears. Ought we to touch it, taste it, or handle it? Certainly not, for the guide book says, "*Look* not upon it." If we do not look at it we shall never get so far as touching it, or tasting it, or handling it. Then, if we want to know what is the wisest thing to do about the ugly little cigarette we turn to our guide book and we find these words: "Avoid every appearance of evil." That settles the matter for us, and we keep the little idol too far away to touch it. So with everything else; we only have to find out what God thinks about it, and when we have tested it by His Word we can *go straight on*, and He will keep us in the right path.

What a grand thing it is to be a "fisher of men," like the gentlemen in the picture. He draws a listening audience round him, and from his lips are dropping words which will possibly be the means of changing the lives of those who listen, and causing them to serve the best of all masters, even the Lord Jesus Christ.

When I was a boy I used to go fishing with a



strapped to my back, and now I am a man I spend my life in fishing for boys and girls. When I hear a boy swear I long to *catch* him, or, in other words, to draw him away from the wicked oath, and to teach him to love clean

language. When I hear a girl say "I shan't" to her mother I long to *catch* her by showing her that God's commandment with promise is to honour her father and mother, and when I see an unloving, obstinate boy or girl I yearn to tell them of the "Friend of little children," who loves them more than tongue can tell, and thus I would catch them for the service of the King of kings, who not only loves them but *is* LOVE.

I want you all to choose *now*. Suppose I were to die before I could write another letter to you, how nice it would be to feel that I had been able to *catch* you for Jesus before I had left this world. God bless you, dears. Your loving friend,

"CHILDREN'S MAN."

WHAT DOES MY NAME MEAN?

(D's this month.)

BOYS—Daniel, God is judge.
David, well-beloved.
Donald, proud.
Douglas, dark grey.
Duncan, dark chief.
Dunstan, most high.

GIRLS—Dorothy, God given.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

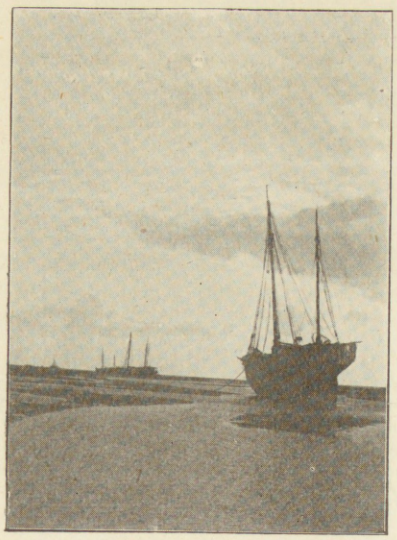
1. What goes into it.
2. For a penny.
3. Because there is an eye to each of them.
4. The tongue of your shoe.
5. Because you have to give it up.
6. Because when you cut the head off its body you don't take it from the trunk.
7. Because first you kill it and then you cure it.
8. The bell-man, because he will CRY if you give him a shilling.
9. When it is ground.
10. When he looks ROUND at you.

SIX FRESH RIDDLES.

1. Why cannot a thief steal a candle without being found out?
2. Why should I be very greatly astonished if a bullet were shot into my head?
3. What is always in fashion?
4. How can you get some good teeth without paying a dentist's bill.
5. Why is a fisherman always rich?
6. What should a clergyman preach about?

WORK FOR SOCIETIES.

IN all philanthropic work among young people every effort should be made to utilise their fullest energies, and to give occupation to their ever-widening and varying interests.



The Hoylake Prize Photo. by A. J. Martyn.

Many well-intentioned children's movements have come early to grief because "sameness and monotony" have been allowed to crowd out "the young fresh life on many matters bent—eager and inquiring."

Many Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies have, we fear, suffered from this cause, especially where the workers have forgotten the maxim, "Donothingness precedes ill." The great crowds of busy, active youths in our towns, ready to fall into any mischief, would be just as ardent in good, if but their energies were rightly and attractively directed.

The encouragement of hobbies is an indirect means to good living. The man whose time is occupied in the pursuit of photography, wood-carving, and music, will not find time to indulge in the follies which ensnare the unoccupied. True it is to-day—

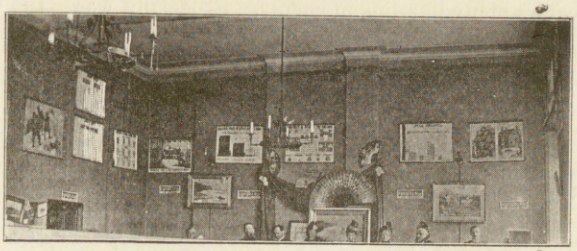
> Absence of occupation is not rest;
> The mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

Feeling thus, we hailed with delight an invitation recently sent to us by a little, but energetic, Band of Hope Union, in the sea-side district of West Kirby and Hoylake, to a

COMPETITIVE EXHIBITION AND SALE OF WORK,

promoted with the double object of encouraging the local Band of Hope members to engage in useful and artistic hobbies, and at the same time to provide funds for the extension of the Union's activities.

The visit amply repaid us. It made us wish



Diagrammic Teaching in the Industrial Exhibition

that other districts would follow suit, if not on the same scale, at least as large as local circumstances will permit. For there we found excellent examples of Joinery and Wood-carving in great variety; Fret-work, Metal-work, and Leather-work—the samples of Leather Bookbindings, done by amateurs, being such as would have done credit to professionals.

For all these, prizes were offered, as also for the best Table Decoration, samples of Knitting and Crochet work. Domestic attainments were this the case in the Photography and Lantern Slide competitions.

The number of people this Exhibition interested was very large; many who had hitherto stood aloof from local Temperance work being induced to think better of the movement through this excellent move.

At the Exhibition itself very sound Temperance instruction was imparted by Temperance Science Lectures, and by the Band of Hope Apparatus and Diagrams, which received so



A portion of the Competitive Exhibition and Sale of Work.

well looked after, and suitable rewards passed to the makers of the best Bread, Lunch Cakes and Toffee, and for the most useful article made out of apparently useless materials.

The youngest had opportunities to score, for prizes were given for excellence in Map Drawing, Plain Handwriting, Plain Sewing, as well as for Illuminated Temperance Mottoes.

In addition, artistic people were catered for, and Oil and Water Colour Drawings, Pen and Ink Sketches, of no mean order, gave the adjudicators many puzzling moments. Especially was prominent a display.

Societies all over the country anxious to help their senior members, to increase their funds, and to get out of the ruts, might do worse than take a leaf out of the Hoylake and West Kirby book, and utilise the artistic, literary, and creative ingenunity of their members, whose adhesion to Temperance principles and adherence to their respective societies will be strengthened the more the Band of Hope is brought into intimate relationship with the varying phases and activities of their lives.

THERE are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body but the mind and soul also.—*General Lord Wolseley.*

WINE.—Tell me not of its sparkle—its aroma—its exalting aspiration! for the world is full of wives more wretched than widows, mothers worse than childless, children more forlorn than orphans; and they all tell you that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Rev. Dr. Wadsworth.*

DAY BY DAY:

VIGNETTES FROM A DISTRICT NURSE'S EXPERIENCES.—Continued.



LAST month we gave certain of the experiences of Miss Whitfield, Superintendent of the District Nursing Institute of Warrington, as set forth in a paper read by her, of which the following extracts are the conclusion:—

MONDAY BURDENS.

Have you ever been struck on a Monday morning early by the large number of women you meet, each carrying a bundle, under the weight of which she fairly staggers? Sometimes the bundle is too large to be carried, and the services of the family peramulator have to be called into requisition. If you are out as early as 6 a.m. on Monday morning you will see in certain streets whole rows of women sitting on the edge of the pavement, each clasping her huge burden, all in an attitude of expectancy. Do you wonder what those huge bundles contain? Let a little child answer. A thin piping voice accosts me, and I look down to recognise one of a large family whose mother is so besotted as to be unworthy of the name of mother. She tells me in her childish way: "I'se got a pair of new shoes, and a new frock, and a new pinny!" Poor little dirty morsel, half fed, half clad! "Indeed!" say I with sympathy, "but where are they?" "In the pawnshop," was the prompt reply.

That is what the bundles contain—clothing which ought to be serving to make the children warm and respectable, clothing which ought to be helping the mothers to preserve a little self-respect—all that can be spared is sent off every Monday to the pawnshop; not for food, but for drink to satisfy the craving of those creatures who seem to have lost all claim to the name of woman; not out of poverty or need, for the money that most of the men earn would, if put to right use, keep their families in comfort and even luxury.

On Saturday the

PAWNSHOP PROCESSION

may be seen going in the other direction and the bundles return home for the week-end, so that the family may, even at such a tremendous cost, be respectable at least one day in the week.

Worse than the pawnshops, because not so open and above board, is another departure in this "Drinker's Aid Society," the existence of which I only learned this week, viz:— the "Putty Shop," where the obliging owner is open to buy any article offered for sale, and, as a further inducement to the neighbours to bring their surplus furniture or wearing apparel to him, he offers a *pint* to each vendor. This obliging man is also willing to sell any article he may have in his shop at a small profit, offering again a *pint* to each purchaser. Naturally enough he flourishes, but at what expense to these poor drink-cursed souls, perhaps Eternity alone will reveal!

AND THE CHILDREN.

My heart goes out to the children of such districts. I consider there is a dark future before them. How can they grow up sober, honourable right-thinking men and women when they are brought up in the closest familiarity with drink, blasphemy, gambling, deceit, and the grossest immorality?

Sunday school teachers and Band of Hope workers you have a great responsibility! To you it is given, in the very short duration of the time of your contact with the children, to set before them a higher ideal of life, to counteract as far as possible the evil influences of home, and by precept and example to induce them to hate that which is evil and cleave to that which is good.

It is terrible to think that the boys and girls who throng our streets on Sunday nights, whose language makes one shudder, and whose behaviour is a disgrace to civilization, have been Sunday school scholars! Terrible it is to think that they were Band of Hope children, that groups of boys and girls of from 14 to 15 years of age, seen by one of the nurses, standing in the street celebrating Christmas by passing round a whiskey bottle, each partaking with evident relish, and each already under its influence; or that the factory girl of 17 years of age who told nurse "the finest thing in the world is to be jolly well drunk" used to be a Band of Hope girl, as full of promise as any we shall see on the platform to day!

Will not the knowledge of these young lives on the verge of ruin spur us on to greater enthusiasm and to more whole-hearted, determined warfare against drink in every form?

How much longer are we to see, as we go about the streets, little toddlers, with their impressionable minds, eyes and ears open, yes, and mouths too, going to fetch father's beer? When will you people make it impossible for the children to be so wronged, and often morally injured for life?

Would that we were wise enough, courageous enough, far seeing and unselfish enough to protect our children from early association with the public-house and its demoralising surroundings, and from the temptation to sip from the poisonous jug on the way home, thus gaining a lasting liking for the beer, which may be the means of ruining them, body and soul.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P., says that an inspector of the Local Government Board declared that during twenty-two years' experience he never once met with a teetotaler in an English workhouse.

NEVER trust a wolf with the care of lambs

Photography.

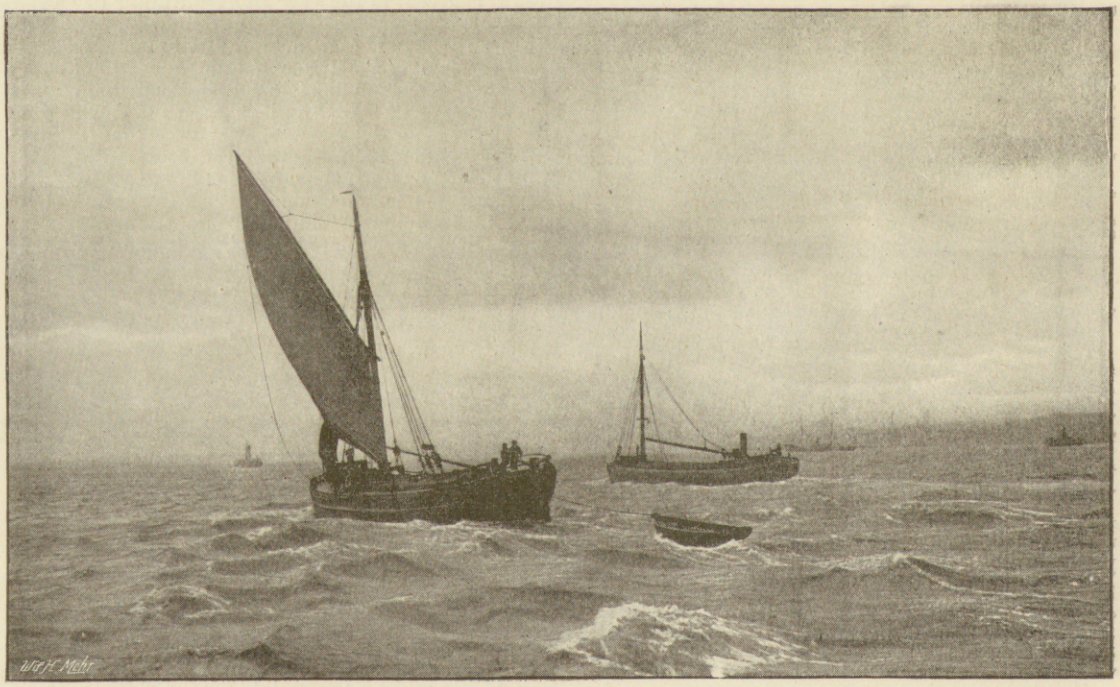
PHOTOGRAPHY, the "artistry of the masses," as it has been called, has not been brought to its present high state of excellence without much thought and attention. From Daguerre onwards a vast army of enthusiastic workers have been actively engaged in minimising difficulties, improving materials, perfecting apparatus, so as to enable the sun pictures to be as nearly as possible perfect.

In the earlier days the workers laboured under great disadvantages, and at that time were few in number. Now the knights of the camera are legion. Go where you will, where people do congregate, where a pretty bit of scenery or something novel is to be found, and there, sure enough, will you find "Johnny with his camera," ready to snap the lot.

Formerly, the travelling photographer needed a caravan, and had to be the manufacturer of his own plates, which he prepared as he needed them, and finished off forthwith, or they were spoiled. He used the wet plate, as indeed do a number of professional men to-day. The introduction of the "dry" plate, which can be carried about anywhere, exposed, and then finished where one pleases, has reduced the impedimenta of photography.

For some years ardent photographers were baffled in their attempts to transfix scenes and incidents of continued variation. The introduction of the Time and Instantaneous Shutter remedied this.

In this development, the celebrated firm of THORNTON-PICKARD, of ALTRINCHAM, Cheshire, have led the way, and produced cameras fitted with shutters which limit the exposure to from $\frac{1}{500}$ to $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of a second. Some remarkable results have been obtained with their apparatus, especially in catching the fleeting. Excellent examples of this are given in the pictures "Interested" and "Disgusted," also "With wind and tide," which we are able to re-produce in this number.



Copyright. *WITH WIND AND TIDE.*

TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD TIME AND INSTANTANEOUS SHUTTER.

To what length photography will go cannot be foretold. By its aid the most distant scenes, the most charming resorts, are brought within the reach of all at comparatively trifling cost. It enables the holiday-maker to dwell amid the actual scenes of his pleasure, the curiosity hunter to permanently embody his finds—humorous, pathetic, novel and grotesque—with a fidelity that no artist can equal. When the difficulty of photographing objects in their natural colours is overcome, with greater truth than now will photography be the "artistry of the masses."

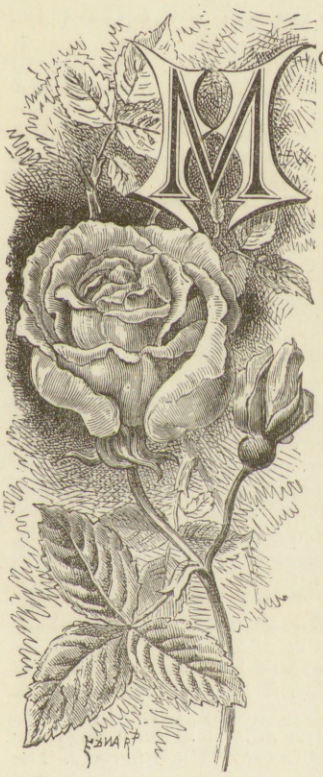
—J.M.

Behind the Clouds.

By Mary E. Helsby,

Author of "Golden Gorse," "A Country Mouse," "One Woman's Opinion," etc.

"Into each life some rain must fall."
—*Longfellow.*



"MOTHER, can you bear to hear bad news?"

"Oh! how can I? My boy, my boy—not the *worst*, surely not the worst!" the poor lady wailed, gazing at her son with pitiful anxiety, longing for a few words of comforting reassurance and longing in vain.

"I wish I could tell you to hope; but it would be wrong and cruel. Janet is quite blind, mother."

He took the trembling hands in his; the strong clasp gave her courage and kept her from sinking under the blow.

"Oh, my poor Janet! What have you done to be so afflicted? Where is she, dear?"

"Winnie took her upstairs to her room; we came in very quietly."

"You must have done. I think I was dozing; I did not sleep last night at all, from anxiety."

The tall young man stooped and kissed his little mother tenderly. He knew what a terrible disappointment the great London specialist's opinion was to her.

"Winnie is quite tired out, I know; Janet was so glad to have her with her, but I could see how it was unnerving the dear girl."

"Yes, yes, I will go and relieve her now, only I don't want poor Janet to see how upset I am."

"Of course not; do not hurry, Winnie will be all right if you make her some tea."

Rallying her energies to meet the practical duties awaiting her, Mrs. Nelson rose and rang the bell to order extra dainties to be set out for the meal, while she next bustled off to the kitchen to measure the tea into the quaint old tea-pot. Harold walked to the window and stood lost in thought. How hopeful he had been only two days before when he took his sister to London, accompanied by her friend and his fiancée, Winifred Stanning.

The hopelessness of Janet's case meant a great demand on his self-sacrificing powers he knew, and a heavy hand seemed laid upon his heart as he thought of Winnie, of what life would be to him if she were lost for ever.

Upon Mrs. Nelson's re-entrance he turned to her and said firmly,

"Mother, from this day I shall devote myself to you and Janet; all other ties must go."

Tears filled the faded blue eyes, and the loving voice shook as she clasped his arm in supplication.

"No, no, Harold! I cannot allow such a sacrifice to be made. Do not think of it, laddie; do not speak of it!"

"But I *have* thought of it; there is nothing else to be done! It is my duty, and Winnie thinks so too, I know she does."

"I cannot allow it; so if you are obstinate I shall speak to Winnie. Why should two lives be wrecked for the sake of poor Janet and me?"

A sob choked her voice.

"Two helpless women," he murmured; "that is just it. They must be cared for, and that task is *mine*; you know it is."

"God bless you, Harold! let us hope there will be no need for the sacrifice; perhaps some other way will appear."

He shook his head dubiously. "No, no; 'facts are stubborn things,' little mother; the future must be faced at any cost."

"Well, dear, we always have each other. Ah! here are the girls."

It was a severe tax on poor Mrs. Nelson's powers of self-control to meet Janet, and to make believe that she was resigned and cheerful.

Harold drew Winnie from the room for a few minutes, leaving mother and daughter alone.

The blind girl raised her sweet, pale face, on which was written moral courage, and said in a low, patient voice—

"I am glad to know the worst—did Hal tell you?"

"Yes, darling, he did. Never mind, love, it is not *death*."

"No, mother, it is *worse* than death."

"Do not say that, Janet! We all love you—we have *you* still."

"Yes, a burden—always a burden whilst I live."

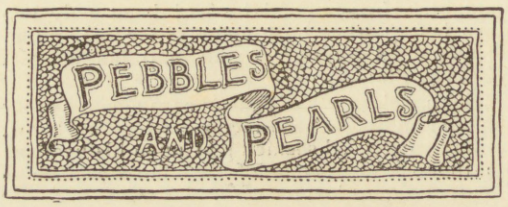
"You must not say that, love! It hurts us—we who love you as a precious charge can feel no burden in caring for you."

"How kind you all are!" the gentle girl exclaimed with emotion.

"Then you will try to be brave for all our sakes, dear?"

"Yes, for that alone, mother, and God will help me, I know He will," she said, folding her hands together meekly, with a gesture of patient resignation, which made her mother's heart ache to see.

(To be continued.)



No gift on earth pure water can excel;
Nature's the brewer, and she brews it well.

"DOES your husband ever speak of the food his mother used to cook?"

"No, never. You see, his father died of acute gastritis."

A CABMAN signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed he tried to keep out of the way of his friend; but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off. One day he found the poor, miserable man, and taking hold of his hand he said,

"John, when the road is slippery, and your cab-horse falls down, what do you do with him?"

"I help him up again," replied John.

"Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett, affectionately; "the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell; but there's my hand to help you up again."

The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and said,

"God bless you, sir; you'll never have cause to regret this—I'll never fall again."

And to this day he has kept his word.

ORDERS FOR DRUGS.

SOME people wonder why doctors' prescriptions are written in Latin, and no doubt some drug clerks wonder why some people do not write their orders in English. A Jersey city druggist is making a collection of the queer orders he receives from people who send children to the drug store. Here are some of them:

"This child is my little girl. I sent you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

Another reads:

"Dear Dochtor, ples gif barer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle babi's throat and obleage."

An anxious mother writes:

"You will please give the lettle boi five cents worth of epcac for to throw up in a five-months-old babe. N.B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

This one puzzled the druggist:

"I have a cute pane in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

Another anxious mother wrote:

"My little babey has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed little girl."

The writer of this one was evidently in pain:

"I haf a hot time in my insides, and wich I wood like to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The enclosed quarter is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."

The Story of a Leopard.

THERE are few of our boys and girls, I suppose, who have not, at some time or other, seen a collection of wild beasts. If you have been to the Zoological Gardens, or have visited some travelling circus, you will have noticed an animal somewhat like a cat, only very much larger than the largest cat you ever saw. That is the leopard, which scientific men place among the cat tribe. The animal has a very graceful and slender body, and can curve its limbs just as a cat does, while, like the cat, it has a very long and beautiful tail. The general colour is yellowish, but the fur is covered with spots.

I could tell you many interesting things about leopards, but have not time to do so now. What I want to do is to relate a little story which I think you may like to hear. It is about a leopard which a gentleman tamed when it was very young, until it would follow him about the house like a dog. This gentleman was an officer in the army, and he lived for many years in India. He caught the leopard when it was quite a little one, and by feeding it, and being kind to it, the animal became quite fond of its master.

One day the gentleman was sitting in an arm-chair, and the leopard was by his side. Its master put one of his hands down to stroke the animal's head, just as you would do to a dog, and I have no doubt it was pleased to be noticed. Presently, as the weather was rather warm, the gentleman fell asleep, his arm still hanging over the side of the arm-chair.

I suppose the animal missed the motion of its master's hand, and as it liked to be stroked, it tried to arouse his attention by licking the hand. This was done very gently at first, but after a while the gentleman was awakened by feeling a sharp pain in his hand like the pricking of a pin or needle. This was caused by the rough tongue of the leopard drawing the blood through the skin.

The officer very naturally drew his hand quickly away, but the animal at once began to growl savagely, and its eyes flashed fiercely. The taste of blood had aroused its wild nature, and the gentleman knew at once that if he was not very careful the animal would be likely to spring upon him, and perhaps tear him to pieces.

So what do you think he did? He called loudly to his servants to bring him his pistols, and while the leopard was still licking the blood that flowed from the wounded hand, the gentleman took a pistol in the other and shot the animal dead. He did this because he felt it was the only safe thing to do, as, when once the beast's taste for blood had been gratified, it would never have been safe to have fondled it again, even if the animal could have been reduced to a tame condition.

I think you will see how much this story reminds us of that dangerous thing, strong drink. Like the leopard, it is beautiful to look at as it sparkles in the cup, and, so long as people take very little of it, they fancy they are quite safe. But it is a terrible thing to have to do with at all. The Bible tells us that "strong drink is raging," and we would have all our members beware of handling it at all. Whenever you are tempted to take it, remember this true story of a leopard.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop, who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad, and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally, whom she accompanies to the Mission, where she is led to Jesus by Gilbert Turner's recital of his rescue from drowning, his fall and subsequent reformation. Violet takes a great interest in Willie, a cripple boy, whose father is a dissolute character; Gilbert takes Willie home. Through Violet's influence Willie's father is reclaimed. Maggie sinks into habitual drunkenness, and is discharged from "The Clarence;" whilst drunk she falls into a ditch, and her boy, Harold, wanders on until he falls in the road from fatigue. Mr. Cameron in his trap runs over him, carries him home and adopts him. Maggie is found by a carter who takes her to his mother.

CHAPTER IX.—Brighter Times.

"MISS WARD, I wonder if we might trespass on your kindness yet further?"

Violet had just entered the Mission Hall with Sally. Turning round she saw the leader of the choir looking at her. Behind him was Jim Forbes with his cripple boy in his arms.

"Has your organist not arrived, Mr. Spencer?" she said, with a smile.

"No, Miss Ward, it is not the organist this time; I want you to sing a solo."

"Not in public, Mr. Spencer?"

Forbes by this time had settled Willie on a seat. Placing his hand on Violet's shoulder he spoke in earnest tones,

"It was your singing that led me to Jesus. Now there's one of my mates here to-night, and he's an awful drinker, but I think that if he could only hear you sing his heart would be softened. Will you sing for Jesus?"

For a second Violet stood silent, then, sending up a silent prayer for help, she quietly responded,

"By His help I will."

A deep hush fell upon the listening throng as the singer forgot herself in the message she was called upon to deliver. Her audience was moved to tears with the exquisite tenderness of her appeals, then roused to enthusiasm as the glad triumphant notes filled the great hall with melody. As, amid breathless silence, Violet sat down she caught the glance of James Forbes, and, following it, saw a dissipated-looking man with big tears running down his cheeks. A few days afterwards she had the satisfaction of knowing that he had signed the pledge and given his heart to the Saviour.

Gilbert Turner called to tell her the news, and asked her to accompany him to see a poor girl who was very ill.

As they passed along together Violet suddenly said,

"Oh, Mr. Turner, it gives me such pain whenever I hear of a drunkard becoming sober. The sunshiny face of Forbes brings tears to my eyes often."

"Tears of joy do you mean?"

"No, tears of regret that I was not able to lead poor Frank to Jesus. Perhaps if I had been a Christian then he would have been saved from the fearful power of drink, but now I do not even know if he was saved at the last."

"You can only leave that in God's hands. We do not know the depth of the love of God, nor what passed between Himself and His wandering child. Your distress cannot affect his destiny, so just lay this burden upon your loving Saviour and rescue other poor drunkards for His sake, Miss Ward," responded Gilbert.

"Then there are his wife and boy, the only relations that I have in the world. Can I do nothing to save them from this terrible curse? When I see the evil that drink is doing all around, what it has done in my own family, I feel that I

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would gladly give my life to save others from its grasp."

"I can heartily enter into your feelings, Miss Ward—Violet, will you let us fight it together?"

"Are we not doing so?" she inquired innocently, until, raising her eyes to his, she caught a glimpse of his meaning.

"You are alone in the world, Violet. Why not let me shield you, and take you away from that vile court? My mother would be glad to welcome you as a daughter, I know," he pleaded, speaking rapidly and with passionate earnestness.

A look of pain crossed the girl's face as she said gently but firmly,

"I am very sorry if I have given you reason to think that I regarded you as other than a friend, Mr. Turner; but it is impossible for me to accede to your request."

"You have not done so. I know that you do not love me, but will you let me try to win your love Violet?"

"I can never be more than a friend, Gilbert," repeated Violet, frankly.

"Will you answer me one question? Do you love another?"

"I do, and though we may never meet on earth I will be true to him till death, and then when we meet in heaven I can assure him of my innocence. That my prayers for him will be answered I cannot doubt."

"That being the case I will not say another word. You will not let this make any difference in our friendship, will you?"

"Certainly not. I never for one moment thought of such a thing, or I should have told you of my engagement."

"What did you think brought me to Crown Court so often? Did you think that Mrs. Green was the attraction, eh?"

"No, but I certainly thought that Sally was. She is a good girl, and one who would make the man who is fortunate enough to win her an admirable wife," responded Violet, feeling much relieved, for she was quick to notice that Gilbert was heart-whole, and she guessed that his offer was prompted by no warmer feeling than friendship, and the desire to find her a more congenial home. She was very well aware that Sally had given her heart to Gilbert, and hoped that he would be led to love her in return.

Long after Sally was asleep that night Violet lay thinking. She reviewed the past and looked forward into the future.

"Oh, Lord," she cried, "how long must I remain under the shadow of this cloud? Will my innocence never be established?"

There was always the deep heart-hunger for a sign of love from Comar. Gilbert's words had seemed to bring back all the old passionate desire, till she found it impossible to say, "Thy will be done;" and she found herself crying out, "Why should I be suspected and accounted guilty, oh, why—why?"



"Miss Ward, have I found you at last?"

Next day there was a listlessness about her manner so unlike her usual self, that Sally insisted that she should lay aside her work and go as far as aunt Milly's.

She passed out of the court and along the street, and was about to turn in the direction of Mrs. Smith's when she was impelled to go in the opposite direction. For a moment she hesitated; she had no reason to go that way, but the words seemed to be ringing in her ears, "I will guide thee," like a sweet refrain.

She obeyed the impulse and went along the road for a little distance, then turned up a street where she had never been before.

"Why should I go this way?" she thought to herself. "Perhaps God has some work for me to do along here."

"Miss Ward, have I found you at last?"

Violet started at the sound of her name, and found herself face to face with Lady Mosscrop.

"Lady Mosscrop! Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Violet, as she recalled the kindly words that Christian lady had spoken to her long ago.

"My carriage is waiting at the corner, Miss Ward. Come with me, and tell me all about yourself. I tried to find you when I discovered that you had gone from Mrs. Ormiston's, but all in vain. I have prayed for you ever since."

In a cosy boudoir, seated in a low chair by her ladyship's side, Violet told the story of her life, as so many girls had done before her in that very place, for Lady Mosscrop not only employed

the wealth that God had entrusted her with in His service, but she gave ready sympathy and help to all those who came under her influence, and many a poor, weary sister, worsted in the battle of life, had occasion to bless God for the day upon which they had come under her influence.

"Then this very suspicion that God has permitted to rest upon you, my dear, has been a blessing in disguise, since it has been the means of leading you to the Saviour, and giving you opportunities of work that you would never have dreamed about if you had remained at Burnside," remarked the lady, as she gently stroked Violet's shining tresses.

"I can understand all that, Lady Mosscrop, but——"

"But what, my dear? Do not be afraid to tell me, I may be able to help you."

"Now that I do love and serve Him, why, oh why does He not take away the cross?"

"Because it has not yet served its purpose, my dear. There are other people in the world besides yourself, you must remember. This young man, is he a Christian?"

"Once I should have said, 'yes,' for he is a total abstainer, and a true, noble, honourable man, but, like myself, he had never seen his need of a Saviour."

"Just as I thought. Have you prayed for him, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Lady Mosscrop, I have never ceased to pray, and generally I can believe that my prayers will be answered, but last night I seemed to have lost all hope. It is so long, so very long."



AN OLD FRIEND. [*Copyright.*

TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND TIME AND INST. SHUTTER.

"My dear child, if I gave you the choice, and told you that I knew where the ring was hidden, and could produce it at once, and remove the suspicion that had rested upon you for so long, but it would mean the loss of Comar Cameron's soul, or I could let the cloud rest upon you for a little while longer until he, too, should have chosen the better part, and then you should be united in heart and soul for ever, which would you choose—to have the cross removed at once?"

"Oh no, no; I would gladly bear it for his sake!"

"I do not know the hiding-place of the lost gem, but your loving Father has His eye upon it and He will bring it to light as soon as His gracious purposes are accomplished.

God's help is always sure,
His method's seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.
His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

"I never thought of looking at it in that light before."

Violet stayed with her ladyship for some time, and assisted her with her correspondence.

After tea, Lady Mosscrop noticed that Violet was looking longingly at the piano.

"Will you play for me, my dear? I am so fond of music," she said.

For a second her fingers wandered amongst the keys, as if trying to recall some half-forgotten melody, then as she became absorbed in the music that she loved she forgot all about her ladyship, and played on and on, with wonderful expression and pathos.

At length Violet stopped suddenly and exclaimed,

"I beg your pardon, Lady Mosscrop. I am afraid that I have wearied you."

"No, my dear, you could never weary me with music. I have an engagement in an hour from now, so if you like you can come with me and I will set you down at the nearest point to your home. Come and play for me another time, will you?"

"Oh, Lady Mosscrop, if I only may. You do not know much I have missed my music."

Both were silent during the drive, then Lady Mosscrop suddenly inquired,

"Shall you be busy to-morrow morning, my dear?"

"No, there will be no more work in until week-end, Lady Mosscrop."

"I attend the meetings of the World's Women's Temperance Union to-morrow, and as I have a quantity of writing to do as well, I shall be glad if you will come to my assistance, and do the writing for me whilst I am away."

"I shall be delighted to do anything I can for you," responded Violet warmly.

"Very well; be at my house by nine in the morning, when I will give you some instructions."

Violet seemed to have passed from darkness into light during the time that she had been absent from home.

When she entered the cottage she was dismayed to hear that Sally's mother had had a stroke, and Jim Forbes had gone for a doctor.

When the doctor came he shook his head, and said that she might linger for a few days, but he scarcely thought that she would recover consciousness.

"Oh, Violet, that would be dreadful!" sobbed Sally, after he had gone.

"It would be if we were not sure that she was prepared for the change, but we know, dear Sally, that your mother loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and she will rejoice to go to Him."

Violet went to Lady Mosscrop, who insisted on paying her liberally for the work that she did, and even asked her to come again. When she heard of Mrs. Green's illness, however, she told her to remain at home and do what she could, and insisted on giving her a sovereign to buy any nourishments that might be required.

Next day her ladyship paid them a visit, spoke loving words of sympathy, and requested Sally to give up her work so as to be able to devote her whole time to her mother, who lingered on week after week, with little change in her condition. As work was still slack and Sally could look after her, Violet was employed by Lady Mosscrop most days in whole or part. Gilbert Turner, who spent all the time he could spare at the cottage, took notice of Sally now that the glamour of Violet's presence was withdrawn, and wondered that he had not before seen her gentle womanly ways and her unfailing devotion to her mother.

Day by day their friendship strengthened, and Violet, who saw how matters were tending, managed to keep out of the way, so as to let Gilbert form an estimate of her friend's true worth.

At length the end came, and the aged saint passed peacefully away.

After she had been interred a few weeks, Sally said to Violet one evening as they sat together in the gloaming,

"I have something to tell you, dear."

Judging from the blush that overspread her face as she spoke, and the happy light in her eyes, Violet guessed what was to follow.

"Gilbert Turner has asked me to be his wife, Violet, and he wants to be married very soon."

"I am so glad, dear Sally; I don't know of any one to whom I would more readily entrust you than Gilbert Turner."

"I thought that you would be pleased. Mother often said that she would gladly give her child to him. She thought that it was you whom Gilbert loved, but I knew better."

Violet quietly smiled, and then she said,

"Now I can tell you something Sally. Lady Mosscrop has asked me to go and live with her as secretary, but I would not leave you alone. So as soon as you are Mrs. Turner I shall go."

"That removes the only hindrance, for Gilbert wants me to go and live with his mother, but I did not like to leave you, Violet."

"You see how beautifully God has opened the way for you, Sally; but here comes Gilbert for his answer, so I will go and tell Willie the news."

(To be continued.)

"THAT BOY:

Or, THE SENIOR MEMBER, AND HOW . . TO RETAIN HIM." . .

ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. B. PATON, D.D., OF NOTTINGHAM.

FEW men have done more for the young men and women of our country than Dr. Paton, whose interest in their welfare is enthusing, encouraging, and practical. Often called "A Dreamer" about young manhood, its possibilities, its training, its sympathies, Dr. Paton "dreams the dreams that come true." A moving spirit in the National Home Reading Union, the Recreative Evening School Association, the Boys' Life Brigade, &c., &c., his opinions on "That Boy" are most valuable. We are glad to be able to make them known to a larger circle than that to which they were delivered at a Band of Hope Workers' Conference in Lancaster, on Saturday, July 8th, 1899.

"THAT BOY."

Dr. Paton introduced his important subject by remarking that all Band Hope and Sunday School workers bemoaned the leakage which took place in their Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope. Said he, "I have been wishing for some years that more attention could be given to senior Bands of Hope. There are exceptions, happy and honourable exceptions, I know, in this county of yours, but alas! the prevailing experience in our Sunday Schools and also in our Bands of Hope is that we have to bemoan a

TERRIBLE LEAKAGE OF 80 PER CENT.

of those who have been in our Sunday School, but are lost—lost to themselves, and sometimes to God. Let us thank God for the 20 per cent. who remain with us in our work, and are, in a measure, safe, but alas! for the 80 per cent. It seems to me a sad thing that we should, as Sunday School and Band of Hope workers, be building up a great building with such care and patience, only to see our building after erection topple down into ruins.

"The problem we are dealing with is of a solemn character, and unparalleled in importance by any questions affecting the Church. Those years from 13 to 19, most critical years of youth, the years when character and life are formed,

THE MOST MOMENTOUS YEARS OF OUR LIVES,

are the years when the influence of the Sunday School and the Band of Hope should be most felt. What is done in those years, is done for the present life and eternity. What the children become in those years, they become eternally, and yet these are the years most neglected by the Church and by the State. Do you wonder that the seed we sow seems to bear such little fruit? No seed will grow unless there is the germ of life at the beginning; but only if it be nourished and stimulated with soil and sunshine, will the seed which has been sown become a plant and grow

into beautiful fruition. Further, let us notice that it is in the social and evening hours of life that the tempter is ever ready to waylay and ensnare us. While we are at our daily toil, there is not so much harm done, but when the

DAILY LABOUR IS FINISHED,

too often mischief comes, for alas! it is in the social evening hours that so much evil comes to darken the lives of our young men and women. The children have reached the age when the law allows them to leave school, and they are sent to work. When work is done, the boy's mind is relaxed, and is open to be played upon by the influence of associates and companions. It is in these week-evening hours of life that so many young lives are wrecked. The hours of work are shortened, the hours of leisure are lengthened, and that is becoming, and may become, more and more a grievous peril in our time. I would not have leisure lessened, but let us remember the responsibility there is for those who are interested in the young people, to teach the youth the

RIGHT USE OF THAT LEISURE.

It is a monstrous fact that in England, despite all efforts put forth by Temperance workers and by legislation, that the drink bill increases, not merely in accordance with the population, but is growing at a greater amount per head. I wish now to examine the causes which lead to the leakage in our Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope. I shall confine my remarks to the boys, and leave the ladies to draw their own inferences as to the girls. I have been a boy, and can speak about them. If we can save 'that boy' from 13 to 19, we have got him for life and eternity. Ponder well that fact.

"'That boy' has gone to work, and is justifiably proud of jingling the first pence of his weekly earnings. We are living in a democratic age, and 'that boy' is fully possessed by the democratic spirit of his times. Young people are beginning

TO SHAKE OFF PARENTAL AUTHORITY

and control as they never used to do in olden times. 'That boy' is a little man in his way, and one of the first things he objects to is compulsion. He puts his foot down at once, and we hear 'No, I won't,' or 'But I will.' We cannot coerce 'that boy.' No! we must go and fish for 'that boy' with right bait. If we wish to reach him, it must be done in ways that appeal to him, attract him, and will hold him. Excuse me if I introduce a long word, because I wish only to use simple terms, but it is a psychological fact that it is a natural thing for 'that boy'

TO WANT TO BE MORE INDEPENDENT.

We may call him 'a little rebel,' but, according to the very law of his nature, it is right that there should be a new desire for independence in him. He wishes for freedom to be himself. His moral personality is beginning to assert itself, and his heart throbs with new activities, new emotions, new social instincts.

"You never saw one boy without seeing two. 'That boy' believes in comradeship, and in every group of boys there is a recognised leader. Get that leader, and you have got all. But how?

"There are four principles which must direct and inspire all who seek to retain the elder scholar in the Sunday School or Band of Hope. We must get Temperance into their lives, not merely as a doctrine, but a principle. We must not be content with an entertainment or a lantern talk, but widen out until we get at the whole nature of 'that boy.' (1) There is not a school in this country where the master would undertake to guarantee the moral *ethos* of the school, and the

ROBUST, HONEST PURITY OF THE BOYS

unless they are kept at games for a time, besides being in the schoolroom. It is nonsense for them to attempt to deal with 'that boy' unless they know the law of the boy's nature. His whole body is full of frisky energy; some people call it mischief. A celebrated statesman says 'Dirt is wholesome matter wrongly placed.' Then I say that mischief is wholesome energy wrongly directed. Games are the best form of discipline to train and develop that energy. In games you train also moral character. You will, therefore, see why I recommend games for the boy as a splendid discipline of physical and moral force. (2) A boy's life is full of the spirit of romance and adventure. Sometimes it is called

'THE RED INDIAN STAGE OF LIFE.'

Great philosophers tell us that the individual is developed just in the same way as the race has been developed. To me it seems the boy at this particular time is passing through that stage of development which in history is called the age of chivalry. When 'that boy' is reading, it is the stories of adventure, or of lives of men that are full of courage and heroism, that appeal to him. Even in those books, the *penny dreadfuls*, which are harmful to the young, 'that boy' is fascinated with the murderous villain; it is the dash and pluck of the man that fascinate him. We know that at heart the boy likes courage and truth, admires generous fair play, hates the sneaking man; he delights in fortitude, the spirit that endures and is strong. I am glad to think there is this splendid spirit of chivalry in boys which cries, 'Down with the bully!' and rushes to the rescue of the helpless. Because it is in a special sense the age of his chivalry, we must appeal to that part of the boy's nature. It is a splendid training for life to get boys to love courage, truth, generous fair play, self command, and chivalry, for these are the basal virtues of manhood.

(3) "In speaking of social instincts, I do not wish to be misunderstood:

THE SOCIAL INSTINCT IS NATURAL,

as the love of companions is natural, and it is not for evil alone. The question is, 'How can we make use of those natural instincts, and make use of the power they contain for noble life?' If social life is not developed as part of the boy's nature in the Sunday Schools and their Bands of Hope, we shall simply be leaving it to be developed under the influence of the devil in the streets and music halls. Therefore, we had better develop social life under the influence of the Church.

It *will* be developed, somehow or somewhere, we must not make any mistake about it. The only question is how we may help therein. I plead with you to think of the influence which our Divine Master would have us shed around their young lives, gracious, pure, and noble.

(4) "Then it is the important time when the boy leaves school, and faces the work and duties of his future life, and learns to use the faculties the implements he possesses whereby to earn his living. He has also to face

THE GREAT EVILS OF LIFE—

Intemperance, Gambling, and Impurity, and he comes into contact with those who have succumbed to these temptations. God help 'that boy' if the Christian people do not go out with him and protect him in going through that terrible conflict; going into the very fire of these temptations with him. God help them, too, if they do not go out with him.

"Having laid down these four principles, what are we to do? I want to give briefly and rapidly a week's programme. I plead with you that you study and consider very earnestly that programme, and question or criticise my suggestions. There is nothing I like so much as wholesome criticism; so criticise as much as you like.

"Coming thus to the practical part of my address, may I say I have been admonished that I should speak about Continuation Schools? These are being established all over the country, and I would like to emphasise the pleasant conditions under which they may be worked. The



REV. J. B. PATON, D.D.,
Hon. Sec., National Home Reading Union.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT IS AS MUCH IN EARNEST

about this whole question as I am. I ought to tell you that the Education Department has done everything it can in order to facilitate this work for us. Even this year's code makes another splendid concession; a concession of incalculable value. There is nothing which the Department is not prepared to do, in order to facilitate our work in building up the life of these young people, and protecting them against the fearful evils that degrade them—helping us to build up righteous and noble manhood and womanhood. These schools can be founded everywhere, and wherever they have been established and carried on with enthusiasm they are the delight of the young people. They can be carried on

WITHOUT A SINGLE FARTHING EXPENSE,

therefore, in this instance, the great barrier that has hindered all work—the question of expense to the Church or Sunday School—does not exist. I wish all to know that this bar has been removed wholly.

"The Education Department and the County Councils insist that the schools shall be made as practical and recreative as they possibly can be. I would like to shepherd our young people as far as we can into these schools on three conditions. A great drawback in the evening schools, almost everywhere, has been that the teachers in the day schools will bring their dry books and methods of teaching into the evening schools. This is a grievous mistake. We are not going to get 'that boy' into such schools. We may get a few very good ones, but we shall not get a packed school under these old conditions. We must make the evening school a very different place to the school he has left, if we wish him to go. The Department encourages in every way the idea that the teaching should be

BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE, AND AS USEFUL

as it possibly can be made. Accordingly I want you to insist, wherever the school may be, in whatever town you are located, that you will do your best to influence and shepherd the young people to come to it on these conditions: That the subjects to be taught in that Evening School are likely to allure, to attract, and influence the tired boys and girls, and help to mould their characters.

"The next condition is that the teaching shall be of a very refreshing and interesting kind. This can be done, and in proof I will indicate only one fact. In Nottingham I advocated the methods I now recommend, and they were adopted as fully as in any city in the country. It was simply beautiful, at the close of the last winter's session, to hear the grand entertainment that was given in one of the largest halls. The entertainment consisted of Haydn's 'Creation,' sung by the scholars of our evening schools. There is nothing that so attracts parents as to hear their children singing in a concert or entertainment like that. I remember walking up to the station with a railway porter not long since. His dress, countenance, and buoyant step caused me to ask where he was going. He replied, 'To the Mechanics' Hall.' 'What for?' 'I'm going to a concert.' I told him I could not understand why he looked so buoyant, and he replied, 'My Tommy is going to sing.' That

LET THE SECRET OUT.

There is nothing like 'My Tommy singing' for

attracting parents. This only showed what could be done in evening schools.

"I suggest further that some of you should become managers of the schools, and when the boys and girls find you there it will encourage them to attend. I would also like you to become volunteer workers, for the

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ENCOURAGES VOLUNTEER HELP.

There can be musical drills and lantern lectures. Hygiene is a very popular and important subject. Under it Temperance instruction can be given as it has never been taught in the schools yet. We must follow America in this matter, and let every child know why it is an evil thing to drink that perilous stuff, alcohol.

"Maybe, however, you will be led to ask if you get the boy to school two nights a week out of the six, where will he be the other four? 'Has the boy to be out in the streets?' The boy wants a little change, very likely, and in that sense we must humour the boy until he learns to love home as he had never loved it before. This could best be done by the establishment of a

SOCIAL INSTITUTE OR CLUB

in every one of their Sunday Schools. What! are your schoolrooms used every night in the week? You may, perhaps, tell me they are, but a moment's inquiry, and I find two or three rooms are not in use. I cannot bear the thought that the devil's places are always there flaming with light, alluring people from the street into the public house and music hall, with their great temptations. I cannot bear to think that at the same time the House of God should be shut. I would use the schoolrooms for instruction in social subjects, such as singing and reading. If music be combined with the reading, and you put in two half hours per week for two nights on these subjects, you will be able to pay all the expenses of your club and social institute. There would be four evenings per week, and I guarantee that if you put your heart and soul into it—I guarantee nothing for lazy people—but if you are zealous in this matter, I guarantee that you will be able not simply to pay the expenses, but to contribute a little to the Church funds, or, if not, raise a little for the pastor's salary. In one Social Institute, with its home reading circle, I have in my mind's eye, which started a few winters ago, there is a membership of between seventy and eighty. They have an institute open every night in the week, but the music and reading classes are the most interesting features. More people come then than upon any other evening. In three months they made £25; in last winter session they made £54 with seventy pupils, and the money went to the institute. £10 came from the County Council, and the other from the Education Grant. You can do just the same thing, and if you cannot with £50 pay the whole expense of an institute for week evening meetings, you must be bad economists in Lancashire and Cheshire.

"Just a word in concluding, let me speak about physical exercises in our Club or Social Institute. I would have all games associated with it that are of a wholesome and healthy kind. I believe

THE BOYS' BRIGADE

is among the best organisations there are for boys. They learn to act together, and to trust one another, while the drills produce a smartness which has a wonderful effect on the figures and manners of the lads. There is a certain moral effect in lifting boys from slouching habits into an alert and manly attitude. There is something in it which makes them better boys. They are trained to obey commands, and while in the Brigade they have to keep their pledges. While doing good in this way, I have always felt that there was something in the objection that all the while the boys were being trained in a military sense. We are now forming a

BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE,

in which, while preserving the physical training, and perhaps making it a little better, we have, by means of special help from the best authorities in the preparation of the exercises, organised a drill which will train boys in helping and saving others. There will be stretcher drill, and drill to instruct boys in life saving—the rescue of persons from drowning and from fire. Therefore, instead of teaching the boys to destroy life, we shall be helping to save it. It would be an inspiration to the boys to think of their Saviour.

"I have spoken to you in a way that might lead you to think I am only pleading for humanitarian measures in social redemptive work. May I remind you that by these means you will be able to influence the boys and girls for greater good. We must not be content until we restore them to the Father's love and to the Father's home, by linking them in the fellowship of both faith and love with the blessed eternal Son of God. I would have nothing done which our Divine Lord is not ready to bless. In this work for 'that boy's' manhood and salvation, I am profoundly convinced His richest blessing can and will be upon us. Our redemptive work will not be complete till every boy prodigal is brought to his Saviour, and is presented faultless before his Father in heaven."

As an outcome of Dr. Paton's address, several Continuation Evening Schools for senior members are in process of formation. The Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, to help forward this movement, has issued an explanatory circular giving practical hints,

ANSWERING QUESTIONS AS TO BEST METHODS

of working, &c. Copies of this circular can be obtained on application to 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester. Price, 6d. for 25.

The circular answers such questions as:—Where can the classes be held?—What subjects can be taken?—Can other things be taken?—What grants can be earned?—Must the work be on Day School lines—Is there an examination?—Who can teach?—What steps must be taken to start a class?

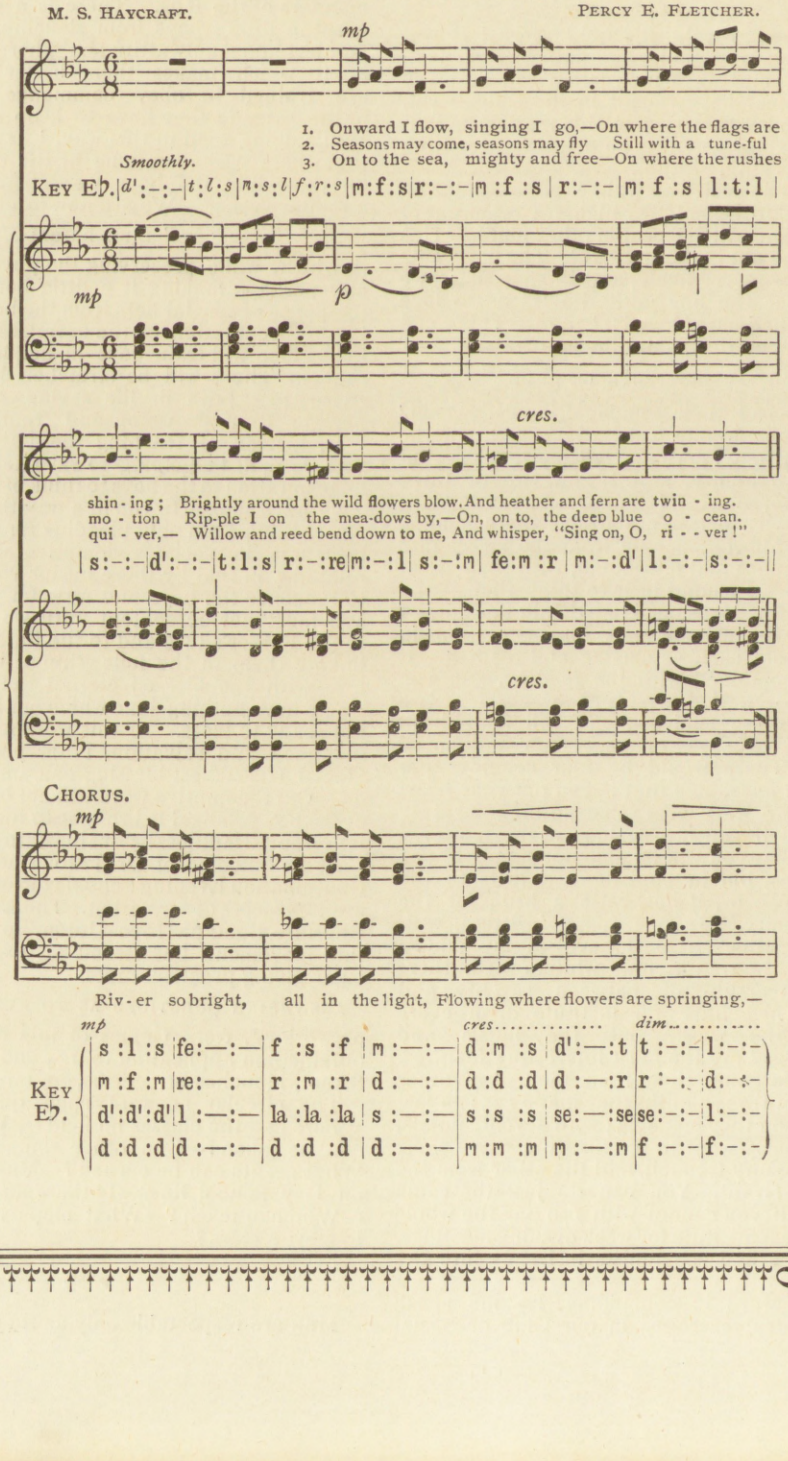
MEN are respectable only as they respect.

RIVER SO BRIGHT.

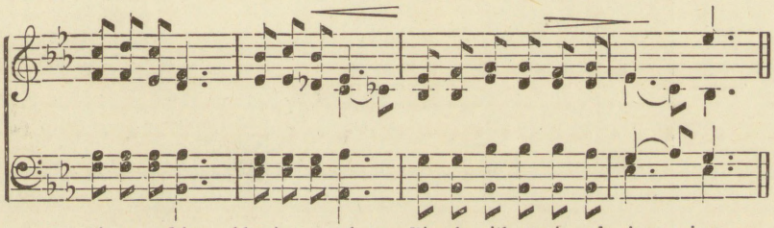
SOLO AND CHORUS.

(From the Service of Song, "JACK OF THE FERRY," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.)

M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.



RIVER SO BRIGHT—(*continued*).



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HE WINS AT LAST.

He wins at last who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.

The winter blast is stern and cold
Yet summer has its harvest gold.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet,
Yet love rings triumph o'er defeat.

The clouds may darken o'er the sun,
Yet rivers to the ocean run.

Earth brings the bitterness of pain,
Yet worth the crown of peace will gain.

The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas.

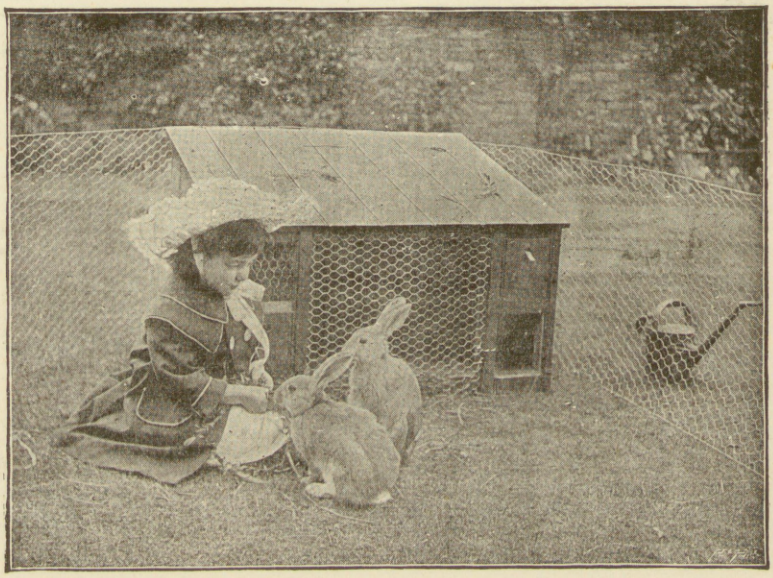
Full oft we feel the surge of tears,
Yet joy has light for all the years.

On every banner blazon bright,
" For toil, and truth, and love we fight."

Chats . . with . . Children

BY

A CHILDREN'S MAN.



FEEDING RABBITS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,



A MAN was once standing gazing in a shop window, and as he stood with his umbrella behind his back he caught sight of a looking-glass.

"Dear me!" he said to himself, "I had no idea I was so ugly as that!"

What had happened to his face do you think to make him look so hideous? The fact is, he had been drinking gin, and the horrible poison had mounted to his face, and it had bleared his eyes and fattened out his nose and thickened his lips, and he hardly knew himself.

Ah! how true it is that alcohol, whether men take it as gin, or rum, or whiskey, or brandy, or in any other kind of "popular way," is a rank poison, and it defiles and pollutes and destroys everything it touches. Pour it on a plant, and the plant shrivels up; even an insect cannot live in its horrible presence, its gauzy wings curl up as with fire, its delicate organism loses the exquisite perfection given it by the hand of the Lord God Omnipotent. Oh, who can be found unwise enough to uphold the use of so subtle a foe to life? Who can be found wise enough to cry aloud and spare not, and to bid it back, back, back! until it reaches the pit of destruction from whence it came?

"Ah, but," you say, "we cannot be so extreme as that; we mean to grow up quite teetotal, but we must not be so *rabid* that we shall become unreasonable."

Dear lads, dear girls, don't be afraid of being too extreme in anything so long as you do not get beyond the *truth*. The only sinful extremes are those which reach farther than the truth. We shall never convince anybody by being half-hearted. Suppose you saw a man putting his whole soul into what he was saying, you would at once conclude that he was desperately in earnest, and you would admire his pluck in being bold enough to show it. But suppose you heard him whining out his words in a sing-song voice, and speaking in such a way that your conscience would tell you at once that there was no *reality* in it; you would despise him, of course you would. My advice to you, my dears, is this: as soon as you begin to understand *anything* "buy the truth and sell it not." That is what the Word of God says, and it simply means that you have to find out what is right and *do it*, and count all opposition as not worth a thought. Just GO ON! Believe me, your affectionate friend,

"CHILDREN'S MAN."

WHAT MEANS MY NAME?

(E's this month.)

BOYS—Edgar, happy in honour.
Edmund, happy peace.
Edward, happy keeper.
Edwin, conqueror.
Egbert, ever bright.
Eric, kingly.
Eustace, strong.

GIRLS—Edith, happiness.
Eleanor, fruitful.
Emily, industrious.
Esther, secret.
Ethel, nobly born.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. Because it is sure to come to light.
2. Because such a thing had never entered my head before.
3. The letter F.
4. Get inside a savage dog's kennel.
5. Because his is always *net* profit.
6. About a quarter of an hour.

SIX FRESH RIDDLES.

1. What are the most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand?
2. Why can you never remember having a tooth out?
3. When does a leopard change his spots?
4. Why is it dangerous to sleep in the train?
5. Why does a pony with a white stripe down its nose never pay toll?
6. Cheese comes after meat, and what comes after cheese?

The picture, "Feeding Rabbits," was taken with the THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND TIME AND INST. SHUTTER.

The Marvellous in Common Things.

BY W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

. . GLASS. . .

THE Phœnicians were the legendary inventors of glass. It is said that certain of their merchants returning from a distant port in a ship laden with natron, or soda, and having been compelled by a storm to land on a sandy place under the shadow of Mount Carmel, placed their cooking pots on lumps of natron on the sand. On lighting their fires, the natron melted, and under the influence of the heat fused with the sand, and so formed a rough and crude kind of glass. Probably, however, the real inventors were the Egyptians, for the oldest known specimens of glass come from that country.

Undoubtedly, the making of glass is one of the oldest industries of the world, but we must not think of the glass of the ancients being either so common or so transparent as the glass of to-day.

The glass of Egypt was generally opaque, rarely transparent, and always coloured.

It is mentioned as early as the fifth or sixth dynasty of ancient Egypt, and its manufacture is depicted in sepulchres of the twelfth dynasty —about 1,800 B.C. Specimens of glass still exist bearing the name of Queen Hatasu, of the eighteenth dynasty, 1,445 B.C.

Transparent glass does not appear earlier than the twenty-sixth dynasty, about 750 B.C. Bottles, beads, imitation gems, and other articles have been found belonging to that period.

ANCIENT USES FOR GLASS.

It seems at first to have been used for imitating precious stones, such as emeralds, turquoises, jaspers, onyx, and obsidian, the ancients using nearly the same materials as are in common use to-day, such as manganese, copper, iron, cobalt, gold, and tin, to give the necessary colours and lustre to the glass.

Then it was also largely used for vases, either for useful or for ornamental purposes. Herodotus mentions that the Ethiopians used glass coffins in which mummies were placed, but none of these have ever been discovered. In the most flourishing period of the Egyptian empire slabs of opaque glass, with white figures of fine execution on a blue background, were used for inlaying in the walls of rooms. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, glass coins were used, and beautiful lamps of glass, enamelled on the surface with various colours, were made.

The making of glass was an important industry amongst the ancients, specimens having been discovered in the tombs of Greece and Italy, and in the burying places of the old Celtic and Teutonic tribes; whilst Rome, Assyria, Persia, and Byzantium were all noted for their productions. Josephus claims the invention of glass making for the Jews, but no remains of Jewish glass are known, and in all probability they were indebted to the Phœnicians for their supply.

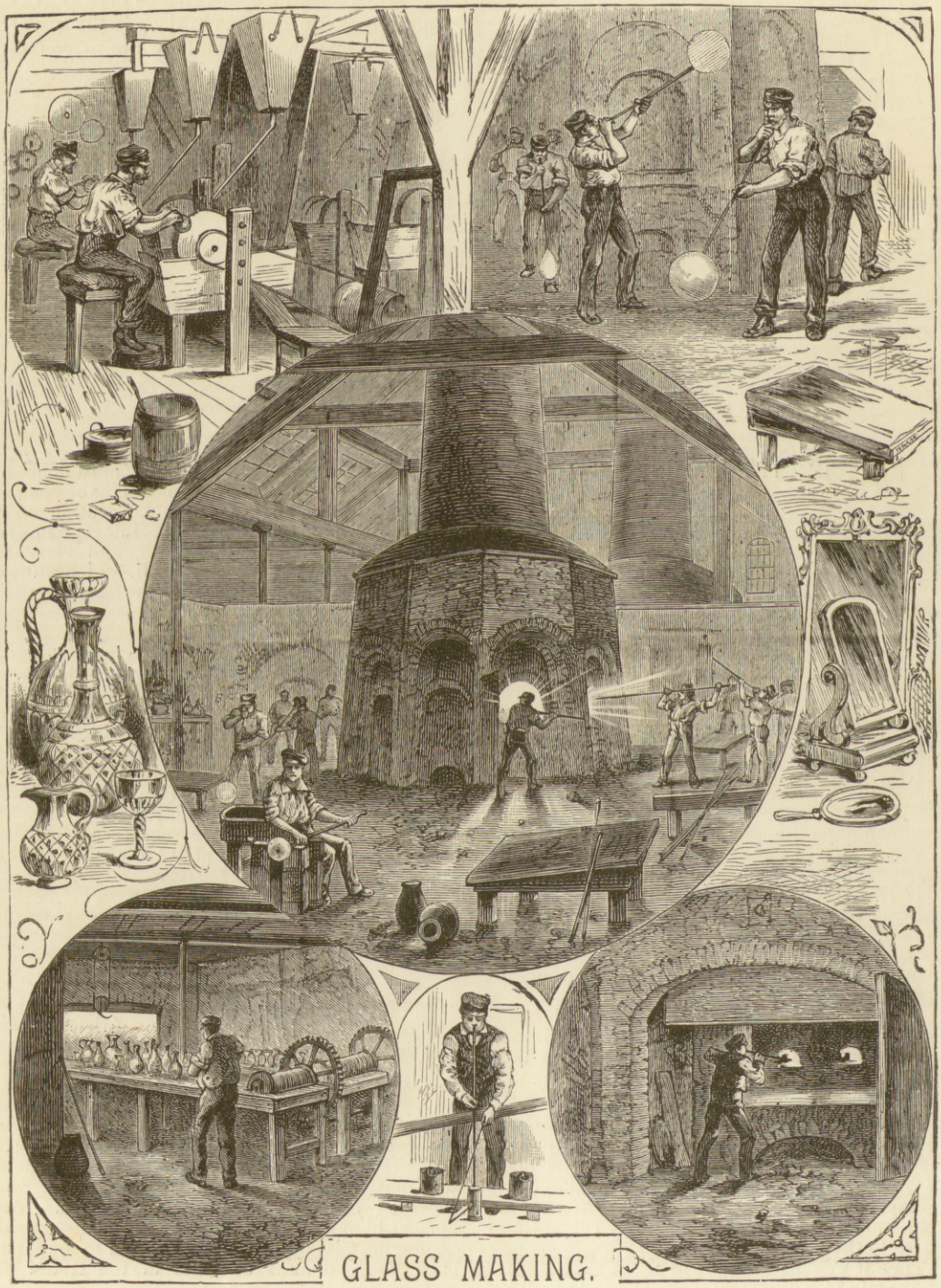
In the year 58 B.C., the theatre at Scauras was decorated with glass plates disposed on the walls, forming a kind of mirror.

About the same time glass was used for paving in the form of mosaics. Window glass is mentioned in the third century A.D.

VALUE OF ANCIENT GLASS.

In the early days glass was not the common substance as we know it now. Aristophanes, 450 B.C., mentions glass and crystal vessels whose value was next to that of gold. The purple cups of Lesbos for holding perfumes, drugs, medicines, etc., were of a very costly character. Nero is said to have paid 6,000 sesterces, or about £50,000 for two crystal cups of moderate dimensions. It was often used as gems for rings in just the same way that we now use precious stones, and was regarded as something costly and rare. An ancient book mentions that St. Peter is described as praying that he might be permitted to see some marvellous columns of glass in the island of Aradus.

In the reign of Tiberius an adventurer maintained that he had invented flexible glass, and



GLASS MAKING.

threw down a vase which only bent and which he re-adjusted with a hammer. The Emperor, however, banished him and he was put to death.

CELEBRATED GLASS.

There are many wonderful specimens of ancient glass in various museums and private collections, the most celebrated of all being the Portland vase in the British Museum. It is a two-handled vessel, about 10 inches in height, of transparent blue glass, coated with a layer of opaque white glass which has been treated as a cameo, the white coating having been cut down so as to give on each side groups of figures, most exquisitely rendered, in relief. The subject is the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and the vase originally held the ashes of a member of the imperial family of Severus Alexander. Some years since, this priceless treasure was broken into a thousand fragments by a madman, but the pieces were carefully gathered together, and after a year or two of patient toil were pieced together with such skill that the vase appears to the observer perfectly whole and sound.

HISTORY OF GLASS MAKING.

In the Middle Ages the great centre of glass making was Venice, which retains its fame for certain kinds of glass to this day.

In 1291, some famous glass works at Constantinople were captured by the French and removed by them to the island of Murano, where a guild of glass makers was formed amongst the nobility, and the secrets of the trade guarded with the utmost jealousy.

In 1436, coloured glass came into note, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries lace patterns on glass, mirrors, and enamelled and crackled glass, were introduced. In the seventeeth century, marbled and variegated glasses were invented.

In 1609, engraved glass was first made by Caspar Lehemann at Prague. Glass seems to have been first made in England in the sixteenth century, and there were celebrated works at the Savoy and Crutched Friars in London. Since that time the manufacture of glass has gradually spread over the world, until now there is no important city without its glass manufactory.

THE USES OF GLASS.

These are almost endless, but we may mention a few to indicate the great variety. Crown, sheet, and plate glass are used for windows and mirrors. Bottles, jugs, drinking glasses, shades for ornaments, beads, lamps, chemical, physical, electrical, and other apparatus; microscopes, telescopes, and a vast variety of other scientific instruments; glass bricks, glass sleepers for tramways, glass prisms for pavement lights, reflectors, insulators, and innumerable other objects show the wide scope for usefulness in the service of man that this substance possesses.

HOW GLASS IS MADE.

To learn all about the manufacture of glass would be a long and difficult task; there are so many varieties and so many methods that all we can do is to get a general idea.

The chemical composition of glass differs with the various kinds. It is essentially a silicate of potash, or soda, mixed with an alkaline earth like aluminium oxide, or a basic body like lead oxide.

The raw materials for glass making would be silica, chiefly in the form of sand.

Potash, as pearl ash, wood ashes, or sulphate of potash.

Soda in the form of carbonate of soda, or sulphate of soda.

Lime in the form of chalk or ordinary limestone.

Baryta in the form of heavy spar.

Lead as lead oxide.

Cullett, or broken glass of the same kind as that intended to be made.

The different materials in the proper proportions are put into melting pots and placed in the furnace. At a temperature of 1,200 to 1,250° the melted glass appears as a thin liquid like a solution of sugar.

At the melting point the siliceous earth combines with the potash, soda, lime, alumina, lead oxide, or other material to form glass. Any substances that cannot combine form a scum floating on the top of the molten liquid, which is removed by iron shovels.

Various processes have to be adopted of thoroughly mixing and cleaning the materials, after which the workman can proceed by the blow tube, mould, rolling, or other process to form the article he desires. After any article is made it must go to the annealing furnace to be tempered, or it will crack to pieces.

Drink and Health.

ST. AUGUSTINE speaks of drink as the ruin of the body and the plague and corruption of the soul. Some people think that it is only the confirmed drunkard whose health suffers. But that is not true. Sir A. Clark tells us that health is always injured, and never benefited by alcohol. "If any man," says Sir H. Thompson, "supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to health, he is deluded;" and Sir W. Gull declared that "it is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink without being drunkards." Some of you will remember what Milton says of Samson:

"Oh madness to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drink, our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
Whose drink was only of the crystal brook.

THE NUMBER OF BREWERIES.—There are in the world 43,988 breweries, which manufacture yearly 4,659,726,670 gallons of beer. This means 141,493,166 barrels, or 1,414,931 carloads, and would make a continuous train of cars nearly half way round the earth. All this poisonous stuff goes down people's throats, costs them untold millions, and makes this world a seething mass of misery and crime.

What are Foods?

Or, WHY ALCOHOL CANNOT BE CONSIDERED A FOOD.

From *Why Abstain?* by W. CHANDOS WILSON.



ALL through life, in whatever we do—thinking, working, playing—waste takes place in the body, force is spent, heat lost, parts of the body, tissues, get used up. Even when we are unconscious of it, as the heart beats, as we breathe, this still occurs, so that truly it is said, "The body is constantly wasting away and needing to be repaired, renewed."

HUNGER IS THE NATURAL DEMAND

of the body to be supplied with material for its renewing. To satisfy this demand, to make up the waste, to supply fresh heat and force, we take foods.

Everything that can be taken into the mouth and be swallowed is not food. Only those things can be rightly called foods which, taken into the body, build up the body, repair its waste, and supply heat and force to the body.

In repairing an engine, we take care to use material similar to that of which the machine is made; so in the repair of the body we need substances containing the same "elements" as those of which it is composed. Among these "elements" the more important are

CARBON, HYDROGEN, NITROGEN, AND OXYGEN,

all of which are present in varying quantities in all true food.

The substances which are necessary for building up the body—flesh, blood, brain—and for providing heat and force, that is to say, foods, are sometimes classified thus:—

1. FLESH-FORMING FOODS.

Those which principally build up the muscles, nerves, and brain. These all contain nitrogen, and are called nitrogenous foods. Eggs, cheese, bread, milk, lean meat, all kinds of grain, are nitrogenous substances, flesh formers. Substances which contain no nitrogen cannot be flesh formers.

2. BONE-FORMING FOODS.

These build up and repair bones, hair, and teeth, and also help to keep the blood healthy. They are often called mineral foods, contain mineral matters and salts, and are largely found in milk, fruits, whole-meal bread, and fresh vegetables.

3. HEAT OR STRENGTH-GIVING FOODS.

These, like the coals in a steam-engine, supply the body with heat and force, and also form the part of the body known as fat. They are largely made up of carbon, and are therefore called carbonaceous foods. Among the heat givers are foods containing starch, such as wheat-flour and all kinds of grain, sugar, fats, etc.

4. WATER.

Water made be considered a distinct class of food and drink. It is essential to life. The whole body is largely composed of it—bone, muscle, brain, all containing much water. It softens the food and aids digestion. In the blood it carries the digested food so that the body can take what it requires, helps in the removal of impurities, and equalises the heat of the body.

Some of the common foods we take are flesh formers, bone formers, heat givers, and providers of water. For example:—

Foods	In 100 parts contain	Flesh forming	Bone forming	Heat giving	Water
Bread...		8	2½	52½	37
Milk ...		3	1	8½	87
Beef ...		19½	1½	9½	69½
Cheese		29	5	31½	34
Butter		3	1	8½	87
*Eggs ..		14	1	11	71½

**Eggs also contain two parts of little or no value as food.*

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

Just as the foods are compounds—that is to say, they are made up of different elements—so alcohol is a compound. The chemist's sign for it is $C_2 H_6 O$, which may roughly be said to mean that alcohol is composed of elements thus: two parts of carbon to six parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen.

At once it will be seen that it contains no nitrogen. It is, therefore, not a flesh former, and forms no muscle, brain, and nerve. It contains no salts or mineral matters, and is not a bone former, and cannot build up bones, hair or teeth; nor does it help to keep the blood healthy instead, it impoverishes the blood.

Alcohol is not a water food. Instead of contributing to the water supply needed for the body, it robs the body of water. Indeed its fondness for water (affinity for water) is such that it absorbs moisture, increases thirst, and creates a craving for itself.

We have seen that alcohol is not a flesh former, bone former, or water food. Is it a heat-giving food? All heat-giving foods (carbonaceous) contain carbon, and as alcohol contains carbon some might easily suppose it to be a heat-giving food. Such is, however, not the case. Coal, iron, and wood all contain carbon, as, indeed, do many deadly poisons, such as prussic acid, laudanum, and carbolic acid. No one dreams of calling these foods. Although heat givers must contain carbon, all things that contain carbon are not therefore heat givers. Instead of being a heat giver, alcohol is a heat lowerer, and makes the body really colder. It is found that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body from ½ to 2 degrees, and causes the body to become less able to withstand cold. For this reason Arctic explorers—Nansen, Lieut. Peary, Nares, and others—exposed to the extreme cold, most carefully avoid alcohol. As Professor Miller says: "ALCOHOL IS IN NO SENSE OF THE TERM A FOOD." It is not a heat giver, not a flesh former, not a bone former, not a water food. Instead, it is always a poison, and in the body acts as a poison.

Behind the Clouds.

By Mary E. Helsby,

Author of "Golden Gorse," "A Country Mouse," "One Woman's Opinion," etc.

"Into each life some rain must fall."
—*Longfellow.*

SYNOPSIS.

Harold Nelson and his fiancée. Winifred Stanning, return from consulting an eye specialist about Janet Nelson's eyes, only to deliver to her mother the dreadful verdict—"Stone blindness." The awful message is delivered to the stricken girl, who promises to try to bear her misfortune. Harold resolves to live for Janet.

CHAPTER II.—Confidence.

"OH, Winnie, how terrible it all is! I love you more than life itself, but how can I ask you to wait through long years, wearing out your youth in such thankless work as teaching? Why should you wait for me, when you may meet a better man, and one who might give you every comfort, darling?"

"Harold, hush! I am yours until death, as surely as if we both had stood beside God's altar."

She shivered as she spoke, although the summer's sun was shining. She was an earnest-minded girl, and had been a merry, light-hearted one until dark days had come into her life, and spoilt its pleasure.

Harold looked at her, thinking what a treasure she was and how pretty. She was slightly made, with curling brown hair gathered into a Grecian knot, blue eyes shaded by dark lashes, and a fair complexion with full, firm lips.

"You see it has all come at once. This affair at the office of the intemperate cashier absconding will take some time to get right; if it had not been for that, we might have managed all right. You know that that unexpected misfortune coming close after my uncle's death has left me in a most awkward position in business."

The girl stared in front of her with eyes that did not see the village before them; her faculties seemed to have become weak all at once.

"Sweetheart, say something to comfort me!" he implored, his voice hoarse with pain.

She smiled bravely into his face.

"Be patient, dear boy."

"Is that all?"

And he dug his stick into the thick, short hedge near by with all his force, to relieve his feelings.

"You will spoil that stick, it is getting all scratched!"

"So it is; but what does that matter? What does *anything* matter now?"

"Harold, think of Janet! Is our trouble as hard as her's?"

The gentle reproof went home. "Women *are* good—they really are!" he exclaimed admiringly.

"And yet a moment ago you thought I should give you back this pretty ring!" she said, pulling off her glove, and stroking the Marquise pearl and diamond ring, lovingly.

"It seems such a pity for your life to be upset for my sake, dear! You may meet some one—" A passionate protest interrupted him.

"You shall not say it! What do you think I am made of? Am I *flint* that you consider me so hard? No, Harold; I am ready to face the future. I shall be a hospital nurse, and forget my troubles in helping others."

"My noble darling! But are you strong enough?"

"Of course I am. I must do something, and I am tired of teaching; besides it is a higher life."

"So it is! Sweetheart, you are an angel!" he cried, gazing at her with something akin to worship in his dark eyes.

"No, don't call me an angel, dear boy; I am only a woman, but I shall try to be a good one."

"You are that now, and you put pluck into me, little one, I know that."

"Then I am glad. Now let us go home; auntie will be wondering what has become of us."

She spoke calmly, not letting her lover see the storm of pain which raged in her loving heart. They stopped before a grey house, standing alone outside the village, where Mrs. Grahame lived, the aunt with whom Winnie was spending part of the summer holidays, as she had no home, being an orphan.

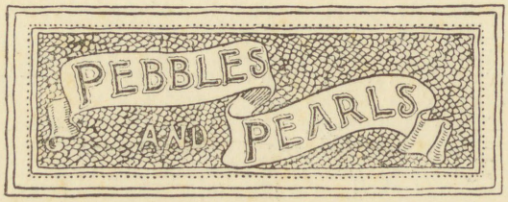
(*To be continued.*)

TO ENSURE GOOD DIGESTION.

Eat plain, wholesome, well-cooked foods.
Never take too much.
Chew all foods thoroughly before swallowing.
Keep the teeth and mouth clean.
Drink sparingly when eating.
Use fruits freely.
Abstain from alcoholic liquors.



TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND FOCAL PLANE SHUTTER.
Exposure, 1/500th of a second.



SOME say alcohol gives strength. If so, why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests requiring strength?

DRINK blights every blessing bounteous nature gave;
Drink finds man free and leaves him but a slave.

KIND Party: "What are you crying that way for, little boy?"
Little Boy: "'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry."

How apt are we, when others err,
To judge and make a fuss;
Without a thought—while those we judge—
That God is judging us.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Doing things, and not dreaming about them, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will never come to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

MRS. SUBURBAN: "You certainly must admit, my dear, that women who live in towns haven't the complexions we have out here."
Mrs. Townville: "Oh, I am sure you must be mistaken, we use exactly the same things."

MAMMA: "Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binkses boy; he's very rude."
Freddy (*heard a few minutes afterwards calling over the wall*): "Say, Binks, Ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you come into my garden, I ain't rude."

"I MUST give her up. I can never marry a girl who stammers."
"Why not?"
"Why not! Do yo think it's pleasant to be made sheepish by being called Ba—Ba—Bob? or to feel like a college cheer when she calls me Rah—Rah—Robert?"

A SECONDARY SIGNIFICATION.—Johnny: "What is a cormorant, Papa?"
Papa: "A cormorant is a greedy politician."
Johnny: "I thought it was some kind of a bird."
Papa: "Well, yes; the word *is* used in that sense occasionally."

ALDERMAN W. D. Stevens told a Newcastle audience that, whilst at a country hotel the other day, he noticed that of twenty-four cyclists at the dinner table only four drank beer. "This," said he, "did not look as if the Temperance movement was not going forward."

"MY dear boy," said a fond mother, "never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day."
"Then, mother," replied the boy, "let's eat the plum pudding to-night."

THE devil never ran a brewery or public-house in his life. He gets one man to make the beer or whisky, and another to licence the sale of it, another to sell it, and he finds a fool to drink it.—*Sam Jones.*

DECLARING HIMSELF.—"Do you like the hat?" as she turned it slowly on the pink tips of her fingers.
"More than I can tell; but I love its darling little owner."
"How sweet! It belongs to sister. I'll call her."

HELEN: "Why, Angelica, dear! you surprise me. Just look at those feathers in your hat! I thought you belonged to the bird protective association?"
Angelica: "I do; I am a charter member. I wouldn't wear a whole bird on my hat—not for the world, poor little things! These are only wings."

CHRISTIAN brethren! If we could gather on some vast plain the myriads who have been cursed by drink, both victims and sufferers, what should we behold? Husband and wife, brother and sister, parents and children—ten thousand thousand sufferers! Oh, that I could make the Christian Church walk in procession right through the serried ranks that their hearts might be wrung by the tears and cries of anguish of these sufferers!—*Charles Garrett.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON said: "It is a cheap device to brand the Temperance movement as fanatical. Now, I deny that it has single feature of fanaticism, for it is based on physiological principles, 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 to Christianity."

DEEP within our hearts we cherish
Noble deeds of other days,
When our fathers pierced the darkness
With the light of truth's pure rays.
Still above us dark clouds hover,
Giant evil yet is rife;
Some are weary of the struggle,
Shall we waver in the strife?
And we answer, answer boldly,
"For the future have no fears,
God is with us, we shall surely
Triumph in the coming years."

IF the people of England would purge themselves of this sin; if the gin and whisky, the rum, the beer, the porter, and the other drinks which were now ruining the souls and bodies of the people were poured into the sea, the people of England would be, in a far higher and better sense than now, the foremost people in the world.—*Bishop of Liverpool.*



IN THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

By RUTH B. YATES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs. Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop, who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally, whom she accompanies to the Mission, where she is led to Jesus by Gilbert Turner's recital of his rescue from drowning, his fall and subsequent reformation. Violet takes a great interest in Willie, a cripple boy, whose father is a dissolute character; Gilbert takes Willie home. Through Violet's influence Willie's father is reclaimed. Maggie sinks into habitual drunkenness, and is discharged from "The Clarence;" whilst drunk she falls into a ditch, and her boy, Harold, wanders on until he falls in the road from fatigue. Mr. Cameron in his trap runs over him, carries him home and adopts him. Maggie is found by a carter who takes her to his mother. Violet meets Lady Mosscrop again, who employs her to do writing for her, and when Gilbert Turner and Sally become engaged, employs her as her private secretary.

CHAPTER X.—A DISCOVERY.

TWELVE months passed away, and Violet was still with Lady Mosscrop. The time had gone quickly and happily, and she looked back upon the days in Crown Court almost as a dream, as far as the hardships were concerned.

She had not forgotten her friends there, and often visited the Mission Hall, where she had received the impetus of a new and better life.

One day, she returned from Crown Court, looking unusually thoughtful.

"Well, Violet, what are you in a brown study about?" "Has Forbes given way to drink again?" Lady Mosscrop enquired.

"Oh, no! I do not think anything would ever induce him to taste it; and, besides, he is doing a splendid work in saving others from its influence. It was Willie, his cripple boy, I was thinking of."

"What of him?"

"He seems to get paler and weaker every day. The doctor, when consulted, said he needed the bracing air of the moor or mountain, so Forbes asked me if there was any place suitable where he could send the boy, and pay for him."

"Why does he not leave that court and live in a more healthy locality? If he is a good workman, he ought to be able to afford to do so now that he is sober. I think it would be better for both the boy and himself."

"Whilst he was drinking, he got into debt, and he will not allow himself anything extra until every farthing is paid. He is paying a certain amount every week, and will have all clear in a few months more unless he takes the money for Willie."

"I wish that you had told me this before, Violet. I should have done more for them, but I rather doubt the sincerity of those who make no effort to improve their position."

"Poor little Willie; I fear he is not long for this world."

"Take the carriage and bring him here for a few hours, Violet. It would be a change for him, and I will ask Dr. Sinclair what he thinks about him, and then perhaps we may be able to do something for him."

The boy, who had not passed beyond the confines of the court, except when he was carried by his father into the Mission Hall in the adjoining street, thought himself suddenly transported into fairyland, when he found himself in the beautiful garden amid the sweet-scented flowers.

He lay back in the comfortable easy-chair that had been carried out for him, with a look of intense enjoyment on his pale face. Lady Mosscrop talked to him for awhile, and then the boy was quite content to be left in quiet to drink in the beauty of his surroundings.

When the doctor called to see her, she asked him if he thought a few weeks in the country

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would be of benefit to the boy. After a careful examination, and a great many questions, to all of which he gave intelligent answers, the doctor said cheerily, "Now, my little man, would you not like to run about and pluck flowers?"

Willie raised his eyes to the kindly face bending over him, and then his eyes grew moist, but he made an effort to keep back the tears, as he replied—

"Oh, sir, I have prayed that I might walk just one step, only one, but I cannot stand. Father says that Jesus does not cure people now the same as He did in the Bible. Mr. Turner told me that I should walk when I get home to Heaven, and I think that I shall be there before long now, sir."

The doctor, who was a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, said gravely—

"Suppose that there is a great deal of work to be done and the Lord Jesus wants you to do some of it, are you willing, my boy?"

A radiant smile lit up the pale face for a moment.

"What can a poor cripple do for Jesus, sir?"

"First of all, make up his mind that he will get better as fast as he can, with the help of the doctor."

There was a moment of silence whilst the boy fixed his eyes upon the doctor's face, with a searching glance. Lady Mosscrop and Violet stood by in silence. They never expected anything beyond an accession of bodily strength, and yet they could not think that he would speak thus unless there was some ground for hope.

"Oh, doctor, do you really think that I shall ever be able to walk?" he asked eagerly.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it, my boy. By God's blessing on our efforts, you will *soon* be able to walk, but you will always be lame, I fear. However, we will do our best for you if you will make up your mind that you will obey orders."

To the surprise of all, Willie bowed his head, and sobs shook his slight frame, as he murmured—

"Thank you, dear Lord Jesus."

Leaving Violet to soothe him, the doctor retired with her ladyship to discuss the matter.

"Do you think that he can really be cured, doctor?"

"I see nothing to prevent it, your ladyship. If I had undertaken the case sooner, he might have been perfectly cured, but I am rather afraid that it is too late to prevent a slight limp."

"Will he have to undergo the operation at once, doctor?"

"I scarcely think that an operation will be necessary. At any rate, we can do nothing until he is stronger. I know of a cottage on the moor where he would soon pick up strength, now that he has the incentive of hope."

"Can we send him there, doctor? I will bear the expense gladly."

A week later, Violet accompanied Willie and his father to the place which the doctor had recommended. Lady Mosscrop had requested her to go, in order that she might see that he was comfortably settled, though the doctor had assured her that Mrs. Netherton was a motherly woman, who would take the best possible care of the cripple boy.

A fly was waiting at the station for them, and after a long drive they stopped at the door of the cottage, and a bright-faced girl came out to receive them.

Willie was carried in, and placed upon a comfortable sofa. He lay back for a few moments, with closed eyes, tired out with the unwonted exertion.

"Mother will be in in a minute," remarked Prue.

Presently Mrs. Netherton entered, and Violet fell in love with her at once.

When they sat down to tea, a young man, who had just come in, and who was no other than our old friend Bill, said:

"Where's Maggie, mother?"

"She's stopping in her room, Bill," responded his mother.

"I will go and call her."

"Let Mrs. Holmes alone, Bill. Surely, she can please herself," said his sister.

"Maggie! Mrs. Holmes! Who are you speaking of?" enquired Violet, in a tone of anxiety.

"She is——"

"A friend, who is staying with us," interposed Bill, and he plunged at once into a description of something that he had seen, very evidently to change the subject.

Violet, therefore, forebore to ask any more questions, but she resolved to wait for an opportunity, as she was convinced that this was her lost sister-in-law.

"Before I go away, I must make some arrangements with you, Mrs. Netherton, if you can spare a few minutes," remarked Violet, after tea.

When she had done so, she said, "I do not want to be inquisitive, but would you mind telling me something about Mrs. Holmes?"

"Of course, I will. I do not know why Bill should have turned so awkward about it, but you see it was him that brought her here, and he always seems a bit afraid of people asking questions."

"She is a friend of your son's, then?"

In answer, Mrs. Netherton told how Bill had found her, and brought her home, how she had been ill for a long time with rheumatic fever, then as she recovered how she had pleaded for brandy, and asked for her child, whom she said had been with her. It was a long time before she had been able to walk, and when she did, the doctor said that she would be lame for life.

"And her boy, where is he?"

"Maggie said afterwards that he had gone back to 'The Clarence,' and would be well taken care of. Bill would have gone for him, but she would not hear of it."

"I will bring him away, though," muttered Violet, indignantly.

"The poor thing seemed to have such a hankering after the drink that we thought it would be as well to keep her here where she could not get it, and pray for her. When we thought that she was quite cured, Bill took her with him one day, and he left her for a few minutes whilst he attended to his business. Next day, she was helplessly drunk, with an empty

brandy bottle beside her. I need not go into details of her repentance and successive falls. She really did appear to want to be sober, but she could not stand in the face of temptation. More than once, I believe I should have given her up as a hopeless case, but for Bill, who would say, 'Jesus would have patience, mother, and we are praying for her; now, don't you think that He will hear our prayers?' Bless His dear Name, He did. She began to pray for herself, and now she is just trusting in Him, as humbly as a little child. The first thing she thought of after her conversion, was her boy. 'I must bring him away from that place and try to save him from learning to love the drink,' she said."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Violet.

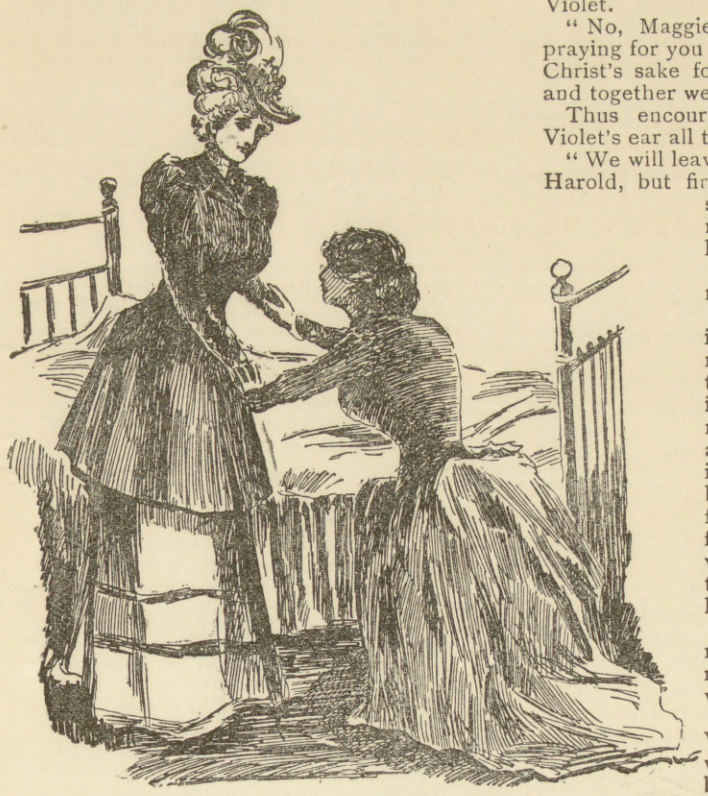
"Bill made a journey down to Weston on purpose, but the landlord told him that they had never set eyes on the boy since his mother took him away. He said that they would be only too glad to have him, for they thought as much of him as if he had been their own."

"Is that true?"

"Poor Maggie was almost beside herself, but she did not believe it, and she said that she would go herself and find out what they had done with her child. I was afraid, but Bill thought that she could stand temptation now, so he took her, but these people stuck to the same tale, and those in the house corroborated their story.

"Where can he be?"

"God only knows, Miss Ward."



"My punishment is greater than I can bear."

"You are right, Mrs. Netherton, God does know, and as I have never ceased to pray for my brother's child that he might be removed from temptation and kept pure, I believe that he is in a place of safety."

"The poor mother is bowed down with grief now that she sees her conduct in its true light and realises that she lost her child, whilst lying drunk, and has never taken any steps to find him until now."

"May I see her, Mrs. Netherton?" asked Violet, with the big tears running down her cheeks. "Perhaps I could help her to find Harold."

"I do not know whether she will consent to see you, as she wants to hide herself from every eye."

"Let me go in to her alone, please."

The good woman pointed out the door, and gently pushing it open, Violet entered.

Crouched upon the floor, with her face buried in the bed-clothes, her whole attitude expressive of the deepest dejection, was Maggie.

Violet threw her arms round her and kissed her, saying as she did so—

"Maggie, my dear sister, have I found you at last?"

"Oh, Violet, Violet, I have been a wicked woman, but my punishment is greater than I can bear. I have lost Harold. I know that you will hate me for it, Violet, but I deserve it all," sobbed the unhappy woman, as she clung to Violet.

"No, Maggie! I love you, and have been praying for you and Harold ever since God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins. Tell me all, and together we will search for Harold."

Thus encouraged, Maggie poured out into Violet's ear all the tale of her sin and sorrow.

"We will leave no stone unturned to discover Harold, but first I must write out a clear description of his appearance. Let me see, he had a birth-mark on his left ankle; was it still there?"

"Oh, yes, it seemed to grow more distinct."

"There is Mrs. Netherton calling me. I must go, or we shall miss the train, but I will advertise at once, and put the matter in the hands of the police. You must pray, Maggie, and as soon as our Heavenly Father sees that it is best, He will send Harold back to us. In the meantime, I feel sure that He has removed him from the influence of those who would have taught him to love the drink, and is watching over him somewhere."

"If I believed that, I should not be so miserable, but I can remember nothing beyond falling, with his hand in mine."

Again the call was heard, and Violet bade Maggie a hasty farewell, promising to come again before long.

Lady Mosscrop took a great

interest in Maggie, and placed the matter in her lawyer's hands, telling him to spare no expense in trying to trace the child.

Meanwhile, Willie began to improve almost immediately, and he and Maggie were soon inseparable.

One day, Violet and Maggie had a serious talk about the future, for the latter had already stayed longer with the Nethertons than they were really able to afford to keep her, but they would not hear of her leaving them until she had somewhere to go.

Violet consulted Lady Mosscrop, telling her that Maggie was very willing to work, but there was a difficulty in telling what she was fitted for, except a barmaid, as she was not much of a needle-woman, and her education was very superficial.

"She must not go into a public-house, Violet. God will not deliver us from temptation, if we needlessly go into it, any more than He will prevent us from being burned, if we place our hands in the fire."

"That is just how I feel about it. Mr. Griffin, of 'The Clarence,' has offered to take Maggie back again, and adopt Harold, and leave all that he has to him, if he can only be found. Maggie says that she would rather devote her life to saving drunkards, than to helping to make them, but no other way seems open to her."

"I have it. The very thing! Miss Wilson wants an assistant at 'The Inebriates' Home'; why not take Mrs. Holmes?"

With Lady Mosscrop, to think was to act, so she went herself to see Miss Wilson, and told her Maggie's story.

"I am afraid that she will scarcely be qualified for the position that is vacant, Lady Mosscrop," remarked that lady.

"Will you see her and give her a trial, my dear?" pleaded her ladyship. "I would gladly pay with her, and ask you to take her as an inmate, but you see the difficulty. I want her to feel that she is earning her own living. If, however, you find that she is not competent, you might make a place for her, and I will make it right about the extra salary."

Maggie was delighted with the idea, and it was arranged that she should go for a month on trial.

"I am sure that the Lord has sent this to me, Violet," she said; "I do so want to try to undo some of the harm that I have done. I lay awake the other night, thinking of the different customers that I have supplied drink to at 'The Clarence,' and I shuddered to remember how many of them have become total wrecks, or are filling drunkards' graves."

"It is indeed terrible, Maggie," responded Violet.

"I would give that right hand, Violet, if I could live my life over again. I could have influenced Frank for good. There was a time when he talked of giving up the drink altogether, but I laughed him out of it, and now I see——"

Her voice trembled, and she was unable to complete the sentence.

For a moment, Violet was silent, her heart was too full for words; it was the first time that Maggie had mentioned Frank.

(*To be Continued*).

A SIMPLE STORY.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THERE'S a quiet little village,
Nestling low among the hills,
Sheltered from the summer sunlight,
Shielded from the winter's chills;
Just a quaint, old-fashioned village,
Full of peaceful English life,
Yet it has its trail of sorrow,
And its tale of sin and strife.

There's a story I remember
Of a maiden, pure and bright
As those ripples on a river
That for ever catch the light.
From her life there rose a fragrance
Pleasant as the smell of hay,
Or the breeze that sweeps the billows,
Freshened by their salty spray.

In her spotted muslin 'kerchief,
And her simple cotton gown,
Truth her jewel, Love her sceptre,
Modesty her woman's crown;
She was just a rustic empress,
Healthy youth her only dower,
In the little world of homeland
Born to wield a wondrous power.

So, amid the flowers and sunlight,
Ran her simple life along,
Like a stream through sunny meadows,
Like a soft, melodious song.
Not the shadow of a shadow
Ever lay upon her life,
Till Bill Burton crossed the sunshine,
Wooed and won her for his wife.

Bill was young, and fond of pleasure,
"Just a wee bit wild," folk said;
And the story of his marriage
Brought a shake to many a head.
While the old and wisest whispered,
"Jenny's far too good a lass
To be mated with a fellow
Wed already to the glass."

And the folk were right; for Jenny,
E'er one little year had fled,
Woke to find the sunlight faded,
And love's flower all sere and dead.
Drink had slain within the homestead
Every pleasure bright and sweet,
Robbed her of the love of husband,
Shattered it beside her feet.

Jenny, sensitive and tender,
Finding every effort fail
To restore the love and radiance,
Drooped like blossom in a gale.
Till one day into the blackness
Crept a little gleam of joy
Into life, a new sweet interest,—
God had sent a baby boy.

But how quickly do the shadows
Trip the light in human life,
And how oft hope's sweetest anthem
Trembles into note of strife.
E'er the baby feet could toddle,
Bill, with drink and rage half wild,
Stabbed a comrade, fled the country,
Leaving helpless, wife and child.

But her strength grew small and smaller
With each hour that onward sped,
Weaker still her little fingers,
Toiling hard and long for bread.
Willie saw, with awful dreading,
Her, whose hand had been his stay,
Drooping 'neath life's weary burden,
Thinner, paler every day.

Sometimes, when the world was quiet,
And she thought him fast asleep,
He would hear her weary footstep
To his bedside softly creep;
And, perchance, would feel the splashing
Of a tear amongst his hair,
As his mother's heart went upward
On the pinions of a prayer.



"Please Sir, mother's ill."

Weeks and months passed swiftly onward
Till the months grew into years;
Though time dries the tears of sorrow,
In the heart still lie the tears.
Buried deep within her bosom
Jenny felt each wound and ache,
And kept struggling 'neath the burden,
Patient, for her baby's sake.

Upward sprang the little Willie,
Taller, stronger, every day,
Bright and bonny, making beauty
For his mother's weary way;
Through the jar of her existence
Cooing little notes of song,
Trying, in his boyish fashion,
To assist her feet along.

"God, our Shepherd, from whose bounty
All Thy little lambs are fed,
Grant us still Thy kindly succour,
Give us still our daily bread;
Give these fingers strength for toiling,
This poor body stronger make,
Grant me life a little longer,
For my helpless Willie's sake."

As that prayer went stealing upward
On the quiet wings of night,
Piercing cloud and passing planet,
Till it rested on the height,
It was followed by an echo
From a child's unsullied heart,
"Please God, do as mother wants You,
And let Willie bear a part."

Yet the prayer seemed unavailing,
And the mother's tears in vain,
For the awful days that followed,
With their poverty and pain,
Seemed to mock that twin petition,—
Only seemed—for far away,
He, the infinitely tender,
Answered in His own wise way.

For one day, when in the meadows
Daisies bared their yellow hearts,
When, through full, leaf-laden branches,
Sunlight fell in fiery darts,
To the village came a stranger,
Bronzed and bearded, rough and strong,
Whose bright eyes grew moist and tender
As he swiftly strode along.

Past the hills, that rose majestic
In their crowns of healthy bloom;
Past the narrow path that ended
In the forest's lonely gloom;
Through the lanes that curved and twisted
Round the sweep of meadow-land,
O'er whose centre ran the river,
Like a gleaming silver band;

On and on, with speed increasing,
Eager, hopeful, breathless, glad,
Through his veins the hot-blood rushing,
Leaping, dancing, as though mad,
Strode the stranger, all his fancy
Weaving scenes of future joy,
Till at last he paused, arrested
By the weak voice of a boy;

"Are you looking for a boy, sir,
Can you find me work to do?
I am only ten years old, sir,
But I'm strong, and willing, too."
And the stranger, looking downward,
Met the glance of wistful eyes,
Deep and blue, yet full of shadow,
As the early April skies.

O'er his face a soft smile flitted,
While he pushed the shabby cap
From the boy's gold curls. "And really
You want work, my little chap?"
"Yes, sir, really!" and the stranger
Heard the boyish treble break,
"I'll work long, and strong, and willing,
Just for darling mother's sake."

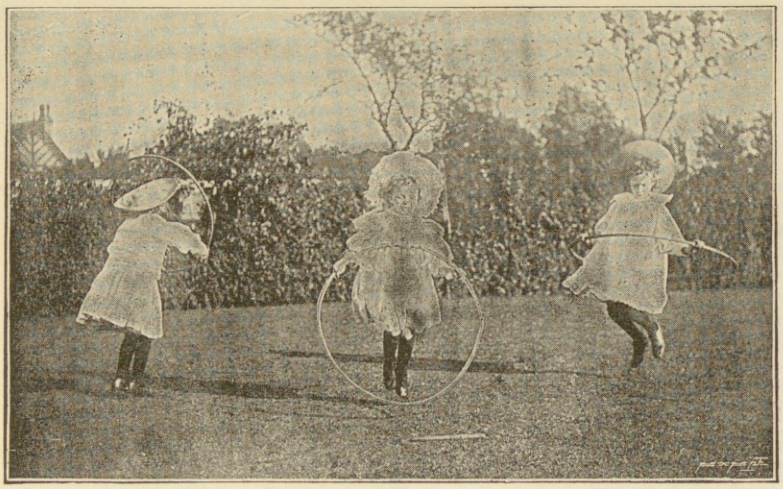
Something in the face before him
Crept into the stranger's heart,
Waking memory from her slumbers,
Till the old days seemed to start
From their grave, and crowding round him,
Brushed the present from his view,
And again he clasped the fingers
Of a maid with eyes of blue.

For a blissful, dreaming moment,
Fancy held him in her chain;
Then he woke, the maiden left him,
And he saw the boy again,
Heard the plaintive voice still pleading,
Saw the pretty, yellow head,
"Please sir, mother's ill, and hungry,
Give me work, to earn her bread!"

"What's your name, my little fellow?"
"Willie Burton"—Ah, how glad
Was the cry the stranger uttered
As he knelt before the lad,
Clasping him with arms that trembled,
Kissing him with lips gone wild,
Crying o'er him like a woman,
Laughing o'er him like a child.

* * * * * * * *

In the sacred hush of twilight,
When the sun had reached the west,
Burton stood within his cottage,
With his wife against his breast.
"Never more to drink," he whispered,
As he gently smoothed her hair,
"Never more," she answered softly,
"God has surely heard my prayer."



TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND FOCAL PLANE SHUTTER. EXPOSURE 1/500 OF A SECOND.

Children . .

Playing . .

Hoop. . .

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

BY "A CHILDREN'S MAN."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,



IF you were to see a real live lion out in an African jungle, you would hardly think that it could be the same kind of animal which you have seen at a "wild beast show."



When the great African lion is *at home*, he puts on some airs, I can tell you. He lashes his big strong tail as though he would break his own ribs, and his paw comes down on any poor little animal which comes in his way with a thundering smash that nearly knocks the life out of it first "go," and then as to his *roar!* well, words cannot describe it.

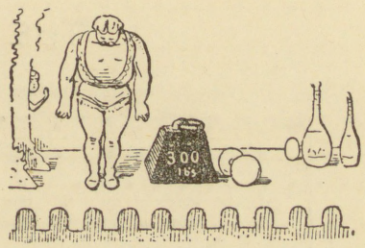
I was talking to a gentleman this morning who has been through a great deal of adventure with wild beasts, who knows the feeling of having a hyena pulling the rug off him at night, and who has been sleeping out in the open with FOUR LIONS all roaring round him at the same time and wanting to eat him, and they *would* have eaten him and the donkey he had with him too, but they did not like the look of the fire that he made, so they kept roaring at him till daylight came and then they very unwillingly said "Good-bye." He said their roars seemed not only to deafen him, but to shake the very ground. He was so scared, he said, that he had to look in the glass next morning to see whether his hair had turned grey in the night.

But a poor "wild-beast-show lion!" *What* a difference! Certainly it *roars*, but instead of being like a big thunderclap it is like a pop-gun in comparison, and the poor beast looks so dull and so tame, and so much more like a gentle old sheep than a savage brute such as you have always believed a lion to be, that you hardly wonder at the little girl in the picture saying, "Please Mr. Lion, will you come out and play with me?"

There is one thing about Mr. Lion, and that is, whatever he *looks* like, he is always the same in one respect, *he cannot be trusted*. If you train him ever so carefully and get him ever so tame, you must never forget he is A LION, and he will never be able to be trusted to his dying day.

What a terrible thing it would be for you if nobody could trust you! I think I would rather die than not be fit to be trusted. There is one thing, if we do always what is right there is not much fear about our being trusted. And even if people do suspect us, and doubt us, and try to prove us to be untrustworthy, in the end they will have to say, "He is alright, after all."

From the strong lion, let us think a moment about a strong *man*.



Doesn't he look a "weight lifter!" What a wonderful thing it is that we have lived to see the day when people have learnt the truth about intoxicating drink. There was a time when if a man wanted to train his body for hard work, he thought it quite necessary to take some so called "STRONG DRINK." It may well be called "STRONG!" It is strong to slay, strong to deceive, strong to break hearts, and strong to smash up homes; but it cannot give a particle of real strength to the body, and if you were to go to be trained for such work as this man is doing, you would find that you would not be allowed to drink a drop of it, which shows to all thinking people how foolish it is to believe in its strength-giving properties. I never had a single glass of it. You "follow your leader," and believe me to be your affectionate friend,

"CHILDREN'S MAN."

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES

1. Handcuffs.
2. Because it goes completely out of your head.
3. When he leaves one spot and goes to another.
4. Because the trains run over sleepers.
5. Because its master pays it for him.
6. A mouse.

SIX FRESH RIDDLES.

1. Which are the lightest men, Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen?
2. What are the two hottest letters in the alphabet?
3. What is the best way to make a coat last?
4. Where can you always find contentment?
5. Which travels fastest, heat or cold?
6. When can donkey be spelt with one letter?

WHAT MEANS MY NAME?

(F's this month.)

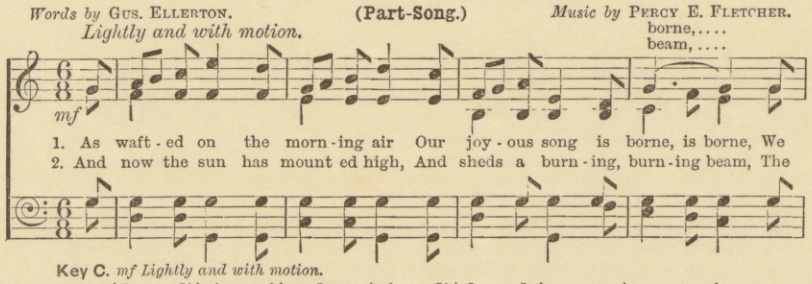
BOYS.—Felix, happy.
Ferdinand, brave.
Francis, free.
Frederick, rich peace.

GIRLS.—Florence, flourishing.
Frances, free.

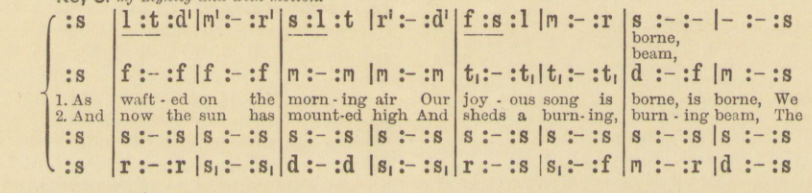
THE HARVESTERS.

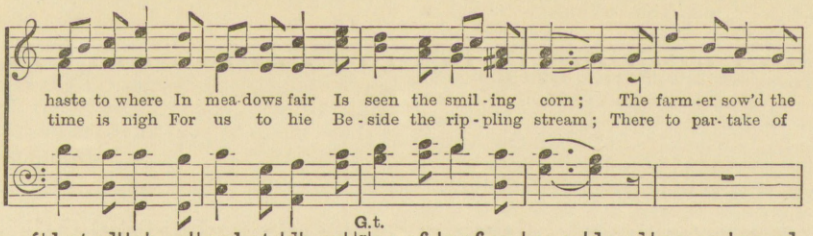
Words by GUS. ELLERTON. **(Part-Song.)** *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

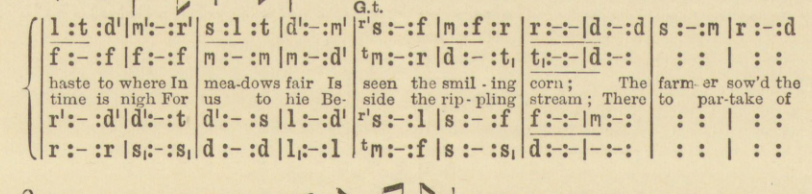
Lightly and with motion.

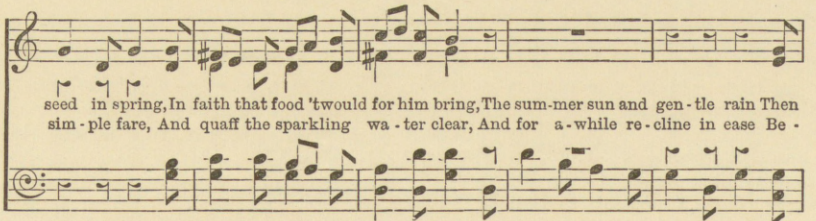


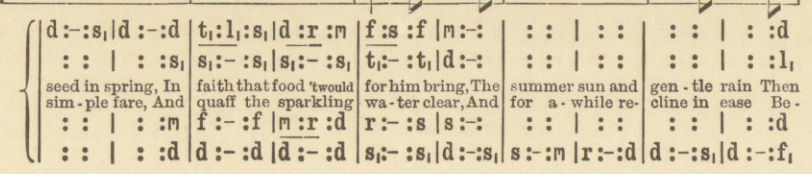
Key C. *mf Lightly and with motion.*



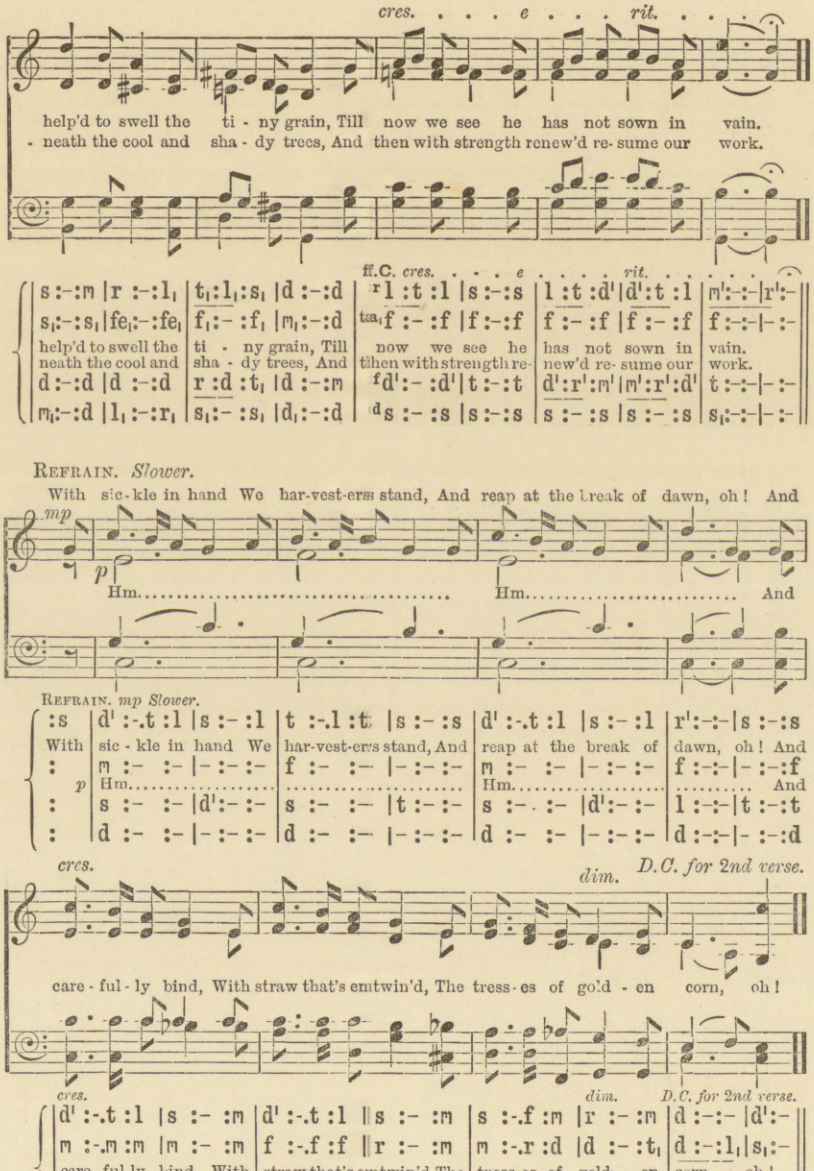








THE HARVESTERS.



ONE AND ALL.



W. J. Firth, COTTAGE GARDEN. *Sheffield.*

Showing Jasmine, Ivy, Japanese Hops, and Ferns amongst the Plants.

NEW Social movements are destined to effect so great an improvement in the moral and material welfare of the industrial classes as the GREAT CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT, with its many-sided activities, its humanitarian aims and propaganda, its educational and ethical developments, so numerous and so radical as to effectively declare the abortive nature of that form of Co-operation which makes "Divi" the be-all and end-all of existence. For, as was emphasised in the Presidential address at the recent "One and All" Exhibition in London, "true Co-operation pleads for a new temper, a personal righteousness, an elevated moral tone, through which the people of their own volition and without government control, may effectively conduct their own affairs."

With such a mission, it is encouraging in this age of materialism, when national righteousness and high ideals are but lightly accounted, to find the movement making enormous strides, increasing its adherents by the thousands, extending its area of support over many nations, and becoming quite international, quite cosmopolitan in its complexion.

Year by year, under the leadership of George Jacob Holyoake, E. O. Greening and many others, each successive Festival has recorded remarkable growth. The last surpassed any of its predecessors, and was in every way a striking success.

It lasted a whole week, and from the Monday to the Saturday was attended by enthusiastic eager crowds, who took the keenest delight in the various pictorial and horticultural exhibits, or hung with scarce-restrained emotion upon the heartening words of the several eloquent speakers, who from day to day occupied the Festival platform. Among the latter, undoubtedly the President, Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, Massachusetts, took foremost place, his address on

"THE EMANCIPATION OF INDUSTRY"

being a powerful and faithful portrayal of modern industrial conditions. Said he:

"Manual toil has always been the dark background, bringing into relief the privileges of caste and rank; and it has been the continual source from which earthly dignities have derived their splendid revenues. Exemption from physical labour has been 'from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' a special badge and sign of exalted station. Not for itself, but for other interests, has labour through the centuries endured and suffered. The artisan toiled and moiled and dole was given him so that he might be able to earn more for his masters; but the profit and the luxuries went to the high and mighty.

"Its emancipation has made some headway; but it has to go much further before its friends can be satisfied with its progress. That things are not as they should be may be inferred from what Henry George terms,

'THE INCREASE OF WANT, WITH THE INCREASE OF WEALTH.'

"Mr. Charles Booth places 'the margin of poverty' in London at a guinea a week for a family, and he claims that there are about 1,300,000 persons who live below this margin in the metropolis. It is also estimated that in this country one million individuals among the rich receive more than twice as much of the annual income from labour as millions who actually do the producing. Reliable statistics indicate that suicide is increasing, whose rate ebbs and flows with the prosperity of a nation; insanity also exhibits signs of alarming growth, and the Registrar-General has shown that the number of deaths in England occurring in public institutions has seriously multiplied during the last thirty-five years. Nor should it be forgotten, as Mr. Arthur Sherwell has said, 'that morals rise and fluctuate with trade;' and, if so, what must be the grade of morals when a million persons in Great Britain live in

'CHRONIC WANT,'

and another million receive poor law relief, and when many skilled artisans in large towns barely earn £1 per week, and only six to seven shillings a week is earned by unskilled workmen in the East End?

"Nor are we any more gratified by the conditions and prospects of industry in the United States. There, too, the sweating system holds in helpless bondage multitudes of wretched creatures; there, the number of unemployed is constantly enlarging. The Commercial Travellers' Association has recently declared that 35,000 of their guild have been thrown out of employment by the formation of 'trusts.' And there, too, the working classes are feeling more and more the oppressive grip of centralized capital. The great railway systems, valued at two and a half billions of dollars, are coming under the control of three or four inordinately wealthy individuals. Of what value is wealth if a new serfdom is the price to be paid for its accumulation?

MANHOOD IS WORTH MORE

to a country than money. And it is even questionable whether, after all, the method is really creating as much wealth as many imagine. The day of doom will assuredly come.

"Washington Gladden is on record as saying: 'No despotic government on the face of the earth to-day possesses so much power over the economic welfare of a people as has been held by *one hundred men* at the head of the great railway systems of the United States.' And so appalling and wide-spread and uncurable are the evils forced on the labourers of our era by the trade selfishness, which Frederic Harrison has exposed, that Professor Huxley comes to the conclusion, 'when a given social order plainly makes for evil and not for good, men naturally begin to think it time to try a fresh experiment.' Carlyle anticipated this conviction. He wrote:

'THERE MUST BE A NEW WORLD,

if there is to be any world at all!' And this saying, which was discarded as hysterical rhetoric in 1850, was restated in 1870 by the master of deliberate prose, Matthew Arnold, when he asserted that our advance is stayed 'because we are trying to live on with a social organisation of which the day is over.' Something must be done to effect a radical transformation. Industry is still in bondage to greed, to the insolence of capital, to the arrogance of success, and to the mischievous working of economical principles, which all the masters of economics perceive to be pernicious, and against which many laws have been enacted. But if the world owes so much to industry, and if industry tends to the ennobling of man, how much longer, think you, can its complete emancipation be delayed? As the form of the soldier fades and that of the artizan becomes more conspicuous, must there not rise a corresponding demand that the emoluments and honours of the former should be given to the latter? And necessarily, as



Miss Morris, *Enfield.*

WAITING FOR THE COACH.

MILITARISM DECLINES, INDUSTRIALISM MUST GROW,

and with its rise in importance there will come amelioration, enlargement and happiness.

To this end likewise the Co-operative movement is contributing effectively to-day. Its programme is not that one shall sow and reap, while another looks on and appropriates the reward. 'Each for all, and all for each' expresses the essence of its philosophy, which it is seeking to reduce to practice in the business world. By this quality it is distinguished, and the value and efficacy of it is seen in the character of its adherents and in the material triumphs which have rewarded their efforts.

"Co-operation is aiming

TO IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF THE POOR,

to make men more and more self-governing and reasoning creatures, and is teaching them by union how to find and not to lose their individuality, confident that thus they will secure industrial emancipation as well."

The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

SPONGE.



IT is very seldom indeed that the skeleton of an animal is of service to man. Of course the bones of animals have many and varied uses, but in the case of sponge it is the very skeleton itself that is the useful thing.

At first it seems a little difficult to realise that sponge has anything to do with the animal world, and indeed this is not to be wondered at, for it is not so very many years ago that naturalists themselves were undecided as to whether it should be called an animal or a vegetable.

Closer observation and better investigation have proved beyond all question that the sponge is an animal. We cannot at all judge of its shape or appearance when alive and in its natural condition, by the sponges as we know them in the house or the shop. They have in many cases been torn and cut, and in all cases cleaned and dressed, so that there is as much difference between them as between a plank of wood and a living tree.

The porous network that we call sponge, during life is filled with a jelly-like material, which also surrounds it. It is this jelly that is the active part of the animal.

A very curious observation has been made by naturalists as to the way in which sponges are produced. The passages which branch about in the horny skeleton of a sponge have often little points or buds sticking to their sides. Many of these are really little sponges beginning to grow. As they increase in size they become covered with something very much like tiny hairs known as cilia. After a time these tiny sponges break away from the parent sponge and float about in the water, being carried by the movement of the water and aided by the motion of the cilia until some little knot of rock or stone is reached, to which the little sponge can fix itself, after which it never moves again. Once settled, the sponge begins to grow, the cilia suck up all kinds of substances that can be used by the little animal, and soon fibres of silex and lime and horn begin to appear and form the network or skeleton, and the jelly grows simultaneously, filling the holes and spaces between the fibres and surrounding it as well.

The sponge feeds continuously by drawing in water through many openings and passing it out at others. The inhalent orifices are small, but the exhalent openings are comparatively large. During the passage of water through the sponge, it feeds on little particles of matter by absorbing them into itself, and so continues to grow until it reaches its full size.

There is an immense variety of sizes and shapes and colours, and they seem to grow at almost any depth. Specimens have been brought up in the Gulf of Macri from a depth of 185 fathoms.

Numerous species of a small kind are found in abundance on many parts of the British coast, but they flourish best in warm seas such as those round the coasts of Turkey, Greece, Florida, the West Indies, Candia, Barbary, and Syria.

Many sponges are not useful for domestic purposes, their frame-work being too hard and full of spicules. These harder sponges make most beautiful microscopic objects, the spicules assuming many different forms, sometimes lying close in bundles, sometimes straight, at others curved. Some will be like needles pointed at each end, others like stars radiating from a centre. Then again some will have a head at one end and a point at the other like pins, whilst others will have the ends turned like hooks. There is a lovely West Indian species in which the fibrous network is so fine as to appear like spun glass.

Just as there are varieties in regard to structure, so there are great differences in size and shape. Some are round like balls, others take the shape of a cup, whilst others again are more like a peg-top, then there are some which are cylindrical, others thread-shaped, whilst others again are branched like a tree. A large cup-shaped sponge is known as Neptune's cup, another which has fine glossy threads is called Venus's flower basket.

The larger and coarser sponges are obtained by fishing with harpoons and grapnel hooks, or are torn off the rocks by a fork at the end of a long pole. The finer kinds are obtained by men diving. The diver has no diving apparatus, but simply leaps over the side of the boat, taking down with him a flat piece of stone of triangular shape, with a hole pierced through one of it's corners; to this a cord from the boat is attached and the diver makes it serve to guide him to particular spots. When he reaches the growing sponges he cuts or tears them off the rocks, and places them under his arms; he then pulls the rope, which gives the signal to his companions in the boat to haul him on board. Sponges are obtained from depths of 8 to 10 fathoms of water in this way.

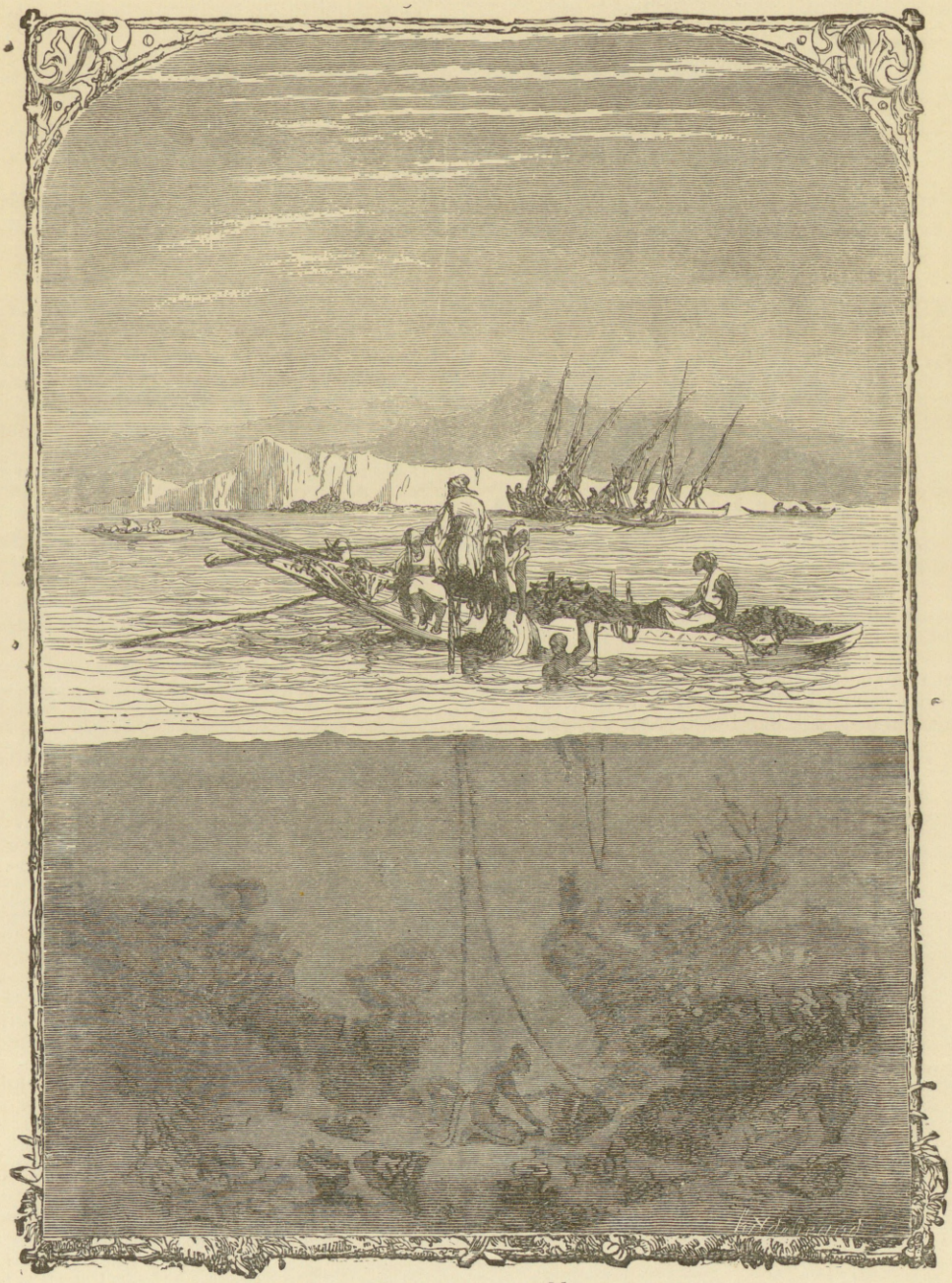
One method of getting rid of the animal matter is to bury the sponges for some days in the sand, after which the sponges are soaked and washed, but they still have to undergo cleaning and dressing before they can be used.

In the Turkish sponge-fishery between 4,000 and 5,000 men are employed, forming the crews of about 600 boats.

The value of the sponges collected annually in Greece and Turkey is from £90,000 to £100,000. The coarser sponges from the Bahamas and other West Indian islands are obtained in immense

quantities, about 215,000 lbs.—worth between £17,000 and £20,000—are sent every year to Britain alone from this source.

The value of sponge for domestic purposes depends on its compressibility and elasticity, and its power of imbibing liquids. It is only the softer and finer kinds that can be used in this way. It not only has a number of uses in the home, but it also fills a useful place in the manufactures and is of great value to the surgeon, not only for removing blood in operations, but for a variety of other purposes.



GATHERING SPONGE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

In former days burnt sponge was regarded as a useful remedy in certain forms of disease, but its use has long since been discarded for better remedial agents.

Behind the Clouds.

By Mary E. Helsby,

Author of "Golden Gorse," "A Country Mouse," "One Woman's Opinion," etc.

"Into each life some rain must fall."
—*Longfellow.*

SYNOPSIS.

Harold Nelson and his fiancée, Winifred Stanning, return from consulting an eye specialist about Janet Nelson's eyes, only to deliver to her mother the dreadful verdict—"Stone blindness." The awful message is delivered to the stricken girl, who promises to try to bear her misfortune. Harold resolves to live for Janet. Further misfortunes befall the Nelsons. The marriage of Harold and Winifred is indefinitely postponed. Winifred proposes to enter a hospital.

CHAPTER III.—Happiness.

SIX months later found Winifred Stanning at her post as probationer in the large hospital at F———, a busy manufacturing town. She had grown used to the work in the four months, and was popular with both patients and fellow-workers. In fact the young house-surgeon had fallen in love with her, and only the fact of her engagement kept him from declaring himself.

It was a cold day. Winnie was bending over a fractious child who was trying to take a bandage off his head in a frenzy of rage and pain; she felt a little upset and anxious, as she knew she would be blamed if anything went wrong. At that moment the ward-maid appeared and told her that a gentleman wished to see her.

With a glance at the fretful little patient, the young nurse shook her head, crowned with its becoming "Sister Dora" cap, and said:

"It is impossible, Adams; who is the gentleman?"

"Here's his card, miss," replied the girl, displaying it, "And he's such a nice gentleman. I do believe he's come a journey; he has the looks of a man who's travelled."

Winnie smiled at the maid's opinion. Adams was always loquacious. Then a startled look came into her face as she read the name engraved upon the square card—Mr. Harold Nelson.

"Adams, ask Nurse Brown to come here, please!"

"Yes, Miss."

In a few moments Winnie was relieved at the child's bedside, and able to go to her impatient visitor. She found him evidently trying to make a hole in the hearth rug of the "visitors' room" with his stick. At her entrance he rose and clasped her hand delightedly, saying:

"Winnie, my Winnie, *such* good news!"

"What is it? Tell me, Harold!"

"Guess what has happened!"

"I cannot, I cannot; tell me!" she entreated, trembling with a foreboding of future joy.

"Oh, sweetheart, it is all like a chapter out of a novel, only it is true—quite true."

"Let us sit down!" the girl said; so they both sat down on the hard couch."

"You remember that wretched cashier who absconded last year, causing me such trouble, don't you? Well, he died a month ago at a hospital at Sydney, in Australia. Now comes the most wonderful part of my story! This man, Jenkins, actually repented on his death-bed, and, having come into a small fortune about three or four months previously, he made a will, leaving it all to me—all that was left, I mean—for when he received the money, he led a most dissipated life, which helped to kill him, poor creature!"

"Oh, Harold! can this be true?" the girl exclaimed, her face as white as her apron. "I cannot believe it!"

"You must believe it, dear; it is all quite true!"

"How suddenly things have righted themselves!"

"Yes, after all the troubles we had. But now you must soon say 'good bye' to hospital work. I want you to fix a day for our wedding."

How proud he looked as he said the words.

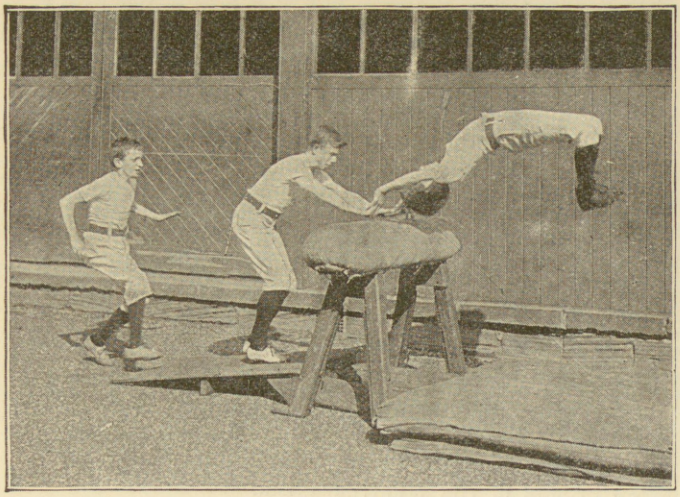
Winnie blushed, while a troubled line appeared on her white brow.

"To give up my work here! How strange it all seems!"

"Winnie, what are you saying? You don't mean that you are sorry—that you prefer hospital work *to being my wife!*"

She smiled to reassure him.

"Oh dear! What a headstrong boy you are to be sure!



GYMNASTICS—I.

TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND FOCAL PLANE SHUTTER. EXPOSURE 1/500th OF A SECOND.

All this is so sudden—so delightful—that you must forgive me for being rather *dense* at first!"

"I see. Well, go and put on your hat and jacket—I mean your bonnet and cloak—and come out for some tea or dinner; I am anxious to get you away from this rival of mine."

"Rival! What *do* you mean, dear Harold?"

"This hospital, of course. I am quite sure that if you stay here much longer you will give poor me the 'cold shoulder' and devote your life to the sick. It would only be like you, you know."

"No, I shall not do that now; for my first duty is to you. I know what I owe to you. How is dear Janet and your mother?"

"Both are in the best of health and spirits, thank you. They expected me to bring you away at once, but I told them that that was impossible as there is always such a lot of 'red tape' about these institutions; but the matron most kindly gave me permission to take you out this evening. She will be sorry to lose you, she says."

"I am glad she said that; it is nice to have your work appreciated. How wonderful it all is! Now Harold I have been thinking a lot lately about *temperance*, for most of the accidents are caused by drink. Then, again, the cashier who gave you all that trouble *drank:* in fact, I suppose, as you say, that it was his intemperate habits which hastened his end."

"Yes, you are quite right."

"Well, before I came here, you know, I signed the pledge."

"Yes."

The young man guessed what was coming.

"I want you to do the same."

"You ask a great favour, dear, although I am, as you are well aware, a very moderate drinker. To give it up for good and all requires consideration.

A wistful look intensified the pretty expression of her blue eyes.

"Harold, for my sake, you will?"

"For your sake *I will*, dear."

Love and determination beautified his strong, dark face; he took her hand and pressed his lips to it, reverently.

"As this little hand has worked to help sufferers, and as your example of 'total abstinence' must have done good here, so I will follow it, dear."

"I knew you would! Thank you so much. I am not afraid of the future, *now*, she declared, brightly, as she hurried off to put on her bonnet and cloak.

(*Conclusion*).



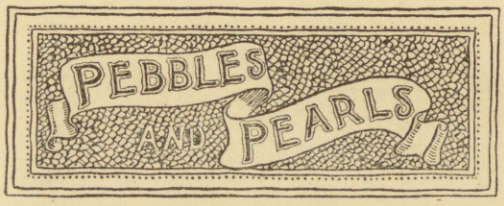
GYMNASTICS—II.

TAKEN WITH THE THORNTON-PICKARD RUBY CAMERA AND FOCAL PLANE SHUTTER. EXPOSURE 1/500th OF A SECOND.

ALCOHOL IN WAR.

ALCOHOLIC drinks are now eschewed by the best commanders. "Havelock's saints" performed their heroic feats in marching and fighting in the Indian Mutiny on coffee alone as a beverage. In the Red River Expedition of 1870 under General Wolseley, no spirit ration was issued; and certainly, says the "Medical Report," no men could have enjoyed better health than the troops without it. Out of 710 men engaged only five were invalided. The old-fashioned rum ration was not issued in the Ashantee War of 1873,—which was also under General Wolseley,—though a small "tot" was given to individuals, when specially prescribed by the medical officers. The result, as already pointed out, was that in the pestilential climate of the hinterland of the Gold Coast the total mortality from all causes was only 3·14 per cent. of the whole strength of the British troops. In the Kaffir War of 1877-78 rum as a ration was strictly prohibited; and the good health of the troops was attributed to enforced abstinence from spirituous liquors. In the Soudan the Sirdar prohibited all alcoholic liquors. A consignment of several hundred barrels of beer sent from Cairo to Wady Halfa was quickly sent down the river. Some Greeks smuggled into Berber by caravan from Suakin a large supply of a concoction called Scotch whisky, but which it was said had been manufactured in Alexandria from pine and potato spirit, and which, when swallowed, would burn holes in the membrane of the throat. Hundreds of cases were seized by order of the Commander-in-Chief, the bottles broken, and the vile liquor emptied on the thirsty sand.

The mortality from fever and other diseases during the Atbara campaign, the midsummer camp at Darmali, and the final Omdurman campaign, would have been infinitely greater than it was if alcoholic liquors had been allowed as a beverage, or even as an occasional ration.



ALCOHOL THE MURDERER.—An inquest was recently held at Treherbert, South Wales, upon a child, aged three years. Evidence showed that the father of the deceased had left a small tea-cup containing whisky on a table, and that the child had taken it. The father thought that the child would "sleep it off," and did not send for a medical man until some hours later. A verdict of "death from alcoholic poisoning" was returned, and the Coroner censured the parent for not sending for medical assistance earlier.

AN elderly gentleman, wearing a pair of green spectacles, entered the bar of an inn in New England, where a benevolent Quaker sat washing his toes and waiting for the coach. The new-comer called for a hot brandy toddy, at the same time rubbing his eyes; he declared to Uncle Broad Brim that his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and even spectacles did them no good. "I think, friend," said the Quaker, "that if thou wast to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would soon get strong again."

MR. JUSTICE WILLS, in referring to the three indictments for murder and several for man-slaughter to be tried at the Liverpool Assizes, declared that it was a grave defect in the criminal law that a cruel person by drinking to the excesses of *delirium tremens* should escape thereby the consequences of his own act.

ACCORDING to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many, if not all, people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. It has been known to raise the pulse from 76 to over 100.

THERE are great victories and struggles, and noble acts of heroism done every day—in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men and women's hearts—any one of which might reconcile the sternest men to such a world, and fill him with belief and hope in it.

SIN has lost all the kingdoms which have passed away. Drink has had no small share in accomplishing their end. Babylon, Israel, Judah —all fell the victims of drink.

"Drink is the only terrible enemy that England need fear."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early; plant buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper on your face; carefully root out all angry feelings; and expect a good crop of happiness.

THE excessive mortality in the assured who are engaged in the liquor trade has for a long time exercised the minds of the directors of life assurance companies. The figures put forward by the Abstainers and General Insurance Company present the drink question from another point of view. From a report made by Mr. James Meikle upon the mortality experience of the abstainers' ordinary department during the first 14 years of the company, it appeared that but 48 deaths had occurred out of each hundred anticipated under the Hm. table. If this experience continues to prevail in the future, abstainers will have justice on their side if they claim that they should pay a lower premium than those persons who habitually take alcohol, even though in small quantities. It will, however, be necessary to ascertain how long the applicant has been a total abstainer, as reformed drunkards who have become abstainers are not good lives. — *Medical Journal.*

MISTRESS: "You say you are a good washer and ironer. How do you tell when the irons are too hot?"

Servant: "How? By smelling the burning linen, mum, of course."

"WANT a situation as errand boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

Boy: "Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands." He got the job.

WHILE a young lady was passing over a level crossing near Manchester she noticed an elderly woman lying across the metals hopelessly drunk. She managed to get her on to the bank just as a train dashed past. Turning round the lady noticed another aged woman, companion of the above, also dead drunk, lying between the rails on the other line. She endeavoured to lift her, but could not, and as a train was approaching she ran to the signal box and had it stopped.

"THERE is danger in the drink—
Write this on the nation's laws,
Blotting out the licence clause,
Write it on the ballot white,
So it can be read aright;
'Where there's drink there's danger!'
Write it on the ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large, in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
'Where there's drink there's danger!'"

IT was always considered a great affair for a youth to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. This is the way it was done by one promising sprout:—"You see, grandma', we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to your lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lady, what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, they just made a hole at both ends, and sucked."



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him and that he has married Maggie, a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop, who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally, whom she accompanies to the Mission, where she is led to Jesus by Gilbert Turner's recital of his rescue from drowning, his fall and subsequent reformation. Violet takes a great interest in Willie a cripple boy, whose father is a dissolute character; Gilbert takes Willie home. Through Violet's influence Willie's father is reclaimed. Maggie sinks into habitual drunkenness, and is discharged from "The Clarence;" whilst drunk she falls into a ditch, and her boy, Harold, wanders on until he falls in the road from fatigue. Mr. Cameron in his trap runs over him, carries him home and adopts him. Maggie is found by a carter who takes her to his mother. Violet meets Lady Mosscrop again, who employs her to do writing for her, and when Gilbert Turner and Sally become engaged, employs her as her private secretary. Her ladyship sends Cripple Willie to the cottage on the moor, where Violet finds Maggie repentant and anxious to recover her child.

CHAPTER XI.—The Riddle Read.

A MANLY fellow, with broad shoulders and face bronzed by exposure to the sun, stepped off an Australian liner and stood on the landing-stage for a moment as if irresolute.

Most of the passengers had friends awaiting them, but he did not look out for anyone.

"Shall I send a wire to prepare them for my coming, or shall I surprise them?" he muttered half aloud.

Suddenly he drew himself up, and hailed a cab, and was soon driving to the railway station.

As he lay back with closed eyes in a first-class carriage memory was busy calling up scenes of the past. He thought of the events that had separated him from the woman whom he devotedly loved, of the suspicion hanging over her, of his banishment from England, and his promise that he would not even communicate with her until the cloud was removed. He thought of his lonely life in the Australian bush. How well he remembered those early days, when he worked with savage energy to keep himself from thinking, when he had hated his father for believing her guilty, he hated his mother for bringing the charge against her, he hated her for refusing to marry him until her name was cleared, and he hated himself for the doubt which would creep into his own mind concerning her innocence. How utterly miserable he had been, and how he had longed for death.

Then he had been stricken down by a sickness, and lingered long at the point of death; his comrade nursed him as tenderly as a woman, and, as he struggled back to life and health, spoke words that had sunk deep into his heart.

During the weary days of convalescence, when he was so much alone, his comrade had placed a Bible beside him, and he had read it to pass away the time, not because he had any interest in it, but he soon grew interested and then alarmed. If these words were true, as he had always believed, though they had hitherto had no influence upon his life—he was a lost sinner in spite of his morality.

In an agony of earnestness he had turned over the pages, and read the words that were underlined, and then he discovered that though he was a sinner there was provided for him a great Saviour, and he had found peace by resting upon Him for salvation.

After that things appeared in a new light, and he saw that he had not acted towards his mother as he ought to have done. Again and again had she written, beseeching him to come home, but he had turned a deaf ear to her entreaties and

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thought of her with bitterness. He had accordingly set off for home at once, and now it was with mingled feelings that he found himself amid the old familiar scenes.

The old station master looked hard at the stranger, and then approached him with a broad smile on his face. "It must be Master Comar, to be sure; but how strong and well you do look, sir."

"Yes, it's really me, Smith. Will you send up my luggage? I prefer to walk to Burnside, I've had riding enough for one day."

"Certainly, Master Comar, certainly," responded the old man.

He turned and watched the strong, manly figure until it passed out of sight.

"Aye, aye, it's Master Comar sure enough, but he is vastly improved."

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were seated on the lawn, whilst Harold gambolled round them. He had won his way into both their hearts, and his childish prattle seemed to drive away the cloud that rested on Mr. Cameron's brow so often now-a-days.

Both had been silent for some moments, when Mrs. Cameron remarked with a sigh,

"Ah, Charles, those were happy days when our boy was playing round us like this. We never thought then that he would be content to stay away across the sea when we want him so much."

"It has been a strange thing, Hetty. I begin to think that we were too hard on the boy, and maybe on Violet, too. I have thought a great deal about her of late."

"So have I, Charles. I don't know how it is, but, somehow, Harold always brings her to remembrance."

Meanwhile Harold had trotted away after a butterfly, when his attention was diverted by a stranger coming towards him. The boy paused and looked into his face for a moment, then, satisfied that he was all right, he advanced and put his little hand into that of the new comer as he said,

"Have you come to see my grandpa?"

"Who is your grandpa, my little man?" asked the other, with an amused smile.

"That is my grandpa and my grandma, too," he said, pointing to the seat upon which Mr. and Mrs. Cameron sat.

The young man looked at them for a moment, and a tide of feeling swept over him. He could see them distinctly, for they were not more than fifty yards away, but he and his little companion were hidden from their view by the thick foliage.

"Will you come with Harold to see grandpa?"

He started and said as he lifted up the child in his arms,

'Harold, is your name? Where do you live, eh?" he asked, curious to know who this child could be.

"I lives here with grandma, of course. What is your name?"

"My name is Comar. Now we will go to grandpa, Harold," replied the young man, thinking that would be the quickest way to solve the problem.

"Are you 'God bless Uncle Comar, and bring him home again' that I say in my prayers every night?" asked the child, and he raised his eyes to those of Comar with a look of wonder.

The young man clasped him to his breast, and pressed a kiss upon his lips as he said huskily,

"Yes, I am; but who can you be with those eyes?"

The boy had slipped from his arms and run as fast as his legs could carry him, calling,

"Uncle's come! Grandma, Uncle Comar's come!"

Mrs. Cameron sprang to her feet, and in an instant she was enfolded in a pair of strong arms, and a well-remembered voice was saying,

"Your boy has come at last, mother."

"Thank God for that!" she exclaimed, with such evident sincerity that Comar felt instinctively that his mother had changed for the better since he saw her last.

"Come, come, Hetty, let me have a look at the lad," said his father, with an attempt at pleasantry, in order to hide the tremor in his voice.

"I am so thankful that you have come, my boy. How brown you have grown, and how strong you look."

There were so many questions to be asked and answered, and so much to be told, that it was some time before Comar could get in the question that was trembling on his lips.

Harold had taken possession of him and sat upon his knee, listening with eyes and ears wide open.

"Who is this little fellow that you have got here, father?" he inquired.

"He is a little grandson, whom God has sent to comfort our hearts, my dear boy."

"But who is he, and where does he come from? His eyes are the very picture of Violet's," persisted Comar.

"Harold, my boy, go and tell cook that Uncle Comar has come home and wants his dinner."

The child ran away to do his bidding, and during his absence Mr. Cameron told all he knew about Harold, which was literally nothing beyond the fact that he had run over him on the road and brought him home.

"Have you made no effort to find his parents?"

"We sent to the police-station at the time, but there was no lost child inquired for, and now he has grown so dear to us that we have no desire to part with him, Comar."

"I should like to know how he got those eyes. Has not the resemblance struck you, father?"

"It has, my boy, but I think that it is only accidental; one often sees such eyes in a young child."

The young man shook his head and asked,

"Has he any particular mark by which he could be identified, mother?"

"He has a birth-mark on his left ancle; but we have no wish that he should be claimed."

Harold came running back and the subject was dropped, but Comar thought much on the subject. His love for Violet was as strong as ever, and a terrible dread took possession of his heart lest she had married and this was her child.

Comar received a warm welcome from all his old friends and acquaintances, but he was ill at

ease; everything brought back the memories of the past, and he felt that he could not remain here unless he might be permitted to find his darling and ascertain if her heart beat true to him.

His father and mother noticed his restlessness, and attributed it to its true cause, though he had not mentioned Violet's name since he remarked upon Harold's resemblance to her, except once when he asked if the snake ring had been found.

"I fear that we shall not keep Comar with us long, Hetty," remarked Mr. Cameron to his wife, as they stood together watching their son playing with Harold in the garden.

Mrs. Cameron did not answer, but she sighed as she saw the two pause by the very apple-tree which had been planted upon the day that the ring had disappeared.

"Uncle Comar, look at this tree; it is dead, isn't it?" said the boy as he pointed up to the bare, leafless branches.

"It is dead enough, Harold. I wonder what can be the cause?" said the young man, looking at the tree and speaking to himself. "How well I remember it being planted. Oh, that that fatal day could be uprooted as easily as this dead tree."

"Will it grow again, Uncle Comar?" inquired Harold.

"No, my boy, it is hopelessly gone, and is fit for nothing. I do not know why it has been left to disfigure the garden."

"Will you pull it up, Uncle Comar?" asked the boy, with all a child's eagerness for some fresh diversion.

"That I will, Harold. Let us go and bring a spade; but stay, my mother planted it upon father's birthday, and we must ask him before it is pulled up."

Taking the boy by the hand he approached his parents and said, with a note of sadness in his voice,

"Why do you keep that dead tree there to disfigure the view from this window, father?"

"I scarcely know, my boy; the gardener was asking me if he might remove it and plant another, but I bid him wait awhile."

"It has not died from old age; what is the cause of its being in this condition?"

"A blight has fallen upon it, Comar," remarked his mother.

"As a blight fell upon my life the day that it was planted, mother."

Comar turned and walked rapidly away. The parents looked at each other, and Mr. Cameron remarked sadly,

"Poor boy, his heart is broken."



The snake-ring is found at last.

"The evidence is too strong, Charles. I forgive her, but I cannot receive her as a daughter whilst I know her to be guilty of this theft and not acknowledge it."

Mr. Cameron sighed deeply, he would have recalled Violet long ago, and accepted her simple asseveration of innocence, but his wife insisted upon proof.

"May we dig up that dead tree, please?" pleaded Harold, who had been waiting impatiently.

"What say you, Hetty? You planted it, and it shall not be uprooted without your consent."

"Of course; what use is a dead tree? I should have had it up before now but you did not seem willing."

"Yes, Harold; go and tell Uncle Comar that you and he may take away that dead tree as soon as you like," said Mr. Cameron as he stroked the boy's hair lovingly.

Meanwhile, Comar had shut himself up in his room, a perfect storm of passion having been roused in his heart.

"A blight, indeed, upon two hearts and two lives. But I will seek Violet once again, and see if she be true to me, and again I will plead with her to marry me, in——"

He paused in his restless walk, as the words that she had spoken were borne upon his ears just as she had utttered them on that day when he had seen her last—"I will neither see you again, nor listen to your suit, unless you can

prove my innocence. On the day that the ring is found you may claim me as your wife, not before." Would that day never come? He threw himself upon his knees, and pleaded with God, as he had never done before, that his darling's innocence might be established, whether she was restored to him or not; but oh, how he longed to clasp her to his heart and know that she was all his own. As he prayed a deep peace fell upon his spirit, and he rose wondering at the strange calm that had succeeded the storm.

"I will trust and not be afraid. Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? It seems all wrong now, but the government is upon His shoulder."

He went forth with a new light upon his brow, and a lighter feeling at his heart than he had had for many a long day.

"Uncle Comar, Uncle Comar, I have been looking for you everywhere. Grandpa says that you and me must dig up the tree," exclaimed Harold as he caught sight of the young man.

"Well, suppose I dig round it and you pull it up, Harold?"

"Must I ask grandpa and grandma to come and see me do it?" asked the child eagerly.

"If you like, but we must go to the tool-shed and get a spade first."

The spade was procured, and Comar soon loosened the soil round the roots of the tree.

"There now, Harold, I think you had better go and ask grandma to come," he remarked.

He watched the child run across the lawn to the very window where Violet had been standing when the tree was planted.

"If all had gone smooth I should perhaps never have been led to see my need of a Saviour, so there is something to be thankful for."

The little fellow presently appeared holding a hand of each and chattering incessantly, as Mr. and Mrs. Cameron crossed the lawn.

"Thompson might have done the digging, Comar; you will be tired," remarked his mother.

"Tired with this? Perhaps I might have been once, but you forget that I have had to work in the Australian bush until my muscles have become strong with exercise, and it would take much more than digging round a tree to make me feel fatigued, mother," responded the young man, as he drew his well-knit figure to its full length and tossed the child in the air as if he was a ball.

"I's as strong as Uncle Comar. Watch me pull up this big tree," said the boy, as he took hold of it with a great show of strength, but it did not stir. He tugged until he was red in the face, but he could only move it about an inch.

"It wants digging, Uncle Comar," he exclaimed.

"Nay, Harold, it only wants lifting. Try again," he said cheerily.

Breathless and panting, the boy braced himself up for another effort, but Comar placed his hand upon the tree above him, and it came out of the earth without the slightest effort.

"There, I've done it now," Harold triumphantly announced, ignorant of the fact that it was a stronger hand than his own that had really done the deed.

"Thompson will remove it, Harold," said Mr. Cameron with a smile, as the boy attempted to drag it away.

"Cannot you and I pull this tree to the wood-shed, Uncle Comar?" inquired the child, looking up into his face with those eyes whose glance always went to his heart.

"I daresay we could between us, Harold. You take hold of that bough and I will take hold of this, and pull with all your might.

In his eagerness to get round, Harold tripped over the root and fell. He was quickly on his feet again, knocking the soil from his clothes, when something caught his eye.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, as he picked something from the root of the dead tree and held it up. It flashed and sparkled in the sunlight. Comar sprang forward and snatched it from the boy's hand; then he stood gazing at it for a moment, as if transfixed.

"What is it, Comar?"

The words seemed to break the spell and he ejaculated,

"Thank God! the snake-ring is found at last!"

(*To be concluded.*)

The Fall of Philip Hunt.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

"YES, sir, that's Philip Hunt, the old squire's son;
Why, bless your heart, I've known young Master Phil
Since first he learned to toddle. Many a time
I've borne him on my back across the hill,
Along the road, there, leading to the hall;
Indeed, it only seems like yesterday
When his young fingers grasped me by the hand,
Pulling me out into the grounds to play.

"Ah, sir! In those bright days, the old squire's house
Was full of light and laughter, and the walks,
Now overrun with tangled poisoned weeds,
With faded grass and ugly, flowerless stalks,
Were neat and trim as any in the land,
And even when the earth looked melancholy
With winter's gloom, the old hall grounds were gay
With green of laurel bush and red of holly.

"And little Master Phil was such a boy
For fun and mischief; such a handsome lad,
With straight, strong neck, and sturdy, manly limbs,
Swift as a deer. It even made one glad
To look into the sunlight of his eyes.
I mind with what an air of tender pride,
The squire would walk among his fellow-men
Whenever little Phil was by his side.

'I always said the boy was spoiled with love,
For when his mother died, the squire, bereft
Of one dear object, took his great big heart
And gave it to the child his wife had left;
The youngster's every whim was gratified;
Why, sir, I've seen the master rush like mad
To seek some toy the baby fancy craved;
He fairly idolised that little lad.

"'Twas often said the squire was somewhat proud
Of his pure lineage; how no breath of shame
Had ever smeared the honour of his house,
Or cast the slightest stain upon his name;
He was ambitious too for little Phil,
And talked and dreamed of future moments when
His son, grown up, would stand to take a place
Among the famed and honoured sons of men.

From bad to worse. The squire, an old man now,
Trusted his son; nor for a moment dreamed
How deep that son had sunk into the mire,
For things were even blacker than they seemed.

"I mind the time so well, 'twas 'Derby week,'
And Master Phil, bearded and manly now,
Was off among his mates; but once he came
Into our quarters with a smiling brow,
And, calling me, he whispered, flurried like,
Holding my hand the while in friendly grip—
'Put all you're worth on Fleetfoot for the Derby,
I've got it for a safe and honest tip!'

"I shook my head: 'I've known you, Master Phil,
Since you were so high,' brokenly, I said,
'Ah, let me warn you, though a poor old groom,
Against the dangers in the path you tread.



"The dropping of the old man's silver head."

"And Master Phil himself was full of dreams,
And from his father seemed to catch the fire
Of strong ambition, entering into plans
That fanned it into flames high, and still higher.
Ah! those were happy days, when hand in hand
Along the noble grounds oft walked the twain,
Before the storm-cloud burst above our heads,
Filling the dear old house with shame and pain.

"It came so suddenly, although we'd seen
For years that Master Phil was going wrong;
He got into bad company, and, like
A leaf upon the wind, was borne along

Give up the betting, sir; oh, give it up!
Just for the squire, your poor old father's sake;
If anything should happen you, ah, sir,
His heart would break! His heart would surely break!'

"He smiled his careless smile, and went his way;
I never saw him, sir, that week again.
The race was run—but Fleetfoot *didn't* win—
My hand was trembling like a baby's when
I seized the paper with the race result;
I felt, somehow, the lad had placed his all
Upon that horse, and now a strange cold fear
Entered my heart, and shook my very soul.

"And then the night when Master Phil came home
The old squire sent for him; and in his room
They stayed for hours, while suddenly the house
Seemed to grow darksome with a dreary gloom,
We heard the father's voice in anger raised,
We even caught the words the old man said,
'Go from me, go, forever! From this hour
The son I loved and honoured so is dead!'

"And then we heard a sob and then a fall,
The dropping of the old man's silver head
Upon his arms; then Master Phil came out,
And from his face the light of youth had fled.
We felt that he to whom the squire had looked
With hope and pride to raise the pure old name
To greater honour, had betrayed the trust,
And dragged it through the slush of sin and shame.

"The squire was silent; yet the tale oozed out,
How Master Phil, confident that the horse
He'd been advised to back would win the race,
Had forged his father's name. I knew remorse
Had eaten at the heartstrings of the boy,
Even before that fatal race was run.
That conscience would upbraid him for all time,
Whether the horse he backed had lost or won.

"Five years have passed away, sir, since that night
When Master Phil, in sorrow and disgrace,
Was driven from his home. Decay and gloom
Folded their wings above the dear old place;
The squire closed up the house, and went abroad;
Yes sir, for me it was a dark, dark day.
But I have prayed, and hoped for their return,
Aye, every moment since they went away.

"I have not hoped in vain. A week ago
I saw the squire come tottering past the hill,
Back to his home; while only yesterday,
Along the same dear road, came Master Phil.
Reconciled? Aye! they're truly reconciled;
The sun has burst again the cloud of shame,
For after all, I trust that Master Phil
Will yet do honour to the good old name!"



CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

By "A Children's Man."

My Dear Children,

DARESAY you have heard people say "as old as Adam," and I should not wonder if you have said to yourself, "I *should* like to see something as old as Adam!"

Would you now? Well let your eyes fall to the ground and fix upon the first stone you come to and you will see something much older than Adam. Yes, you need not go far to find something as old as Adam. Then there is one thing that is quite as old as the world we live in, and that is LOVE.

In this quaint little picture you will see a very funny illustration of a very ancient "boy" with his heart beating with love for an equally old-time "girl." It is impossible to get on without love, and the great charm of love is that we cannot love anything without wanting to be kind to it. If we love a cat we want to stroke it; if



we love a dog we want to pat it; if we love a pigeon we want to feed it; if we love our brothers and sisters we want to make them happy; and if we love our parents we want to give them joy. And God puts this LOVE in our hearts, and causes us to feel that our lives are not worth living unless we have it.

AH, it is a fine thing to love and to be loved. I should not like a cat to run away from me, and I should feel quite miserable if I saw my dog tuck its tail between its legs and slink out of the room when it saw me come in.

I like to make a friend of my doggy as this man in the picture is doing. He is enjoying his paper, and "good dog Tray" is having a bit and a sup from his special dish.



Of course, Tray is a faithful little beast, and would not help himself to anything from the table unless his master gave him permission. If he were a thief, his master would soon give him away, or perhaps kill him, in fact he would feel towards him as a gentleman did towards a little boy whom I knew. The little boy was sometimes rather naughty, and I heard the gentleman say to him, "I would not give twopence a cartload for naughty boys!"

Good-bye, my dears, BE GOOD, and believe me to be your affectionate friend,

"CHILDREN'S MAN."

RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE.

Ride-a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman, not sober, of course,
No rings on her fingers, no bells on her toes.
She'll have no money wherever she goes.

DING, DONG, BELL.

Ding, dong, bell,
Father is'nt well!
What made him ill?
Public-house swill.
What made him think?
Giving up drink.
Wasn't that a naughty man who made poor father bad?
Wasn't that a good man who made poor father glad?

WHAT MEANS MY NAME?

(G's this month.)

BOYS—Geoffrey, joyful.
George, a husbandman.
Gerald, powerful.
Gilbert, famous.
Godfrey, peace with God.
Gregory, watchful.
Griffith, great in faith.
Guy, a leader.

GIRLS—Gertrude, truthful.
Grace, favour.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. Englishmen. Because in Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air); but in England (on the Thames), there are lighter-men.
2. K. N. (Cayenne.)
3. Make the trousers and waistcoat first.
4. In the dictionary.
5. Heat does, because you can catch cold.
6. When it is U.

ANOTHER BATCH OF RIDDLES.

Answers next month.

1. What is the best plan for preventing water coming into your house?
2. What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?
3. There is one kind of work which, when you see a lady doing it, might cause you to say she was a cripple. What is that?
4. I went into a beautiful flower-garden and got it; when I got it I looked for it; the more I looked for it the less I liked it; and in the end I came away with it in my hand because I could not find it. What was it?
5. Why is a horse hardly ever hungry?
6. When is the soup most likely to run out of the saucepan?

RIGHT OR WRONG.

Do right, though pain and anguish be thy lot,
Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains,
The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains.

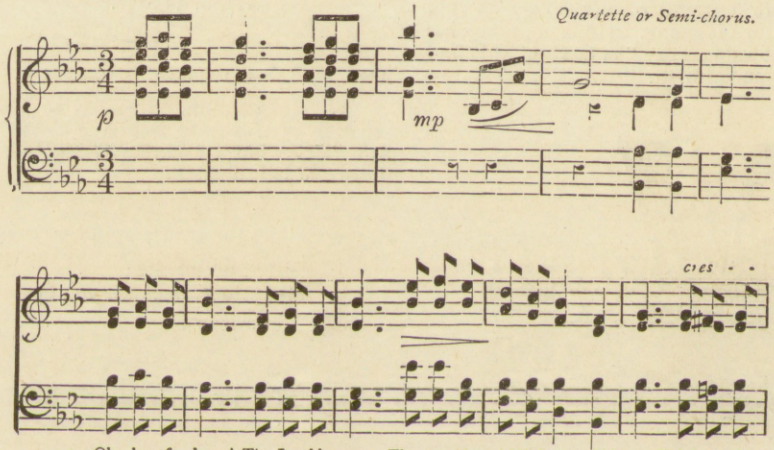
A SONG OF COMFORT.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

From the Service of Song, "JACK OF THE FERRY," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.)

M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.

With feeling. *Quartette or Semi-chorus.*

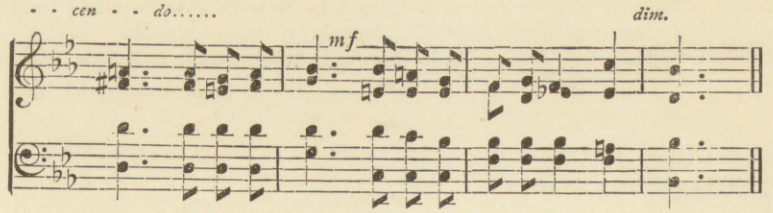


1. Oh, be of cheer! The Lord is near, Thy cry of need His heart will hear; Think not that
2. Lift up thine eyes un - to the skies, And see the light of hope a - rise! The way is
3. Oh, leave thy care, thy dark des-pair, And try a-new the power of prayer; None ev-er

KEY E♭. *mp* *cres - -*

:- .m	:f .m	s	:- .r	:m .r	s	:- .d'	:r' .d'	t .l	:s	:r	m	:- .m	:re.m
: .d	:d .d	t_1	:- .t_1	:t_1 .t_1	d	:- .s	:s .s	f .m	:r	:t_1	d	:- .d	:d .d
: .s	:l .s	f	:- .f	:s .f	m	:- .d'	:d' .s	s .s	:s	:s	s	:- .s	:fe.s
: .d	:d .d	d	:- .d	:d .d	d	:- .m	:m .m	r .d	:t_1	:s_1	d	:- .d	:d .d

- - cen - - do..... *dim.*



thou art left a - lone, Oh, dream not God for-gets His own!
dark, and sharp the thorn, But look thou to the Star of Morn!
vain - - ly sought His face, Nor cried un - heard for heav'n-ly grace.

- cen - - do..... *mf* *dim.*

fe	:- .fe	:m .fe	s	:- .s	:fe .m	r .m	:r	:l	s	:-
re	:- .re	:de .re	m	:- .de	:de .de	r .t_1	:d	:d	t_1	:-
t	:- .t	:t .t	t	:- .t	:l .s	s .s	:s	:fe	s	:-
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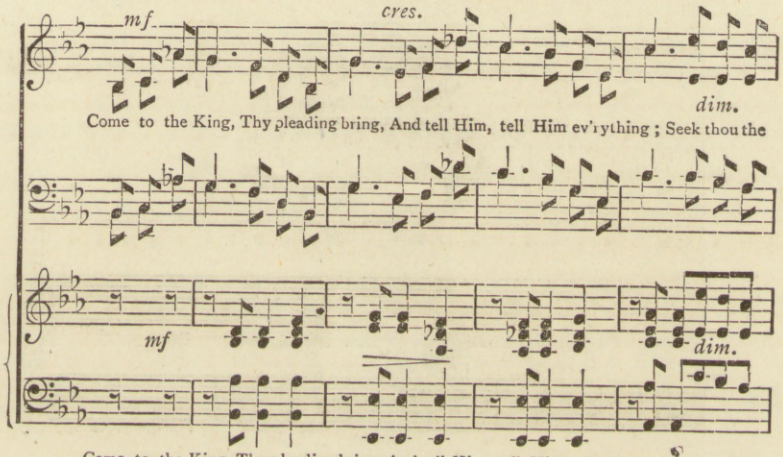
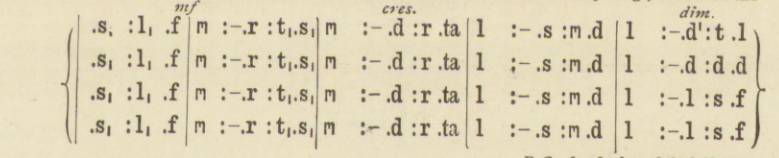
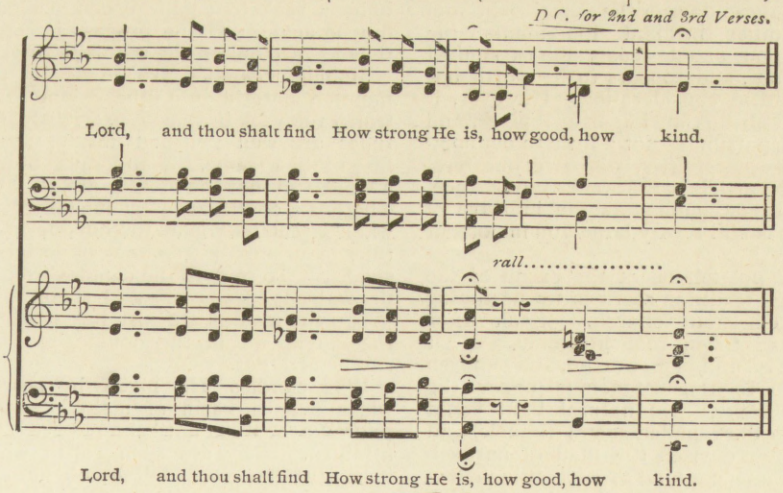
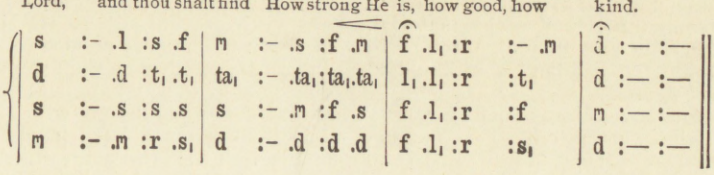
A SONG OF COMFORT—(*continued*).

CHORUS.





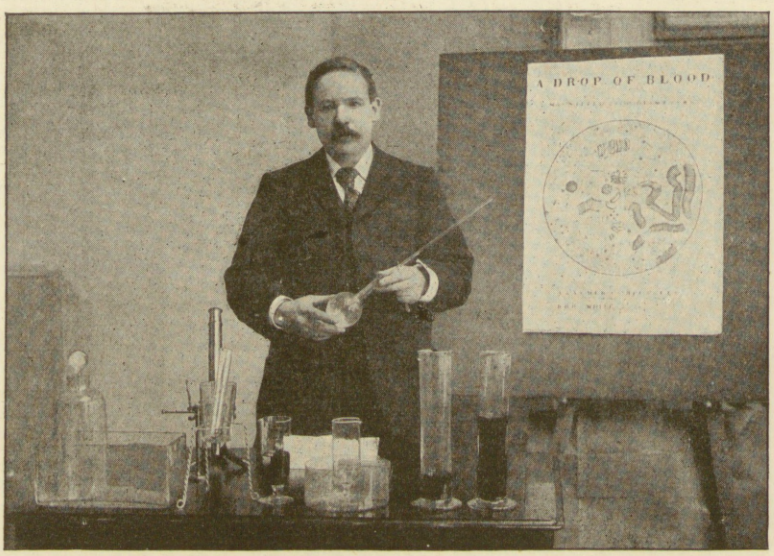




The Marvellous in Common Things.

BY

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



THE AUTHOR AT HIS LECTURE TABLE.

A CANDLE.

IN these days of the electric light and other brilliant illuminants, the poor candle seems almost snuffed out, and appears to be worth but little consideration. However, it still fills an important place, and contributes not a little to our comforts and to our necessities, whilst to our forefathers it was an article of the utmost importance. In spite of all other illuminants the industry of candle making is still a very large and important one.

History does not tell us of the origin of the candle, although tradition ascribes its beginning to the early Christian church. Soon after Christianity had taken root in Rome, a great persecution set in, and men, women, and children hid themselves in the catacombs under the ancient city of Rome. No natural light could penetrate these dark underground tunnels, and someone therefore devised the plan of unraveling rope and making a kind of wick, which was dipped in fat or some other combustible material, making a kind of rude and flaming torch. In this early beginning the candles of to-day had their origin.

Candles are made now-a-days of quite a variety of substances, tallow, palm oil, cocoa nut oil, bleached wax, spermaceti, paraffin distilled from cannel coal, stearine, and other fatty substances from coal shale, and gas tar.

Candles may be either dipped, moulded, or rolled. "Dips" are made by stretching several wicks on a suitable frame. These are then dipped in a trough of melted tallow, and hung upon a rack to cool. When cooled they are dipped again, and the process is repeated until they have acquired the requisite thickness.

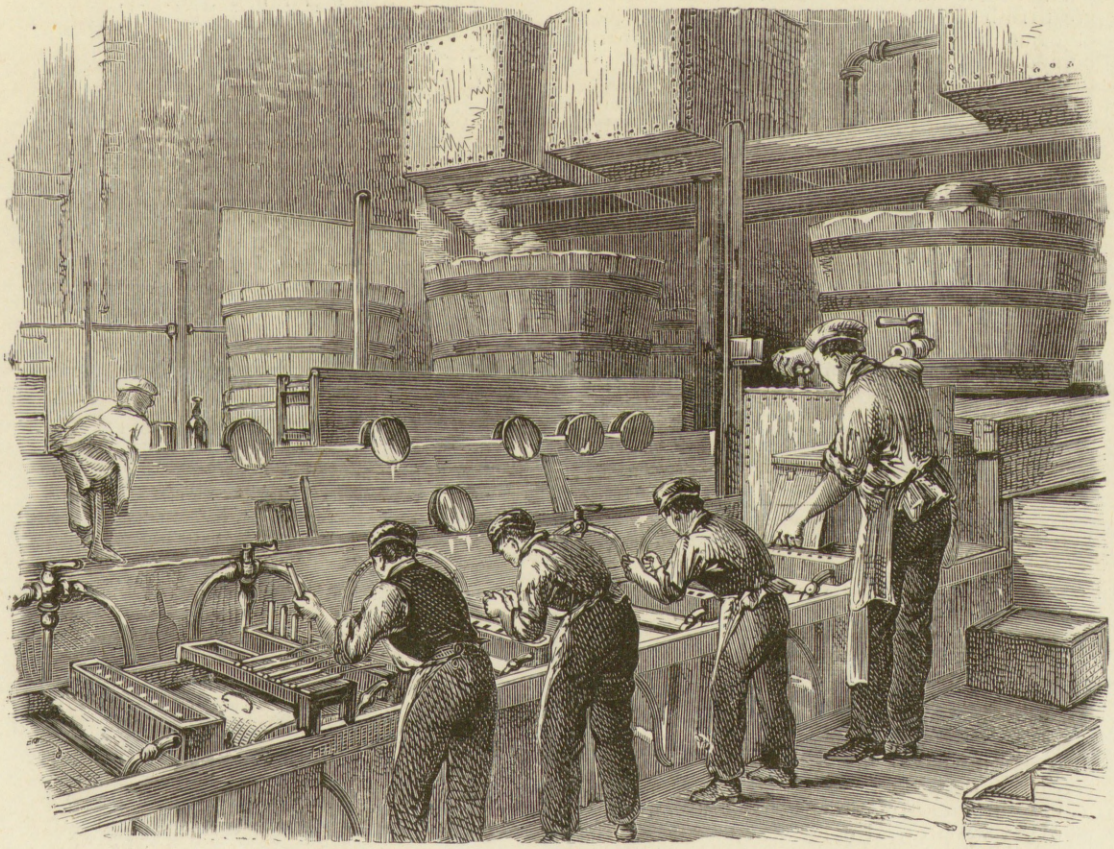
Moulded candles are made by pouring the moulten material into tubes, along the centre of which the wick has been previously fixed. The tubes are well polished inside, several being fitted into a frame, the upper part of which forms a trough so that the moulds are all filled at once. There is a contrivance by means of which cold water circulates round the outside of the tubes, thus causing the molten material to quickly solidify. To remove the candles from the mould the water is turned off, and steam is turned on. When the moulds are just hot enough to loosen the candles within, the mould is reversed and the candles fall out.

Wax candles are made by suspending the wicks over a basin of melted wax, which is poured over them until the required thickness is attained. They are then rolled while hot between two flat pieces of smooth hard wood, kept wetted to prevent adhesion. Modern chemistry has been of immense service to the candle maker, and what is known as the composite candle is the direct outcome of its application. Melted fat is stirred for some hours with lime and water. The lime forms a hard insoluble soap by combining with the fatty acid, whilst glycerine mixes with the water. All oils and fats consist of a fatty acid, combined with glycerine, and the object of the first process is to separate these two. The lime soap is broken up into powder and treated with sulphuric acid. This causes another great chemical change, for the lime unites

with the sulphuric acid forming sulphate of lime, and the fatty acid is set free. It is from this latter that the candles are made. The glycerine is purified, and forms another very useful article of commerce.

In days gone by the snuffers were to be found on every table, to keep the candle trimmed, but plans were soon found for avoiding this necessity. There is no combustion within a candle flame, and, therefore, as the fat or tallow burned away there was the long smoky wick. It was discovered that if the wick was bent over and came

There has also been a great deal of silly superstition on the part of ignorant people in regard to candles. For instance, a portion of the tallow that did not get melted and rising up therefore against the wick, was called a winding sheet, and was supposed to be the omen of a death in the family. A bright spark in the flame, owing perhaps to a little extra combustible material being present, was supposed to indicate that the party opposite to it would receive a letter. When the flame flickered it was supposed to be a sign of windy weather. Candles were supposed



CANDLE MAKING.

to the outside of the flame, it burned away and no snuffers were required. This bending over is brought about in various ways. One method is the simple one of twisting one strand of the wick shorter than the rest, which is strained straight while the candles are being cast. When released by the gradual melting of the fat as it burns, it is released and in contracting bends the wick over. Another method is the coating of one side of the wick with a paste consisting of borax, bismuth, flour and charcoal. Plaiting the wick is one of the commonest methods. There are several other contrivances in use, achieving the same end.

Candles were very early used in Christian worship for symbolical purposes, and their use is still continued in the Roman Catholic Church and to a le s extent in the Church of England.

to be efficacious in warding off evil spirits, and hence in benighted places it is customary to immediately light candles if a person dies, and to keep them burning until the time of burial. We trust that none of our young readers will indulge in such stupid superstition.

There are many interesting things in connection with the burning of a candle. Take the flame itself, and although at first sight it seems just a flame and nothing else, closer observation will reveal several important details. Close to the wick the flame looks quite dark. This part is called the non-luminous zone, and is really composed of unburnt gas.

If a small glass tube is inserted carefully into this part of the flame the gas will pass up the tube, and whilst the candle is still burning, it may be ignited and will burn with a small flame

at the end of the tube. Next to this dark part is the large bright yellow part of the flame that gives it luminosity. Outside this, there is an almost invisible part called the outermost zone. This is the hottest part of the flame and the places where combustion is most complete.

The flame of a candle is really the burning of candle gas. When a light is first held to the wick, some of the fat on the wick is melted and vaporises. This gas takes fire and melts more of the fat and so the process goes on all the time the candle is burning.

The candle affords us a good illustration of the great truth that matter is indestructible. A piece of candle may be carefully weighed and then burned in a properly constructed apparatus, so that all the products of the burning are retained. These will weigh heavier than the original piece of candle. The products are carbon, carbonic acid gas, and water. They are heavier than the piece of candle because, in burning, oxygen was taken from the air and combined with the substance of the candle. That is the reason why fresh air is always necessary for the burning of a candle. A piece of candle ignited and lowered into a jam jar continues to burn, because there is plenty of room for air to enter, but if a piece of cardboard is laid on top of the jar the candle soon goes out for want of an air supply.

There are four things in active progress during the burning of a candle. It uses up fresh air, it gives off carbonic acid gas, it uses up fuel, and it radiates heat. A curious thing is that all living animals are doing exactly the same four things.

Christmas Hampers for Home Cripples.

WHEN November, with its dark foggy days, is upon us, our thoughts instinctively look forward to Christmas, and we begin to plan and scheme for its festivities and enjoyments.

To some the Christmas season is a most selfish season—to the people who only consider their own happiness and are oblivious of the vast crowd of opportunities which Christmastide affords to show interest in and to minister unto the welfare and enjoyment of others, and especially of those who, but for others' care, would know little or nothing of the blessings of Yule-tide.

Fortunately such selfishness is not general. The appearance of charity, if not the reality thereof, is everywhere to be met with. The man who at all other times buttons up his coat sternly against all appeals relents when chill December brings the Christmas appeal. And so it has come about that all sorts of institutions abound for utilising Christmas charity.

Some give their attention to the sick and infirm in hospital, to the poor and unfortunate in the workhouse. Some cater for the outside poor, providing clothing and food for the needy. They are all worthy and all more or less necessary.

Recently, however, my attention has been greatly attracted by an effort promoted in the district of Manchester and Salford by an organisation called the

BAND OF KINDNESS AND CHILDREN'S HELP SOCIETY,

whose methods might with advantage be copied in other districts. This society looks after—not the poor in workhouse, hospital or other institution, not those who can assemble in some meeting place to join with others in jocund festivities, but after poor children under sixteen years of age, who, being

LAME, MAIMED, BLIND, PARALYSED,

or deformed, are practically confined to their own homes, and so cannot take part in the ordinary festivities.

Last year some 300 crippled little ones received on Christmas morning from this agency a hamper of good things—eatables, toys, books, and other matters dear to children's hearts. All the cases had been carefully sought out by

VOLUNTARY WORKERS,

and none received hampers whose cases were dealt with by other agencies. Local doctors, nurses, Ragged School teachers, city missionaries, and other workers sent in lists of suitable cases, and in many instances personally took the hampers to the unfortunate homebound prisoners of disease.

A notable feature of the Society's effort is the part taken in it by children and young people, who contribute and collect much of the expense which such a distribution involves, and which last year meant an expenditure of nearly £60.

Here in the direction of this Society's work is an effort which Band of Hope workers might undertake in their own districts,

WITHOUT FEAR OF OVERLAPPING

any other good Xmas effort, and so help to greatly increase the children's interest in making brighter the lives of the many cripple poor children of to-day.

The Hon. Secretaries of the effort, if communicated with thus: "The Hon. Secretaries, the Band of Kindness and Children's Help Society, 2, Mount Street, Manchester," will gladly answer inquiries from any who would like to undertake a similar effort for their own locality.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE late Dean Hook tells the following story: "I had in my parish, in Leeds, a man who earned 18s. a week; out of this he used to give his wife 7s. for housekeeping, and spent the rest in drink. I went to him and said, 'Now, suppose we abstain together for six months?' 'Will you if I do?' was the rejoinder. 'Yes,' I said, 'I will.' 'What,' said he, 'from beer, wine, and spirits?' 'Yes.' 'And how shall I know you have kept your promise?' 'Why, you ask my missis, and I'll yours.' It was agreed, and now he is a happy and prosperous man of business in St. Petersburg, and I am Dean of Chichester."

TO WAR!

YES! let us—men, women and children—

GO TO WAR

for our native land, our homeland, against the Foe which causes more

HORRORS, ATROCITIES AND BRUTALITIES

than war, pestilence and famine combined. Against the foe which sends upwards of

80,000 ANNUALLY

to an early grave. Against the foe which

RUINS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HOMES EVERY YEAR.

Against the foe which curses the child-life of this country,

MAKES WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

by the thousand every month, and is responsible for a terrible infantile mortality. Against the

MERCILESS DESTROYER OF HUMAN HAPPINESS

and home comfort. Against the

GREATEST OF ALL ROBBERS

of health, honour, sanity, and material well being. Against the desecrator of the temples of our God, the great ravisher and defiler of our people, the foe

STRONG DRINK.

Yes, let us go to war with this arch enemy,

WITH A BITTER HATRED

of him and his death-dealing practices, with a determination to give and receive no quarter, to accept no compromise.

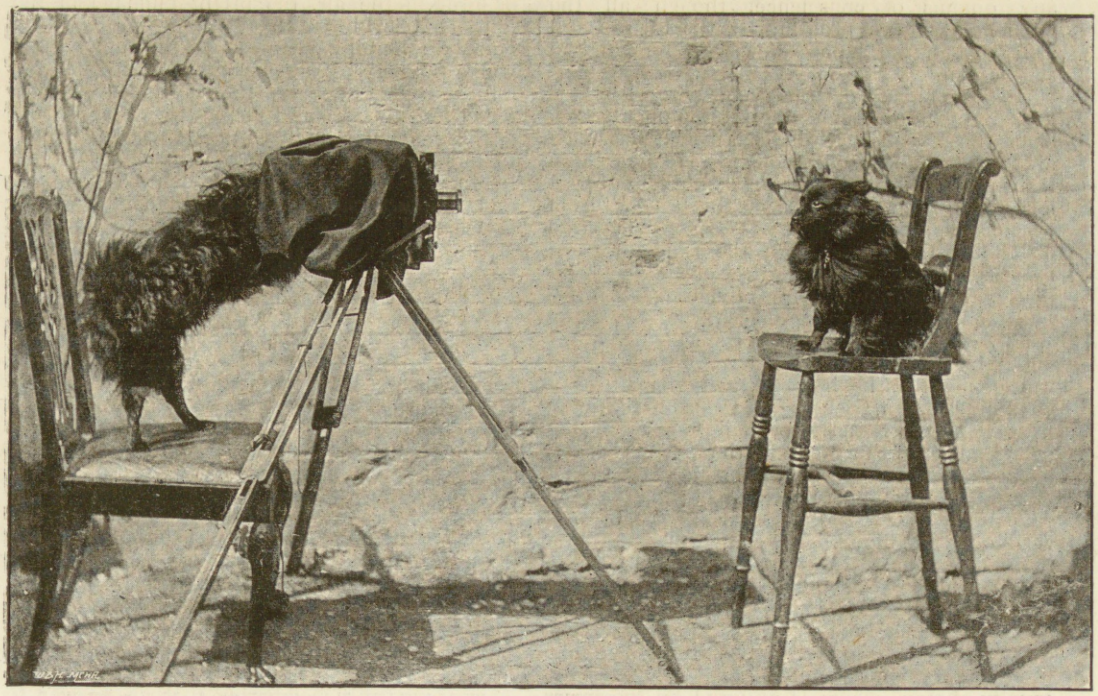
SUCH A WARFARE WOULD BE MOST HOLY, MOST JUSTIFIABLE.

Such a war would bring smiles to the faces of childhood, laughter where now is sadness, comfort in place of desolation, prosperity instead of poverty.

VICTORY IN SUCH A WARFARE

would leave no broken hearts, no desolated homes, no widowed ones in its track, but would make the whole land sing again with joy for the freedom of righteousness and the beauty of peace.

Taken with the Thornton-Pickard Time and Instantaneous Shutter.



"MR. DOGGIE," PHOTOGRAPHER.

What it Costs to be a Humanitarian.

By the Rev. Thomas Perkins, M.A., F.R.A.S.
Turnworth Rectory, Blandford.



THE true humanitarian is one of necessity, not of choice. He has to begin with a heart that can be touched by a feeling of pity and a mind that possesses a keen sense of justice. It may be that for years he has simply lived in accordance with the customs of his age and country, following the pursuits of those among whom he has been brought up, without a thought that these pursuits cause suffering to other creatures. He may never have had his attention called to the cruelties that are practised in the world around him, and so may have lived a happy contented life, free from any qualms of conscience, though all the while he has been profiting by the torture and sufferings of his fellow creatures, human and sub-human.

He has enjoyed his *pâté de foie gras* without a thought of the weeks of suffering the poor goose, from whose artificially diseased liver it has been made, has had to go through. He has eaten with relish his juicy beefsteak without for a moment realizing the misery the bullock, from whose slaughtered body it has been cut, endured on the cattle ship and in the railway truck, followed by the crowning horror of the slaughter-house. If he has ever heard of vivisection he has imagined it to be a process freed from all pain by anæsthetics. He has wrapped his fur-lined coat about him and felt the comfort of it on a cold winter night as he has returned home from a good dinner at a friend's house or at his club, without thinking of the orphan seals perishing from hunger on the rocks in the northern seas, because their mother has been slain in order that he may go warmly clad. Nor has he ever seen what the eyes of the "Angel of Pity" see and weep over, the blood of the slaughtered birds on the dainty plumes that his wife and daughters have worn.

But the awakening comes at last. The chance sight of some humanitarian publication, the object of which is to inform the unthinking public how vast is the total sum of anguish, due to the cruelty of man, which is endured by the lower creatures, opens his eyes; or some speech on behalf of the anti-vivisection crusade arrests his attention, and he realizes with horror that while he has been enjoying life others of his fellow creatures have been suffering, and suffering, moreover, that he might gain some real or fancied advantage. Then he feels a necessity laid upon him, and he is ready, with St. Paul, to say, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel" of humanity, if not in words, at any rate with deeds.

But this resolution costs much. It is no easy thing to be a thoroughly consistent humanitarian. Perfect consistency is as hard a thing to attain to as any other kind of perfection; yet it is well to aim at it, for even if perfection is not attained, yet a higher level will be reached than if no effort were made. The whole condition of modern life is so intertwined with suffering that it is well nigh impossible at once to unravel the twisted skein; and the humanitarian who attempts to do it, and so far as his own life is concerned succeeds in freeing it from some of the strands of cruelty, will subject himself to ridicule as a faddist for what he has succeeded in doing, and to the charge of inconsistency because he has not been able to do more.

I class myself among humanitarians, and am struggling to make myself thought worthy of being so classed by others. But has my humanitarianism added to the joy of life? Far from it; I was happier before I knew what I now know of the cruelties in various forms that go on around me. At times I forget them, and enjoy, as I used to do, the beauties of the sky and sea, the smiling face of nature, the greenery of sward and woodland, the purple of heather, and gold of gorse on the downs around my Wessex home, the songs of birds in the air, the bright plumage of the pheasants flashing in the sun, the gambols of the lambs on the hilly pastures, and the racing of the young rabbits across the commons at sundown; but the feeling of enjoyment soon gives place to a contrary emotion as I picture to myself the fate of these now happy creatures, the lambs driven to market, thence to the slaughter-house, their instinctive terror as they approach the shambles, and the final plunge of the butcher's knife in their necks. Who can tell what untold pain they endure in those supreme moments? It may be said "they are only senseless sheep, who look not before nor after," but this is pure assumption, and I believe it to be a false assumption. Then I think of the birds shot and mangled, some dying slowly; of the rabbits caught and held, they know not why, by crushing trap or cutting wire all through the long hours of night; happy alone in this, that they live too far from London and other places, where licensed vivisectors work to find their way into their torture chambers.

This tearing away of the fair mask from the face of nature marred by the hand of man is the first penalty the humanitarian has to pay for the faith that he has embraced. He can no longer live in a "Fool's Paradise," thinking that everything is best in this best of all possible worlds. He might, indeed, be able to reconcile the suffering caused by nature, "which on earth the Trine allow, why none witteth," with his ideas of eternal justice, remembering that an answer to the problem of the existence of suffering may be found "behind the veil;" yet he cannot likewise

justify or account for the suffering wilfully caused by man, and yet he feels powerless to check it; it is so little any one person can do. There is an amount of ignorance and predjudice to be overcome which is entirely beyond the power of any individual to remove. He must not lose heart, however, even if he can accomplish but a very little. Yet still his want of success must sadden his life.

Again, another penalty he has to pay is the altered relationship with former friends and acquaintances. In all probability, especially if he lives in an out-of-the-way district, far from the centres of thought and life, he finds few, if any, in sympathy with his ideas, the country squire and parson cannot understand his attitude to sport, he is regarded as a semi-insane faddist, an impractical dreamer of dreams, a man who sets himself the vain task of stopping the flow of the great river of social customs, who must of necessity be overwhelmed. Anyhow he is a person to be avoided, even if he is not made the object of petty persecution; he has to endure the feeling that he is sneered at for his follies, despised on account of his eccentricities; and so he has to live in great measure alone in heart, with his sad thoughts about the evils existing in the world as his constant companions.

Sometimes his near kindred stand aloof and show no sympathy, and ridicule him in their letters. Much indeed has the humanitarian to be thankful for, if he finds sympathy in his own home, if his wife is imbued with the same feelings as himself, if her thoughts are not too much taken up by the cares of the household, her children and her social duties, so that she can place the spread of humanitarian feeling before her as the foremost object of her life, and can help her husband in his work. Such wives I have known; one I know intimately, but I have also met with some men whose enthusiasm for humanity meets with little response at home; their lot is indeed a sad one. Encouragement lacking, failure, or apparent failure, attending their efforts, no wonder if at times they are discouraged and feel inclined to give up all their work in despair.

Still, sad as the heart of the humanitarian may be, he has some compensations, especially if, as I have said above, he has sympathy at home, for his work throws him in contact with kindred spirits in other parts of the country and the world, and now and then his influence or advocacy of humanitarianism is rewarded by the conversion of some one else to his own principles, and he feels that if he has not done much yet he has been able to do something for the good cause. At any rate his conscience approves his conduct, and he is encouraged by the thought that One whom he reverences as the greatest teacher of righteousness—though the majority of civilised mankind apparently regard Him as an impractical faddist whose precepts are to be disregarded in ordinary life, enunciated in Palestine, some nineteen hundred years ago, the grand truth, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

MAN has not a greater enemy than himself.

HIS MOTHER'S MEDICINE.

IT is quite probable that very many men and women continue to take beer or wine as a medicine when they are not in need of any drug whatever, and take such a drink simply because they like it, and not because they need it. That was the case with a certain lady who had a very bright little boy. She enjoyed her glass of ale at lunch, and another glass at dinner, and would not deny herself even for the sake of her boy. Her physician said she might continue to take ale or beer medicinally. One day as her boy was looking out of the window he saw a woman stagger out of the public-house and fall down. He cried loudly:

"Oh, mamma, dear, look there! See that woman!"

"Yes, dear; she has fallen down."

"What is the matter with her, mamma?"

"She has been drinking too much beer, darling."

"Is that what you drink, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; but you know I take it as a medicine."

The child said no more, but he evidently was not satisfied with her excuse.

A few days later he came bounding in the room after a frolic out of doors, his eyes bright and cheeks glowing.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "it is such a lovely day and I feel so well. Are you well, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Are you perfectly well, mamma?"

"Yes, darling; I am perfectly well."

"Then what do you take medicine for, mamma?"

She could not reply to that question. She could not tell him the truth that she took her beer because she craved it. She felt condemned for the first time.

The little fellow was in earnest; he evidently wished to convert his mother, to make her a total abstainer, for he said: "Mamma, if you won't take any more beer or ale I'll give you all my pocket money until I get to be a man."

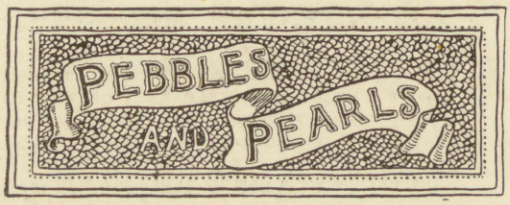
He looked up into her face with such a loving, pleading look, that his mother could not deny his request. The boy was allowed to keep his money, but his mother from that day onward stopped taking her beer medicine.—*John True.*

THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy who always strives to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."



"DID you find it expensive at the seaside?"
"Awfully! even the tide was high."

THERE are 190,000 public-houses in the United Kingdom. In other words, one house in every 37 is a public-house.

SOME say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so, why did Stanley refuse it to his men during his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?"

FOND Mother: "I think Violet's voice ought to be cultivated abroad."
Sensible Father: "Anywhere would suit me, except at home."

"ALCOHOL, even when diluted as in wine, beer, and cider, is a poison which changes pathologically the tissues of the body and leads to fatty degeneration."—*August Forel, M.D.*

"BE yourself. Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good farthing is better than a bad sovereign. Affect no oddness; but dare to do right, though you have to be singular."—*Rev. Samuel Coley.*

THE Bishop of St. Asaph, in a diocesan address, said the drink interest was becoming a gigantic monopoly, and legislation must stop it. From a social point of view no movement required Parliamentary interference more than the Temperance question.

"BEER has been called 'liquid bread,' but beyond a very small amount which disappears, it has not been proved to be usefully oxidised, it is rejected by the system, and plays the part of a poison, interfering with the normal process of every function."—*G. Sims Woodhead, M.D.*

DR. J. J. RIDGE, Medical Superintendent of the Enfield Isolation Hospital, has just treated 1,000 cases of scarlet fever. In no case was alcohol used. The deaths are represented by 2·4 per cent. Dr. Ridge says, "the result quite justifies the exclusion of the dangerous drug. There is good reason to believe that several lives have been saved by not having it."

A LITTLE girl, in writing an account of an address she had heard on the physical effects of alcohol, wrote that "Alcohol hardens the heart." We may smile at the misapprehension of the child as to what the lecturer had taught, but there is no doubt she wrote a moral if not a physical truth when she said "Alcohol hardens the heart." There is not another agent that more effectually hardens the heart of men who in sober moments are tender and loving parents, than indulgence in alcoholic liquors.

IF you can't be a sun in the world, don't be a cloud.

"HERE, owd lass," he exclaimed as he entered the kitchen of the cottage and placed the money into her hand, "I've signed the pledge at last," at the same time pointing to a bit of blue ribbon attached to his coat.

"Well done, lad," she exclaimed in breathless surprise: "if that bit o' blue ribbon has got such a power as to keep thee from the drink, thee shall have a whole suit of it next week."

A NEEDED CHANGE.—"The shortest way of shutting up half our gaols, and diminishing the mass of our criminal population, would be to make England sober. Persons occupying the position which I have the honour now to fill should call attention to a fact, which is unquestionably the fact, that drunkenness, whatever its morality may be, tends to crime, and increases the expenditure of the sober people of this country."—*Lord Coleridge.*

IT BITETH LIKE AN ADDER.

I KNEW of a man who was a Temperance lecturer. In his early years he had been a great drunkard, but he was reformed, and had got considerable notoriety as a platform speaker in one of our large cities. By trade he was a glass-cutter. One day, many years after he had been a confirmed Christian, as everyone thought, a servant girl brought into his place of business a decanter with a broken neck, and asked him to cut it smooth. He took up the bottle to see what was wrong, the fumes of the brandy came out of the neck and went into his brain. He turned the decanter upside down, and got a drop of the fluid upon his finger, and put it to his lips. It set his blood on fire. He went to the nearest public-house and got drunk. That was the beginning of a very bitter and disgraceful end.—*Professor Drummond.*

HIS AND MINE.

THE bar-keeper's wife has a sealskin coat,
But mine has an old plaid shawl;
She has jewels for finger and ear and throat,
But mine has none at all.
Her only ring I stole one night
And pawned for a poisoned drink!
Oh! mother of mine! Bring back the light
Of youth and the strength to think!

The bar-keeper's child has books and toys—
My children have want and woe;
They never have dwelt in the world of joys
The bar-keeper's child may know.
At a tiny doll my baby's eyes
Would dance and her heart would swell,
But I've always taken the price to buy
A cup of the liquid hell.

Oh, the girl I wooed in the good, glad years—
Whose pure lips touched with mine—
I swear to banish her bitter tears
In the strength of a love divine!
And hearts so broken and sad to-day,
With new-found bliss shall thrill,
For the devil of rum I'll cast away—
God helping me, I will!



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs Cameron shows the snake ring to her companion, Violet Ward, who is engaged to be married to her son, Comar, and at her husband's request leaves to plant an apple tree. Violet, who is known to have no money, goes to see her spendthrift brother; finds that he has had a fortune left to him, and that he has married Maggie a young barmaid. Frank gives Violet a bank-note, which she changes, slipping the money loose into her bag. Mrs Cameron oversets the bag, sees the money, and directly afterwards discovers the snake ring is missing. Comar returns, finds Violet gone, but refuses to believe her guilty and follows Frank to Italy, whither he believes Violet to have accompanied him under an assumed name. He finds Frank drunk and drugged outside a gambling house and rescues him from sharpers, who have already fleeced him, but discovers that Violet is not there. Violet is in a situation as governess, when she meets Lady Mosscrop who treats her kindly. Gossip tells of loss of ring, and she is discharged. She goes to Frank and lives with him at his home by the sea, where Frank and his wife lead a life of dissipation. Frank goes to ruin. His house is sold up. He drinks until he goes mad and sinks into idiocy. Violet applies for a situation, but Mrs. Cameron's gardener tells of the missing ring, and she is rejected. She returns to her home to find Frank and Maggie gone. Maggie accepts a situation as barmaid, in which Violet refuses to join her. Violet gets work at embroidery, and goes to live in Crown Court with Mrs. Green and her daughter Sally, whom she accompanies to the Mission, where she is led to Jesus by Gilbert Turner's recital of his rescue from drowning, his fall and subsequent reformation. Violet takes a great interest in Willie a cripple boy, whose father is a dissolute character; Gilbert takes Willie home. Through Violet's influence Willie's father is reclaimed. Maggie sinks into habitual drunkenness, and is discharged from "The Clarence;" whilst drunk she falls into a ditch, and her boy, Harold, wanders on until he falls in the road from fatigue. Mr. Cameron in his trap runs over him, carries him home and adopts him. Maggie is found by a carter who takes her to his mother. Violet meets Lady Mosscrop again, who employs her to do writing for her, and when Gilbert Turner and Sally become engaged, employs her as her private secretary. Her ladyship sends Cripple Willie to the cottage on the moor, where Violet finds Maggie repentant and anxious to recover her child. Comar returns from Australia and is struck with Harold's resemblance to Violet. He lets Harold pull up the apple tree which his mother had planted, and the snake ring is found at its roots.

CHAPTER XII.—SHADOW BECOMES SHINE.

I HAVE searched everywhere, father, but Violet has disappeared, and left no trace behind. After she left Mrs. Ormiston there seems to be no clue whatever."

"Have you advertised, Comar? We must find her somehow, as I shall never forgive myself if anything has happened to her through our unjust suspicions."

"I fear the worst, father; but I shall leave no stone unturned to find her. I have engaged a detective, and given him authority to advertise in all the papers, and do anything else he thought likely, regardless of expense. Whilst I was in his office I happened to glance at a marked paragraph in a newspaper that lay upon the table, and there I read a description of Harold, and the date upon which he was lost agreed exactly with the date upon which you found the child. Seeing that I was interested, Sherwin said,

"'That is a most mysterious case; I have advertised in all the local papers, and now I must go over the ground myself and see if I can trace the child, though there is very little probability of finding him after so long a time has elapsed, as neither the police nor the workhouse authorities know anything about him. However, I shall do my best, as my client, Lady Mosscrop, is very anxious that he should be found.'

"Of course, I told him all that I knew, and he said that he would communicate with her ladyship at once."

"That means that we shall have to let Harold go, I suppose, Comar?" remarked his mother.

"That just depends. Sherwin said that the child belonged to one of Lady Mosscrop's proteges; his father is dead, and his mother is not in a good position, so that she might be glad to know that he would be well provided for. At any rate, I thought that I had better return and let you know, as you will doubtless hear something from them to-day."

"I fear the poor little fellow will break his heart if he has to go away now; and I am sure from the way in which he spoke of his mother—whom he has now forgotten—that she was not kind to him," interposed Mrs. Cameron.

"We must not judge, Hetty; I have learned a lesson that I shall not soon forget about judging from appearances. To think that we should have persecuted that poor girl all this time for the loss of the ring that was safely hidden beneath the apple tree."

"We could not know that, Charles, but we have done our best to let it be known that she is

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innocent of the crime, and I have promised Comar that I will wear this ring until Violet is found. It is somewhat of a trial to me, Comar," she added, turning to her son.

Before he could answer, Lady Mosscrop was announced.

After she had explained her errand, Harold was sent for. He at once made friends with the sweet-faced old lady who spoke to him so kindly.

"I must thank you in the name of his mother for your kindness to the child, Mrs. Cameron," said her ladyship, when she had convinced herself and them that this was really the boy she was in search of.

"No thanks are due to us, Lady Mosscrop; we only did what anyone would have done in taking care of the child during the illness that followed his accident, and by the time that he had recovered we had learned to love him, and decided to adopt him as our own if nobody came to claim him," returned Mrs. Cameron.

"It will be a great trouble to us to lose him now, but of course we do not wish to deprive his mother of her child. However, if she is willing to let him remain with us we shall be pleased to treat him as we have hitherto done, Lady Mosscrop," added Mr. Cameron.

"I have come to-day entirely upon my own responsibility. I did not tell either his mother or his aunt, as I did not wish to raise false hopes."

"What is Harold's surname?" suddenly enquired Comar, who had previously taken no part in the conversation.

"Holmes, Harold Holmes," was the quiet reply.

"Do you know his father's Christian name?" he asked, with an eagerness that surprised his parents, to whom the name conveyed no special meaning.

"Yes, his father's name was Frank; but he has been dead some years."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the young man, somewhat ambiguously.

"Do you propose to take Harold away with you, Lady Mosscrop?" enquired Mrs. Cameron, feeling somewhat annoyed at Comar.

"I don't want to go away. I shall stop with Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Comar," said Harold, stoutly.

"If I take you away, you shall come back again, my dear. I have never seen Harold before, but I am convinced that he is the one I seek; and if you will permit me to take him, or if Mr. Comar Cameron will accompany me, we will soon settle the matter."

"I shall be most happy to do so," responded Comar, who was longing to ask a number of questions.

Being pressed to stay to luncheon, Lady Mosscrop did so; and, being an excellent conversationalist, she was soon perfectly at home at Burnside, and all three felt as if they had known her for years.

In the course of conversation, Comar was led to speak of his life in the Australian bush, and he told quite naturally of the change that had taken place in him whilst there; for he instinctively felt that he was speaking to one who could understand and sympathise with him.

"Did that lovely ring come from Australia, Mrs. Cameron," she enquired, as that lady held up her hand, so that the snake could be seen twisting round her finger.

So it came about that the whole story was told, with which the reader is already familiar.

"I would give all that I possess if I could recall the cruel suspicion," remarked Mr. Cameron.

"There is no way of recalling the past, my dear sir, or few of us would ever reach the end of our journey; life would be taken up with retracing our steps."

"If she will only come back, and be a daughter to me, I will try to make her forget the past by my kindness in the future," added Mrs. Cameron.

"Never fear, you will yet have an opportunity of telling your young friend that you are convinced of her innocence, and——"

"The carriage is at the door, and Master Harold is waiting."

Harold entered the room, as the announcement was made, and Lady Mosscrop took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. Harold was quite content to accompany her so long as Comar was going too, and the three were soon driving rapidly away.

"Where is Violet, Lady Mosscrop?" eagerly enquired the young man.

"I did not say that I knew anything about her, young man," said her ladyship, with assumed severity, though the twinkle in her eye belied her words.

"You mentioned Harold's aunt, and if he is her brother Frank's son, Violet must be his aunt. Oh, do, I beseech you, tell me where I can find my darling, Lady Mosscrop."

"I am not sure that I ought to tell you, Mr. Comar."

"Pray, why not, your ladyship?"

"Suppose that you should find her in extreme poverty, and——"

"All the more reason that I should ask her to marry me at once, and help me to use the means that God has given me to His glory."

"I am satisfied that I can safely entrust the happiness of my adopted daughter to you now, Mr. Comar."

"Your adopted daughter, Lady Mosscrop?"

"Yes, Mr. Comar, Violet is very dear to me, and, that being the case, I should not care to give her to any but a true Christian."

"Is Violet a Christian, in the highest sense of the word, Lady Mosscrop. She was not when we parted, any more than myself."

"She is, indeed. This trial has been a blessing in disguise to you both, and to many others as well."

Lady Mosscrop then gave Comar an account of all the vicissitudes through which Violet had passed, and the amount of good that she had done.

"Does she love me still, Lady Mosscrop, or is she engaged to another?"

"That is a question that I think would be better answered by Violet herself, and if you like, you can go to my house and wait for me there, whilst I take Harold to see his mother."

"Thank you so much, Lady Mosscrop," responded the young man, gratefully.

"Here we are. You will enquire for Miss Violet, and she will be sent to you. I leave the rest to yourself. I shall be back in a couple of hours."

With a glance at the sleeping child, Comar sprang out and rang the bell, with a beating heart. Was the weary waiting really to come to an end at last?

He was ushered into a sumptuously furnished drawing-room. Having declined to give his name, merely saying that he wished to see her with reference to Master Harold Holmes; Violet, of course, thought that it was Mr. Sherwin, and she glided into the room with perfect self-possesion.

Comar, who was seated in the shadow, and had an opportunity of observing her as she came forward, could scarcely restrain himself until she spoke:

"You wish to speak to me, Mr. Sherwin. Have you heard anything of dear little Harold?"

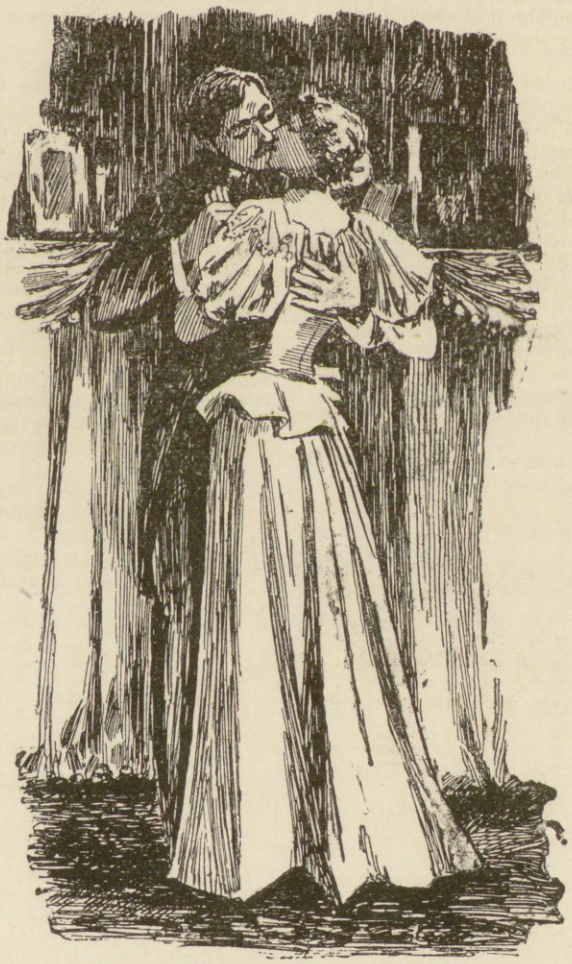
Comar turned and faced her with the one word, "Violet!"

"Comar!"

For one brief moment he held her in his arms; then she drew herself up and pushed him gently away as she said,

"Have you forgotten, Comar?"

"No, darling, I have not forgotten that you promised to be mine as soon as the snake ring was found, and I have come to claim that promise."



For one brief moment he held her in his arms.

"Thank God!" came from the depths of the girl's heart, and she no longer stood aloof, but, encircled by his strong arm, she listened to the story of all that had passed since last they met.

It was nearly three hours before Lady Mosscrop returned, but the re-united pair had so much to tell that it seemed a few moments.

* * * * *

It was a glorious morning when Violet Ward stood in her room for the last time under that name.

She was arrayed in her bridal costume, with a veil of costly lace, that had been worn by Lady Mosscrop at her own bridal, fifty years before.

She stood for a moment, with bowed head, asking God's blessing ere she went forth to plight her troth to the man whom she so dearly loved.

There was a tap at the door, and a lady entered, attired in a pretty dress of soft grey.

"Oh, Maggie, is it you? I am so glad that you have come."

"How sweet you look, Violet. I do with all my heart wish you much happiness, and I believe that you will have it."

"Why did you not wish to come, Maggie?" asked Violet.

"Because I was afraid, dear. I never heard of a wedding without wine before, and I thought that although you would not drink it yourselves, you would provide it for those who did, until Lady Mosscrop told me that there would not be a drop in the house."

"Nor will there ever be a drop enter our house, Maggie. God says, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.' Comar and I have made up our minds that never will we put temptation in the way of a brother or sister, so that no intoxicating liquor shall ever be placed in their way by us, and our lives shall be spent in the effort to save those who have already fallen victims," responded Violet.

"Come, my dear, are you nearly ready?" said Lady Mosscrop, as she entered and surveyed the girl, with a mother's pride. Very pretty she looked as she turned to greet her dear old friend. Her face had been refined and softened, instead of being hardened, by the suffering through which she had passed, and her eyes were moist as she returned her ladyship's kiss.

The church was filled with a sympathetic audience. Not only James Forbes, but many other attendants of the Mission Hall were there to see the marriage of the one whose influence over them had been so strong whilst she was

dwelling and labouring amongst them in Crown Court as one of themselves.

"God bless her!"

"Doesn't she look bonny!"

"She looks like an angel!"

"She is an angel, too," retorted Jim Forbes as this remark fell upon his ear, "my Willie always called her his angel, and she's been that to us, for it was through her that I was saved, or I might have filled a drunkard's grave. It was through her that my cripple boy was made to walk, and now he is going to live with good Lady Mosscrop as her secretary, and he is to learn music so that when he gets older he may be able to earn his own living, and it is through her, too, that I have got a good place of regular work, and —see, there is Willie, now."

Yes, there was Willie with the bridal party, and there, too, were Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Turner, looking the picture of happiness.

Long and loud were the cheers as the bride and bridegroom passed through the throng of eager faces on the way from the church to the carriage, and many were the good wishes showered upon them.

At the wedding breakfast the merriment was none the less, and the guests were robbed of no enjoyment, because none of the party were flushed with wine.

Ere the bride and bridegroom left for their tour amid the beauties of sunny Italy, they took an affectionate farewell of Lady Mosscrop and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, who came to the door with Maggie and Harold to see them go.

"Good-bye, Harold, you must take good care of grandpa and grandma till we come back, will you?"

"Yes, I will. Good-bye, Uncle Comar. Good-bye, Auntie Violet."

They could hear the clear treble of the child's voice as the carriage drove away.

"Mine at last, darling, and mine for ever," whispered Comar Cameron as he pressed his wife's hand.

She looked up at him, with the love-light in her eyes as she answered,

"Yes, dear Comar, you and I have passed through the cloud, but God has brought us out into the sunshine. Maggie has passed through the fire, and the scars will ever remain."

"True, Violet, that is why we must strive to the best of our ability to save the young from falling as well as to rescue those who have already been caught in the flames."

THE END.

. . . *Mother's Bonnet.* . . .

BY B. E. SLADE.



CHRISTMAS Eve, and a raw, cold night; but within the "Jolly Waterman" were brightness, warmth and merriment. The mirth had reached its height, when into the circle of light cast through the window stole a woman and boy.

"Dad's a-goin' it, mum!" remarked the latter; "he won't be ready to go for another hour."

"I'm afraid not!" sighed his mother; "sit on the steps, Willie; I'll stand in front and shelter you, I'm too tired to drag about."

So the two waited, as they had waited many weary nights; for the road home lay over a narrow bridge, that was none too safe for unsteady feet. The mother rested against the balustrade which enclosed the steps leading to the door of the quaint, old-fashioned inn, hugging her sleeping baby, and watched the scene going on within; listening, with a sickening sense of disgust, to her husband's voice—hoarse and guttural—as he bellowed rather than sang a doggerel song, which evoked shouts of laughter and applause. A few lines reached her ears;—

My lass and I we went to town,
And I bought her a love of a bonnet;
And she wheedled me out of a muslin gown,
With spots of blue upon it.
And she said——

But the rest of the verse was rendered

inaudible with shouts of laughter. Keener grew the heartache of the listener. She recalled a time when that voice—clear and musical then—had been lifted on Christmas Eve in holy carols. Oh! the shame of it; that now it should be amusing others with a senseless song, while the woman whom the singer had vowed to "love and cherish" shivered in the winter night, bonnetless and barely clad.

But the scene was suddenly changed. The song ceased, and sounds of quarrelling began. The watcher gave a startled cry that awoke Willie.

Strong hands interfered between the combatants; the door was burst open, and a man was hustled roughly down the steps.

"Get off, will you!" cried an irate voice; "if you can't conduct yourself properly we don't want you here."

Joe Fullman, having gained the ground with a lurch, shook his fist towards the closing door, and muttered an imprecation. Willie shrank back terrified, but his mother had regained her presence of mind.

"Let's go home, Joe," she said quietly, "it's cold waiting about."

He submitted, and poured into her ears an account of the quarrel. It was caused by his song. One of the men had remarked jeeringly that he had better buy his "lass" another bonnet, for she had pawned hers; and this "lie," as Joe said, "had put his blood up."

His wife's heart grew chill. How was she to tell him it was no "lie?" Willie spoke for her.

"Why, dad, that's true. I s'pose Mrs. Winter told on us; she saw me come out."

Then, for one terrible moment, Joe's wrath turned on his wife, but she did not flinch.

"It was for the children I did it!" she pleaded; "I'd nothing but a dry crust of bread for to-morrow, so I sold my bonnet to buy a bit of Christmas dinner. Forgive me, Joe; I didn't mean to shame you."

Talk of shame! The iron of it pierced deep into Joe's heart; and perhaps his wife's secret prayers riveted it there.

The next day found them together, as in old times, at a Christmas service—Mrs. Fullman in a borrowed bonnet; and after the service Joe went into the vestry and signed the pledge. And Willie was wont to say afterwards,

"After all, it was a lucky thing that our mother pawned her bonnet."

About Ourselves.

SPECIAL arrangements have been completed to make the 1900 issue of the Magazine more attractive than its predecessors, special attention being given to the illustrations and the general appearance of the paper.

The January number will contain the first instalment of a story which is sure to be very popular: "Gregory's Success," by a well-known author. There will be begun a series of chatty articles on "Good Health, and how to Preserve it." "Popular Pastimes" will also form a notable feature, while a new writer will discourse on "The Children of the Sunshine; or the Flowers of the Year." Storyettes by B. E. Slade and others. Childen's Chats will be among the items of interest which will find a place, while, as in former years, Original Music, suitable for use at home and meetings, will be given.

A Merry Xmas
. . to all . .
Our Readers.



CARLO'S CHRISTMAS.

THE STORY OF A DOG.

. . . By Mary Magdalen Forrester. . . .



I AM only a dog; and a shabby one too;
My days have been many, my meals have been few;
Yet strange to relate, now my life's almost over,
As slangy folk say, I have "fallen in clover."

A bit philosophical up from may birth,
I have tried to make most of my journey on earth;
But bitter experience teaches, alas!
That a dog makes no headway unless he be "class."

He must come of a long and respectable race,
He must wear a good coat, and be fair in the face;
He must boast of his lineage and excellent breed,
If as a good canine he wish to succeed.

I tried all my best to make people believe
I'd a noble ancestry, but couldn't deceive,
For a black-and-tan terrier hasn't, alack,
A white spot like mine on the bridge of his back.

So my efforts were vain, for that snowy badge stood
Like a brand, that proclaimed me of plebian blood;
And, e'en for a mongrel, I hadn't much grace,
Being bowed in the legs and unfair in the face.

For awhile I'd a home, but my owner departed,
And I found myself friendless, alone and downhearted;
An outcast, who wandered from street unto street,
Whose aim and ambition was something to eat.

With a coat grey with slush, or a tail white with dust,
Receiving a stone where I begged for a crust,
I dragged my existence through sunlight and snows,
A butt for coarse fun, and a target for blows.

But fortune one day on me suddenly smiled,
And the "fickle dame" came in the shape of a child;
A dear little girl, that seemed dropped from the sky,
With the sun in her hair, and a star for each eye.

I remember distinctly the hour and the place
When I blinked through the sleet at that sweet little face;
I had nothing to eat, and had nowhere to go,
So I lay on the road in a night-dress of snow.

And just as I stretched myself out on the ground,
My great hungry eyes looking wistfully round,
I saw the wee maid as she tripped down the street,
And I own with a blush that I sniffed at her feet.

Then she paused—no way frightened—and judge my surprise
When a real look of pleasure shot into her eyes;
"Oh, you dear little doggie; how cold you must be
Lying there in the gutter," she cried unto me.

Her voice was so kind, and her face was so sweet,
Had I been a girl-dog I'd have cried at her feet;
But the strength of my sex—for you know I'm a male—
Kept the tears firmly back, and I just wagged my tail.

I was draggled and dirty, a poor ugly cur,
And she was so dainty, all velvet and fur;
And yet, just as kindly, she lifted me up,
As though she had found me a proper-bred pup.



"It is Christmas to-morrow, dear doggie!" she said,
While on her young shoulders she pillowed my head;
"I want a nice present for dear Uncle Joe,
So I'll take you along, for he'll love you I know.

"You know Santa Claus? Well, betwixt you and me,
He is getting as careless as careless can be;
He fills up my stocking right down to the toe,
But he never, no never, goes near Uncle Joe.

"And poor uncle feels it, I'm sure that he does,
Though mind you he's proud, and says nothing to us;
But still he looks sad, and I think it quite shocking
That Santa Claus never comes near uncle's stocking.

"Now, doggie, my dear,"—and I felt her wee chin
Press close to my head, where the hair had grown thin—
"Now, doggie, my dear, I've a nice little plan,
In which I would like you to help if you can.

"As old Daddy Christmas his duty *will* shirk,
I would like, just to-night, to do some of his work,
And make it appear, little doggie, as though
Santa Claus had for once thought of poor Uncle Joe.

"So in his old stocking I'll wrap you to-night,
I think you'll go in if I squeeze you up tight;
It won't matter much about hiding your head,
If you keep very quiet at the foot of the bed."

I licked the smooth cheek lying close to my head,
"I will do all you ask me," my face plainly said;
And wagging my tail with expression most strong
We settled our plans as we hurried along.

* * * * * * * *

When Uncle Joe woke from his Christmas Eve dreams
The morning was breaking with faint little gleams;
And when from the pillow he raised his white head
I lifted mine too at the foot of the bed.

I leave you to judge of the old man's surprise
When he met the bright blink of a pair of dog eyes;
And I'm really afraid that he said something shocking
When I wriggled my tail from the toe of his stocking.

But when a wee later that dear little sprite
Slipped into the house with her eyes all alight,
And inquired in a voice that was shaky and low,
"Did you find anything in your sock, Uncle Joe?"

Then a tear forced its way to the old man's dim eye,
And he first gave a chuckle, and then heaved a sigh;
"Ah, yes, little lass, Santa Claus has been here,
And has left me a present, both precious and queer."

Then he drew me from under his old wicker chair,
And his wrinkled hand lay for a while on my hair,
While he said "Santa Claus was both kindly and clever,
And I'll keep his dear present, and love it for ever."



I lifted mine too.

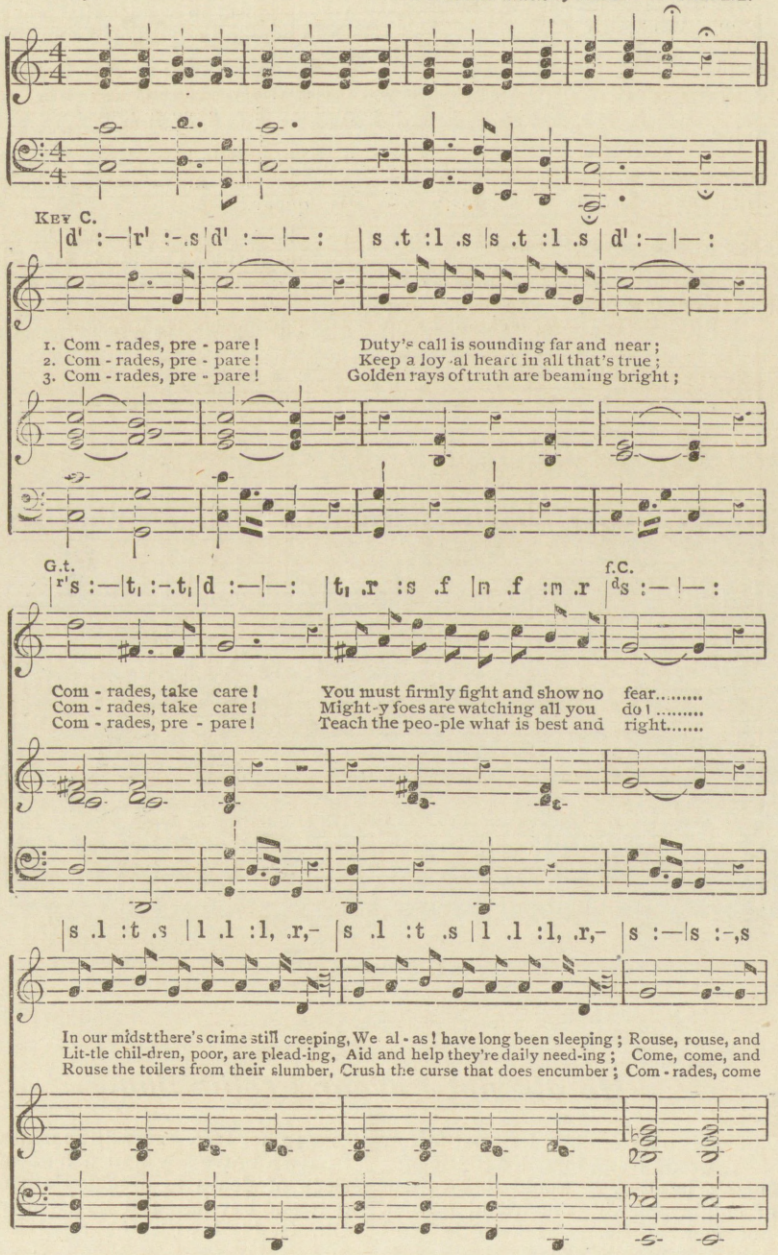
He did not Favour Prohibition.

A GENTLEMAN said to a friend, "I do not favour Prohibition. It would be an injustice to the men in the business; besides, it would throw thousands out of employment." The friend replied, "You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view. Just before a certain war closed, a Government contractor said in a car, 'I do hope the war will not close under two years. I shall lose thousands of dollars; besides many men will be turned out of employment from the Government works.' A lady passenger, clad in weeds of mourning, rose to her feet, and with tearful voice said, 'Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldier's cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in front of the foe. Oh, God! I wish the cruel war would close now." He saw the point. Do you? It may be your boy, or your girl, that will fall next a victim to the drink "industry" (?) Would you consider the "trade" worth such a price? If not, for your own sake, and for the sake of other fathers and mothers, stop the murderous traffic.

Temperance Marching Chorus, "COMRADES, PREPARE!"

(COPYRIGHT).

Boldly. *Words and music by* ALBERT MACKENZIE.



"COMRADES, PREPARE!"

G.t.

|s :— |—. |[s]d .r :m .d |r .t$_1$ .l$_1$ .s$_1$ | d .r :m .d |r .t$_1$ .l$_1$ .s$_1$

dare!..... 'Tis thro' drink that friends are falling; One by one, for help they're calling —
share!..... Parents cruel their wants neglecting; Dark their days, they need protecting;
share!..... Drink's the cause of so much sinning; Lift and lead—to "life" be winning;

f.c. CHORUS.

|d :— |la$_1$:-.la$_1$ |[d]s :—:— || s | d' :- .l | s,m.- : .r

Com - rades, pre - pare!
Com - rades, pre - pare!
Com - rades, come share!
Your fa - thers did it, and

|d :r |m :-.s | d' :- .r' |t .s :l .t | l :r' |s :— | l :-.s |f,r.-:

so can you; For love of England you most dare and do. Firm and steady,

|s .l :s .f |m,l .-: .s | d' :- .l |s,m.-: .s | l :t |d || *2nd time.*

will-ing be and ready— Your fa - thers did it, and so can you!

The Marvellous in Common Things.

By W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Author of "Temperance Science Lessons," I. & II., "Notre Laboratoire," etc.

A CUP OF TEA.

NEARLY everybody enjoys a cup of tea, and consequently this article has become one of the most common in daily use. It will give us some idea of how much tea is used by the people of Great Britain if we consider the fact that the value of the tea imported in recent years reaches the enormous sum of between ten and twelve millions of sovereigns.

In thinking of tea we generally turn our thoughts to China, but nowadays there are vast quantities of tea brought from India, Ceylon and Japan, in addition to that furnished by China.

It is, undoubtedly, to the Chinese that we are indebted for the first use of the tea plant. They believe that it had its origin according to the following quaint story :—

About the year 510 A.D. a very good man, full of religous zeal and pious works, in order to set an example to others, imposed upon himself many mortifications of the body, abstaining from rich and luxurious foods, foregoing many comforts and living mostly in the open air. Amongst other things he made a vow that he would not sleep until he had offered worship at a certain shrine. Having started upon his journey, for a long time he toiled in the day and watched during the night, but, ultimately, overcome by bodily suffering and exhausted nature, he unfortunately fell asleep. So distressed was he at having broken his vow that in a fit of remorse, and to prevent any repetition of such backsliding, he cut off both his eyelids and flung them upon the ground. Returning by the same road, after having paid his devotions at the shrine to which he had been journeying, he came to the spot where he had thrown his eyelids, when, to his amazement, he saw two tiny plants, the like of which had never been seen before. Connecting these with some miracle in reference to his eyelids, he carefully took them home and cultivated them. Having eaten of some of the leaves he found his body exhilarated and his vigour restored, and he therefore recommended his followers to use these leaves for similar purposes. From these the use gradually grew and extended over the whole of the Celestial Empire.

A story of this kind may suit the Celestials, but we don't suppose that any boy or girl in England will believe it. The great probability is that the use of tea had its origin partly in the fact that the badness of the water could be overcome by the infusion of leaves, and partly to an inherent liking on the part of mankind for hot and flavoured beverages.

There are a few tea plants growing in this country in special places, such as Kew Gardens, but it cannot be grown here for commercial purposes.

The tea plant is an evergreen shrub, which when growing wild may reach from twenty to thirty feet in height. When cultivated in the tea plantations it is kept cut down to about five or six feet.



TEA PLANT.

The shrubs are planted in rows, chiefly on the hill sides; and a tea farm, like most other farms, requires a lot of care and attention. The Chinese are noted for their patience and perseverance, and it is to these qualities that their success in growing tea is due. The young tea plant yields nothing for the first three years. At the end of that time an acre of young plants will give about 80 lbs. of tea, but two years later each plant will yield about 1½ lbs. of manufactured tea.

Generally speaking, people don't associate the idea of manufacture with substances like tea. A common kind of belief is that things growing on a tree only have to be gathered and they are ready for use. This may be true of apples and pears and plums, but it is not true of things like tea, coffee, cocoa, mustard, etc. In the case of tea there are several important processes.

The first pickings constitute the very choice teas, seldom seen in this country; and then comes the general harvest, the work being done mostly by women and children. A good worker can generally gather in a day from sixteen to twenty pounds of raw leaves. The gathered leaves are brought up in baskets ready for the next processes, which are those of sorting and drying. The finer leaves are sorted from the

coarser ones, and the sortings constitute different qualities of tea.

The leaves are now tossed in the air, or placed on basket frames for drying, in order to get rid of any excess of moisture.

The sorted and dried leaves are now transferred to pans for the purpose of firing and roasting.

The pans are heated by charcoal fires, and are so placed that the leaves can be gently shaken or manipulated with the hands.

This part of the process is of great importance, for it is while the tea is in the pans that those chemical changes occur which give the flavour, aroma and taste by which different varieties are distinguished.

During this process the leaves are rolled and curled in the hands, and are finally sorted and picked ready for packing and exportation.

What is there in tea? is a question that is very often asked, and although we don't suppose that everyone wants to study all its properties, yet we venture to give the full table of its analysis:—

Moisture...			8·20
Theine			3·24
Albumenous (Vegetable Casein)	Insoluble	17·20	17 90
	Soluble	·70	
Extractive Matter			6 79
Gum			—
Pectin			2 60
Tannin			16·40
Chlorophyll and Resin			4·60
Cellulose			34·00
Mineral Matter			6·27
			100 00



SORTING THE LEAVES.

The only two things that we need concern ourselves about are *Theine* and *Tannin*. From its composition we should not judge tea to be of a nutritive character, and it cannot therefore be called a food, but it can very properly be regarded as a food adjunct.

The theine of tea is identical with the caffeine of coffee, and the substance is also found in the kola nut, guarana, and other leaves and fruits. In large doses it is a poison, but to the infinitesimal quantities in which it is present in the infusion of tea, is ascribed the beneficial qualities of that beverage.

The tannin of the tea is always injurious, and it may, to a large extent, be avoided by making the tea properly.

How to make tea seems a superfluous question, but it is a very necessary one, for the fact remains that there are large numbers who cannot make a good cup of tea. A certain Chinese poet attempts to solve this problem by the following recipe: "Set a three-legged tea-pot over a slow fire; fill it with water of melted snow, boil it just as long as is necessary to boil fish white or lobster red, pour it on the leaves of choice. Let it remain till the vapour subsides into a thin mist floating on the surface. Drink this precious liquid at your leisure, and thus drive away the five causes of sorrow."

There is a good deal of sound philosophy in this description, for melted snow would give a pure and soft water suitable for making tea. It can never be properly made with hard water. The immediate use of freshly-boiled water is also important, for when water has been boiled for a considerable time it becomes flat and insipid, and it is impossible to make good tea from it. Allowing the water to be in contact with the leaves for a limited time is also another important consideration. The water should never be in contact with the leaves for more than five minutes; it should then be poured off into another

pot for use. The longer the leaves are soaking in the water the greater the quantity of tannin there will be present. Stewed or boiled tea



should never be used. The proper conditions for a good cup of tea are:

Boiling water, used as soon as it comes to the boiling point.

Allowing the water to stand on the leaves for five minutes and no more.

Then pouring the whole of the infusion into another tea-pot for use.

The infusion should be of a light brown colour, never black in appearance.

Where the tea is boiled or stewed there is always an excessive amount of tannin, and consequently its use results in serious forms of indigestion.

On the whole, properly-made tea, used in moderate quantities, is a very beneficial beverage; its one great quality being that it is refreshing without being exhausting, and gently stimulating without being intoxicating. An unknown poet very well sums up its virtues in the following lines:

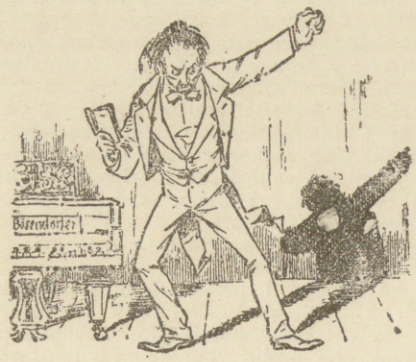
Let others sing the praise of wine,
Let others deem its joys divine,
Its fleeting bliss shall ne'er be mine,
Give me a cup of tea!
The cup that soothes each aching pain,
Restores the sick to health again.
Steals not from heart, steals not from brain,
A friend when others flee.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

By "A Children's Man."

My Dear Children,

I HAVE no doubt you have heard it said of somebody: "He follows me about like a shadow." This means that he never leaves the person who spoke. Did you ever try to get rid of your shadow? I daresay you have, but found it impossible. You have run after it and tried to jump on it, you have taken long steps and tried



to reach it, but all in vain; there it is, sometimes shorter, sometimes longer, ALWAYS THERE. There are many things which we would like to have always with us, but they would be bad for us. For instance, there is a man where I live who goes about crying out "hokey-pokey," and he sells what the boys and girls call "lovely ices," and the moment his voice is heard I have noticed that the children leap on their feet and they begin to long for one of his "ices." In fact, they are so fond of these "cold comforts" that I believe they would scream for joy if I told them they could have the "pokey" man live in the kitchen so that they could have as many as they liked, morning, noon, and night!

But would they do them good? Oh dear, no; they would soon make them ill, so we must draw the line at *one*, or at the most at *two*, and send the hokey-pokey man off about his business.

Then there's Jack Smith's little chum, Charlie Jones. Charlie is a tiresome little chap, and often says very wicked words and does wicked things, and isn't a bit well-behaved at school, but Jack has taken a fancy to him, and he always wants him by his side. But it was a good thing for Jack when Charlie's father sent him off to sea, for when Jack's mother wanted her little boy to run an errand, Charlie was always there, and Charlie would say: "Don't you go, I wouldn't," so Jack soon got as disobedient as Charlie.

One thing is nice to have ALWAYS THERE, and that is A GOOD CONSCIENCE. If we have this always with us, right on from 3 years old to 100, we shall never want for a friend.

What foolish things people do when they have a bad conscience! When they drink their good sense and clear conscience away, as they do sometimes, they do not know what they are at half their time.

I heard once of a sailor who came on shore, got some strong drink, and then called a cab; he tumbled into it, and then he called a lot more cabbies telling them to come after him; and there he went driving round and round the town with a row of about a dozen cabs behind him!

What a stupid he must have felt when he had to pay them at the end of the day!



Whatever else we keep with us let us be sure to ALWAYS keep a clear head and a true conscience.

Your loving friend,
"CHILDREN'S MAN"

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S RIDDLES.

1. Don't pay your water rate.
2. A bald head.
3. Stocking mending. Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.
4. A thorn.
5. Because he nearly always has a bit in his mouth.
6. When there is a leak (leek) in it.

WHAT MEANS MY NAME?

(*H's this month.*)

BOYS—

Harold, a champion.
Hector, strong defender.
Henry, a rich lord.
Herbert, a bright lord.
Horace, worthy.
Hubert, bright coloured.
Hugh, lofty.

GIRLS—

Hannah, gracious.
Helen, attractive.
Harriet, head of household.
Henrietta, rich lady.

A BATCH OF RIDDLES WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. Y Y U R Y Y U B I C U R Y Y 4 me.
Answer.—Too wise you are, too wise you be,
I see you are too wise for me.

2. What is the smallest bridge in the world?
Answer.—The bridge of your nose.

3. What can never be got out of a bottle?
Answer.—More than was put in it.

4. Who was hanged in a tree for not wearing a wig?
Answer.—Absolom

5. What is that which plays when it works, and works when it plays?
Answer.—A fountain.

6. What is the exact time of night when cats come in at our front doors?
Answer.—When they find them open.

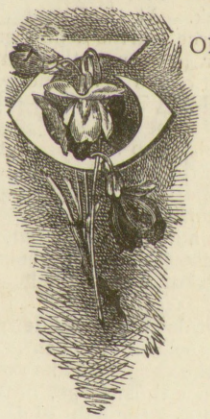
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Fed a pig but away it ran,
The pig was eat, but what a cheat,
Poor Tom goes crying down the street.

For silly Tom, the piper's son,
Had let a "score" for liquor run,
So when the piggy had been sold,
The publican must have the gold.

Well Done, Tom!

A TRUE INCIDENT.



TOM B——, though young, is a zealot in the Band of Hope work, and is determined to do all he can to help on the Temperance cause, and to save men and women, as well as children.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, he and two other companions, aged about 14, met and decided to see what to do to get people into the American Gospel Tent Services, Nine Elms, London.

As a result of their consultation, they were soon found entering a crowded public-house, and inviting the men to the Tent meeting.

One of the men caught hold of Tom, made him sit down among the customers, and plied him with many questions, which the boy evidently answered to the man's satisfaction, for the man got up, seized hold of his pewter pot, and exclaimed,

"Well, here goes; I am going to the Tent," seven other men following his example.

Tom stuck to his man, who, when the service had been going on for some time, said to him,

"Here, you go and fetch my missus and children, and tell them to come here."

Away Tom went for the wife, but could not persuade her to come.

At this, the husband seemed very sorry, and, jumping up, he cried out,

"Here's a boy that made me throw a pint of beer away just now, and brought me here."

At the close of the meeting the man stood up for a blessing, and determined by the grace of God to be a better man, and have no more drink.

LITTLE POLLY.

By D. F. Hannigan.



"COME 'ome, Bill, for God's sake! Little Polly is very sick."

"S-s-sick?" hiccupped the man, as he balanced himself with difficulty by leaning against the counter of the public house. "Wha-what do yer mean?"

"I mean the pore little thing's in a bad way—dyin' p'r'aps, Bill."

Bill Watkins was intoxicated, even more so than he usually was at ten o'clock. At that hour every night he regularly got three-fourths drunk, either at "The Crocodile," or at some other public-house in the squalid part of the East End where he lived.

He was by trade a carpenter, and a good workman, if he could only keep sober. But, for some time past, the drink fiend had taken possession of him, and he could get no employment save an odd job now and again.

He had two children: a little boy of ten, who was trying to earn a few shillings a week as a newsboy; and a little girl of eight—a delicately-organised child, with a face on which pitying angels might have looked down with tender compassion, for it was far too frail, too gentle, too spiritually beautiful for the rough world on which its gaze had been cast since those large, dreamy, wondering blue eyes first saw the light of day.

Bill Watkins was really fond of his wife and children, after a fashion of his own; but, when his brain was on fire with liquor, the brute within him got the mastery over his better nature. He had often come home so drunk of late, that he seemed to have been transformed into a wild animal; with the result that, at a word of remonstrance from poor Esther, he fell upon her and beat her unmercifully. Things had, indeed, gone on from bad to worse; and, but for the earnings of his hard-working little son, Johnny, the family might have starved. Esther was literally in rags, and yet Bill would not stop drinking. He had pawned everything he could lay his hands on—his wife's wearing apparel and her wedding ring, his little daughter's dress, and even his own Sunday clothes, so that he now always appeared in public on the Sabbath Day in his workman's garb. He had sunk to a very low depth, even in the opinion of his pot-companions, who laughed at his dirty and poverty-stricken aspect.

The one restraining influence which had hitherto never proved wholly ineffectual with Bill Watkins, was his love for Little Polly. Esther had accordingly always seized the opportunity to appeal to him for the little girl's sake. But the love of drink is a passion which, when it gets free play, consumes all nobler feelings, and degrades a man till even his natural instincts as a human being seem to become deadened. In spite of his affection for Polly, he had carried off her dress to the pawn-office, though he did this with the stealthy air of one committing a mean action or a crime.

To-night, Bill was determined to spend on drink the last farthing in his possession. He was, therefore, enraged at finding his potations interrupted by Esther. He had been drinking in company with several others during the day, but they had dropped away from him one by one, so that for the last two hours he had been doggedly swallowing gin and porter all alone, up to the time when his wife entered the public-house. He had still some money in his pocket—a shilling and some coppers—enough to enable him to become helplessly intoxicated. He was already on the verge of that most pitiable condition, but as yet there were faint gleams of sobriety in his clouded mind. When he had reached the worst stage of drunkenness, he cared not what might happen; for, bad as he was, he drank as much for the sake of drowning memory as for the brutal enjoyment which is found in the practice of this horrible vice.

Esther, growing impatient when she saw her husband ordering "twopenn'orth of gin," which he eagerly poured down his throat, as if his life depended on it, caught his hand, and tried to drag him out of the public-house. The glass, which he had not yet put down on the counter, fell on the ground, and was broken into splinters.

He pushed her away, with an oath.

She repeated her entreaties: "Oh! Bill, Bill, think of your children. If you don't care about me, think of yer little gurl! Maybe yer'll be sorry by'n-bye for lettin' her be as she is."

"Curse yer, woman; will yer hold yer bloomin' tongue?" exclaimed the man, fiercely, his eyes blazing with the unreasoning anger of one maddened by drink. And he struck her first across the mouth, and then over the eyes.

She uttered a cry like that of a wounded animal.

Then the potman, seeing that a row was brewing, and anxious to avoid a visit from the police, jumped over the counter.

"Get out o' this," he shouted; "you've had enough to-night!"

Bill seemed disposed to give trouble. "I'll be hanged if I go!" he said, sullenly.

"Then I'll just make you; and let your wife clear out, too!"

In less than a minute, Bill found himself lying on his back in the footpath in front of the public house door.

Esther knelt down by her husband's side, though blood was streaming from her own face, and endeavoured to restore him to consciousness. The shock had, indeed, partly sobered him. With an effort he rose to his feet, and, though he staggered slightly, he was able to accompany her home.

And what a home it was! One cheerless room, with no furniture, and only two pallets whereon to lie. The little newsboy slept on

some straw thrown on the floor in a dark corner. He had not yet come home. Sometimes he did not return till past midnight, when he brought his mother the hard-earned pence he had managed to secure by trudging hour after hour through the grimy London streets.

"Look, 'ere, Bill," said Esther; and she drew him towards the pallet on which poor Little Polly lay, pale and sad-looking; already faded when youth had only begun, a beautiful child predestined to perish. The little girl coughed feebly.

"Is that father?" she asked in a weak voice.

It was withal a sweet and gentle voice, such as might have touched even the hardest heart.

Bill, quiet enough now, bent over Little Polly and kissed her.

"Oh, you've been drinking again, father!" said the child.

"Hush, dearie, hush," whispered Esther; "don't talk like that to your father!"

"But why does he do it, mother?" persisted the little girl; "he's killing hisself and you, too, mother!"

"Ay, and yer, too, my poor dearie," and Esther burst out sobbing.

Bill Wilkins felt his brain burning and his heart bursting. In a flash he saw the ghastly truth. It was he who had made his wife miserable, so that she who had once been pretty, and who loved to wear nice clothes, was an unkempt woman, covered with rags. It was he who had left his delicate little daughter without even the necessaries of life. The maintenance of the family, such as it was, depended on his son, a boy of ten. And why had things come to this pass? Because he was a drunkard! Could all this misery be undone? Could the past be wiped out? Was it too late?

"Polly," he asked hoarsely, and with a tenderness he rarely exhibited, "my Little Polly, are yer weak?"

"I am weak, father," the child murmured, "very weak."

Then Bill turned towards his wife with a look of horror.

"No food in the house?" he said, using the fewest possible words to convey his meaning.

"None," replied Esther.

"My God! then Little Polly must be starvin'—is it true?"

"She's had nothin' to eat," said his wife.

"Wait, Esther! I've a shillin' left. I'd have drank it if you hadn't come to 'The Crocodile'—God's curse on it and all sich places! Well, I'll go and buy somethin' to eat; I may be drunk, but I'm not a devil yet!"

He rushed out into the street, not to the nearest public-house, but to the nearest baker's shop. He hurried back in a few minutes with a loaf of bread under his arm.

Esther laid her hand quietly on his shoulder.

"Bill, it's too late! Don't mind my tellin' yer, but it's true; Little Polly's dyin'!"

"Little—Polly—dying!"

The wretched man articulated each word as if he were repeating his own death sentence. He covered his face with his hands.

"It's true, then; she is dyin'!"

He was weeping now himself like a little child.

"No, no!" he exclaimed with sudden energy, "she shan't die! she mustn't die!"

The tones of his little daughter's voice, now weaker than before, fell upon his ear.

"Father, don't cry! I'm not afraid, and I know God will be a good Father to me when I go to heaven. That's what they taught me at the Sunday School, an' it's true, isn't it? Isn't it right for all people to pray to God as their Father?"

"It is, Polly."

The tears were streaming down Bill's face.

"Then, father, you should pray along with me and mother, and say the 'Our Father.'"

"I will, Polly."

He knelt down beside the pallet, yielding to the child's wishes, as if the very voice of God were urging him, and he had no alternative but to obey.

Esther, too, fell upon her knees. And then Little Polly, slowly but distinctly, with the shadow of death upon her, pronounced the words, which the man and the woman repeated fervently after her:

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil. Amen."

Scarcely had the last word of the prayer been reached when the hard breathing of the little girl, who had articulated "Amen" with a strange gurgling in her throat, arrested the attention of both her parents.

Bill sprang to his feet; Little Polly was staring at him with a look of superhuman intelligence in her large blue eyes.

"Father—good-bye!" faintly but clearly she uttered this eternal farewell.

Bill's gaze was fixed on the face of the child. For a moment she was, as it were, transfigured. Then the light of her beautiful eyes seemed to vanish. A grey shadow crept over her entire countenance; there was no colour on her cheeks; her lips assumed a livid tinge. She no longer moved or breathed."

"O God!" he exclaimed, "Little Polly is dead!"

His wife was crying hysterically.

"Yes, Bill, she's dead."

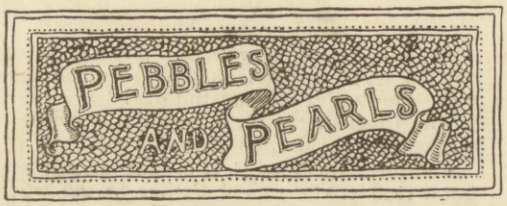
"And I—I have killed her!" said the unhappy man. "Yes, yes, Esther, it was murder just as if I had choked her. But she's happy; she's gone to heaven, and I——"

Esther brushed away the tears which mingled with blood stains on her face. She looked up at her husband. It struck her like a startling revelation, that an extraordinary change had come over him.

Once more he fell upon his knees beside Little Polly's pallet:

"I swear before Almighty God, in the presence of my dead child, never again to taste a drop o' drink while I live!"

And he kept his word.



Over 1,000 people die every year of delirium tremens in England.

The saloon was born of evil, but it exists because good men tolerate it.

Suicides from drunkenness in France were formerly five per cent., now they are twelve per cent.

Teacher: "Give me an example, Jones, of expansion by heat and contraction by cold."

Jones (*hesitatingly*): "Days are longer in summer, and shorter in winter."

Sir Andrew Clark defines health as "that state in which the body is not consciously present to us; the state in which work is easy; and duty not over-great a trial; the state in which it is a joy to see, to think, to feel, and to be."

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Act I.—Before the bar of the saloon.

Act II.—Before the bar of the court.

Act III.—Before the bar of the prison.

Act IV.—Before the bar of God.

Teacher: "Now, if you take three from ten, how many remain?"

Dolly: "No answer."

Teacher: "Well, suppose I take away three of your fingers, what would you have then?"

Dolly (*gleaming*): "Oh! No more music lessons."

"Literature certainly runs in the Greensmith family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print, the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes novels that nobody will read."

"And what does the father write?"

"Oh, he writes cheques that nobody will cash."

A SAD INCIDENT.

Father Farrell, speaking at the great meeting in Dublin, mentioned a sad incident illustrating the evils of the child messenger system. When he was attending one of the hospitals recently, a little girl, aged seven or eight years, was admitted through an accident which arose from the negligence of drunken parents. She was unconscious for some time after her admission, and, when she came to her senses, she was asked by the Sister in charge what she would drink, and she replied, "Porter, please, Sister." On inquiry, he found that the little girl was in the habit of being sent to the public-house for porter for her parents, and when she came home they rewarded her by giving her some of the porter to drink.

"Give me some more dates, nurse, please,"

"Why, Tommy, if you eat dates like that, you you will grow up an almanac instead of a man."

An official of the prison of Sainte Pelagie, France, states that of the 2,950 under sentence in the prisons of the department of the Seine, no less than 2,124 were drunkards.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

A WOMAN'S READY WIT.

He has been waiting half-an-hour to speak to his wife, who is having a call from Mrs. Longwind. Hearing the front door close, he supposes the visitor is gone.

(*Calling from his study*): "Well, is that old bore gone at last?"

(*From the drawing room, where Mrs. Longwind still sits*): "Oh, yes, my dear, she went an hour ago; but our dear Mrs. Longwind is here—I know you will want to come in and see her."

Reviews.

We have received from Messrs Jarrold a copy of the Second Edition of the Temperance Pilgrim's Progress, by Dr. J. J. Ridge, which is much more than a paraphrase of Bunyan's famous work; and, being suitably illustrated, should have a ready sale.

Chats with Children on Temperance Topics and Temperance Readings, published by the C.E.T.S., are two excellent publications, well printed on good paper, and most useful for their respective purposes.

Temperance Topical Chalk Talks (price 6d.), issued by the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, is a most useful manual for speakers and workers, and should command a large circulation. It is excellently got up, and unusually well illustrated by Blackboard Diagrams, which any average speaker could copy, and use to advantage.

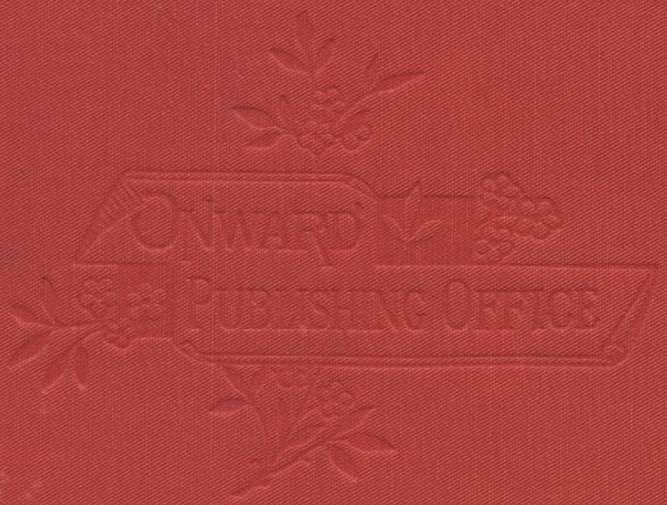
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—International Juvenile Templar—Irish Templar—Young Days—Animals' Friend—Christian Million—Scottish Reformer—&c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence, editorial or otherwise, and all books or magazines for review, must be addressed to The Editor, "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

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