ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1900

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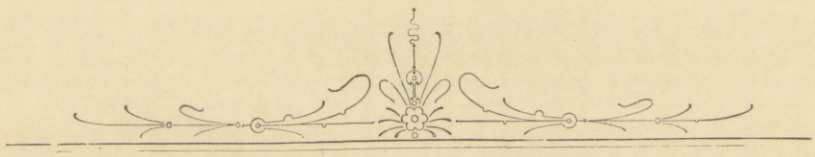
N.B. Mr. Moss, born at North Tawton, Devon, became one of the outstanding Temperance workers of the 19th—20th Centuries. On 1st September, 1888 he was appointed Missioner to Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn (The Drunkards' Friend). More than 50 years' loyal service won universal esteem. Inspired by Joseph Livesey's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

ONWARD:

AN ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.



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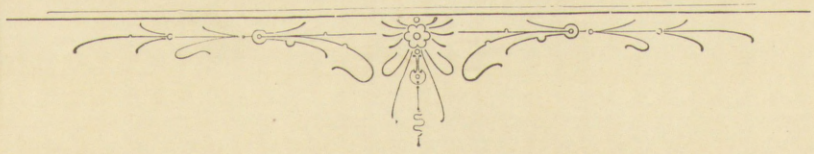

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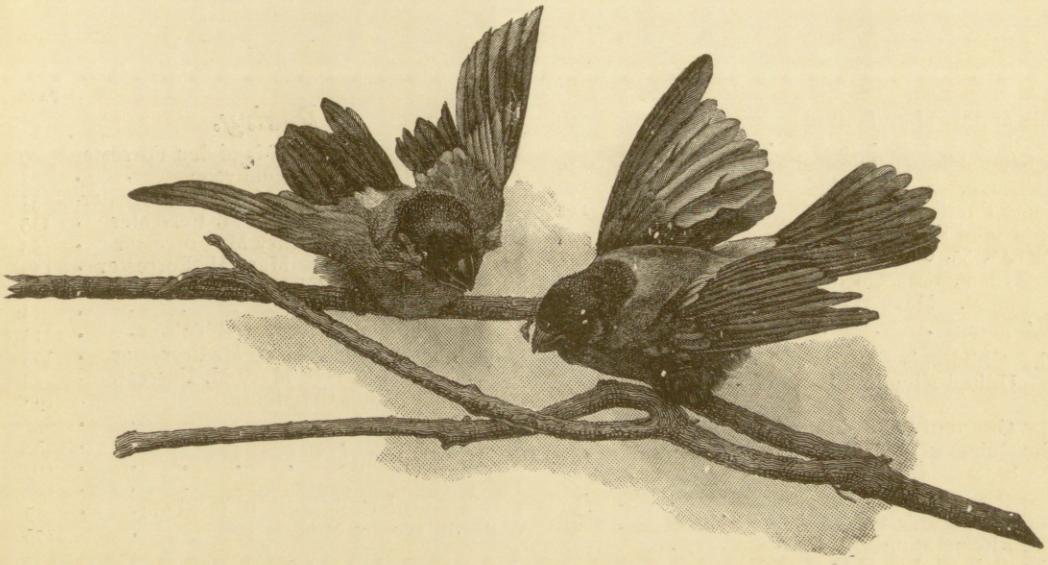

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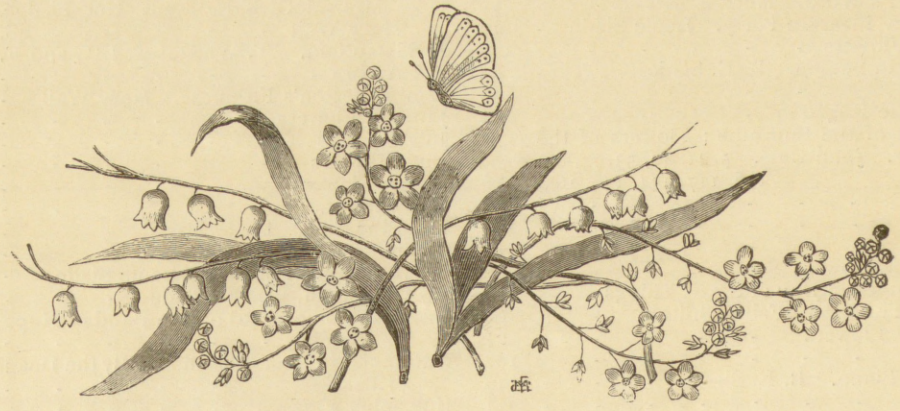



RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—TENNYSON.

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SERIAL STORY.

Gregory's Success: or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER I.—A HERO IN RAGS.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head an' a' that;
The gowd is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that.

"NOW then, be off with yer! How many times shall I have to tell yer?" shouted the exasperated policeman, as he struck a blow with his heavy shoulder cape at the offending news-boy, who cut away as fast as his legs would carry him from the stern menace of the "gentleman in blue," whose "I'll have to lock yer up yet, I can see," did not a little to hasten the lad's retreat to a spot higher up the street, where for a while at least he might be free from official interruption.

He had met with poor success that day. Somehow or other his "specials" would not go. And when he had got a stand where it seemed likely trade would improve, sure enough the enemy of the news-boy—the bobby—would at once appear, and "Move on" became again the order of the day.

He had, however, got quite accustomed to this kind of life, and was not so easily discouraged now as when he first commenced to sell the evening papers. Then he often became weary, and but for the great purpose which animated his boyish heart and nerved his young ardour, would have forsaken his self-sought task, and, like many other sometime newsboys, gone to swell the number of loungers, the pest of the public street.

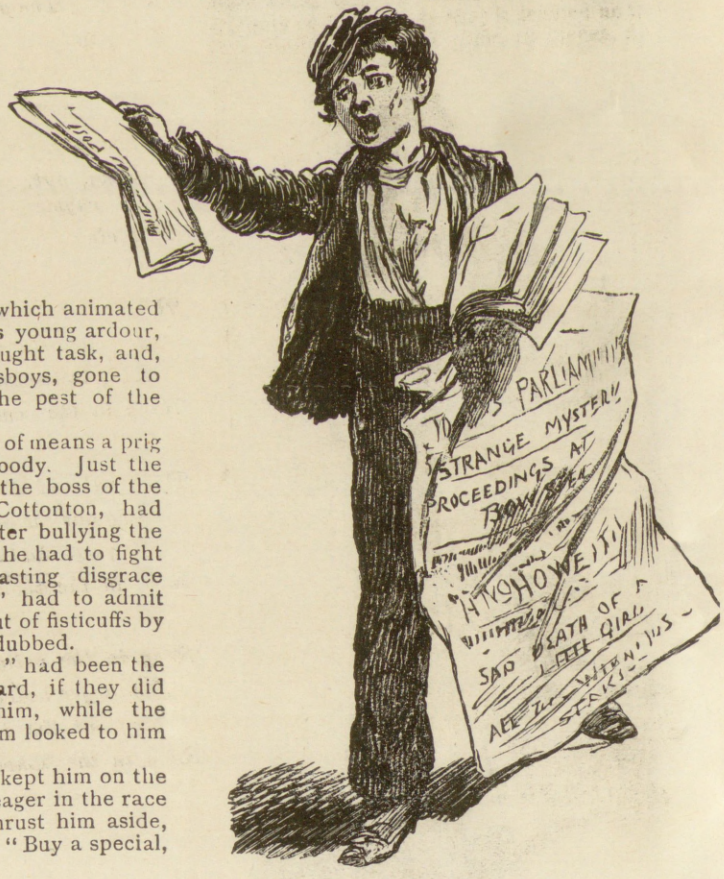
Not that he was by any manner of means a prig among newsboys, or a goody-goody. Just the reverse, as "Tom the bully," the boss of the newsboys in Market Street, Cottonton, had found out to his cost when, after bullying the newcomer beyond all endurance, he had to fight for his own, and to his everlasting disgrace among the sellers of "specials" had to admit himself beaten, after a stern bout of fisticuffs by "The Mystery," as the lad was dubbed.

Up to that time "The Mystery" had been the butt of all the lads. Henceforward, if they did not like him they respected him, while the younger and less valorous of them looked to him as a hero among them.

But the burly policeman who kept him on the move, and the busy merchant, eager in the race for wealth, who impatiently thrust him aside, and roughly denied his appeal to "Buy a special, sir," did not think so.

To them, as to the rest of the busy throng who on that cold and cheerless Christmas eve hurried on with their well-lined pockets and heavily-laden packages, Gregory was nothing more than a street arab, a waif and a stray from the slums, one of the many thousands of dirty, ill-clad, underfed urchins who abound in all great towns, whose poverty but serves to emphasise the social gulf which separates them from the children of the comfortable and well-to-do, while their wretchedness is a daily reproach to our Christian civilization, and a disgrace to the wealthiest nation under heaven.

Standing there under the gaslight in the muddy street, in boots many sizes too big for him, where water and air found easy entrance, with garments so threadbare that it seemed as though every wind would blow them to pieces, nobody



could have blamed us if we had shared the common opinion and called him :

A lad of the street ;
A nobody's child,
Careless and wild,
Of manners unmeet,
In wickedness fleet,
A son of the street.

But for all that we should have been wrong.

Just listen! Did you ever hear a lad of the street speak as he speaks—so educatedly, so sweetly? His voice has quite a musical ring, and he even aspirates his h's. No mere street arab does that.

Then his manners! I really think he will lose many opportunities to exchange his papers for halfpennies if he takes such care to fold them as he does, and if he stays to hold the umbrella of every lady who buys of him, while she puts the paper away. Such courtesy is most unusual, and certainly must delay the business of a street boy.

But then, you see, whatever he might seem to be on that bleak and cheerless night, ragged and forlorn, he was no ordinary street arab. Perhaps it would have been better for him in his surroundings if he had been. He would not then have experienced so acutely what the poet tenderly sings of—

A sorrow's crown of sorrow,
Remembering happier things.

Lad as he was—you could see he was not more than fourteen years old—he could not keep the tears from rushing to his eyes as visions of his earlier childhood came back to him.

For a space he forgot all around him; the bustling crowds, the roar of the traffic, the papers under his arm.

Once again he lives in the quiet surburban home where love reigned. Father and mother are there, and every happiness. His young heart thrills with joy, for to-morrow will be Christmas, and oh, what fun and jollity; the great Christmas tree will be lighted, its branches laden with gifts for him and his many childhood's companions. Ah! Christmas then was a merry, merry Christmas.

But the scene quickly changed. Now he recalls the deepening gloom which after a while came upon that home; how his father became churlish, often stayed out late at nights, while his mother grew paler day by day. But amid it all he hears her again talking with him, and her warm "God bless you, Gregory" makes the cold diffuse before the warmth of a mother's love.

His brow darkens. The light has gone from his eyes. Darker memories flit through his boyish brain. The beautiful surburban home has been exchanged for a very humble dwelling in a dark and crowded part of the city, where his soul became deeply tinged by the prevalent squalor and sordidness of the new conditions, altogether so different to those he had been accustomed to. Things go from bad to worse. His father yields more and more to the drink habit, until his once-loving nature becomes transformed, and at length he illtreats the mother and son.

Just for a little while matters improve. That was when sister Nell was born—little Nell, who could resist her? And for a time it seemed as if his father had become himself again.

But, alas! the improvement is only temporary. He gives way again and becomes worse than ever. Soon the little family, by bitter experience, learns how drink makes a brute of man, and converts the house which should be the nursery of happiness into the school of grief.

One night—Gregory shuddered as the memory of it came before him, it was two years ago that very Christmas eve—his father had come home more quarrelsome than ever. They wanted for bread, but he cared not. He wanted drink, and in his evil passion at finding no money wherewith to gratify his craving had struck his wife an awful blow, then rushed from the house and been seen no more.

He could see it all too plainly now, and his boyish heart longed to avenge his mother's hurt. She, poor woman, fretting more at her husband's fall than at her own misfortune, struggled desperately with her hard lot for her children's sake. But she had always been weakly and too frail to bear this strain: and one night—he would never forget it as long as life should last—she had called him to her and put her arms, oh! so tenderly, around him, as she said,

"Gregory, my poor boy, I am going, and you and Nell will be all alone; but you'll take care of her, won't you? God will help you, my lad."

He had promised readily enough then, though he scarcely knew what it all meant. But on the morrow, when he awoke to find the voice he loved was stilled for ever, he began to realise what was before him.

"Get out of the way, lumberhead!" A half-drunken man, staggering from side to side, tumbled against him and nearly knocked him over.

It may seem unkind to say it, but it was the best thing that could have happened to him then. It brought him back from the profitless contemplation of the past to the work of the present, and so brushing aside the tears which had begun to collect he pushed his papers as if they and they alone had occupied his thoughts.

Luckily his new stand was a good one. The papers which would not go sold fast enough now, and by the time the clock of the Old Church chimed eight he had sold them all, and was just proposing to go home when fortune smiled upon him in the form of an old lady who needed some parcels carrying.

Gregory didn't know her, but she knew him. She had often noticed him, and had begun to take quite an interest in him. Little by little she had learned bits of his life story, and she had determined to help him without pauperising him; and so, instead of the twopence or threepence he expected at the most to get, to his surprise when he reached the end of his journey he got a brand new shilling.

To say that he was thankful would be to do the scantiest justice to his feeling. He could scarce contain himself at his good luck. Only to think of it! he could carry out a long-cherished wish.



Happiness reigned in the little garret.

"Yes, I will!" he said. "Won't she be happy, just!"

And he did. Into the first general store he rushed and soon emerged therefrom bearing a small package under his arm, his face bright with the happiness which thrilled his heart.

The brilliantly lighted shops, the attractions of the streets, the entreaties of his comrade newsvendors made no difference. Home he made for—home!

What a home it was! And yet it was home, for there the treasure of his heart was—Sister Nell, the first, the last in all his thoughts.

Every day since his mother died he had watched over her and cared for her. He had gone out all weathers and thought nothing too

hard that enabled him to earn money enough to find food and clothing and home for her. To his credit be it said, that never yet, rough though their fare had always been, had she wanted either.

He soon reached the place he called home—a wretched tumbled-down habitation in a miserable court not many hundred yards from where we first saw him. Such a shanty was unfit for a beast to be housed in. But here Gregory Johnson was the proud possessor of the top garret at Widow Brown's.

The old woman herself, who looked after Nell during his absence, and who had seen better days, met him at the door.

"Why, Gregory, you are back early," said she.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I sold out soon to-night. Is Nellie asleep yet?"

"No!" He waited no longer, but kicking off his soddened boots, mounted the dingy staircase to the room which was all his own.

To us it was nothing but a bare garret with a clean little bed and a single chair—but to him a palace, and in it a little queen, waiting to give him welcome.

"I'se so glad you's come, Gregory," piped the childish treble, as she threw her little arms around him and kissed him. "I did want you,"

"Did you, love? Well, I've come now, and see what I've brought you." With that he drew from the package what that little heart had wanted, and what he had longed to get for her, ever since he had taken her to see the shops in Market Street—a doll.

The bit of holly he had brought had no charm for her. The doll was everything. How she hugged it and kissed it, called it pet names and pressed it to her, until at last she fell asleep to dream of a land of dolls, with Gregory king of them all.

Talk of the joy they have who amass their thousands, the satisfaction of them who triumph, or the glory of conquest. No joy for real happiness could equal that which reigned in the little garret that night. And which was the greater, hers as she cuddled the waxen image, or his as he knelt beside her, I trow not. But this I do know, Gregory Johnson was indeed a hero, though he didn't know it.

(*To be continued*).

Children of the Sunshine.

By John Dale.

. . . I.—JANUARY FLOWERS. . . .

There is a time for those who wisdom seek,
To find delight in Nature's sunny ways;
Where trees and flowers, and joyous birds, all speak
In light and song, the God of Nature's praise.

FEW young people know much about the "children of the sunshine"—the wild flowers of the district in which they live. Yet there is nothing more interesting or more pleasant than seeking these in the quiet lanes and devious footpaths that lie around us on the country side, often accessible to all. After being confined in city or town, we long for the country and a draught of pure air. The search for wild flowers affords us both the opportunity and its enjoyment.



The beauty and delight of a fine summer's day in the country have never been more charmingly described than by Jeffries in his *Pageant of Summer*. "I seem," he says, "as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives, and the south wind calls into being. . . . The flowers, with a thousand faces, have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling their joy, I receive some of their fulness of life."

There is an old story of how two schoolboys spent a holiday. They both set out together, and went the same way, but one of them "lagged behind in the lane," while the other impatiently went on without him. Reaching home first, he complained of his tedious companion and his dull walk, and regretted he had not gone along the turnpike road. When the other boy came back he was brimful of enthusiasm about the things he had seen in his ramble, and brought out a handkerchief full of curiosities to show his tutor. The first boy admitted that he had seen some of the things, but he did not care about them.

Before we can *see* the beauty of wild flowers we must learn to look for them. It is much easier to overlook than to look. A great writer says that "The greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something;" and Sir John Lubbock remarks that "To be able to see what we do see is a great gift." Ere we can admire the "children of the sunshine" we must *see* them and know something about them.

With the object, therefore, of awakening their interest, we shall bring before our young readers a few interesting facts about some of the flowers that may be met with during each month of the year. As the same name is applied in some instances to different flowers, and some are known by different names in different localities, to avoid one flower being mistaken for another, it will be necessary to give the botanical name, which is the same in all countries. This will be printed in *italics* and inserted in brackets the first time each flower is mentioned.

In January many of the "children of the sunshine" are fast asleep in the arms of winter. There is not much sunshine in this month; on the brightest days we have but a few hours of it, and the sun is so low down that he cannot warm the earth very much.

Notwithstanding this, in ordinary seasons the Snowdrop (*Galánthus nivális*) will appear.

It is generally the only wild flower that blooms in January. It is a general favourite, young and old both hailing it with delight as the harbinger of spring. Westwood gives a very pretty idea of the mission of this flower in the following lines

The Snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its white flag of truce to plead
For its beleagured brethren. Suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of wild and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from his pitying face,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

The bulb of the Snowdrop sleeps in the ground all the summer and autumn. At the approach of Christmas it awakes, and thrusts two narrow pale-green leaflets above the soil. Then a little pointed bud pushes up between them into the light, and, extending its stalk upwards, it bursts from the hood or *spathe* which has protected it. Modestly hanging down its head, it slowly changes from pale-green to white. As the flower opens its little snowy bell, the three outer leaves, or *sepals* as they are called, become perfectly white. They are oval in shape, and twice as long as the three inner leaves or *petals*, which have a pale-green margin, and two green spots on the inner surface. These markings are so delicate, however, that at a short distance the whole flower appears to be perfectly white.

Everybody delights in its pale blossoms. The invalid rejoices with fresh hope at the sight of these lovely heralds of the spring.

A very pretty legend of the Snowdrop describes the wonder and grief of our mother Eve on first seeing a snowstorm. An angel was sent to comfort her and assure her that spring would come again. On leaving her he caught some of the snowflakes and threw them on the ground, where they were changed into flowers as a pledge of his promise.

The angel's visit being ended,
Up to Heaven he swiftly flew;
But where he first descended,
And where he bade the earth adieu,
A ring of Snowdrops formed a posy
Of pallid flowers, whose leaves, unrosy,
Waved like a winged argosy,
Whose climbing mast above the sea,
Spread fluttering sail and streamer free.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

I.—FOOTBALL (Association).



ANY visitor at the Crystal Palace on the day of the final struggle for the English Cup will obtain a small idea of the amount of enthusiasm created by the desire to have the honour of being champion in the football field. Thousands upon thousands of men, chiefly from the Midland counties, stand in a dense mass, watching the game with the most intense interest, cheering the players as if some mighty feats were being performed upon which the fate of nations depended.

This *esprit de corps* is manifested even in the smallest village teams; the desire to see the ball pass the goal makes the most sober of students mad with excitement, and the shouts of joy that rend the air when a goal is made is only the outward exhibition of the feelings that are making the heart beat with deep emotion. Much has been said against football because of its boisterous character, and on account of the unfortunate accidents which happen at times during play; but when the Association rules are properly observed it is rarely that any brutality is seen. The rough and tumble of the football field is the chief charm of the game, and the player who gets his shins skinned or his wind nearly knocked out of him must bear the inconvenience without malice, and must not seek to pay back the misfortune upon others.

Whatever may be said against the game will never interfere with its popularity, though such influence may moderate the ardour of some of the youthful players.

There is no doubt that the forefather of our present game of football was the village scrambles which used to take place at various times of the year. The ball used on these occasions was simply an inflated animal bladder, or, if a more solid ball was used, it did not contain any bladder within. We cannot, therefore, properly say whether the leather cover has been put round the bladder to protect it, or whether, in order to inflate the leather, the bladder was placed inside. Bladders are certainly oval, and the Rugby ball being of this shape, it must certainly be nearest to the ancient type. The ball used in the Association game must be round or else the players would not be able to kick it thoroughly.

The Association is essentially a "non-handling" game, and undoubtedly those clubs which carry out Association rules are freer from accident than those who adopt Rugby practices.

In selecting the football ground by Association rules the maximum length is 200 yards, the minimum 100; the maximum breadth 100 yards, the minimum 50. The goals are upright posts



eight yards apart, and a bar across them eight feet from the ground; the ball must not be less than 27 inches in circumference and not more than 28; and in international matches at the commencement of the game the weight of the ball must be from 13 to 15 ounces.

When the toss has been made, the winners have the option of the kick-off or choice of goals. A place-kick commences the game; this takes place from the centre of the ground in the direction of the opposite goal line. Ends can only be changed at half-time. When a goal is won, the losing side has the right to kick off, but after the change of ends at half-time the ball is kicked off by the opposite side from that which originally did so.

Only the goal-keeper is allowed to handle the ball, under any pretence whatever, and he in one half of the ground only is allowed to use his hands to protect his goal.

It may be interesting to know exactly what the Association rules say with regard to rough usage on the football field. Rule No. 10 gives the following directions:—

"Neither tripping, hacking, or jumping at a player shall be allowed, and no player shall use his hands to hold or push his adversary. No player may charge an opponent from behind, unless such an opponent be not facing his own goal, provided, in the opinion of the umpires or referees, in that position is wilfully impeding his opponent."

Rule 11 says:

"No player shall wear any nails, excepting such as have their heads driven in flush with the leather, or iron plates, or gutta-percha on the sides or heels of his boots or on his shin-guards. Any player infringing this rule shall be prohibited taking any further part in the game."

The following extract from Hutchinson's *Outdoor Games for Boys* may be interesting to the reader. "Some very curious results have been arrived at in the Association game. On February 22, 1889 Bucknal St. Mary's were beaten by St. Peter's Shield by forty-four goals to none. In 1835, in the Scottish Cup Competition, Arbroath beat Ben Accord by thirty-six goals to none. Cases in which twenty goals have been scored are quite numerous, and yet, when two fine elevens meet, they often play the whole hour and a half without scoring once, or perhaps once or twice only. This is not always the case however. In 1886, in a match for the Scottish Cup, Queen's Park had scored five goals to none against Cambuslang, with ten minutes to play, and in the brief period remaining Cambuslang scored no fewer than four goals. In 1885, in so important a match as London *v.* Glasgow, Glasgow scored three goals in the last seven minutes of play. But this rate of scoring was surpassed by Birmingham St. George's when playing Aston Unity in an Association Cup Tie, for one of their players scored three goals in four minutes."

There is no more exhilarating sight than a good game of Association football; the players, dressed in their picturesque garb, showing off their manly figures, the delight of being out in the cool air of autumn or spring, the daring rush for the ball, and the joy of those who shout "goal."

No doubt football requires a considerable amount of strength, and those who possess weak hearts should not enter into the game; neither should those who fear a tumble, or who dislike to have their costume soiled by a fall on a muddy field.

The footballer will not obtain the strength he needs from intoxicating drinks, which are chiefly alcohol and water. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson speaking of alcohol says,

Alcohol cannot make muscle, nerve, bone, skin, or any organ.

Alcohol is, in fact, a dangerous stimulant, the effect of which rapidly passes away and leaves the drinker much weaker, and is consequently not only unnecessary but positively injurious to the footballer who wants strength and "staying power."

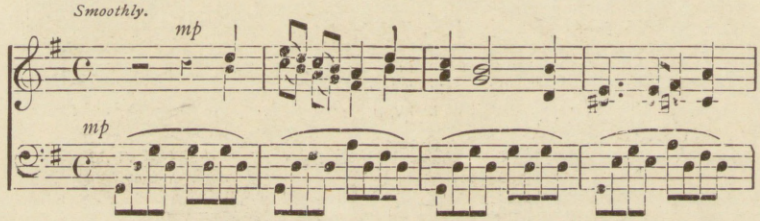
WATER-LILIES.

(From the Service of Song "JACK OF THE FERRY," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124 & 126, Portland Street, Manchester.)

DUET FOR SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.

M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.

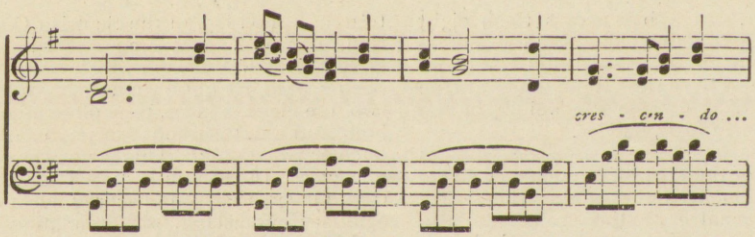
Smoothly.



1. O, wreaths of gold and sil - ver, O, wa - ter li lies
2. The i - ris shines in glo - ry, And all a-round your
3. Now to the stream down-bending We'll ga-ther shin-ing

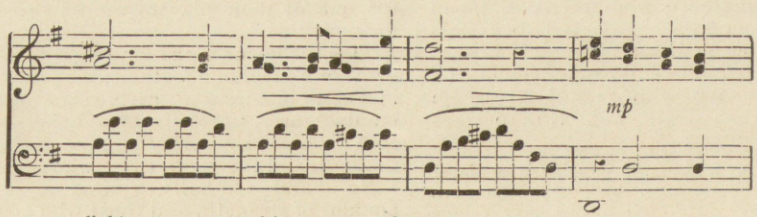
KEY G.

:s	l .s:f .m	r :s	f :m	— :m	l_1 :-.l_1	t_1 :r	
:m	f .m:r .d	t_1 :m	r :d	— :s	fe_1 :-fe_1	f_1 :f_1	



bright, That deck the flow-ing riv - er As with a crown of
feet Comes with its a - zure beau-ty For - get - me - not so
store, To gem the home with beauty, And glad - den spir-its

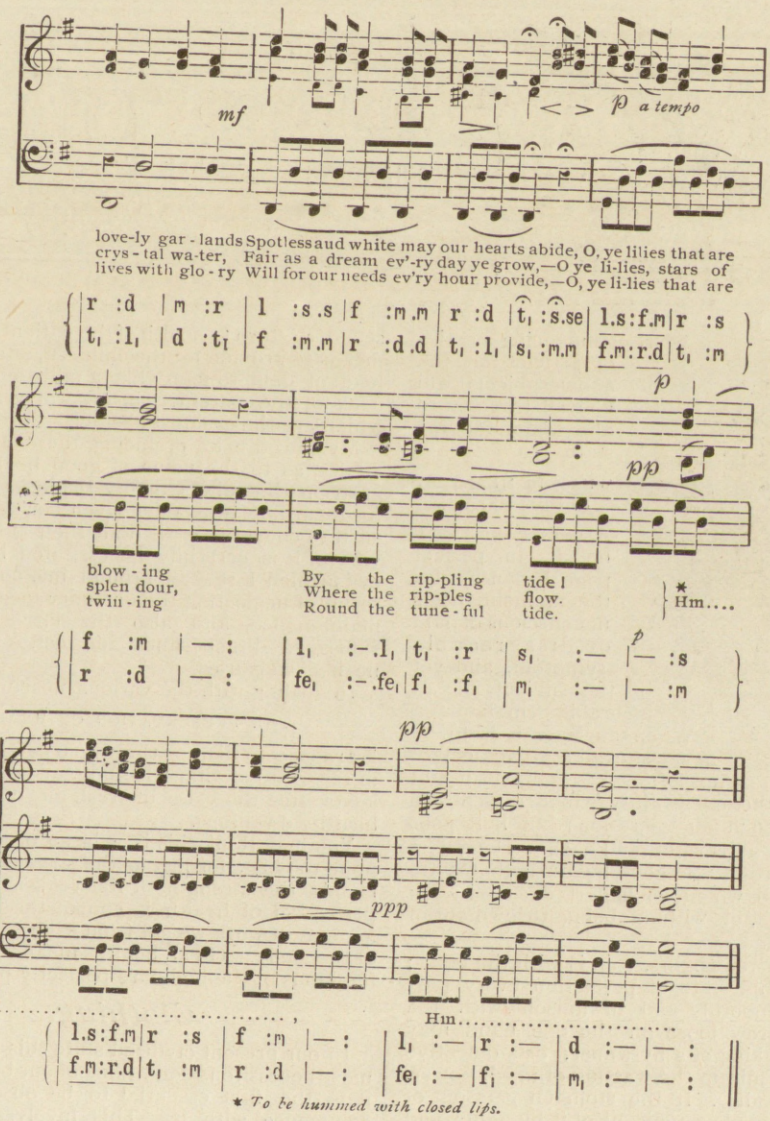
s_1 :—	— :s	l .s:f .m	r :s	f :m	— :s	d :-.d	m :s
m_1 :—	— :m	f .m:r .d	t_1 :m	r :d	— :s_1	l_1 :-.l_1	d :m



light, As with a crown of light! Pure as are your
sweet, For - get - me-not so sweet; All are drink-ing
sore, And glad - den spir - its sore; He who clothed your

fe :—	— :m	r :-.m	r :l	s :—	— :	l :s	f :m
r :—	— :d	d :-.d	d :d	t_1 :—	— :	f :m	r :d

mp


mf
p a tempo
love-ly gar - lands Spotless and white may our hearts abide, O, ye lilies that are
crys - tal wa-ter, Fair as a dream ev'-ry day ye grow,—O ye li-lies, stars of
lives with glo - ry Will for our needs ev'ry hour provide,—O, ye li-lies that are
p
pp
blow - ing
splen dour,
twin - ing
By the rip-pling tide!
Where the rip-ples flow.
Round the tune - ful tide.
Hm....
p
pp
ppp
Hm.....
* To be hummed with closed lips.





IN commencing a series of articles on the above subject it will be well to come to an understanding as to

WHAT IS MEANT BY GOOD HEALTH.

A person may say he is in perfect trim because, for the moment, he is unconscious of pain or disagreeable symptom, and yet be the subject of an incurable complaint.

When an engine is to be newly started a great deal of excitement is felt because of the uncertainty which attaches to such an operation; but if it goes smoothly then all is right, and each working part is in perfect order. So good health is that state of the body in which each part does its work without a hitch, or without being thrown out of gear.

As it is with the engine, so it is with the body; to keep up this state of perfection every part must work smoothly and in unison with the others. A screw loose on the one hand may mean the breaking of a fly-wheel; or a defective valve may result in the wasting of much power. So with our bodies. If the stomach gets out of order we are made cognisant of it by pain; and the careless exposure of our bodies to cold means rheumatism or pneumonia.

With the present day stress of living and working at high pressure it becomes very necessary to take not only ordinary but extraordinary precautions to prevent a sudden breakdown. For

WHAT DOES A BREAKDOWN MEAN?

Should it occur in the case of a wage earner, then follows loss of income, which means the failure to obtain the necessary nourishment to secure a return to health of the patient, insufficient means to provide for the children, or else a heavy load of debt to hang like a millstone round the neck of the parent, causing worry and anxiety, which are the greatest obstacles to recovery.

My purpose in prefacing these articles with advice as to the value of good health is to engraft on the minds of my readers the necessity for regarding it as a "heaven born gift," and as such to conserve it with all their powers. This view of it is certainly necessitated by the many evils which I see all around me, coming as the result of neglecting the ordinary measures for its maintenance, and also the large amount of suffering, direct and indirect, which this negligence causes.

In dealing with the various measures for

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH

I propose to discuss the whole condition of man in regard to clothing, feeding, and exercise; also advocating the value of fresh air, pure food, and healthy dwellings.

You may think this is a large order, but it is none too big; for just as the strength of a chain is only the strength of its weakest link, so the perfection of health is consonant only with the amount of work we get from each separate organ of the body. Good health means that all the functions of the body are perfectly performed.

Clothing.

In our present civilised state this is one of the most necessitous conditions of our bodies, and as it is the first essential to be observed I shall commence with it. This involves the various changes during life, beginning with the newly-born infant, and passing through the different generations until we reach the old and feeble one, who is ready to lay down his life's work.

The clothing which is worn next the skin should be flannel. Here let me sound

A NOTE OF WARNING

against the use of any of the newly-invented substitutes, which, however well they may appear in plausible advertisements under inviting names, are nevertheless not what they seem. It matters

not how flannel-like they may be made to look by means of ingenious machinery, they are still cotton, and as such should be given a wide berth.

The difference between woollen and cotton is a wide one. When the first gets wet with perspiration the fibre swells up by absorbing the moisture, whilst the spaces between the fibres are still left open and occupied with air, which being a bad conductor of heat helps to keep the body warm by preventing the escape of heat.

Cotton on the other hand is composed of twisted fibres, which on becoming wet, flatten down against each other, retaining the damp but obliterating the air spaces, thus allowing the heat to be absorbed from the body to be again passed on to the atmosphere. Evaporation goes on at the same time to further augment the cooling of the body.

It is easy now to understand why flannel is the best and safest protection for the body. Another reason in its favour is its roughness, which, by its stimulating action on the skin, causes an extra flow of blood through the surface of the body to keep up its warmth.

CLOTHING SHOULD BE LOOSELY MADE,

so as to give free and unrestricted motion to the limbs, for by this free action we get assistance to the growth of the body without any deforming results.

For infants and young children the exercise of throwing the limbs about is very necessary during the period before walking has commenced, as by it the legs are in constant use without the extra effort of supporting the body—a most necessary proceeding when the legs are constitutionally weak, as otherwise they would become bent and of bad shape.

During the whole period of life, from the cradle to the grave

THE VITAL ORGANS,

which are situated within the body, require more covering than nature has provided. Consequently we have to adopt artificial means of retaining its natural heat. It follows, therefore, that though the tailor is said to make the man he should not be allowed absolute sway. Common sense tells us that such portions as the chest should receive more attention than is usually given to it. The more we discard the open fronts, showing a wide expanse of thin white shirt, and the healthier we shall be.

One of the most important parts of the body to receive our attention ought to be the feet. Here let me speak a word of praise for the clogs so commonly worn by the people of Lancashire and Yorkshire towns. These clogs, having almost impervious soles, form dry and good supporting articles for the feet without the constricting disadvantages of laced or elastic-side shoes. Still we cannot all be persuaded, nor would we wish all, to wear clogs. We should see, therefore, that whatever

STYLE OF FOOT GEAR

we do adopt it should be all that is desirable—something to protect our feet from damp and cold without endangering their usefulness by disfiguring them, which is the usual result of badly-shaped and badly-made boots.

The usual custom of buying the pair of boots which comes the nearest to fitting the feet, regardless of shape, is one to be deprecated to the utmost. The boots are then worn for a certain time in agony, until one or the other conforms to circumstance; either the boots become moulded to the shape of the feet, or the feet assume, after much pain, the character and configuration of the shoe.

During the years of childhood, when growth is the most rapid, it is looked upon as a piece of extravagance to have the little ones measured and their boots made to order, simply because there is a chance that the boots will be too small before they are worn out. Just look for a moment at the consequences of this folly. For the sake of a few shillings occasionally spent discriminatingly the child is made to suffer pain, the feet are thrown into all sorts of ungainly shapes, making them all the more difficult to fit in after life, and the whole of the future life is rendered miserable because of the pain when walking.

Let me instil this into all who are, and those who may be, parents: Make the subject of the covering and the protection of your children's feet as important as that of the head and body. Dry feet may mean

A LIFE OF HEALTHY ENJOYMENT.

On the contrary, the neglect of this important matter may result in disfigurement and greatly reduced usefulness of these necessary parts of our bodies.

Fashion decrees this or that shall be worn. To-day we have

NARROW TOES AND HIGH HEELS.

To-morrow it will be something as grotesque and injurious. Our shoemakers are compelled to make for the public, and therefore, instead of guiding us in the shape of our foot coverings they look to their pockets, and provide us with what for the moment is fashionable. Boots, yea, even slippers, should be wide enough for the feet when supporting the body; room enough for all the toes when lying in their natural position, and should not be so tight round the ankle as to interfere with the circulation of the blood.

KIND WORDS are like the morning sun that
gilds the opening flower,
Kind words are like the blessing spread by every
summer shower;
They light the heart with sunny beams, they
shed a fulgent ray,
And cheer the weary pilgrim as he wanders on
his way.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—*Proverbs.*

A Sunday Pleasure Party.

By Louie Slade.

It was a charming evening; so charming, in fact, that I was tempted to leave my own place of worship, which was in the very heart of the town, and stroll to one in the suburbs. But I should not have gone if I had guessed that I was going to meet Tom Wilkinson and his party.

Tom was cousin to a fellow clerk of mine—Frank Ward. It was Frank who had introduced us to each other. Tom was one of those kind of fellows you can't shake off; if you rebuffed him one day he seemed to have forgotten all about it by the next. He was not without his good points. He was good-natured; at least he possessed the spendthrift habit which often passes by the name of good nature, and means that a man squanders money on himself and his acquaintances which really ought to be used in maintaining those belonging to him. Still one could not help liking Tom. But to go back to that Sunday evening. I was nearly at the church when I met a smart wagonette, which had just driven off from the "Eagle." I took no particular notice of it, for one always sees plenty of pleasure seekers on a Sunday evening, but suddenly the driver pulled up, and someone called my name.

"Hulloa, Geoff, old man! come for a drive?"

Before I could answer, Tom, who was sitting at the back, had sprung down.

"Come on, my boy!" he said persuasively; "we have just room enough for another; and I don't think you'll object to the company," he added, with a wink at Frank.

And then I saw, to my surprise that Ward's sister Mabel was of the party.

"Thanks, Tom," I replied; "it is very kind of you, but I can't go."

"Nonsense, Geoff! Stuff those books into your pocket and jump in. Do you mean to tell me you would rather be mewed up in that gloomy old church on such an evening as this than driving over to Greymoor? Because I shan't believe it. What do you say, Mabel?"

"That you had better waste no more time in persuasions," she returned, laughing. "Get in, Tom! Mr. Morton can please himself about coming."

I could tell by the tone that Mabel was chagrined by my refusal, and for a moment I hesitated. I was beginning to feel more than a passing interest in Frank's pretty sister, and the prospect of a twelve miles drive, with her as my companion, was very tempting. And after being stifled up in the noisy, smoky town all the week there could surely be no great harm in taking a country drive upon the one day at my own disposal.

Yet was it at my own disposal? Only this morning, after hearing the commandment read—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"—I had joined in the petition, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

I shook off Tom's detaining hand.

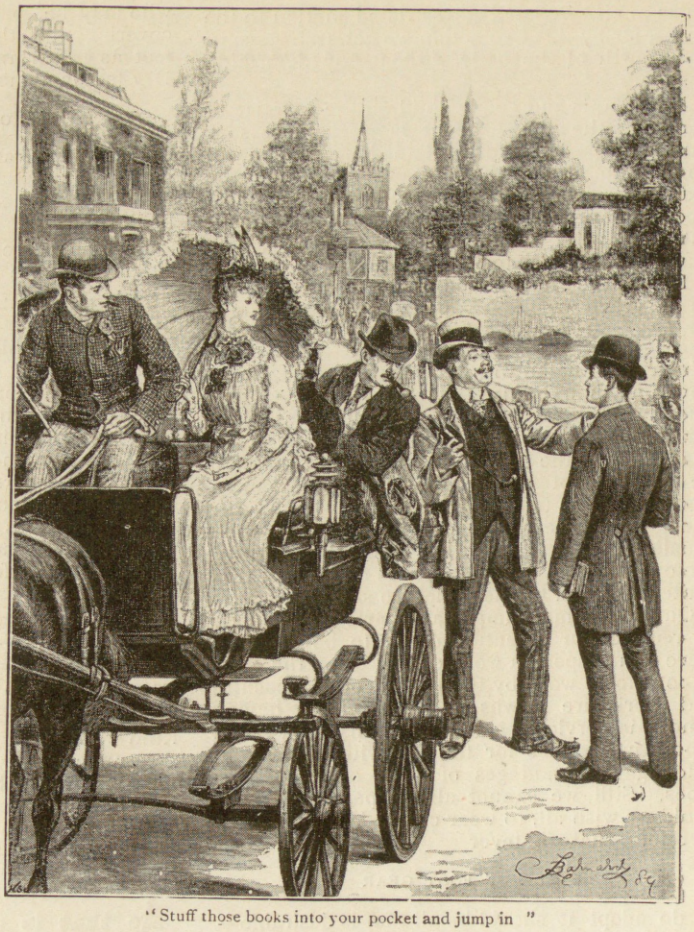
"Miss Ward is right, Tom; there is no use in wasting any further time. I am much obliged to you for the invitation, but I must emphatically decline it."

There was a chorus of derisive laughter, in which I noticed that Mabel joined, and sundry sarcastic speeches at my expense, and then they drove away.

I was disappointed in Mabel; I had not supposed she would spend her evening in such a manner.

The next morning Frank was late, and got sharply reprimanded. I noticed, too, that he seemed dull and out of spirits.

"Is anything the matter, Frank?" I asked.



"Stuff those books into your pocket and jump in"

"Oh, nothing, particular; only I went and made a donkey of myself last night."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Tom and the rest of them persuaded me to break my pledge, and—well I got boozed."

"*Frank!*"

"I did. You see I had never tasted the stuff before, and I suppose it didn't take much to upset me. But there! how I came to be such a muff as to let them laugh me into taking it at all I can't imagine. You were wise not to go, Geoff; there wasn't a public-house between here and Greymoor that we didn't stop at; and we were so noisy by the time we got back that Mabel says she was ashamed to be seen with us. Poor Mabel! She didn't enjoy her outing much. She wouldn't have gone at all if Tom and I had not persuaded her; she declares she'll never go again. If you had only seen the people flock into those public houses, Geoff, you would be even hotter upon Sunday Closing than you are now. But look here, old man, do you think it's any use for me to take the pledge again?"

"Of course it is. I'll bring my book round to-night. But, Frank, you had better steer clear of Tom for the future."

"I mean to. I won't have any more shilly-shallying; there shall be no mistake this time as to which side I am on. I say, Geoff, girls are awfully queer, aren't they. There was Mabel spoke up quite spunkey last night because you wouldn't go with us, and yet this morning she was praising your pluck in refusing."

And to that refusal I owe, so I am told, the possession of my dear little wife.



In Memoriam.

TWO VETERANS.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, J.P.,
of Scarborough,

AND

FREDERICK ATKIN,
Agent, British Temperance League.

They grasped the standard when but few upheld. They fought, they toiled and wearied not, until on vantage ground they placed it, far forward whence they started—then laid them down, calling even as they slept: "Thus far *our* hands have borne; grasp ye, and on to yonder heights now bear where victory is!"

Mother's Thought.

TWENTY times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day,
Your mother thinks about you
At school, or else at play.
She's busy in the kitchen,
Or busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within,
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you to do;
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,
Now, mind, I tell it you:
Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say,
"I'm coming, in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant,
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.
You could make your mother happy,
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

—*Winifred Tolton, Leicester.*

Real Object of Education.

THE real object of education and culture is to eliminate the brute nature and develop the true man. To attain this object, everything depends upon

CHOOSING A HIGH IDEAL

at the very outset of life. The youth who begins his career with a determination merely to get rich, to amass a great fortune, unconsciously sets up a standard which will dwarf and demoralise the better part of himself.

There is something hardening and brutalising in a mere

MONEY-MAKING EXISTENCE;

something that strangles all the finer instincts, the aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true, which dries up the sympathies for those who are not so fortunate, marbleises the affections, and crushes out that which makes life strong, serene, and sweet.

A grand character can never be developed under the shadow of a low, sordid aim. To look constantly to a high ideal is the only safe course for him who would become cultured and win real success. Manhood is a plant which thrives only in the

SUNSHINE OF THE SOUL.

Its blossoms are chilled in a narrow, sordid, selfish atmosphere. The fruits of selfishness will surely kill the blossoms of perfection.

How little does a youth who starts out to make a fortune realise that the grasping passion to get and to hold will grow until it

BECOMES A GIANT

that will ultimately crush out all his finer sensibilities and nobler instincts! The man who is always scheming and planning to get the better of somebody else will unconsciously blight and wither up the qualities which, if nurtured, would bring into fruitage the principles of the Golden Rule

The mind that is being constantly trained in shrewdness, sharpness, sagacity, cunning; that is ever on the alert to take advantage of a competitor's weakness; that is trained to see real value only in money and that which money can procure; to put the gold mark on everything, to take advantage of

OTHERS' WEAKNESSES AND MISFORTUNES;

in short, the training which teaches a youth to use those who have fallen in the race as stepping-stones to his own elevation, is a process of education which develops only the brute qualities and dwarfs or wholly destroys soul growth.

The supreme object of education and culture is

TO RAISE MAN TO HIS HIGHEST POWER,

to develop him along the line of his noblest nature, so that he will be not only keen, sagacious, and shrewd, but broad-minded, evenly and sympathetically balanced, tolerant, sweet, and charitable. The properly educated youth will naturally express in his life the principles of the Golden Rule; he will recognise that others do not exist merely for his benefit; he will see that

THE HIGHEST GOOD FOR EACH

lies in mutual reciprocity. An education which does not achieve these results, which does not bring sweetness and light, harmony and power into the life, is no education at all. —W.

"Me an' 'Liza Jane."

IT'S fifty year an' more ago since me 'an 'Liza Jane,
A-walkin' home from meetin', through a sweet an' shady lane,
Agreed it was the best fer us to join our hands fer life;
An' hain't I allers blessed the day she said she'd be my wife!
We've had our little fallin's out, the same as all the rest,
But all the while, I've knowed 'at she's the kindest an' the best,
The truest an' fergivenest, fer I begin to see
She's had ter be an angel fer ter git along wi' me.

Fer since I'm gettin' on in years, I sort o' set around
An' kind o' specellate about the things 'at's more profound;
An' as my mind goes strayin' back along the path o' life,
I jest begin to see how much I owe that good old wife.
You wouldn't think her handsome, 'cause your eyes 'll never see
The many lovin' deeds she's done to make her dear to me.
My God! the things 'at she's gone through fer love o' me an' mine
Is 'nuff to make a feller think her beauty most divine!

I s'pose I done the best I could to make her burdens light,
Yit, lookin' back, I seem to see so much 'at wasn't right—,
So much 'at brought her sorrow,—yit, through all the changing years,
I've seen her keep her faith in me, a-smilin' through her tears.
An' now we're old together, but to me she's young and fair
As when the rose was in her cheek, the sunshine in her hair;
An' while I hold her hand in mine, an' journey down the hill,
I'll make life's sunset good an' sweet,—God helpin' me, I will!

—Nixon Waterman, in "L. A. W. Bulletin."



The Sale of Drink to Children.

By Charles Wakely,

Secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.



WHAT nobler work could be thought of for this year 1900—what more far-reaching in its results, than to save the children by a wise law from the enticements and contamination of the public-house?

What a glorious result if when the curtain falls upon the 19th century it should at the same time shut out from childhood the sights and sounds and snares and temptations that are inseparable from the temple of folly and vice!

This is the great end we have in view; this is the programme for the new year. We are relying on every one of the hundreds of Band of Hope Unions, with all their thousands of societies, members and friends, to unite in the campaign for the children. We hope when the year closes to rejoice together over good effected and evil averted by our united efforts.

Band of Hope Unions like the Lancashire and Cheshire Union have resolved vigorously to co-operate with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union in enlisting the help not only of Band of Hope workers but all well wishers of the young, so that by the time Parliament meets in February sufficient enthusiasm may be aroused to carry to a victorious issue this battle on behalf of the children.

HOW THE MATTER STRIKES OUTSIDERS.

It is clear that a large section of the general public regards with the very strongest disapprobation the practice of sending children to public-houses to procure intoxicating liquor. Sensible people fully realise that a continuation of the practice is likely to be fraught with increasing harm to child life, and calamity to the community generally. Consider, for instance, that remarkable statement of George Augustus Sala, one of the keenest observers of social phenomena—and that from the 'man in the-street' point of view—that "*to send small children to the public-house is to put them on the high road to perdition.*" Could anything be more direct or more condemnatory? Look again at the evidence before the Royal Commission of the Chief Constable of Liverpool, and that of a number of similarly competent witnesses. The testimony of such witnesses, who have special opportunities for observation, who are accustomed to closely observe the relations of cause and effect, is a most valuable support of our claim, revealing as it does a strong official condemnation of the existing practice, and a keen desire for its legitimate suppression.

Readers of this magazine do not, however, need reminding of the terrible nature of the evil they have set themselves to fight. They know, alas! too well how their work in the Band of Hope and the Sunday School is frustrated by the children's familiarity with liquor shops. How can we get children to fear that with which they are so familiar? How inspire the young mind with dread of an article which they are in the habit of carrying from the publican's counter to their homes every day, and of which it is sadly possible many sip by the way? Is it not vitally essential that we should by this Children's Bill put a further brand upon the drink as being, not only in itself, but through its associations, an article of a dangerous and deadly character?

AN ENTERPRISE OF GOOD HOPE.

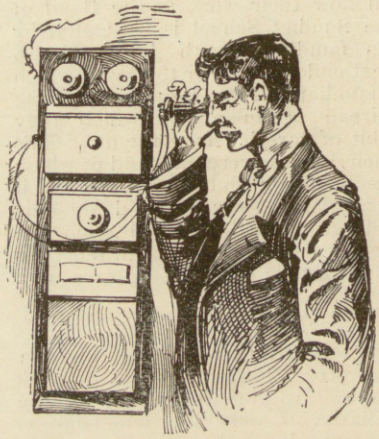
We feel very strongly that the obtaining of a measure for the prevention of the sale of drink to children is well within the power of the Temperance party, if only the campaign is vigorously organised, and all put their shoulders to the work. We have, for our great encouragement, the practically unanimous opinion of the Royal Commission that a legal enactment is necessary to prevent the sale of drink to children under sixteen years of age. We have the weighty fact that most of our colonies, for some years, have had the advantage of such protective legislation. Finally, we have on our side the strong religious and moral sentiment of a host of supporters who only need to be rallied to the work in order to carry the proposed measure to a speedy and triumphant issue.

A VIGOROUS CRUSADE.

A call to action has been given and the standard raised by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and our Unions throughout the country are responding to the call. We shall shortly find ourselves in the midst of an active and earnest propaganda. Public meetings and demonstrations on the subject will be the order of the day; petitions and memorials will go to the Government and Parliament, whilst our newspaper press, and our Religious and Temperance journals will, we hope, prove faithful and helpful auxiliaries.

We look forward with hope to the results of the work for the year. But our success can only be secured by the strenuous efforts not only of Unions and Societies but of all earnest abstainers. The best army schemes go awry if the burden of responsibility is not shared by each individual soldier. We trust, therefore, that every reader of this magazine, without exception, will be prepared to work to the utmost in this campaign of righteousness. Let none wait for further call. Let everyone volunteer.

Will every reader, then, straightway place himself into communication with the Secretary of the Band of Hope Union for his town or district, so that he may speedily and usefully be at work for the good cause. Isolated friends anxious to help, and not knowing of any local Union, cannot do better than communicate with the officers of parent society, 60, Old Bailey, London, E.C., or at the offices of this magazine.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the man of the hour, said: *"If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England what change should we see? We should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling. We should see our jails and workhouses empty. We should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter, savage war."*

WATER is good, outside or in,
To slake the thirst, or cleanse the skin.

IT strike me funny dat de man what brews much drink and gets him rich dereby am made a lord, but him dat take much drink de lord brews am sent to jail. Sims ter me de punishment am given to de wrong man.

Who waits until the winds shall silent keep,
Who never finds the ready hour to sow,
Who watcheth clouds, will have no time to reap.

RATHER NASTY OF HIM.—His wife: "Are you sure, George, you don't mind my going and leaving you?"

George: "Quite sure. I shall enjoy the quiet."

Don't go to the "Gaping Goose!" Folks may think you are one! Birds of a feather, you know, flock together.

"DON'T you wish you had obeyed me?" said Jimmy's mother, while she belaboured him for his misconduct.

"I wish," blubbered Jimmy, "I was an orfing."

A MAN is known by the company he keeps. What sort of people must they be, then, who are always in the company of the "Blue Pig?"

The riches of a commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
Are the cunning hand and cultured brain.
—Whittier.

ALCOHOL is not a Gift of God, but the devil's most powerful agent for destroying God's image in man.

Dr. Charles Smith, who was for more than fifty years a physician in leading practice in New York, has (says the "Westminster Gazette") entered upon his 124th year. He was born on Sept. 26th, 1776. Dr. Smith is a vegetarian and a total abstainer. He looks like a man in the sixties, walks with a vigorous step, has a clear, resonant voice, and is in full possession of all his faculties.

"JOHNNIE!" said the minister to the little boy, "I hear you go to school now."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Tell me what part of it you like best," asked the good man.

"Coming home!" was Johnny's truthful answer.

IT is natural for the world to believe in men who believe in themselves, who have confidence that they can accomplish things. No one has faith in the timid, vacillating, undecided man. It is the positive personality, the man who believes that he is equal to the emergency, who gains the confidence of others. It is the man who has a motto like the Norseman, who believes neither in idols nor demons, but puts his sole trust in his own strength, under Providence, that achieves results.

SOME young men, teasing a fat man, said: "If all flesh is grass you must be a load of hay."

"I suspect I am," replied he, "from the way the asses are braying after me."

Put as much of heaven into your daily life as possible. Be happy, and render all happy about you. Keep pure, and make all pure whom you can influence by your spirit and conduct. In our work-day order of existence, the more of the joyous, the purifying and the elevating we can introduce into it, the better for ourselves and for others.

THE VOICES.

"WHY urge the long unequal fight,
Since truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million's feet?

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from good;
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude."

So spake the tempter, when the light
Of sun and star had left the sky.
I listened through the cloud that night,
And heard, methonght, a voice reply:—

"The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end."

—J. G. Whittier.

A Leading Member of the Army Temperance Association.



From Photo. *London Stereoscopic Co.*

FIELD MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., G.C.B., &c.

THE SOBER SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

[SEE PAGE 26

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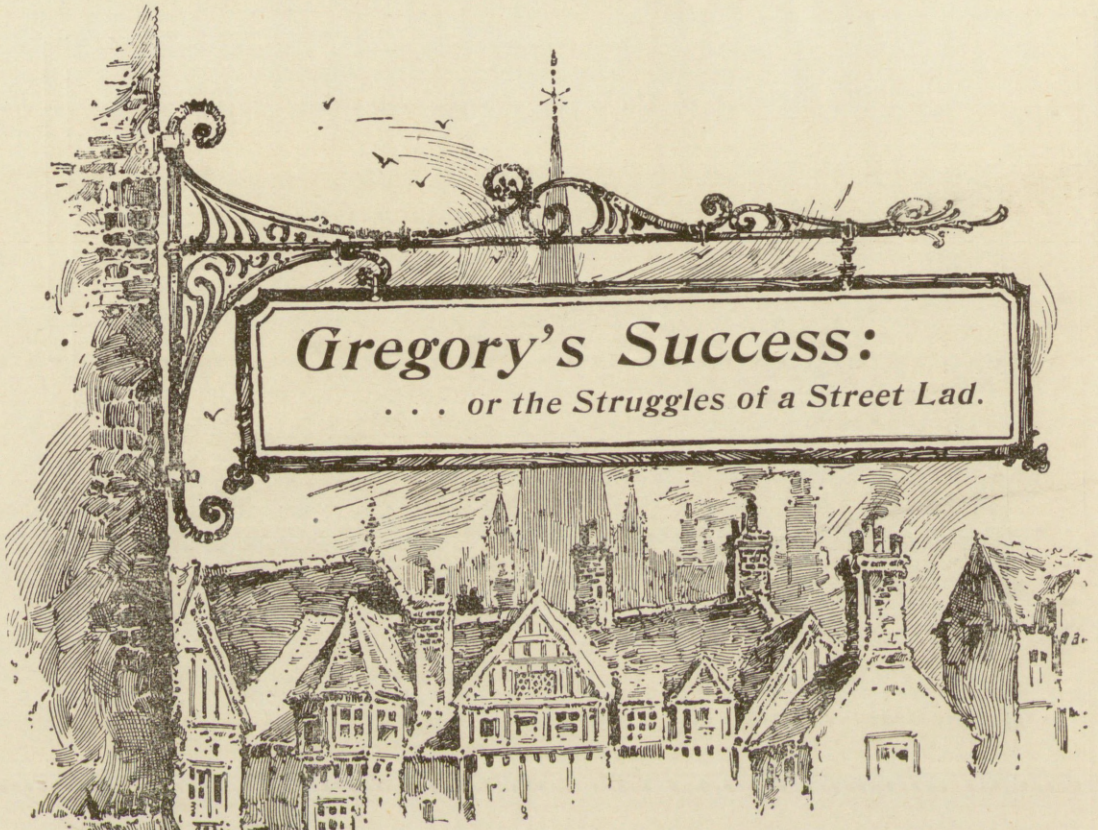


Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER II.—Gloom and Gladness.

Wouldst thou know the joy of life? Outpour
Thy store to them who want; and more,
Outpour thyself, thy love, thy best,
Then, indeed, shalt thou be richly blest.

COTTONTON is one of the greatest cities of the empire. The wealth of millions is bound up within its borders. Its markets are the envy and admiration of the whole world of them who buy and sell. There the merchants of every race and clime meet to do business; and there, at all times, wealth and success await the keenly industrious.

In a commercial sense it is, indeed, no mean city, and every Cottonton office lad, as he mounts his stool for the first time, dreams of the day when he shall have mastered its secrets, amassed his fortune, and joined the great array of kings of trade, for which the city is famous.

But if Cottonton is noted for its commerce, it is no less notorious for its ugliness and monotony. Architectural beauty, elegance of line and structure have little place there. Utility, ugly utility, governs everything. Land is too valuable to admit of lateral expansion. All development of building, therefore, must be skyward, to the exclusion of light and air. Sombre warehouses, pile on pile, with scarcely the slightest variation, in tiresome sameness rear their huge fronts in the narrow streets to cramp and confine all life within their deep shadows—just as if their especial mission were to make gloom and depression inseparable conditions of the city's work-a-day life.

There the sky is always leaden. Even on the brightest days of summer a painful greyness, like a great pall, hangs o'er the city. The very breezes lose their buoyancy, and with listless sluggishness thread their way through the tortuous streets.

No wonder that as nightfall closes in, all who can rush away from the great agglomeration of modern times, where the "light of life, the joy of sight and sound" take second place to market value, "commercial considerations," to find in spacious suburbs the freer air, health and recreation, which the city denies them.

But on the morning of Christmas, 18——, Cottonton was a city beautiful. In the night the great artist, Nature, 'neath a wealth of snow had buried all its ugliness. The griminess, the

sordidness, were all gone, hidden away in a mantle of dazzling purity. With a master stroke, by a handful of snow here, a flake there, had the awful monotony of line been broken. The fairy touch had transformed every pinnacle, every projection, even the hideous gargoyles of the Old Church, into "things of beauty, joys for ever."

The great warehouses, the big shops, the ugly factories, no longer looked forbidding. In their newly donned decorations of unsullied fleeciness, with every line picked out in lustrous whiteness, like the castles from fairyland they seemed--an illusion which the snow-roped telegraph wires did not a little to sustain. With frost and snow had Nature's magic art converted the city grim into the city beautiful, where shadows heightened beauty, and factories like palaces abounded.

The bells in the Old Church tower had just begun to peal out their early morning welcome to King Christmas when, fearful lest he should wake "Sister Nell" sleeping so peacefully with her new found treasure beside her, Gregory Johnson stole quietly out of his garret, down the staircase, and into the frosty air of the street.

Just for a moment he noticed the absolute whiteness. But of the dainty beauty of the scene he recked nothing. How could he? The night before, in his eagerness to gladden Nell's heart, he had forgotten the demands of hunger which now were clamorous, while his teeth chattered again with the cold. It's easy to see beauty in frost and snow if amply prepared within and without to resist them; but well nigh impossible when scanty clothing and scantier food add poignancy to their keenness.

Not that Gregory was soft to the weather. Bitter experience had innured him thereto, and he had learned that "what can't be cured must be endured," and that the true philosophy of life lay in accepting and making the best of the inevitable.

In his own blunt way he had often said, "It's no use grumbling about what you can't alter. That only makes things worse." So, shouldering a sweeping broom and shovel and starting off at a swinging trot he soon forgot the weather and want of food.

The snow to him meant what he hadn't expected on Christmas Day, a chance to earn an extra copper or two. Such an opportunity he was not the lad to miss. He believed there were plenty of folks would rather pay to have work done for them than do it themselves.

Nor was he mistaken, for as he passed the doors of the "Green Man" a voice saluted him, "Hey, you lad! want a job of snowclearing?"

That's just what he did want and soon he was at it like a man. When he had finished and the time of payment came, the landlord who had engaged him, called him inside.

"Art cold, lad?" said he.

"A bit."

"Well, here, just take a drop o' this. It'll do thee good and happen warm thee up for t' next job," and he pushed a steaming tumbler of brandy and water towards him.

Gregory didn't take it.

"What's to do with thee, lad. What art holding back fer? Drink it up I tell thee, it'll do thee good. I've seen lots o' lads noan bigger than thee as had a cleared it all off long afore this and bin ready for another. Here now," and he pushed the glass nearer.

The publican meant no harm. He believed in the stuff, and thought he was doing the lad a good turn. He never doubted that it would help him the better to withstand the cold. In his way he wanted to show kindness to him.

But in Gregory's heart a great struggle was going on. The warmth of the invitation, the comforting smell of the liquor, caused him severe conflict. A strange yearning came over him. He longed to quaff its contents. Instinctively, he stretched out his arm; indeed his finger tips had just touched the warm glass, when—

"A Merry Kismas, Dada!" piped a childish treble, and a little three-year-old came bounding into the place where he stood, threw her arms around the publican and kissed him.

That settled it. The temptation was dead. He remembered Nellie, his promise to his mother, that he would never, never take the drink, and there—he had almost done so.

"I cannot, Mister," he said, "I cannot take it. Thank yer. Give me my money and let me go."

"Well, here, take that," said the man, throwing him a bun and the sixpence agreed upon; "yo' look famished enuff. P'raps that'll do you more good," and Gregory departed leaving him to wonder what possessed the lad.

He was a good hearted soul, John Prettyman, far too good for the business in which he was engaged, and to whose hardening influence he had so far remained superior. Could he but have seen the anguish his well-intentioned act had caused—none would have been sorrier than he. Well would it have been for him, as after years proved, if then and there his conscience had been quickened to realise the very danger in which he himself then stood.

Away from the "Green Man," Gregory's spirits soon revived, but although he swept many frontages that morning, that was the only public-house whose work he would accept. The most tempting offers failed to attract him.

To himself he said when invited, "I wanted that glass. Yet if I had taken it and become like father, what would become of Nell?" And with intense earnestness he prayed the prayer his mother had taught him, "Lord Jesus, help me to do what is right."

Nobody knew he was praying. He clasped no hands, he uttered no audible sounds. Yet even as he swept that prayer constantly rose to the throne of Him Who knoweth the inward secrets of the heart, and Who hears and answers prayer.

By the time he returned home the morning had well advanced, and Nell had grown quite impatient for his coming.

The little wayward Miss did not know what his struggles meant, but she did want Gregory.

They were all seated at breakfast, at least partaking what answered for breakfast, Gregory, Nellie, and old Mrs. Brown, when a loud "rat-a-tat" on the door startled them.

"What was that?" said the old lady, when

the door was flung open and a postman inquired 'Does Master Gregory Johnson live here?"

"No!" was the lad's response.

"Yes! he does," contradicted the woman. "Why! You don't know your own name! You're Master Gregory Johnson."

"Fancy! Don't know his own name! Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed the postman, laughing at the fun of the thing, as he threw a letter across the table and stalked away.

That was the first postal communication of any kind which had been delivered there since Gregory had lived in the house.

For a space he gazed at the hand-writing, then at the post-mark, then at the name again.

He had got so accustomed to being called Greg. or Gregory, or more often, "Here, you Kid!" and so unaccustomed to his own surname that he couldn't recognise it as belonging to him.

"Well, come on! let's know what it is," said Mrs. Brown, whose curiosity was momentarily increasing. "P'raps it's a fortune for you."

And sure enough it was in its way. At least they all thought so when from the envelope he drew out a dainty card and read—

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FOR NEWSVENDORS, MATCHSELLERS AND OTHERS.

The Committee invite
Gregory Johnson and his Sister
to a
CHRISTMAS TREAT & CHRISTMAS TREE
On Dec. 25th, at 5 o'clock, in the Cloth Hall.

DON'T FAIL TO COME.

To say that they were excited would be to understate their condition.

What a long time it seemed till five o'clock, although it was past eleven when the card came. And what a number of questions had to be answered. Sister Nell had never seen a Christmas tree. Of a Christmas dinner she had no experience. Everything was so strange to her.

"When will it be time to go, Gregory?" she kept asking. "Will it be soon?"

How slowly the minutes went by. You see there was no dressing up needed to fill the waiting time. Her little tongue never ceased for an instant till they got into the building itself. Then the novelty, the brightness overawed her, and not a word would she say.

In the hall itself a bewildering sight met their gaze.

At one end of the room a big motto on a red ground bade "A Merry Christmas" to everybody. Along its length three great tables groaned under the weight of the good things provided. In the middle of the room surrounded by men dressed as soldiers stood a huge Christmas tree, laden with fairy lanterns, dolls and toys of all descriptions, books, gloves, woollen garments, and other useful articles. Like fairies bent on doing good, ladies and gentlemen in "grand clothes," as Nellie afterwards explained, ran here, there, and everywhere, looking after their guests, seeing that all were seated.

Then a trumpet sounded, and in an instant the babel voices of a thousand hungry, wretched children were hushed. The great organ pealed a tune, and to the familiar words, "Be present at our table, Lord," grace was sung.

After that, it was business, serious business. Such a meal of roast beef and plum pudding many of the thousand ragged guests had never had before, and of the rest, scarcely any since the previous Christmas. Dinner with them was partaken amid a strangely subdued noise, which must have been painful but for the organ music.

It was not that the guests were not enjoying themselves. Their happiness was too deep for words. It was a happiness felt, and such as must strongly move any beholder who, for the first time, realises the immense joy which a very little can give to the ill-clad, underfed, youthful victims of the grinding poverty of city life.

After the meal all sorts of frolic and fun followed, with a Punch and Judy Show and Magic Lantern.

Then came the Christmas tree! That crowned all. One by one the children went up, and a real Father Christmas, escorted by the soldiers, gave them each a present from it. To Nellie he gave a picture book and a little coat. To Gregory a woollen vest and a cap.

They were as proud and as careful of their gifts—so welcome, so kindly—as if they had been golden guineas.

And when the end came, and after receiving each an orange and a mince pie to carry home, at 9 30, they turned out into the streets again, they could scarcely contain themselves, and were very loth to depart.

Even Gregory, growing up as he was, became quite boyish again, while Nellie talked and talked as if she would never cease.

For a few moments only was she silent. That was on their homeward way, just as they were passing the doors of the "Green Man," when a drunken, dissolute fellow came stumbling out, nearly knocking them over.

The man was gone in an instant, and Nellie soon recovered herself. Not so, Gregory, for he knew the man, he was sure he did. It was his father.

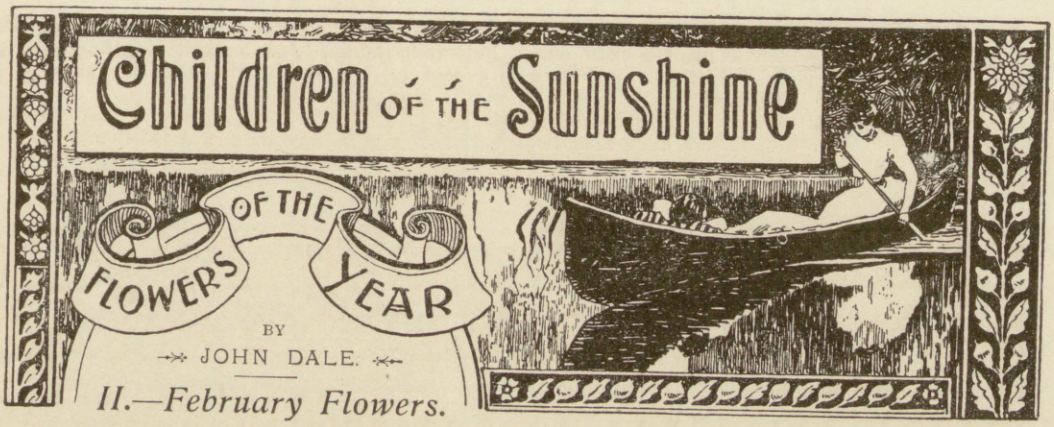
That night to her prayers Nellie added another petition which Gregory taught her,

"God bless the kind ladies and gentlemen"—a prayer in which he joined. So they fell asleep after what had been made indeed a truly "Happy Christmas" to them; Nellie to live again in its happiness, Gregory to find a dark skulking figure everywhere obtruding on his dreams.

(To be continued).

MOTTOES.

Good thoughts are blessed guests.—*Spurgeon.*
Live up to the best that is in you.—*Longfellow.*
Hear cautiously, decide impartially.—*Socrates.*
Every man has need to be forgiven.—*Herbert.*



II.—February Flowers.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
—*Tennyson.*

THE "children of the sunshine" are not only the most beautiful things of earth, but in some respects they are the most wonderful. The plants which produce them are living things, very nearly in the same sense that boys and girls are living. They have had a father and a mother; they were once very small, but they began to eat and drink; they grew larger day by day, until many of them, like the oak and the beech trees, became giants.

Most people think that plants grow entirely out of the soil, but this is not so. They get the water they drink from that source, but the amount of food they obtain from the soil is very little compared with what they receive from the air. The chief food of plants is carbon dioxide, commonly called carbonic acid gas, a poisonous gas exhaled from the lungs of men and animals. It is also produced by the burning of wood and coal, by the fermentation of alcoholic liquors, and by the decomposition of vegetable matter.

The leaves are wonderfully adapted to absorb this gas, and feed upon it. They serve for plants and trees all the purposes which mouth, stomach and lungs do for animals; so that the feeding of plants is more like breathing than eating. Leaves are more enduring than flowers, which last at most but a few days, while they continue for months. Without them there could be no flowers, for the material from which flowers are made is produced in the leaves by the sunshine.

There is an almost endless variety of flowers, but the forms of leaves are even more varied. Ruskin in his vivid language says that they "take all kinds of shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated, in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from foot-stalk to blossom." It is interesting to "see" these varied forms, and to notice also the difference in the veinings, the margins, the texture, and the colour of leaves.

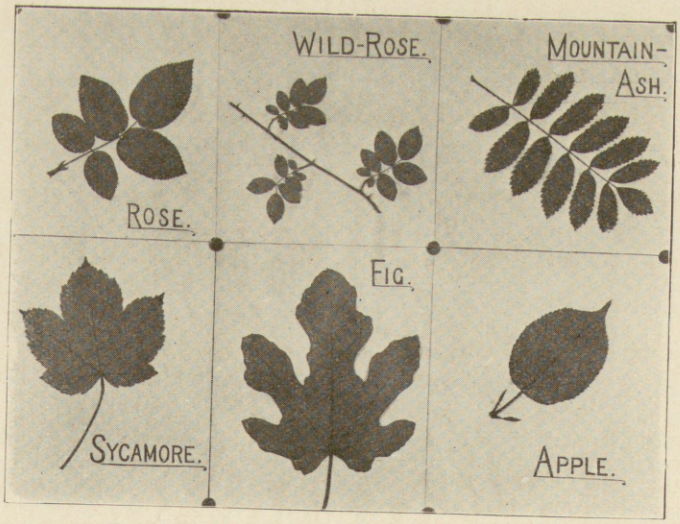


Figure I.

A leaf usually consists of two parts—the *lamina*, (pronounced lam-in-ah) or blade, and the *petiole* (pronounced pet-tee-ole) or foot-stalk. The blade is the broader part of the leaf, which is spread out to catch the sunshine. It extends on each side of the principal vein, or mid-rib, from which smaller veins branch towards the outer edges, often forming a network which covers the entire surface. The foot-stalk is an extension of the mid-rib, by which the leaf is attached to the stem. If a leaf has no foot-stalk it is said to be *sessile* (pronounced sess-ile), or seated.

Some leaves have a pair of little wings, or *stipules* (pronounced stip-ules), attached to the

base of the foot-stalk, where it joins the stem. The apple and the rose leaves furnish examples. (See Fig. I.) In the pea family the stipules are often the largest part of the leaf.

If the blade of a leaf consist of one piece only, however indented or broken the edge may be, the leaf is said to be *simple*, but if the blade is divided into segments down to the mid-rib it forms a *compound* leaf.

In the illustrations of Fig. I., which are taken from nature, the first three examples are compound leaves; the three lower ones are simple leaves.

The leaf of the sycamore or fig, instead of one mid-rib, has five veins diverging from the petiole; these running into five points in the margin give the leaf a hand-shaped form. This is but one of the many varieties in the form of simple leaves.

We must now look out for any flowers which the sunshine calls forth in February.

The first to be noticed are the golden blossoms of the furze or gorse (ulex europæus), which are especially attractive on account of their bright colour. They grow upon a very prickly shrub, covered with sharp green spines, the leaves being very small. It will not grow in hot countries, nor is it found far north; it is very plentiful in England, where it is crowned with a golden glory in the early spring.

Linnæus, the great botanist, tried to introduce it into Sweden, but did not succeed. It is said that when he first saw it in England he fell on his knees, and devoutly thanked God for its beauty.

The furze has five bright-yellow petals, arranged in the same manner as the pea blossom. Its fruit is a small pod, containing three or four seeds, which are eagerly sought after by the birds. In Scotland it is called whin. There is a smaller kind (*ulexnanus*) with paler blossoms, but this does not bloom till August or September.

> Mountain gorse with golden blossoms,
> Bursting when the year is young,
> How thou seem'st to welcome springtime
> With a glad and trustful song.

In this month we are certain to meet with the flowers of the Hazel (*córylus avellána*) if we look for them. There are two different flowers which bloom separately, but they may readily be found growing on the same tree before the leaves appear.

Children delight to see the yellow catkins, or lamb-tails, as the male flowers are sometimes called. The female flowers are often overlooked, they are so small. They have no petals like the snowdrop and many other flowers, but only a small tuft of crimson threads, which appear at the end of some of the buds, before they open to let the leaves come out.

The catkins, which often grow on the higher branches of the tree, produce a yellowish dust. This the wind shakes out, causing it to fall on the female flowers and fertilise them, so that they produce nuts in the autumn. Where is the boy who doesn't like nuts? Squirrels are very fond of them, too, and there is a little bird, the nut-hatch, which delights to feed on them.

Another flower to be met with in February, if the weather is fairly mild, is the lesser celandine, or pilewort (*ranúnculus ficária*), the first of the buttercup family. It is a small plant, and easily recognised by its heart-shaped, glossy-green



Figure II.

leaves, which are not divided as the common buttercup's are. Its pretty star-like flowers consist of eight or ten, narrow pointed, with a shining yellow surface, and which surround a bunch of yellow-knobbed threads.

Few can look upon these lovely blossoms without a thrill of pleasure at their exquisite beauty, or a feeling of gladness at the thought that "the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come."

This flower was well-known and beloved by the poet Wordsworth, for he complains of other flowers

> Taking praise that should be thine,
> Little humble Celandine!

Podgie's Nightmare.

By M. M. Forrester.

IN a short, narrow court, off a long, narrow street,
Where pleasure and poverty oftentimes meet,
There once lived a boy, christened "Jonathan Stead,"
Though folk called him "Podgie" for shortness 'tis said.

Now Podgie was healthy, and active and lean,
With limbs ever restless and appetite keen;
And "Though God sends a bit for the mouths one and all,
The mouth is oft large and the bit very small."

And Podgie, who fed in a casual way,
Could have ate a month's food in the course of a day;
When his fullest and heartiest meal was just o'er
Was always found longing and gaping for more.

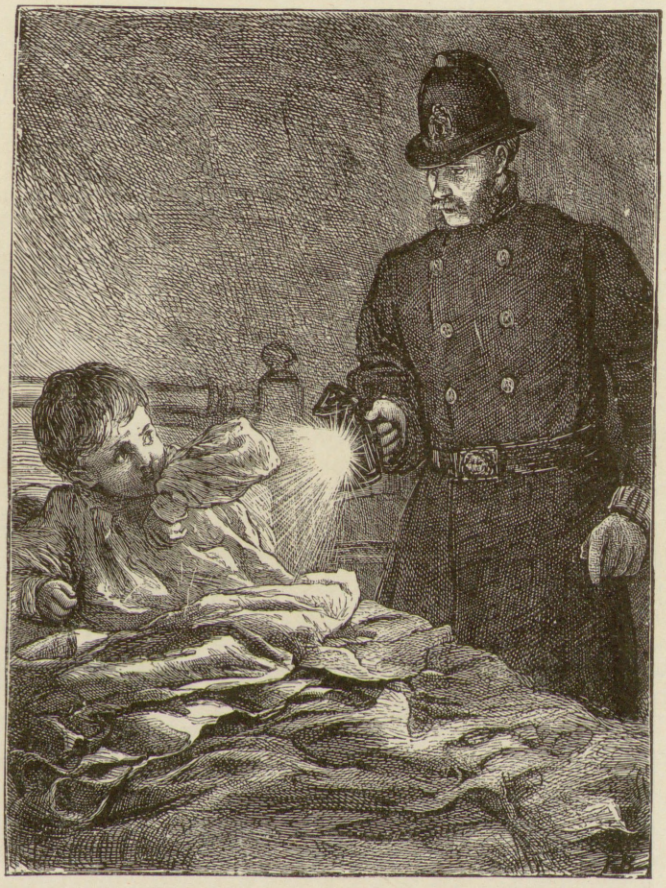
Now Podgie had friends mostly like
to himself;
Poor waifs, almost barren of com-
fort and pelf,
But whose hearts were as full of
humanity's gold
As their pockets were empty of
treasures more cold.

There was only one man Podgie held
as a foe—
A burly policeman, tall, heavy and
slow,
Who passed Podgie's house on his
beat every night,
And filled the lad's bosom with
tremors of fright.

He had never a horror, a ghost of
the brain,
A day-dream or night-dream, that
did not contain
That blue-coated officer, mighty and
grand,
Who seemed to hold Podgie's whole
fate in his hand.

Once into his life, with its clouds
thick and grey,
There flashed a bright beam, like the
dawn of a day;
He was asked to a party, a real
Christmas treat,
Where the watchword was "fun" and
the motto was "eat."

And eat Podgie did—deeply, earnestly,
long,
Of delicate dishes, and dishes more
strong,
Till the tears of exertion rushed into
his eyes,
And he felt himself growing to wonderful size.



That night when he lay snugly tucked in his
bed,
The strangest of fancies came into his head;
The funniest mixtures he saw in his sleep—
Policemen and puddings all rolled in a heap.

Once he thought he was chased by a great angry
band
Of blue-coated monsters, with truncheons in
hand,
And when he essayed to escape down the street
He found a plum-pudding tied fast to his feet.

Oh, his fears were so awful, his torture so deep,
That he rolled and he tossed and groaned in his
sleep;
But his terrors increased, for his foes grew in
number,
Till a whole world of monsters invaded his
slumber.

He woke with a cold, clammy sweat on his face,
While weird, ghostly shapes seemed to fill all the
place;
And still full of fancies he thought he could hear
The slow, measured tread of his foe drawing near.

Still closer and closer that terrible tread,
Till it seemed to stop short at the side of his
bed;
While the gleam of a lantern across the sheets
shone,
And glared, like the eye of a fiend, in his own.

He held to the pillows with desperate grip,
While the fright took the blood from his little
pale lip;
"Oh, dear, Master P'liceman, have pity!" he
gasped,
His tears falling fast on the pillow he clasped.

But vain his appeal, for the great burly vision
Grew bigger and bigger, and laughed in derision,
Till the groans of poor Podgie, one after the
other,
Awakened the household and brought in his
mother.

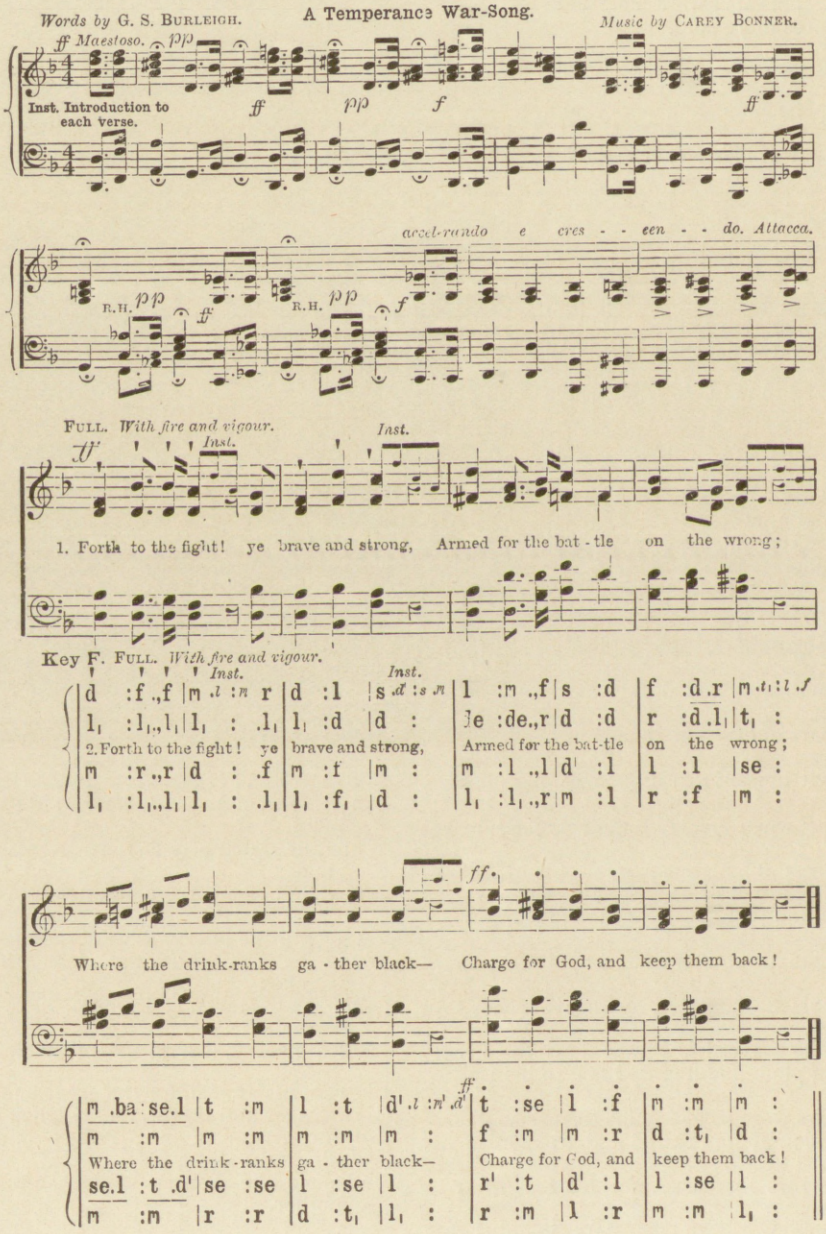
* * * * *

Now Podgie, who's older and wiser, 'tis said,
At the name of "plum pudding" will shake his
young head,
And will tell you that "parties" are all very fine,
But "pleasure" and "feasting" ain't much in
his line.

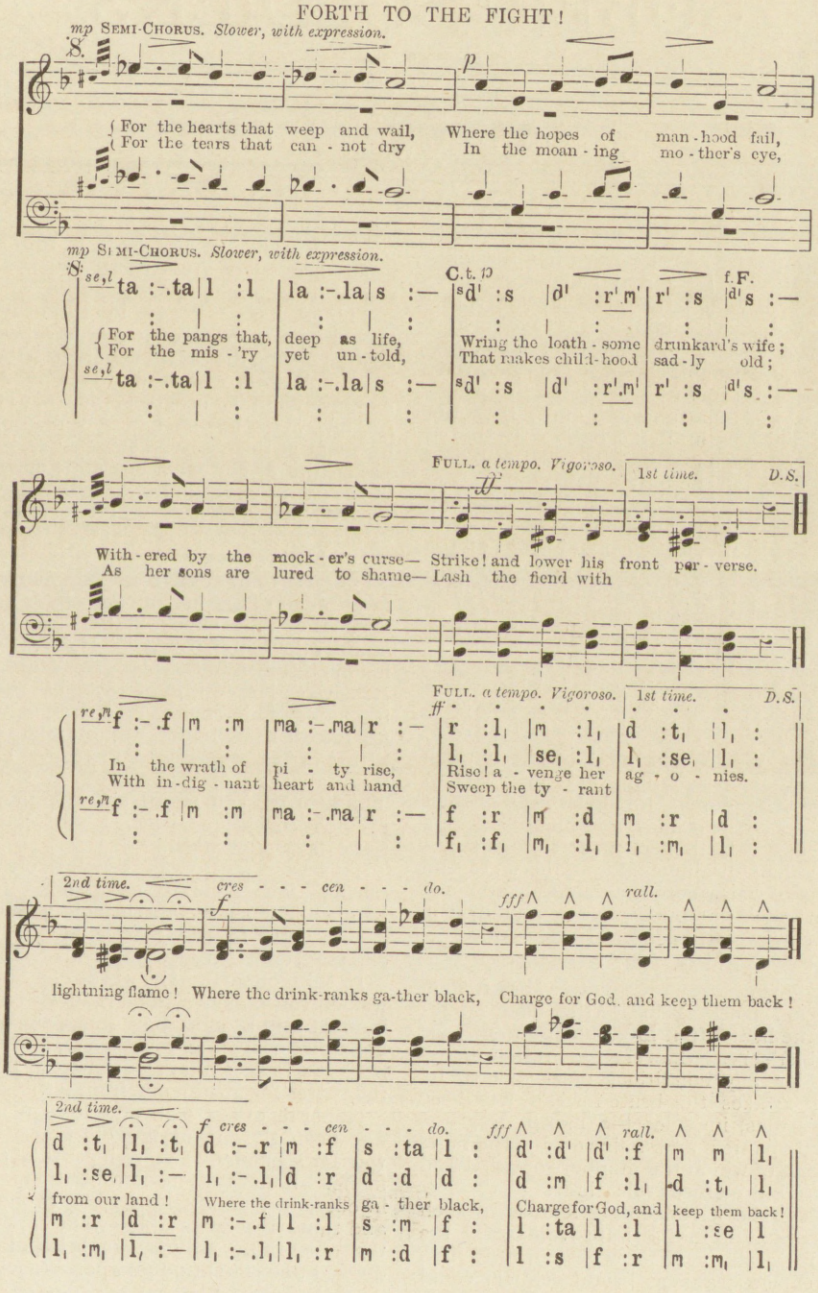
FORTH TO THE FIGHT!

A Temperance War-Song.

Words by G. S. BURLEIGH. *Music by* CAREY BONNER.



FORTH TO THE FIGHT!



SOBER SOLDIERS.

By the Editor.



JUST now, when the clatter and clang of arms, the roll of musketry, the booming of cannon, and the clash of steel, are ringing in our ears, when war, cruel war, pervades the whole atmosphere, our thoughts naturally go out to the brave fellows upon whom the hopes of the nation depend.

To them is given but one duty, and that to obey. Into the justice or injustice of the struggle in which they are engaged they may not inquire. Sufficient for them that Queen and country demand their service.

> Their's not to make reply,
> Their's not to reason why,
> Their's but to do and die.

When we have seen them assembling at the various depôts, taking farewell of their dear ones, and manfully going forth, perhaps to sudden death or to permanent disablement, at least to the fearful arena of war, where the demoralisations of mankind are multiplied, we could scarce forbear to cheer them, even though our hearts said,

"God Bless You, Lads!

It's a sorry business you're about. May it soon end, and you back again in the dear homeland, with the hearts that love you and want your help for nobler service than slaying brother men."

War, under any condition, must always be terrible. It awakes the brute in man, lets loose the evil passions, impedes the moral progress, and is accompanied and followed by the most awful horrors, of which the numbers of killed and wounded are but merest indications.

If there can be a redeeming feature in such sorry business it is in the improvement of the habits and morals of those whose profession is that of arms. A drunken, brutal soldiery could but intensify the horrors of war, and multiply the immediate evils associated therewith.

Time was when drunkenness in the army was looked upon in times of peace as only a venial lapse of the

"Absent-Minded Beggar,

whose weaknesses are great." In times of war, if old chroniclers are truthful, such a condition was all too common.

Things have altered in recent years, and though, as more than once has been demonstrated during the recent departures, there is room for much improvement, "Tommy Atkins" is making capital progress as a Temperance recruit. This has been largely due to the establishment of the Army Temperance Association, under the direct sanction and encouragement of the War Office. The Military Good Templar Lodges have also done grand service among the soldiers in garrison towns and at foreign stations.

Doubtless, however,

Temperance in the Army

owes much to the encouragement it has received from the War Office authorities. The Commander in Chief, Lord Wolseley, is well known for his interest in the matter. Years ago, in the Red River Expedition of 1870, he demonstrated the value of abstinence in a campaign. "There no intoxicating liquor was obtainable. A large ration of tea was issued instead. There was a total absence of crime, and of sickness also. The men worked better upon it than upon any previous occasions when rum formed part of their daily allowance."

This experience was conclusively supported during the Soudan campaign, under Lord Kitchener, when the absence of liquor contributed very greatly to the good conduct, health and efficiency of the troops under his command.

In this connection the words of a South African war correspondent will be read with considerable interest:—"Liquor has long since been exhausted for average purchasers, and "Tommy's" beer is a matter of ancient history, but he is all the better for abstinence from it."

Generals of our own and foreign armies have not been slow in finding out that "drink is the warrior's enemy." It reduces his prowess, inflames him to insubordination, lowers his intelligence, makes him more prone to fatigue, and to no inconsiderable extent deprives him of the essentially military qualities of endurance, dogged determination and persistency.

Lord Wolseley

on one occasion declared that "ninety per cent. of the crime in the army is owing to drunkenness; and when the men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor crime is practically unknown among them."

No wonder the Commander in Chief should be so good a friend of Temperance in the army. Most of the leading generals, too—among them the Duke of Connaught, Lord Kitchener, Sir Wm. Butler, and many others—take deep interest in the matter, and by the weight of their official influence encourage "sober soldiers."

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,

Commander in Chief of the forces in South Africa, has long taken a zealous practical interest in the work of the Army Temperance Association. Speaking recently he said he would like to direct attention to the benefit which soldiers derive, not only while in the ranks, but also on their return to civil life, from their connection with the Army Temperance Association. It has brought about great moral and physical improvement. It had produced a remarkable decrease in crime. Commanding officers should not allow any time to slip by without establishing branches of it, and should take personal interest in them.

WHAT LORD ROBERTS SAYS

he practises. He believes in a sober army, and does his best to produce one. The men who serve under him soon find out what he thinks of the drink. To his ardour Rudyard Kipling has borne emphatic testimony in that verse of his, where he makes the private say:

"'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer clink—
Don't it, Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-fire Bobs."

Once—and not very long ago either—it was held almost as an article of faith that a man who did not drink would

NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER,

and hard was the lot of the young recruit who tried to uphold his childhood's pledge.

Now it is cheering to know that, whenever possible, Temperance recreation rooms are being provided for the men, and every encouragement and stimulus given to any Band of Hope member who may enlist to keep teetotal.

The *Westminster Gazette* says that no fewer than 5,000 soldiers at present serving in South Africa are members of the Army Temperance Association, and this large number does not by any means include all the teetotal soldiers.

That the men thoroughly stick to their principles is abundantly shown by accounts

FROM THE "SEAT OF WAR,"

in which we have read again and again, with enkindling enthusiasm, of the tenacity with which, even when after bearing the brunt and din of battle for a whole day, without food and without water, they have refused the proffered rum and beer.

How faithful some of them have proved, the following extract from the letter of an Army Surgeon at the front will tell:—

"It was an awful job, such as, accustomed as I have always been to such work, sickened me. Many of the brave fellows had lain out all the night. The agonies they suffered from their wounds were nothing to the fearful agony of thirst, and yet not once, not twice, but repeatedly, I came across men who, when I offered them a drink from my flask, shook their heads, and if they could speak, said,

"NOT THAT! I'M A TEETOTALER."

I have always called you teetotalers fanatical, but I never thought to find a teetotal soldier who would endure even death rather than break."



"True, true till death!" We honour all heroes, but them especially.

So long as armies do exist, may Temperance therein increase, and *sober* soldiers multiply.

Tommy Atkins' real value as a fighting force, and his intelligence and worth on his return to civil life, will become all the greater the more he conquers the 'Drink'—alike the soldiers' and the citizens' enemy.

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

BY DR. F. G. HAWORTH, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

The Skin.

FROM the artificial protection of the body to its natural covering is but a short step, and just as the one requires our consideration and our judgment in the selection of material and its adaptability, so does the other need constant care in cleansing and keeping it in order.

The skin, besides providing a covering for the body has other useful purposes to serve. Its suppleness and pliability render it peculiarly adapted to

ACT AS A PROTECTIVE.

In the skin there are what are called glands, viz., the fat and sweat glands. The former are distributed over most of the body, principally about such parts as the head, &c., where the hair grows. They are not, however, found on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

This fat is provided to prevent the skin becoming dry and then cracking, thus keeping up its adaptability to different movements.

The sweat glands are very numerous, being most abundant in the skin of the palm of the hand where they amount to nearly 3,000 in each superficial square inch; whilst on the neck and back, where they are least numerous, amounting to 417 on the square inch. The total number in the body is estimated at nearly 2,400,000.

The sweat which is formed in these glands escapes and is slowly evaporated from the surface of the body. The amount of water thus lost is from 1½ lbs. to 2 lbs. during the twenty-four hours. This is, of course, during ordinary exercise, but when exertion is being used, the amount of water is very much increased, and it is then that it forms in beads upon the skin.

The purpose of this pouring out of sweat and its consequent evaporation, is

TO KEEP THE HEAT

of the body at its proper level, viz., 98·4°F, the rapid evaporation of the water tending to cool the surface of the body. By this process the blood in the skin is also cooled, and so by its circulation throughout the body it distributes its cooling effects to every part. Thus we see that when anyone engages in a game of football, or exposes the body to increased temperature as in the workshop, shed or bakehouse, a larger quantity of sweat is formed, and brings about a cooling action so that fever does not follow.

By this we see that, for our own benefit and to keep our bodies in a state of health, the

SKIN SHOULD HAVE CONSTANT ATTENTION.

For purposes of cleanliness, etc., the periodic bath is a necessity.

If this is not attended to the pores of these

SWEAT GLANDS BECOME CLOGGED UP,

forming those disagreeable black-heads, which are so unsightly; also preventing the escape of the sweat. Besides the washing down or bath, this ought to be followed by a scrubbing down with a rough towel, preferably the kind known as a Turkish bath towel.

The reason

WHY PEOPLE SO SOON CATCH COLD

after taking exercise, or when leaving a hot room, is, that the blood in the vessels of the skin becomes suddenly cooled down, and in its progress through the body carries with it too much cold action to the vital parts.

If a good rubbing down cannot be had, the person should walk briskly until the perspiration of the body has lessened and the dangers of chill averted.

Whilst on this subject I must bring to your notice the dangers of being in a crowded room, breathing a vitiated and filthy atmosphere. Floating about such an air are innumerable germs, which under certain conditions will give rise to pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs. It is not the effect of cold which brings on this disease, but by its action it lessens the vitality of the lungs, and provides a suitable soil for the breeding of the germs.

Thus on leaving a crowded room you should take care to close the mouth and breathe only through the nostrils.

The Teeth,

when good and of perfect shape and whiteness, afford such an appearance of beauty that the wonder is more care is not taken of them. Yet it is not only for their beauty that their preservation is a necessity, but for the useful purpose they serve. The first operation on the food when put into the mouth is to be broken up by the teeth, and the various names which have been given to them are an indication of the purpose they serve. Thus the front teeth are called *incisors* because they cut the food; there are the *canines*, or corner teeth, which are to rend or tear articles of diet; also the *molars*, so named because by means of these the food is ground up.

If the food were not so finely divided by the teeth, the juices of the mouth and stomach would not be able to act in a sufficiently rapid manner. For easy digestion it is very necessary that the

TEETH SHOULD BE KEPT IN GOOD ORDER.

If this duty were inculcated into the minds of our children, and they could be taught the reason for this, there would be fewer sets of bad teeth to shock us with their evil looking appearances. It is to the particles of food left in the spaces between the teeth that we are indebted for the cause of decay, and when once this process has begun it is far more difficult to stop it than to prevent it in the first instance. The matter is so easy that it seems almost needless to mention it:

A soft tooth brush and some clean water being all that are necessary. With these the particles of food should be cleaned away after each meal.

When done regularly it takes up very little time. This methodical cleaning may be done without the use of any of the much-praised tooth powders or pastes. It is not as if some antiseptic operation had to be performed, it is only a case of washing.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

II.—FOOTBALL - (Rugby).

As intimated in our last article, the oval shape of the Rugby football would lead to the belief that it is the legitimate descendant of the village scrambles, when the ball was simply an inflated bullock's bladder. The struggles which take place during the Rugby game have a tendency to accident which the Association has not. But freedom from accident cannot be guaranteed to the players of any game. Those who play must take their chance. Indeed the possibility of accident seems to add greatly to the enjoyment

of the game. It would seem that formerly weight of body was of more consideration than dexterity or skill in playing.

The large number of players in the Rugby sides have now passed away, and a legitimate fifteen, or a side, make up the number of the players.

A field under the Rugby Union rules should not exceed 110 yards in length, or 75 yards in breadth; the ball should be egg-shaped, so that the players can pick it up more easily than if it were round.

The winner of the toss selects that portion of the field which gives him the wind at his back. When the players are drawn up in a line the captain of the side which lost the toss kicks the ball from the centre of the ground. As soon as the ball is in the air the game has commenced in earnest; there is a mighty enthusiasm in every breast. A scrimmage soon takes place. The ball having been caught and kicked again it will probably be picked up, but before the player has had an opportunity of kicking it he is seized upon, he cries "down," and is released, and now all the "forwards" form a solid mass to urge the ball forward to the other's goal. When the forwards find that the ball is no longer in their midst they separate; the happy possessor of the ball is rushing forward, but the backs, three-quarter-backs, and half-backs are looking out to stop him from achieving victory. They may catch hold of him in any way, except that they must not trip him or catch him below the knee. Hacking, which means kicking or shinning the holder of the ball, is now forbidden.

Suppose, however, the possessor of the ball is fortunate enough to escape being captured, he runs and places the ball at a point as near behind his rivals' goal as possible, this gives him a "try." The ball is picked up by another player, who having placed it in its proper position a third player rushes forward, and having kicked the ball, if it passes over the cross-bar, a goal is secured. In entering into a scrimmage the ball should be held down, the forwards by this means form a more compact body to resist the enemy.

The following by an old player is excellent advice:—"Always play together and unselfishly, aiming at victory for your side and not at individual distinction. Use your feet well. Keep always on the ball, and back up quickly. Immediately the ball has emerged from a scrimmage break up; forwards seldom break away quickly enough from a scrimmage, out of which the ball has issued. The backs, half-backs, and three-quarter-backs have much greater opportunity of distinguishing themselves than the forwards. On them, in a great measure, devolves not only the task of defending their own fortress in case of an attempt to run in by the opposite side, but they have much more chance of making the attack. A half-back should have plenty of dash, dodging powers, strength in his legs, and able to make the drop kick with either foot. Backs should be able to catch the ball well with safety, run well, drop quickly, and tackle with promptness and firmness."

The laws of the Rugby Union are fifty in number. A player who wishes to understand the game scientifically will of course study these rules till he has them firmly in mind. When no umpires are appointed the captains of the respective sides are to be the sole arbiters of all disputes, and their decisions are final.

To give a synopsis of these half-hundred rules is quite impossible; an explanation, however, of a few technical terms may be useful.

When the ball, dropped from the hands, is kicked at the instant it rises, it is known as the "drop kick." When the ball has been placed in a nick in the ground, for the purpose of keeping it at rest, and is then kicked, such a kick is known as a "place kick." A "punt" is made by letting the ball fall from the hands, and kicking it before it reaches the ground. A "try" is gained when a player touches the ball down in his opponents' goal; the ball is "dead" when it rests absolutely motionless on the ground.

A "touch-down" is when a player, putting his hand upon the ball on the ground in touch or in goal, stops it so that it remains dead, or fairly so. A "tackle" is when the holder of the ball is held by one or more players of the opposite side.

By Rule 47, no hacking, or hacking over, or tripping up shall be allowed under any circumstances. No one wearing projecting nails, iron plates or gutta-percha on any part of his boots or shoes shall be allowed to play in a match.

Dr. Irvine, the ex Scottish captain, makes the following sensible remarks in his *Practical Hints on Rugby Football*:—

"Always strip and play in football dress, and always have a warm tub as soon as you can after stopping. Keep in condition. I don't mean that you are to live on half-raw meat, stale bread, or beer as some foolishly imagine. If you attempt this, take my word for it, you won't keep in condition. Avoid the pastry-cook's as you would the plague;

SHUN TOBACCO AS YOU WOULD POISON.
NEVER BE PERSUADED TO TAKE SPIRITS.

Don't try to ape the ways of men while still you are boys, and this exhortation I address particularly to the bigger boys."



My Old Chum.

By Louie Slade.

I HAD run down to the old place for a bit of a holiday. It was two years since I had been there, and I was beginning to feel a kind of hankering for a glimpse of the old faces. None of my kin were living there now, but there were several fellows that I used to chum with. Foremost among them was Jack Freeman. Jack had been a bit of a toff before he married, and we called him "Gentleman John." He was fussy over his collars and cuffs, and never dreamt of going out of an evening without shining his boots. But this was when he was young; he had got over all these little weaknesses long before I left, and was as rough as any of us. Still, he was a good fellow. We all liked Jack; and I was looking forward to seeing him, I think, more than anyone else.

It was dusk when I reached the village, and I went straight to the "Lion," and engaged a bed. The house had passed into fresh hands I found.

"I suppose Jack Freeman will be in presently?" I remarked to the landlord.

"Who, sir?"

"Jack Freeman; 'Gentleman John' as we used to call him."

He looked puzzled.

"I don't think I know him."

"Not know Jack Freeman? Surely he hasn't left the place! He's a carpenter, and used to work for Bennett."

"Oh, I know now who you mean. He's set up in business for himself just lately, and seems to be doing well. But he never comes here."

It was my turn to look surprised.

"Why he used to be in every night."

"So I have heard, but I've never seen him inside the house since I took it, and he'd dropped coming for some time before that I believe. Bless you, sir, he's the most red-hot teetotaler in the place; if he had his will all the public-houses would soon be shut up."

Jack a teetotaler! I could scarcely believe my ears; and to picture the taproom of the "Lion" without him and his fiddle was quite an impossibility.

"I suppose he still lives at the old place?" I asked presently.

"Yes, I believe so; it's in Grove Road."

I nodded, and having finished my supper strolled out to look him up, instead of going into the taproom as I had intended.

I soon reached the house, and walked up the strip of garden to the door. The curtain at the window had not been drawn, and as there was a bright fire, as well as a lamp burning, I could see into the room quite plainly.

But could that really be Jack who was playing the violin? When I had last seen him his clothes were shabby, he wore no collar, and there was a general air of untidiness about him. Now he deserved his old name of "Gentleman John." Yet there was the same genial face, only kinder and brighter than ever.

And how proudly and fondly the wife seemed to be watching him. I had thought Jack's wife a bit of a tartar, but I suppose it must be trying to a woman's temper and patience to see her husband squander his money at the ale house, while there are so many things wanted in the home. Certainly the two seemed to be on amicable terms enough now. And the children—it did one's heart good to see their bonny, happy faces.



Could that really be Jack who was playing the violin?

It was Saturday night; and as I watched the scene I could not help thinking of another Saturday night when I had been at this cottage. Ah! things had looked very different then. I had gone to help Jack home, for he wasn't steady enough on his legs to walk without assistance, and the little boy—he was quite a tiny little fellow at that time—had run to his mother in terror, and hidden his face in her apron, whilst she uttered some of the sharpest, bitterest reproaches to Jack that I have ever heard from a woman's lips. Upon that occasion, too, the house had looked bare and neglected; now it was bright and cosy. Whatever had brought about the marvellous change, it was certainly a change for the better.

Still, the transformation was so unexpected that I could scarcely realise it, and felt a little doubtful of my welcome. But my doubts were soon set at rest. Jack's face fairly beamed when he caught sight of me; and his grip of my hand was as hearty as ever, and he and his wife both insisted that I should fetch my bag from the "Lion," and make my home with them as long as I stayed in the village.

I found that it was a very simple thing that had led Jack to give up the drink—just a little Temperance tract someone had left at the house, but it set him thinking, and he made up his mind to try teetotalism for himself. He was quite satisfied with the result of the experiment, and was now, as the landlord had said, one of the most red-hot teetotalers in the village.

Jack could talk well, and you may be sure he spared no pains to make a convert of me, and I went back to London a pledged abstainer. But I think the alteration in his home had quite as much to do with my signing as his arguments or persuasions.

"The Poor Man's Friend."



OW often these words appear before us, but how seldom do they convey a "true ring" as we hear them or read them! Sometimes they are the catch words of an electioneering address, when they may or may not be worth less than the paper they are printed on to the poor man who confidingly accepts them as "gospel," and who votes accordingly for one who would have more truthfully made himself known under the title of "the man who looks after number one." Or the eye catches sight of them covering a salve or a nostrum which is advertised as a "cure all," but which turns out to be a cure for nothing in the wide world except a cure for a fat purse. The butcher who shouts "Who'll buy? who'll buy?" in the slums of Whitechapel, and who displays in big capitals a card inscribed "The friend of the poor man," but who knows perfectly that the "prime wether mutton," through which his knife slides so glibly, was, before it lost its woolly covering, a cough-stricken ewe, which, after weeks of doctoring and drenching with drastic remedies, has to be "killed to save its life," is, like a good many more "poor man's friends," only a base imitation of the real thing, for "filthy lucre" is his only aim and his invariable object.

The "friend of the poor man" who opens a "lending shop" in the midst of the densest population of artisans he can find, and then, under the specious guise of an honest sympathiser with men in dire extremity, manages to cast his net so skilfully that he captures clients by the dozen, who find themselves let in for the payment of sixty, or even six hundred, per cent. for the miserable dole of cash which he "obliges them with," is another cruel enemy imposing as a friend. The tea merchant, who sells for 2s. 10d. per pound a quality of tea which could be bought on the other side of the road for 1s. 10d., and then hands over to the confiding purchaser a present of a sixpenny pie-dish, and smiles in his sleeve as his customer *looks* his gratitude at such amazing liberality, is yet another instance of seeming a friend and being a foe to the horney-handed son of toil.

These and a thousand others are wolves in sheep's clothing, and enemies in disguise. But of all the foes which the poor man should dread, and which he should determine, God helping him, to make his footstool, there is none to equal the *crafty publican*. That there are publicans who could not be fairly classed under this heading may be readily allowed, as there might be foxes which have no taste for a fat goose, but when every allowance has been made, the fact remains, the average Boniface *sets traps to catch men*, and, indeed, he would not be human if he did not do so.

The writer was passing through a small town the other day and a tramp passed by, the tramp asked for a "copper." The writer at once put a question to him and it was this, "If you had been a teetotaler all your life would you have had to stop a man in the street and ask him for a *copper*?" The tramp at once extended his palm with his fingers separated and he said, "Why, sir, if I had been a teetotaler all my life I might ha' had gold rings to the tips o' all my fingers!" And yet what a welcome the tramp would get, so long as he had a penny, from the landlord of the so-called "Friend at Hand," but which would be more aptly termed "The Poor Man's Foe!"

A few days ago a labouring man was talking to a neighbour of his in the presence of the writer. In the course of his conversation he referred to his daughter who had been ill. The old labourer remarked, "She is pickin' up a bit, she can lay and listen to the horgin (organ) now." The writer said, "Have you an organ in your house?" The worthy labourer (who is a staunch teetotaler) replied, "Yes, sir, and I reckon a "horgin" looks as well in a poor man's house as a beer barrel!" Of course the writer acquiesced, and only longed for the day to come when *all* working men would learn to realise who their best friends are—the advocates of pipe and pot, or the lovers of temperance and sobriety and an undrugged body? which spells not only "organs" but coals, meat, bread, shoes, socks, hats, coats, feather beds, and sea-side trips in the summer time.



Lord Rosebery says: "If the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State. . . . Owing to the enormous influence wielded by those who are concerned in upholding the drink traffic we are approaching a condition of things perilously near the corruption of our political system."

OUR grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. – *Carlyle.*

NEVER FOUND.—The public-house from which no drunken man ever emerges. The publican who ever made a man drunk.

THE best cure for drunkenness—Total Abstinence.

MR. BORROWES: "Nelly, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain."
Mrs. Borrowes: "I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetfern last night."
Mr. Borrowes: "What in thunder did you do that for? Didn't you know it was his?"

TRAMP (*to masher*): "Kind sir, will you give me a trifle? I have had no work for more'n a month, and *you* know what that means!"

In Salford, at Christmastide, five girls, whose ages varied from 16½ to 18 years, were found in such a helplessly shocking condition, that but for the speedy application of the stomach pump and emetics they must have died—poisoned. Had they taken laudanum or carbolic acid? Oh no! they had consumed a quart of whisky. And yet people would have us believe spirits are not poisonous!

THE SYMPTOMS ARE VERY SIMILAR THOUGH.
Old Martel: "Whisky has very different effects in different parts of the metropolis."
Rowne de Bout: "You don't say so?"
Old Martel: "At the East End it causes drunkenness; in the City, alcoholism; and at the West End, heart failure."

THERE is not a moment of which, once past. the appointed work can ever be done again, —*Ruskin.*

"ARE you troubled with headache?"
Tiredhead: "Of course I am. Everybody is who has it."

In this country there are SIX public-houses for every primary day school; THREE publicans for every minister of religion.

We are not here to sigh and moan,
And make our kindred sad;
We're here to do the best we can
Toward making others glad.
Cheer up! cheer up, and do not fret
If things don't come your way;
Be glad that someone else has luck,
You'll have your turn some day.
But until then just try to be
As cheerful as you can,
For gloomy ways and gloomy speech
Are man's worst gift to man.

ALL who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin.

MAUD: "Would you believe it? They say in the papers that a great statesman just dead was born without a shilling in his pocket."
Dolly: "Really! it is wonderful." (*And they puzzled their little heads for a long time to find out why all those silly people in the 'bus laughed.*)

LEGITIMATE TRADE.—It is perfectly lawful for an ordinary tradesman to lay himself out to attract his customers, and the result is beneficial to those he attracts, but, with the publican, no benefit arises, in fact *certain* disadvantage accrues. A shoemaker may put forth all his energy to secure purchasers for extra pairs of shoes and the wearers are infinitely the better, but an extra bottle of whisky would impoverish the purchaser, and injure his body and endanger his highest interests. The plump and prosperous condition of the publican means the untold misery of those who buy his wares.

No man can be true to others who is not first of all true to himself.

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.

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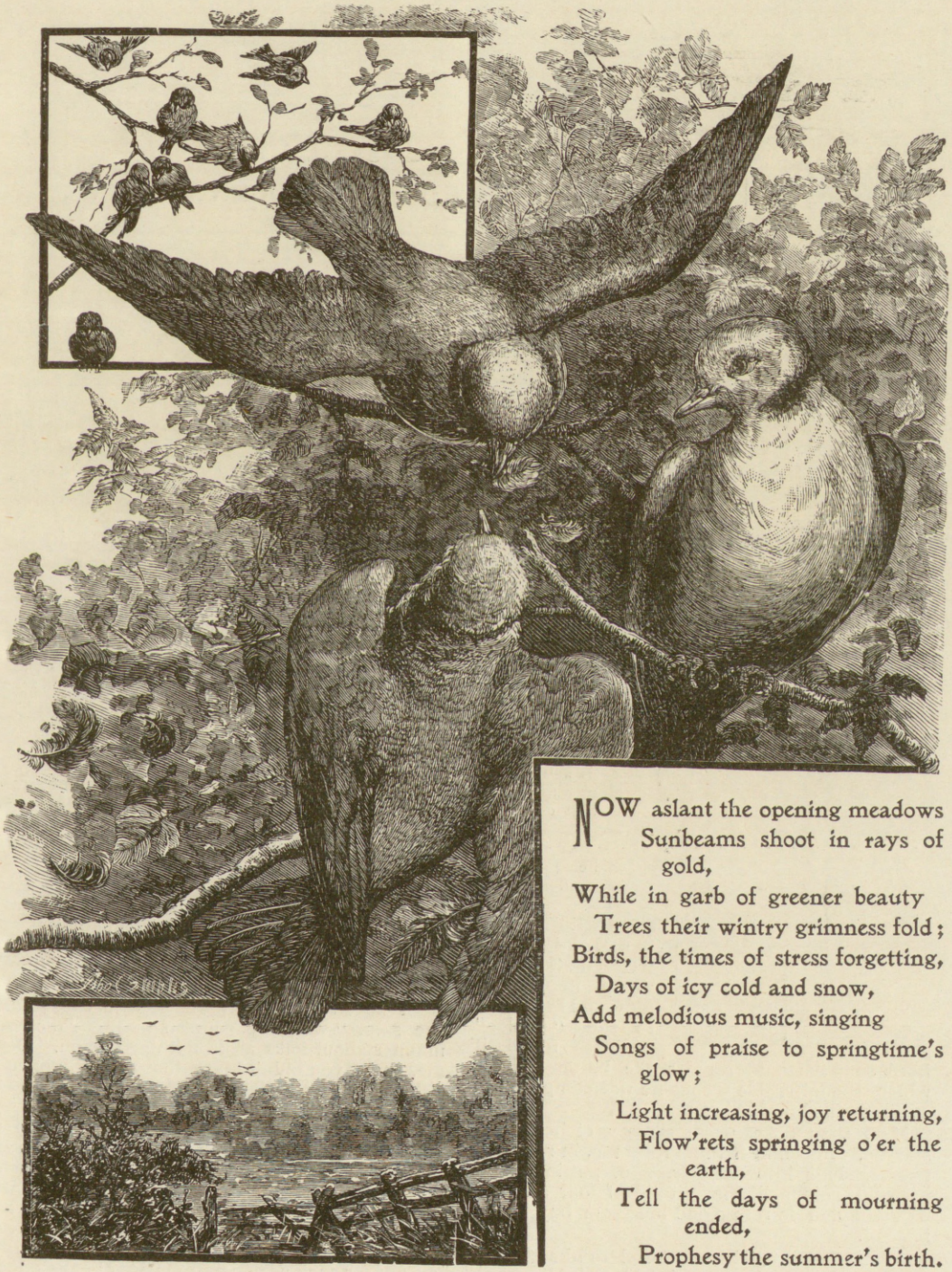
Springtime.



NOW aslant the opening meadows
Sunbeams shoot in rays of gold,
While in garb of greener beauty
Trees their wintry grimness fold;
Birds, the times of stress forgetting,
Days of icy cold and snow,
Add melodious music, singing
Songs of praise to springtime's glow;

Light increasing, joy returning,
Flow'rets springing o'er the earth,
Tell the days of mourning ended,
Prophesy the summer's birth.

—W.

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By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER III.—A Conversation and its Results.

The chains of circumstance fast bind,
But 'tis a truth that all men find
The bitterest bonds are forged by self,
In search of greed, and ease and grosser pelf.

JOHN PRETTYMAN landlord of the "Green Man," was very impressionable, and being new to the "public" business found it hard sometimes to repress the better feelings which the miserable scenes he was compelled to witness called into being.

More than once, when some wretched, half-starved, famishing man and woman, in rags and tatters, slunk into the bar, and, putting down their last coin, called for "a gill of four arf," he was tempted to refuse and bid them buy bread instead.

"Poor beggars," he muttered to himself, "it fair gets over me that you should prefer liquor to food. But I suppose if I refused you you'd get it elsewhere." And so with the moral anodyne, "It's no concern of mine," he soothed his conscience and served them.

Occasionally his conscience would not be so easily quietened. Then he was most uncomfortable. At such times he wished—oh, how he wished—he had never embarked in the business, and told himself, "If I had only known, I'd never have come into this."

He didn't tell his wife of his quakings. He wouldn't for worlds have had her know; and, luckily for his domestic peace, she was no thought reader. He hadn't forgotten the rating she gave him on the only occasion he did confide his fears to her.

"I haven't a bit of patience with you, John," she said, "worrying yourself in this ridiculous manner about folks as is nothing to you. Dear me, as if you didn't know that they will have it either here or somewhere else. Besides, I should like to know what would become of us and our trade if we refused everybody as can't afford to drink, or as ought to do without it. A pretty pickle we should soon be in if we went on them lines. No, no, John! Money's money, and folks as want to get on can't afford to be too particular. Them notions of yours 'll do very well for a chap as gets his living by preachin', but not for such as you and me as is in the public line. Come now, don't you go and be such a softy."

That speech fairly settled him. For a long time he took good care to keep to himself any misgivings he had, and not afford Mrs. Prettyman another opportunity to display her excellence as a husband lecturer. Indeed, he had become quite accustomed to the things that formerly troubled him, and was almost free from compunctions on their account. He flattered himself he had quite overcome such "milk-hearted folly."

He was quite mistaken, however. Conscience, like a smothered fire, smoulders long unheeded, and then at the least expected moment, bursts forth into unmistakable flame. Gregory Johnson's strange refusal of the proffered liquor that icy Christmas morning disturbed his satisfaction and set his mind worrying again. Try as he would, even with the aid of his own dulling spirit, he couldn't dismiss the lad from his mind, nor could he refrain from mentioning him many times during the day. Then the shindy he had just before closing time with a drunken fellow, who, after abusing him roundly and smashing several glasses had had to be turned out, greatly increased his discomfiture.

It was his first Christmas as a publican, and it had been anything but a day of joy and rest for him.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he said, as, the last customer served, the bar-lights extinguished, they sat down to supper in their own little room to enjoy the peace and quiet their trade had denied them; "ever since I set eye on that lad this morning I've been fairly upset."

"I should think you have, too," replied his wife. "You've done nothing else all day but stew, and worry, and talk about that lad. I can't for the life of me see what you've got to trouble yourself about him for."

"Nor me, either!" reponded he; "but he was such a bright-eyed, sharp fellow, and, somehow, he didn't seem like an ordinary street lad. I wish you'd seen him, Sarah! for as soon as I clapped eyes on him I just wanted to say to him, 'Eh! my lad! I'd like to do something for you, for our Bob's sake.'"

There was no petulance this time. The shaft had gone home. Hard as she might seem, and keen as she was after money, Dame Prettyman had a very tender corner in her heart, and that was where she had enshrined "Bob," their only son, whose body lay in the little "God's acre" nestling 'neath the mountain height. For Bob's sake she could forget her love of money, her natural shrewishness, her fretfulness, her hardness, and become as tender as a child.

"Was the laddie like Bob?"

"Ay, Missus! just such another. If he hadn't been so poorly dressed, and if the thing hadn't been impossible, I could almost have believed it was our Bob come back again."

"I wish I'd seen him!"

"So do I, Mother. And yet I'm half afraid you'd have been as uncomfortable as me about it."

"Why, John?" asked she, drinking off her glass of beer.

"Because, Sarah, the sight of that lad, and the way he half took and then refused the gill made me think of the night when our Bob carried off the Band of Hope prize. You remember it, don't you? How proud we were of him when he came to us and said 'You want me to be teetotal, don't you?' I wonder what he would think of us now if he were here."

This was too much for Mistress Prettyman, who had noticed that her husband's glass of whisky and water was still untasted.

"Bob was only a lad, John, and it's all right for lads to talk so. But we've got our living to get, you know, and now we're in the business we'll have to make the best of it. What's done can't be undone. Beside, I don't see what there is to be uncomfortable about. We're temperate enough. Drink's all right if people don't abuse it, goodness knows! and there isn't a decenter public-house than ours to be found."

"You're right, there, Sarah! That's what I told that drunken fellow we had to put out tonight. Our house is for decent, respectable people as knows how to take a glass and leave it. Folks as don't know when they've had enough had better stop away. But, Sarah!——"

"John!"

"I can't get the lad out of my mind. He seemed to have had a hard time of it. Don't you think we could do something for him? I shouldn't like to feel, if it had been our Bob, nobody would help him."

"Well, we'll see about it. But there! drink up your whisky like a man and don't be making yourself miserable with sentimental notions. He's a poor publican, you know, who forsakes his own liquor."

Thus abjured, John emptied his glass, and another after that, while they discussed what could be done. In the end, they decided to offer the lad, should occasion arise, a place as handy lad, errand boy, with them.

It was fully a month, however, after this conversation, before Gregory Johnson passed the "Green Man," selling "specials." John Prettyman saw him, and, making the purchase of a paper the excuse for a chat, told him what he and his wife had decided.

At first the lad refused. He wanted the place badly enough, and things had gone ill with him since Christmas, but he was afraid of being near the drink, and, hard up as he was, he resisted the temptation.

"I'm afraid I can't come, Master," he urged.

"Why not? Have you got another place?"

"No."

"Don't you want the money?"

"Aye! that I do! for I ain't had anything to eat this morning, and if I don't earn more money to-day than I've been doing, there'll be none for Nell."

"Who's Nell?"

As Gregory told his story John Prettyman's heart was touched, and he wondered all the more that the lad didn't jump at his offer.

"You'll have money to get more for Nell if you take this place," he urged. But the lad still hesitated. John Prettyman saw his indecision and asked, "Now, my lad, you want to come I can see. What hinders you?"

It was long since he had been spoken to so

kindly; so looking up into the publican's face he inquired,

"You'll not be angry if I tell you?"

"No, lad! what is it?"

"If I come, shall I have to drink? Because, if so, I can't come. I promised mother never to take any."

"Why, bless my soul, lad! I want you to clean boots, and run errands! I don't want you to drink!"—and however differently he might have thought afterwards, John Prettyman meant what he said just then—"When you drink in my house it will be of your choice and not for my asking."

On this assurance, thinking himself quite safe, Gregory took the post, going to the "Green Man" each morning and returning therefrom to Mrs. Brown's garret and little Nell each night.

His master and mistress were very good to him, and treated him almost as if he were their own. Their little daughter, Daisy, was never so happy as when he was about, except it was at the times when he brought sister Nell with him.

At first Mrs. Prettyman had opposed, and then, only very reluctantly, agreed to Nell's visits. After awhile, however, her heart went out to the motherless child, and so when Gregory had served them four months she insisted that he should live in, and that, so long as he was in their employ, Nell should live there too; and though loth to leave widow Brown, yet believing it for the best, Nell and her brother took up their quarters at the "Green Man," to the no small delight of Daisy Prettyman.

Up to that time, although sorely tempted, Gregory had faithfully kept his pledge, notwithstanding the liquors around him.

Once, it was true, while engaged within the bar, cleaning up, he had, almost unconsciously, raised a pot to his lips, and was about to drink. At that very moment the door opened, and a blear-eyed, dissipated man staggered in and called out, "Eh! youngster, give me that; it's not good for such as you." Down went the pot. He couldn't drink it. It was as if a voice from the grave had rebuked him. The wretch who craved the draught, and was as quickly ordered out by the publican, was—Gregory knew him—his own father.



Within a few feet of a friendly ladder.

Whatever temptations he experienced when living out, Gregory found increased when he made his home at the "Green Man." From morning to night, and almost from night to morn, he breathed an atmosphere of liquor fumes. He was scarcely ever away from the insidious presence of drink. Familiarity bred in him contempt. Even the fact, which daily became more obvious, that John Prettyman was fast becoming a slave to his own liquor, did not cause him any great anxiety, although he could not but feel uncomfortable about the domestic unpleasantnesses to which the intemperance gave rise.

It is said that in malarial atmospheres, people breathing fever at every inspiration and witnessing the overcoming of their friends, go on personally unconcerned and oblivious until they fall victims to the evil of whose presence they were aware and would not avoid.

So did it seem with Gregory Johnson. His old objection to the drink was passing away. He had even come to think there was no real reason why he should not take it. He needn't give way to it—fallacious sophistry through which many have fallen, never to rise again. But

The Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,

had a rough awakening in store for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman decided to signalise the anniversary of their ownership of the "Green Man" by giving a supper party to their friends. Gregory knew of this, and made up his mind not to be unsociable; in fact, if asked, to take a sip with others—only a sip—nothing more.

The day came; the guests arrived; the supper was held, and conviviality reigned supreme. A merrier party, the host declared, he had never seen before, as the intoxicated guests departed, leaving him well nigh incapable. Of the whole company, one only was sober, and he, Gregory Johnson, because, knowing his former habits, none of the guests had invited him to drink; and because uninvited, he, sulkily, would not take for himself. In a very bad temper at the time, he hated everybody for the insult which he declared they had paid him. Afterwards, he was devoutly thankful for it—insult or no insult.

Scarcely had he got to his bed in the top garret of the house, and fallen asleep, when he was awakened. What was that he heard? A crack, a crash as of falling glass, and the confused roar of voices. He peered into the darkness, listened anxiously, and thought he must have been dreaming. But no! louder came that babel roar.

"Fire! fire!! fire!!!"

There was no mistaking it this time.

Hurriedly dragging on his clothes he ran to the door. A volume of smoke nearly blinded him, but he did not stay. Grasping the situation in an instant, he rushed to the children's room, and catching sister Nell in his arms dashed down the staircase with her and handed her to a policeman he met coming up.

Without a word, almost without staying to take breath, he returned, though many voices now warned him of danger. Into the room of his master he tried to enter, but without avail. The fierce flames drove him back, and perforce he had to retire.

Of himself he never thought. Little Daisy, sleeping on all unconscious of the growing danger, was his one concern. Into her room, fast filling with smoke, he ran, and, calling her by name to assure her, carried her forth. At that moment she awakened and gazed wildly at the awful scene; but a word from Gregory calmed her, and clinging closer to him she lost her fears.

What to do with her he did not know. All around him hungry flames in their vicious maw were fast consuming everything. At the very moment when he reached the staircase the hissing tongues of forked fire shot up towards him and showed him that all hope of escape by that means was gone.

Only one way now remained—the most perilous of all—through the skylight of his garret and to the roof. Back he rushed up the top staircase, not a moment too soon, and forced his way on to the roof.

The crowd below surged and yelled as he appeared, and all sorts of confused directions were cried to him as with horror they realised his awful position. Fortunately for him their terror had not spread to him. The madness of heroism, the sublime unconsciousness of personal danger which characterise the supreme moments of need had come to him.

Behind him the cruel fire pursued with increasing rapidity. To go back was impossible. To stay where he was meant certain death to Daisy and to him. To jump into the street below never occurred to him. One plan alone to him seemed feasible—to slide down the rain-pipe. Whether he could do it, that it might not hold him, that he might fall, were considerations that never presented themselves. To the pipe he went, and as the cries of the crowd sank to an awful silence commenced the perilous descent.

What an age that journey seemed! Strong men almost fainted with excitement, while women prayed for his safety. Some of the crowd fetched ladders but they were all too short to reach him. Steadily, inch by inch, he gained his way, firmly clasping his precious burden. He had accomplished two stages in the descent when the firemen and their engine came upon the scene, not a second too soon.

Hastily dismounting, several of the men caught up a fire-sheet and ran forward to catch him should he fall. "See, he reels!" exclaimed a bystander. It was too true. Before the sheet could be extended, when within a few feet of a friendly ladder he lost his hold, and amid a piercing shriek from the crowd, with a sickening thud—still clasping the little maid in his arms—fell to the ground a bruised and helpless mass.

(*To be continued.*)

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

FROM the teeth to the food is but a short step, and here we may have to linger somewhat longer.

Food

is of such a variable kind to suit the differences in constitutions and to meet the requirements of differences of labour, that a good deal of ground must be gone over. Let us, to make this subject more interesting, look first of all at the main kinds of food and how it is digested. First, then, comes the starchy food such as is found in bread, potatoes, rice, &c. This starch is called a carbohydrate. When it comes in contact with the saliva which is formed in the mouth, it is very rapidly transformed into sugar. The glands from which this saliva comes are situated in the mouth, so that when we chew or masticate our food this watery substance is formed in larger quantities owing to the stimulation of the food and the moving jaws. This juice, according to the time the food is kept in the mouth, is more or less mixed with the food, and by a chemical

action it converts, as I have previously said, the starch into sugar.

To make this and other processes clearer I will shortly explain what takes place. The saliva as stated is a watery substance, to soften the food and help in its breaking up. But it is more than that. It is what is called an alkaline, that is, the opposite of an acid like vinegar, being more like salt and water. Now in nature it is found that

OPPOSITES LIKE ACIDS AND ALKALIES ACT AS STIMULANTS

to each other. We see how this answers when one is thirsty. An acid drink such as lemon water, or apple water, quenches our thirst better than anything else, because by this stimulation a larger amount of saliva is made to flow, and thus moistens the mouth and throat, doing away with parched feeling. For this reason some often take vinegar, pickles, and such things which, if taken in small quantities, assist digestion.

But a word of warning! Because I have said that these things assist digestion

DO NOT PANDER TO YOUR TASTES

and take too much, for that is only to do harm by *abusing* these articles, whereas the proper *use* of them will do much good.

Saliva and the natural moisture, which is in the food, even when cooked, form quite enough watery material for digestive purposes as far as we have gone, nence there is no need for the large quantities of water, tea, or coffee, which it is now so customary to take at our meals.

A habit which is too common, mostly

AMONG WORKING PEOPLE,

who may perhaps be excused for want of time, is the one of drinking large quantities of tea with food still in the mouth. This has the effect of washing down the food in a semi-fluid state before the saliva has had time to act upon it. It is needless almost for me to urge upon my readers the foolishness of this proceeding, because the first part of the digestion fails in its purpose and much good nourishment is lost.

The saliva, apart from the purposes mentioned above, on account of its alkaline nature, acts as a stimulant to the formation of gastric juice, which is acid

The part of food acted upon by the saliva is the starch, which is contained in large quantities in such things as bread, and the grains, as rice, etc. This starch is quickly converted into sugar, from which much of the body-heat is obtained.

The stomach is the

RECEPTACLE FOR THE FOOD.

In this organ it is thoroughly well mixed by the rotatory currents which are set up. This acts also in bringing together the juices of the glands and the food whereby it is digested; that is, it is digested into peptones which are easily absorbed into the blood vessels.

The foods which are there changed are such as meat which go to the building up of the different parts of the body.

At this point let me give a piece of advice which in its general aspect is very useful.

All lighter coloured foods are easier of digestion than the darker coloured ones. Thus mutton is easier than beef, chicken than duck, turkey than goose, cauliflower, potatoes, and vegetable marrow than peas, cabbage, and Brussels sprouts. The white fish is better than the coloured kinds such as salmon, lobster, cockles and mussels. There are the usual exceptions which prove the rule, as mackerel, pork, etc.

As I have said before, beverages are not a necessity at meals, and the one which I must especially particularise is

ALCOHOL.

We may lay aside the contention that it is a food, because if this were true it is not a necessary one, and the more we agree to discard it the better it will be for us all.

It is not my place to speak of it in its moral effects, for these are evident on all sides.

From a long experience in the practice of medicine, through a life spent in the busy centres of industry, and particularly in the course of study and work of preventive medicine, or that branch which deals with the prevention of diseases, my opinions of the

POSITIVE HARM DONE BY ALCOHOL

have been more than confirmed. Let me with all my power, and all the vehemence at my command, decry the use of stimulants. Even where they are deemed medically necessary, they should be advised with the utmost caution, for the habit once formed is one of the hardest in the world to overcome.

The taste for alcohol is so easily acquired that this should be a sufficient reason for not prescribing it without very great reason and a careful weighing of the facts of the case. It is so easy, after the habit has been once formed, to keep it up on the pretence that it is required, or that the doctor said, "I think you require a little stimulant, take a small quantity of so-and-so to your dinner." The doctor has long since ceased his visits, the medicine bottle no longer needs to be refilled, and a safe convalescence is assured, yet the stimulants are kept up and the habit has its firm hold upon you.

Some time ago I came across the following saying. It is a proverb, nay a whole sermon with me now: "The person who drinks because he likes it is a temperate man, whilst the one who takes it for the effects which it produces is a drunkard."

This may strike my readers as being anomalous, but let us go into it carefully.

The man, ay, or woman, who takes a glass of beer or spirits because of the liking for the taste of it is soon satisfied, and, being so, has no more desire for it than for a beef-steak after a full dinner; but the one who hankers for the *effects* is never satisfied, and so goes on drinking until hilarious or sleepy, and goes to bed self-satisfied and comfortable until morning brings its

ACHING HEAD AND PARCHED THROAT,

which can only be satisfied by a draft of the exhilarating, yet poisonous, fluid to produce a stimulating reaction and dispel the gloomy unquiet thoughts, the result of depression and the consciousness of the evil done the night

before. And so it goes on see-saw, exhilaration and depression, yet the only thing sought is the baneful effect.

That is why we should beware of the first drop, because, like a narcotic, when the habit has been formed, and the taste fully acquired, the dose must be gradually increased to get the same effect which at first was brought about by a little.

To say that one cannot do heavy and

LABORIOUS WORK WITHOUT IT

is untrue. This has been demonstrated in some of the largest engineering feats in the country, where constant application to heavy toil has been maintained with the help of hot coffee. It used to be the practice of our largest steamship companies to give out to the crew rations of rum. This has ceased, and coffee has taken its place, to the benefit of the sailors and a great saving to the companies, besides securing increased safety of the passengers.

I have much to say on this subject, but rather than become tedious, I shall return to it as to a beloved book, as the subject in hand points the lesson.

We have, so far, followed the food as far as the stomach. On leaving this organ it passes into the first part of the bowel. There it meets first with the bile, or juice, which is formed in the liver and stored up in the gall bladder, whence it slowly, drop by drop, passes along the narrow tube called the bile duct, until it reaches the bowel, where it mixes with what is left of the food, and picks out the fatty or oily portions and converts it into a soap.

This saponification enables it to be absorbed through the coats of the blood vessels. Without it there would not be the same nutriment in fat, as it could not be utilised. Here, however, the whole of the fat is not acted upon. That which escapes passes on until it meets with the juice of the pancreas; this forms with the fat an emulsion. As an example of emulsion we have

MILK.

This is a substance containing three to four parts of butter fat in every hundred parts. The fat is split up into very small globules, or balls, and kept separate until churned. The emulsion in the bowel is formed so that the fat can be easily absorbed.

Digestion goes on in a milder way as the food passes down the lesser bowel, what is left being finally evacuated.

Now, just as a fire-grate needs to be kept clean, and the ashes periodically cleared out so that the fire will burn brightly and we can get the utmost heat value out of the coals, so it is necessary for the preservation of good health that the waste products of the body should be regularly removed. Otherwise, there is an accumulation of effete matter, which undergoes fermentation with the subsequent formation of

INJURIOUS GASES.

These are partly absorbed by the blood and act as poisonous matter on the brain, or it results in the hardening of the waste material through the withdrawal of water, and an irritating effect upon the coats of the bowels is set up, which either ends in diarrhœa or else the griping condition known as spasms is produced. A more remote effect is the injurious action on the blood by the absorption of these gases, whereby it is deteriorated and the disease known as anæmia is occasioned.

Much of the

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION,

so common in working people, is brought about by absolute negligence to the requirements of nature. If the habit were early formed of emptying the bowels at stated times there would be less suffering and disease. Such fruits as prunes and figs, either raw or cooked, are admirable means of controlling the action of the bowels with less resource to the stronger and more drastic medicines which are of every-day use.

During the cold weather, and even when it is warm and more active perspiration is going on, it is advisable to wear a stout flannel binder as well as the usual flannel underclothing. This tends to keep the body at a more even temperature, and acts as a preventive against sudden chills.

It is impossible, in an article like this, for me to lay down a diet for those in health. There are so many peculiarities in individuals, and a good deal of truth in the saying, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Each person should study his own peculiarities, and when failure to digest a particular kind of food is known to exist, this should be avoided. At the same time variety and nicely-cooked foods act as stimulants to the digestion, and in doing so they provide the best form of nourishment.



A MERRY MAID.

Taken with the Thornton-Pickard Ruby Camera and Focal Plane Shutter. Exposure 1/500th of a second.

STAND TO YOUR GUNS!

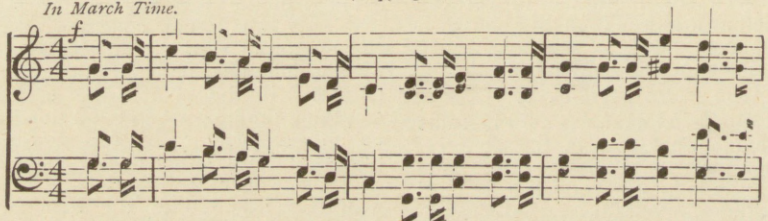
Words from the "ONWARD RECITER."

Temperance Battle Song.

(Copyright).

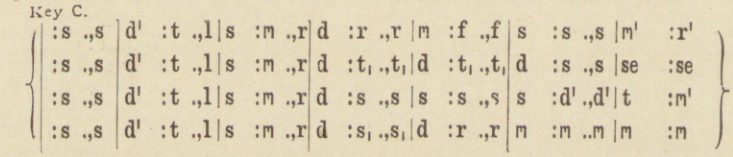
Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.

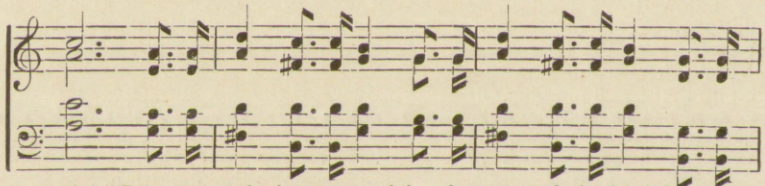
In March Time.



1. Hoist your flag! hoist your flag! 'tis the eve of a fight For the death of the de - mon
2. Keep in line! keep in line! for the foe-men are strong, In numbers they ri - val the
3. Look to God! look to God! for He on - ly can help, And He lov-eth the banner you

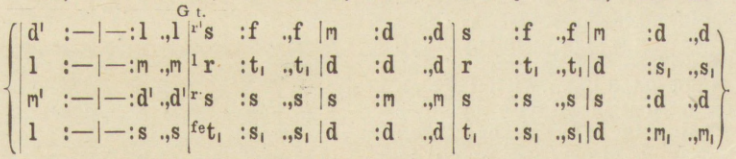
Key C.





drink; Draw your swords, draw your swords in the cause of the right! Souls are
stars; For the res - cue of bro - thers, of bro - thers from death, On to
bear; Do not fear, do not fear, hold it brave - ly a - loft, Seek the

G t.



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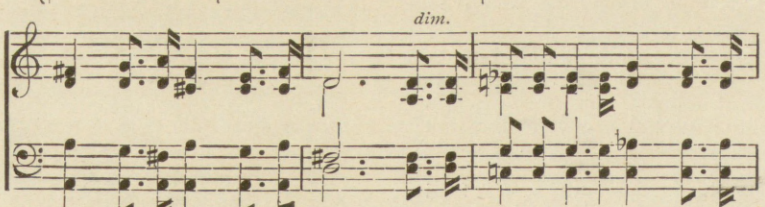
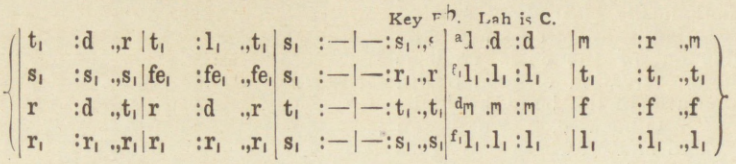
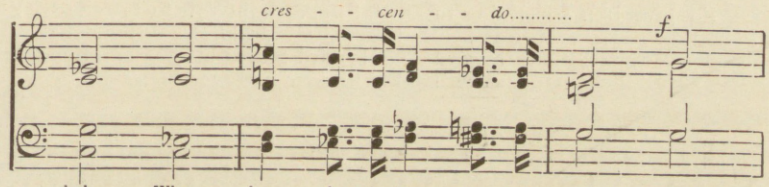


loi - ter - ing o - ver the brink; 'Tis a pre - ci - pice gloom - y and
vic - t'ry, and heed not the scars! For the sake of the wives of your
thick of the fight— be you there! Live in hope, do not trem - ble or

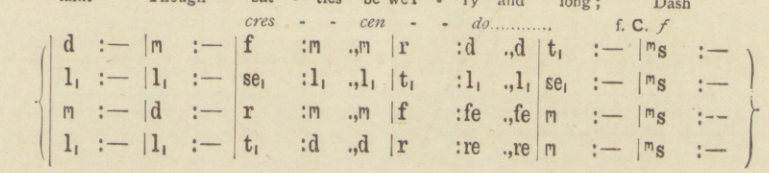
Key E♭. Lah is C.



STAND TO YOUR GUNS!—*Continued.*



dark, Whose base is the king - dom of hell; So
hearts, The sake of the sis - t rs you love, Stand
faint Though bat - tles be wea - ry and long; Dash



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m	:—	|d	:—	r	:m	.,m	|f	:fe	.,fe	|m	:—	|^{m}s	:--
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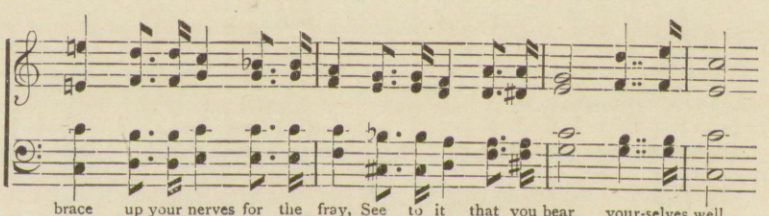
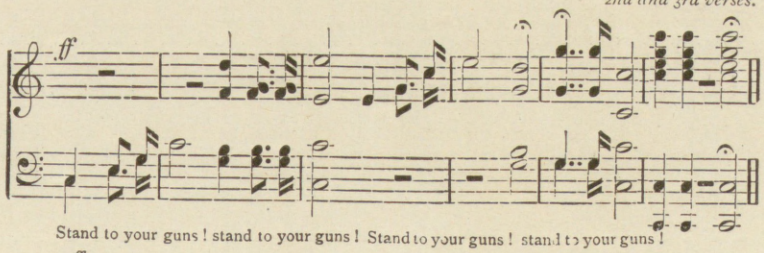


brace up your nerves for the fray, See to it that you bear your-selves well.
fast— for your babes, for your homes, For your all—from your ranks do not move.
for - ward! re - dou - ble your blows! Till the vic - to - ry tun - eth your song.

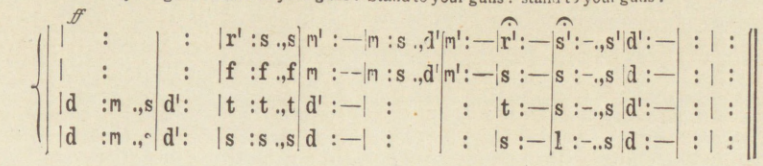
F t. f. C.

m'	:r'	.,r'	|d'	:^{ta}f	.,f	|m	:r	.,r	|d	:m	.,m	|^{r}s	:—	|r'	:-.,m'	|d'	:
m	:f	.,f	|s	:^{s}r	.,r	|d	:t$_l$	.,t$_l$	|l$_l$	:l$_l$	.,le$_l$	|t$_l$m	:—	|f	:-.,f	|m	:
d'	:t	.,t	|d'	:$^{d'}$s	.,s	|s	:f	.,f	|m	:m	.,m	|^{s}d'	:—	|t	:-.,t	|d'	:
d	:r	.,r	|m	:^{m}t	.,t	|d	:se$_l$	.,se$_l$	|l$_l$	:d	.,de	|^{r}s	:—	|s	:-.,s	|d	:

D.C. for 2nd and 3rd verses.



Stand to your guns! stand to your guns! Stand to your guns! stand to your guns!



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A Word in Season.

By B. E. Slade.

"I WISH I knew which of the mean sneaks told on me; I'd give him something to remember!"

With this angry exclamation Howard Torrington flung away from his companions, with a scowl on his face. The others drew close together, and their voices dropped into confidential tones such as were only heard when any topic of especial interest was afloat.



At that moment Archie Dunford ran up. He was not afraid of Howard, though he had had some pretty harsh treatment from him at times. But all the boys knew now that Archie was not to be teased or bullied into violating his principles, and boys are always ready to appreciate pluck. Archie would have been surprised had he known what a thrill of envy and shame ran through Howard's heart as he ventured to draw his hand through his arm.

"Howard," he said, "I'm awfully sorry about this!"

"You're gloating over it," retorted Howard roughly, "so you needn't play the hypocrite. I know you goody-goody fellows. You're always glad to see anybody that don't hold your notions get a kick over."

Archie ignored this explosion, hoping it would relieve Howard's ill-humour.

He waited a moment, then said quietly,

"I've been to see Mr. Clinton, Howard,"

"Mr. Clinton! What on earth for?"

"About this affair of yours. I wanted him to get it settled quietly, and let you off punishment."

"I didn't want you to interfere. You needn't think I was afraid of punishment."

Howard tossed his head and spoke haughtily, but his face betrayed his relief.

"I know you didn't mind the punishment for itself," replied Archie, "but there's the shame of it, and the trouble it would bring at home. If it could be hushed up it would be better."

"They won't hush it up; they'll talk a lot of rubbish about making my case an example and all the rest of it. They won't lose a chance of preaching a few sermons, bless you. I might even get expelled, and all for taking just a little bit—or drop—of comfort! It's a beastly shame!"

"You're partly right. Mr. Clinton does not think it wise to pass over the matter entirely, so he has insisted upon one condition."

"What is it?"

"I am half afraid to tell you."

"Then I know it's something disagreeable."

"Yes; and perhaps hard."

"For pity's sake don't be so mysterious! What does he want me to do?"

"To put your name in my pledge-book."

A strong expletive broke from Howard.

"It's a four-fold pledge," Archie observed quietly.

A most ungrateful outbreak of abuse was Howard's response, but Archie remained undaunted. He was a Christian boy, and in his heart was praying for strength and tact to win Howard. He waited till he could gain a hearing, and then began to plead.

"For your mother's sake, Howard, do it! Think how grieved she would be to hear that you broke the college rules to procure wine and cigarettes. And there's someone else to consider, too—little Jim, who helped you to smuggle them in."

"It's not the only job he's done for me!" chuckled Howard, "we're a clever pair of rogues."

"But, Howard, did you ever think of the harm you might be doing to him?" urged Archie earnestly. "You have such a lot of influence in the school, Howard. For the sake of the other boys, do sign!"

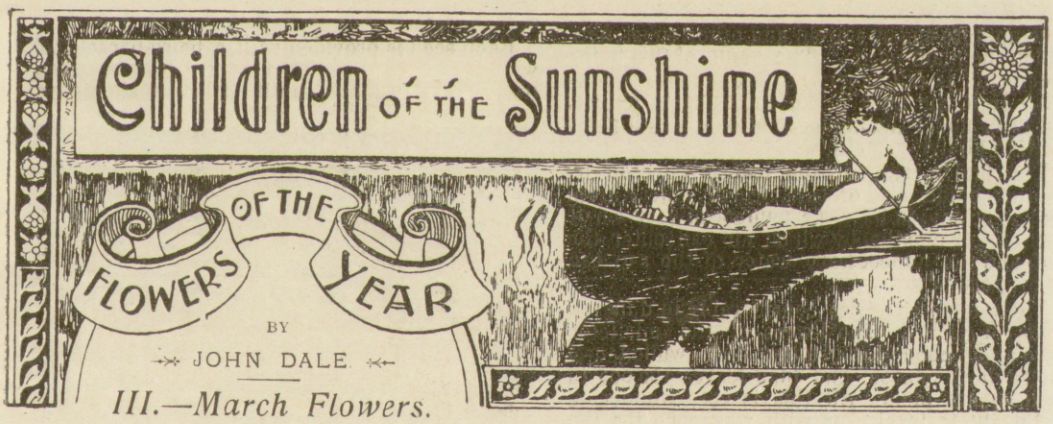
"Why don't you ask me to go and hang myself?" growled Howard, petulantly, and he flung away in a rage.

Archie was disppointed, fearing he had failed. But he had not. Howard was not so foolish that he could not see his need of the pledge. Surely a boy who loved wine so much that he risked expulsion to procure it, who smoked cigarettes, used dreadful language, and laid bets by the score, was the very person for whom a fourfold pledge was designed. But it hurt Howards' pride sorely to submit, and it is scarcely likely he would have consented to this unwelcome condition had not Archie's quiet words fastened themselves on his mind.

"You're a brick," he said, later on, "and if you can keep such a pledge I don't see why I shouldn't."

Some time afterwards, Howard, who had grown a boy to be proud of, took Archie home with him, and told his mother the story of his fall and rescue. And she, smiling down upon Archie, while her eyes filled with thankful tears, said softly,

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it"



III.—March Flowers.

There is a glory in each flower,
A joy in every leaf and bower;
On grass and herb beneath our tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and happiness, and God.

LEAVES are as much the "children of the sunshine" as flowers, and in some respects they are more worthy of consideration than their gayer brothers and sisters.

Without leaves, plants could not grow, nor produce flowers, nor fruit. Every plant and tree has grown up out of materials which have been manufactured in its own leaves by means of sunshine. And further, every living thing in the world, whether animal, bird, or insect, depends upon the leaves of plants for all its food, for everything it needs, except air and water. Even flesh-eating animals prey upon those that feed upon plants.

A well-known writer, in a book recently published, speaking of plants, said, "They alone have the power to make living stuff out of dead carbonic acid and water. They are the origin and foundation of life. Without them there could be no living thing in the world. It is in their green leaves alone that the wonderful transformation of dead matter into living bodies takes place; they alone can utilise the sunshine that falls upon them."

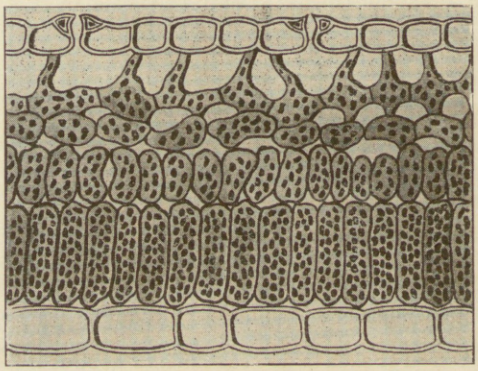
Hence we see that plants make living material out of dead matter; that they are the only things that *can* do this; and that *they* can only do this by the aid of sunlight.

If a very thin slice cut across a leaf be examined under a microscope it will look something like the illustration on the next page.

The upper surface consists of a single layer of tiny cells, joined together to form an *epidermis*, or skin. These cells are filled with water, and serve as a cushion or protective covering for the leaf. Just under this we find one or two rows of closely-packed cells, filled with *protoplasm*, a substance very much like the white of an egg, in which float a great number of minute green particles that give the leaf its green colour. Below these are several rows of loosely-packed cells,

with air spaces between them, something like a very minute sponge.

The green particles in these cells are the true life material of the plant. They convert the



Section of a Leaf, magnified.

carbon dioxide, and the water which the leaves take up, into sugar, starch, and other substances which the plant needs. The name of this living green-stuff is CHLOROPHYLL (pronounced klo-ro-fill). It is the most important thing in nature, because, under the influence of sunlight, it gives birth to all living matter.

The under side of the leaf is covered by another epidermis, or skin, which differs from the upper one, in having a number of very small openings or mouths, by which air can enter the leaf, and the unnecessary water of the sap can be evaporated.

Their number varies considerably in different kinds of plants. The leaves of the mistletoe have about 200 in each square inch, while laurel leaves have 90,000, and lilac leaves 160,000 in each square inch. All this is very wonderful, and ought to inspire us with reverence for the great Creator, who has manifested such infinite wisdom and skill in bringing forth these "children of the sunshine."

Let us now look for some of the flowers that the winds of March call forth. Many of these, like the flowers of the hazel, come before the leaves. The air is still cold, and the rude winds would injure or destroy the young and tender leaves, so they do not appear till April or May. The material these flowers need was laid up in the plant by the leaves of the previous summer, so that they can bloom before the spring leaves appear.

The golden catkins, or male flowers, of the sallow, or goat willow (*Sálix cáprea*), appear before the leaves, towards the end of March, and present a somewhat gay appearance. Children call them palms; and in some parts of the country they try to secure a branch for Palm Sunday or Eastertide.

The sallow is the earliest of the British willows, of which we have nearly forty different kinds growing in this country. The weeping willow is a foreign tree, a native of Babylon. It was first introduced into this country by the poet, Alexander Pope, and is the willow referred to in Psalm cxxxvii.

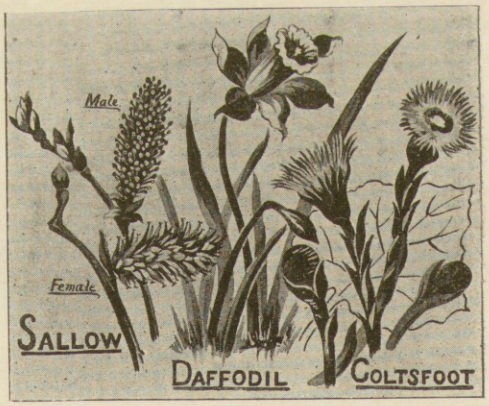
The flowers of the willow family are said to be *diœcious* (pronounced di-eé-shus), that is, the male flowers grow on one tree, and the female flowers on another. The catkins of the latter are longer, but not so ornamental as the male catkins.

The flowers of the hazel, oak, alder, and some other trees, are said to be *monœcious* (pronounced mon-eé-shus), because the male and female flowers grow on the same tree.

In this month the flowers of the coltsfoot (*Tussilágo Farfara*) first appear. This is one of the many composite or compound flowers, of which the daisy is a well-known example. Each flower of this order is really a head of small flowers, or florets, enclosed by a cup-like arrangement of bracts, or leafy scales, called an *involucre*.

The stems of the coltsfoot are all underground; nothing of the plant is seen until the flower-stalks appear above the soil, each bearing a single bud, and clothed with pinkish scales or bracts. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and sweet-scented. They blossom and produce their seeds before the leaves appear.

Each seed is provided with a hairy parachute, which enables the wind to carry it away, often to a great distance, until at last it alights on



some fresh patch of clayey soil, which best suits this riverside plant.

The leaves, which sometimes grow to a large size, are heart-shaped but angular. The under side is covered with a white downy material, which was formerly used as tinder. A decoction, or tea, made of the flower heads has long been known as a remedy for coughs.

Other "children of the sunshine" that appear near the end of the month, are those which Shakespeare calls:

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dare,
> And take the winds of March with beauty.

There is an old world story of Narcissus, a beautiful, but vain, youth, who fell in love with his own shadow on the water. This did but mimic his every movement without returning his love; and so he wept bitter tears of disappointment, sitting on the water's edge until he pined away

and died. Echo and the nymphs mourned his death, and came to bury him; but where his body had lain they found only a cluster of golden blossoms. These they called narcissus, in memory of the loveless youth. We call them daffodils, or Lent lilies (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*).

Each flower appears on a long hollow stalk or scape, growing up out of the ground, between three narrow leaves. It is funnel-shaped, with six pale-yellow sepals and petals at the base.

There is a lovely white variety of this flower, called the poet's narcissus, growing in gardens. This and many other beautiful kinds of daffodils have been brought from other lands, but by the skill of the florist the number of varieties is constantly increasing.

Daffodils are not so lasting as the snowdrop, and soon fade away. Herrick compares their brief existence to the shortness of human life:

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so scon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
We have short time to stay, like you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,
Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

- - - CYCLING. - - -

Of all sports cycling has made most rapid headway among the English lads and lasses. This is not to be wondered at. The bicycle is easy to ride; all ages can equally enjoy it; ladies and gentlemen can accompany each other; children of four have been seen riding well on their liliputian machines, while old men of eighty have not been adverse to a quiet spin along a country lane.

Doctors constantly recommend the cycle. The exercise increases the appetite, improves the digestion, and gives healthy pleasure without fatigue. In crowded cities the cycle may look out of place, but in the rural lanes of England there is no more delightful sight than a number of young people spinning along at a moderate pace. Conversation is not then out of place, and the beauties of the surrounding scenery can be admired and discussed. Cycling is becoming a valuable adjunct to our means of locomotion.

The praise which common-sense cycling deserves must be accompanied by a warning against the recklessness with which many cyclists use their machines.

It is a pitiable picture when young fellows will scorch, their noses almost touching the handles of their machines; their whole energy exerted in the effort to get over the ground as quickly as possible. They see nothing of the beauties around them, or gain any useful information on their tours. They are doing as Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson said, "Developing the muscles of the calves to the detriment of the brain." The accidents which often happen to cyclists are produced chiefly by the rider's own foolhardiness or ignorance. Many a rider has to blame himself for a broken limb.

No words can be too strong to condemn the disgusting exhibitions sometimes witnessed at cycling races. We hear of cyclists falling off their machines with fatigue, and yet being urged on again by their supporters, thus being compelled to ride even in a state of semi-madness.

Those who want to see the evolution of the cycle should visit the Cycle Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. They will there see specimens of the old dandy or hobby-horse, the famous bone-shaker, and the tall machines—the sight of which makes one's blood run cold in these days of Swifts, Rovers, and Safeties.

It will be admitted by all those who have had any experience, that it is unwise and not at all economical to purchase a cheap machine. It is far better to have a good second-hand machine than a cheap new one. Great care, however, must be taken in the purchase of a machine of any kind, and especially of one that is said to be second-hand. There is perhaps as much cheating in the selling of bicycles as in the sale of horses. The bicycle should be purchased of a good firm, and under the supervision of an experienced and trustworthy friend.

For touring on a bicycle the rider should make all necessary preparations before hand. A few weeks before he should take constant long journeys, and so get up his strength, and at the same time test the power of his machine. He should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the ground over which he intends to travel, finding out all the places of interest worth a visit, learning the history, the geography, and geology of the district. More than this, he should become acquainted with the staple industries of the counties through which he passes. By this means his journey will become one of real interest; the mind will be enlarged and the sympathies broadened.

The cycling tourist should wear a dress made of flannel; his change of clothes, the necessary tools for his journey, and material in case of accident, should be carried in a properly-shaped knapsack. Anything fastened to the machine, no matter how carefully balanced, is always a hindrance, and assists accident.

The tourist should join the Cycling Touring Club, or, as it is better known, the C.T.C. By so doing his hotel expenses will be lessened, and he will always be able to get assistance on the road.

One of the many advantages of cycling is that

A MAN CANNOT BE A GOOD CYCLIST AND SPEND MUCH MONEY IN ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

Indeed, cyclists tell us that the less liquid taken on a journey the better; wholesome food is much to be preferred to constant draughts of any kind of liquid. Cold tea is recommended by some.

ALCOHOL IS ALWAYS TO BE SHUNNED AS THE GREATEST ENEMY TO A GOOD BALANCE,

nd the best means to get rid of strength.



How Mrs. McGivellrey kept Her Pledge.

- - By Mary Wall, - -

Author of "The Mistress of the House," "Through Death to Love," "Second Fiddles," etc., etc.



IT was a hard struggle; but Mrs. McGivellrey was determined to keep it, and this is to tell how she *did* keep it—"to the glory of God."

She was an inmate of the Workhouse, and the place had been in a pleasing ferment of excitement ever since the announcement that in honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, beer would be served with the dinner for the old people. Such a dinner as it was to be!—roast beef (and plenty of it), and plum pudding, and mince pies, and apples and oranges and nuts to finish up with for those whose teeth were equal to these latter. And beer "to wash it down," as the master facetiously put it, whereat the old people laughed timorously, as in duty bound.

Now, old Mrs. McGivellrey had not been an abstainer all her life. Far from it; she had spent the last shilling she had in the world in purchasing the wherewithal for a "bout" immediately before coming into the Workhouse. Indeed, were it not for these same periodical "bouts," which had become more frequent since the death of her husband, it is doubtful if need would ever have arisen for her to enter the Union at all. John McGivellrey had been a decent, hard-working man, but was handicapped by a wife whose "bouts" were expensive items, not only because of the amount of liquor consumed, which was considerable, but also because she generally managed to get uproarious towards the end of her "bout," and to "smash things" in a general way, both of her own and of other people's. Still, in spite of this fact, he had left behind him twenty-five pounds of his savings, and a nice little house of furniture; and his widow might, had she been so minded, have made use of the latter to increase the former by the inevitable catering for cyclists, which most of her neighbours found so profitable; for she was a strong, sturdy woman of sixty-three, and had plenty of good work in her yet. Instead of which, she preferred to increase the frequency of her "bouts," and to racket along and to raise Cain generally, until first the money and then the neat little house of furniture became a vanishing item, and nothing remained for her old age but "the House."

Of course, total abstinence was compulsory there on most days of the year. Still, during the first few months of her sojourning there, she managed to "get a drop," times and again, both while "in" as a reward for little services rendered to the matron, and more especially while "out" on Monday afternoons, which she spent in visiting her old neighbours.

But when she had been "in" for nearly two years, there came to "the House" a young lay preacher, who, having obtained the permission of the Guardians, proposed to deliver to the inmates a lecture on Temperance; and to this lecture Mrs. McGivellrey was taken, along with the rest of the old folks, on the principle that it could do them no harm, even if it were too late to do them good.

Mr. Faulkner, the speaker, was a quiet, shy young man, "just bye-ordinar'" as to appearance, and speech, and gesture, but full of a burning zeal for his subject, and painfully, yearningly anxious to snatch souls from the dangers of drink—especially the young, untried

souls whom he saw immediately before him in the front row of benches, and to whom he principally addressed himself.

But it is doubtful if his mere words would have affected Mrs. McGivellrey beyond the extent of the short passing fervour to which most of the old bodies were temporarily worked up, and which expended itself in sundry moans and groans, and such like ejaculations as—"Bless the lad!" and "'E do speak like a brick, 'e do!"

It is doubtful if Mrs. McGivellrey would have been affected even inasmuch as her cronies were,—for she was fond of raising the parrot-cry that "the rich wanted to take his beer from the poor man," which she had picked up goodness knows how,—if it had not been for an odd elusive likeness in the speaker to her only child, her little boy, who had been dust for forty years and more, which struck her as soon as she saw him, and which pulled at her maternal heart-strings, and caused her poor old breast to heave tumultuously and painfully during the whole of the time the lecture was being delivered.

Poor little Willie had had just that childishly nervous hurt look in his pale blue eyes; he had had just that little wisp of brown hair that *would* keep falling low across his forehead, try as he might to keep it back. Ah! how different things would have been with her if Willie had lived to grow up.

A few bitter tears—the slow, scorching tears of the aged—fell down her withered cheek, as she sat with her gaze fixed on the speaker. She waited in the corridor, when he passed through after taking a number of pledges, her own among the others. As soon as she saw him, she ran forward, unmindful of the scandalised attendants, who would have drawn her back.

"I'll do it," she cried, "I'll do it, for your sake, lad. You must na' be angry at an old woman calling you lad, for you are just a lad to me, and the very living spit of my little lad as died more than forty years ago come next Michaelmas, and your face 'as took hold of me—you're so like my Wille,—and I've signed, lad, and I'll keep it,—for your sake!"

He had been much more at his ease talking on the subject he understood so well, in the big hall, than he was here, in the narrow corridor, with the governor—a retired military man—looking on, and naturally a trifle impatient at the delay, and a group of nurses in their gay uniforms—bright and rather supercilious creatures they seemed—noting his embarrassment with youthful and amused glances.

Still he was vowed to Christ, and what to him was the ridicule or the polite wonder in the faces about him? There was a soul, a precious soul; for all souls were precious to him who had ever before his eyes the awful price they had cost, and this soul was casting itself against him, as a spent swimmer casts his arms towards the life-belt that has been flung towards him.

"Not for me; not for my sake, good mother," he said, in his low, earnest, homely tones; "don't say for my sake; do it for the glory of God, Who has done so much for you."

The faint amusement died out of the faces of the little group who stood around. A more reverent expression succeeded it, as the nervous young voice repeated,

"Promise me you will try and keep the pledge for the glory of God; and if you break it do not think all is lost, but try again for the glory of God."

"For the glory of God!" Oh noblest motive that can be set before fainting humanity. For this, at the bidding of conscience, have kings resigned their sceptres, and men their ease, and women their love. For this have brave virgins and tender youths given themselves to the torture, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfected praise might come—for the glory of God. And for this high motive did poor old Mrs. McGivellrey resolve to abstain from drink during what of life yet remained to her.

"For the glory of God," she repeated in a quavering voice, while her hands clasped the hand he held out, and her eyes still fastened on to those that were so like, in their innate childish directness, to the eyes of her little Willie, who had left her breast desolate over forty years ago.

And then the young man gently loosened the grip of his hand, and passed on to other scenes, and other places, to beg other men and other women to abstain for the glory of God, and the strengthening of their weaker brothers and sisters. And wherever he went planting and watering, God gave the increase; and he was marvellously successful, for there is a wonderful power in a simply direct purpose, and older and more cultured men sometimes wondered why Faulkner was so successful with well-nigh hopeless cases—cases that had been untouched by their more impassioned eloquence, and more laboured beseeching. And, possibly, if an answer had been vouchsafed to their wonder, James Faulkner's angel might have told them that he offered all his strenuous endeavour to the glory of God. God, who can even make "high failure overleap the bounds of low success."

But Mrs. McGivellrey saw him no more this side of eternity.

(To be concluded next month)





Reliable authorities declare that of the annual expenditure on drink four-fifths comes out of the pockets of the wage-earning classes. Last year the drink bill exceeded £155,000,000, an amount equal to all the rent of all the farms and houses in the United Kingdom; and more than double the annual cost of our railway systems. And yet of this sum £120,000,000 was paid by the working classes.

WANTED!—More men of faith and courage; more women of love and zeal, to make Bands of Hope brighter, better, more in numbers, and more enduring in results. Apply—everywhere.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit:
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered Yes or No,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

The more money spent on liquor the less spent on food, clothes, and furniture. When you make a man teetotal you help the grocer, the baker, the clothier, the cabinet maker, and other legitimate trades.

LITTLE Harry (*who has been admonished to keep quiet while at dinner*): "I say, g'anma, lend me your spectacles, please."

Grandma: "Why, my dear?"

Little Harry: "Nothing, only I'se got a awful appetite, and I want this little bit of pie to look large."

THIS is true liberty, when free-born men
Having to advise the public, may speak free.
—*Milton.*

THE surest and shortest way to make yourself beloved and honoured is indeed to be the very man you wish to appear. Set yourself, therefore, diligently to the attainment of every virtue, and you will find on experience that no one whatsoever but will flourish and gain strength when properly exercised.—*Socrates.*

MISS SHODDIE: "What's this, ma?"

Mrs. Shoddie: "That there is a antique coat-o'-mail wot I bought at them art rooms. It's to stand in the front hall."

Miss Shoddie: "But what for?"

Mrs. Shoddie: "What for? You'd better read history a little. I want folks to think that our ancestors was high-toned an' went to college an' played football."

Teetotalism increases a man's respectability and his possessions. Drinking takes away his reputation, his comfort and his means.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp, and clever,
He's sure to get away from you,
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says that isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue.
—*League Journal.*

MANAGING EDITOR: "Why didn't you print Scribbler's remarkable article about a crazy millionaire scattering money along the streets?"

City Editor: "It's a joke. If it had been true, we wouldn't have had the article."

Managing Director: "Why not?"

City Editor: "Scribbler would have been following him yet."

The greater the success of Band of Hope work to-day, the fewer the drunkards hereafter.

A COLONEL of one of the Bengal regiments was recently complaining at an evening party that he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he, "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own sergeant, and——"

"Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

JUICE OF THE GRAPE (?)

MR. ALFRED GILBEY, a partner in the firm of Messrs. W. A. Gilbey & Sons, the well-known wine merchants, in the course of his evidence, recently, before the Committee on Food Preservatives, said that he knew there was a wine made in England, a claret, which had been offered to him at 6s. 6d. a dozen. He proceeded: "I have seen that claret, which is made in this country; I do not know what it is made from. . . ." Professor Thorne: "You do not know how or where it is produced?" Mr. Gilbey: "I think it is produced somewhere on the banks of the Thames. It has been offered to us, and we have heard of it; but I should not think it contains any grape juice. I have seen a bottle of it labelled 'St. Julien.'"



Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER IV.—'Twixt Life and Death.

"Who shall our age determine,
Who life and death deline,
The length ofdays, the growth decline,
Save Him, Who truly says, "So spin,
So toil, work out thy name
Till I thy life shall claim.
'Tis what I gave; 'tis Mine?"

"WELL, nurse, and how are the patients this morn-morning?" asked Mrs. Lovewell of Nurse Fisher, at the Royal Hospital, Cottonton, to which Gregory Johnson and his precious charge had been taken on the night of the fire.

"Oh, the little maid is doing well. She was not much hurt and will soon be all right. But the lad, I fear, ma'am, is in a very bad way. Dr. Browne says he is very, very ill, and he is doubtful of his recovery. You see it's now eight days since he was brought here and he's still unconscious."

"We must hope for the best, nurse. God alone can determine the issue you know, and perfect medical skill. Yet we cannot help praying most earnestly for such an heroic lad to be spared. If he should recover he'll make a worthy man, unless I'm very much mistaken. The only thing that bothers me about him is how he came to be at the public-house at all. Young lads like him, however noble in disposition, if once contaminated by the drink-shop influence, rarely if ever escape from it. I earnestly hope he has escaped that danger, for if not, death now would be better for him than degradation hereafter."

"You didn't know that I had met with him before, nurse? At that time he was a newspaper boy, so polite and gentle that one couldn't help being interested in him. After a while I learned that, lad as he was, he actually kept himself and a little sister. My husband and I were planning to remove him from his surroundings, and to give him a better chance in life—such a lad deserved every encouragement—when all of a sudden he and his sister disappeared from sight, and, as the old woman with whom they lived went too, all trace of them was lost, until I found him here on my last call. I did hear one day that his father—up to that time I had thought the children orphans—had taken him away. I wonder if he really has parents. No one seems to know anything about him. All I can get from Mrs. Prettyman about him would seem to

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show that he was both fatherless and motherless. At any rate she doesn't know anything of his father."

"He has a father I think, ma'am," responded the nurse. "More than once in his delirium he has talked about him, as if he were afraid of him."

"Indeed, nurse! The fathers of some of the children of our streets are unworthy the name. From the bottom of my heart I pity them, when I see the lazy, drunken, disreputable men whom some of our poor street arabs call 'father.'"

"I fancy Gregory Johnson's father must be one of those, if the man who called here last night and wanted to see him be his father. We see many strange characters here you know. But that man was positively repulsive. He was beastly drunk, and cried and talked about his dear boy and blubbered away as drunken men do. But, when the house surgeon refused to admit him, he burst into a violent temper, talked about the rights of a parent, and at length became so menacing that the porter had to forcibly eject him. Mrs. Lovewell, I can't help thinking it would be better for the lad not to get better than to have to go back to such a father."

"That he never shall, nurse," quickly responded the lady; "my husband and I have got his little sister, Nell, into a home where she will be well cared for and looked after; and if he recovers we'll see, if it can be managed anyway, that no brute of a father gets hold of him."

"Well said, Mrs. Lovewell!" interrupted Dr. Browne who at that moment joined the group. "The lad is not without stamina, and although his case is very, very critical, I shouldn't be altogether surprised if he did finally recover. We must see what the next twenty-four hours will bring."

"How is the publican getting on, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Lovewell.

"Well, he's doing better than I expected. Of course he's not making great progress, but then the wonder is, after the length of time he lay in that burning building that he should be alive at all. My only fear about him is that his drinking habits have undermined his constitution and vitiated his blood so as to make recovery extremely difficult, if not impossible. You would be surprised at the difference a man's habits make when illness or accident overtake him. You remember Jones, don't you?"

"Oh yes, very well indeed, doctor."

"Well, that man would have been alive now it's my belief, if it hadn't been for the drink. The fact of the matter is, Mrs. Lovewell, the drinker isn't in it compared with the teetotaler when accident and illness are concerned. The drink so lowers the tone and creates unhealthy and morbid physical conditions that when the drinker comes here, we've not only to deal with the accident, but we've the evil consequences of the drink to combat as well. Whatever the teetotaler has in health he certainly has the advantage in sickness and accident."

"Why, doctor, you're getting quite a Temperance lecturer," exclaimed Mrs. Lovewell, who, a teetotaler herself, had more than once urged upon Dr. Browne the magnificent opportunities his profession afforded for diminishing the intemperate habits of the people who came under his guidance; but hitherto without avail.

"Oh, no! no!" replied the doctor shaking his head and making ready to go as he did so. "I'm afraid you'll never make a recruit of me. But, of course, as a doctor, I can't deny what my experience teaches. Good morning!"

And with adieux to the nurse and to Mrs. Lovewell, Dr. Browne took his leave, leaving the latter lady to wonder, as so many others do, that men of intelligence and experience who from their own personal observation are led to recognise the moral and physical evils of intemperance should narcotise their own consciences and continue to use that which they know and teach to be of so much harm to others. Of many it has to be said as Shakespeare has it. "they would rather teach twenty than be one of twenty to follow their own teaching."

Mrs. Lovewell was not of that class. A lady of great culture and refinement, the wife of one of Cottonton's richest and most generous merchant princes, and the mother of two sons, she devoted herself to all good works and spent herself in going about doing good, in trying to improve the lot of the unfortunate and especially of young people, exposed to all the fierceness of temptation. No effort which was practical, and which aimed at brightening the lives of the dull, uplifting the fallen, or protecting the innocent, called in vain for her help. Money she gave liberally. Many give means and are not in the least charitable. They give what they do not miss, what costs them little effort, and often not because of any real interest in the cause they support but because it is a fashionable cause, or because some friend, who is interested asks their help.

Mrs. Lovewell and her husband gave of their means until the giving cost them something. But they did more. They gave themselves, and were daily spent in personally visiting the sick and needy, and in encouraging and helping the struggling. Many, many times they were imposed upon by designing and crafty people. Often they were misunderstood and charged with motives which had never entered their thoughts. But despite all they continued their labours until the rich and the influential from wondering grew to admire, and the poor, and the lonely, and the outcast among whom they toiled, loved the very ground "the Saints," as they called them, walked upon.

Their philanthropy was ever most practical. Sentimentalism they rejected. Goody-goodiness was not of their creed. They held their wealth and talents were given to use in God's service, wherever and whenever they could. Many a man and woman who had lost faith in human nature, believed all men self-seeking and scheming, and half doubted even the goodness of God Himself, recovered a childlike faith as they beheld them.

There was nothing of the saint about them. No aureola of golden lustre shone about them. Indeed, had you looked in upon the group standing in the hospital ward Mrs. Lovewell would have seemed quite commonplace—only a well-dressed, comfortable lady. She needed no

aureola, nor her husband either; the work they did, the evidences of the faith they held, were more convincing proofs of saintliness than any painted token could have been.

Her visit to the hospital was but one of many, many works of love. As soon as she heard of the "Green Man" fire, at once—bitterly though she hated drinking, and disliked the public-house—she went to the aid of the sufferers, when to her joy she found the lad in whose welfare she had desired to be interested, the lad whom she had wanted to help ever since he carried home her Xmas parcels for her. Every day after had found her an early enquirer after his welfare.

"Nurse," she said, "as soon as any change occurs let me know. Let him want for nothing. But whatever you do see that the man who calls himself his father does not get to him. If the man is to be lost we must save the lad."

Nurse Fisher readily assented. Any of the nurses would have done so for Mrs. Lovewell, whose visits were never fussy or faddy, but always tactful, and such as made the staff and the patients glad to see her.

Beside, in this lad's case everybody's anxiety was concentred. Such heroism had strangely moved the whole city. The daily newspapers printed the latest bulletin, just as if some great one had lain ill. All sorts of projects were on foot for recognising his bravery. Appeals had already been made for the Royal Humane Society's badge to reward him, if——

Yes, on that tiny word how many mighty issues hung.

"If," said Mrs. Lovewell, "he recover, he shall never want again."

"If," said John Prettyman, who had recovered consciousness, "I only get well again, I'll work to the very death for that lad."

"If only I could go to see Gregory," said a little maid, sister Nell, "I should be happy."

"If," said Dame Prettyman, "he were my lad. How can I thank him?"

"If," said a besotted, wretched drunkard to his equally-wretched cronies, when again refused admission to the hospital—"if I don't make somebody sit up for this, and if I don't make summut out of it when the young un's better (fine manly sentiment) my name's not Johnson. Things are coming to a pretty pass if a father can't see his own son."

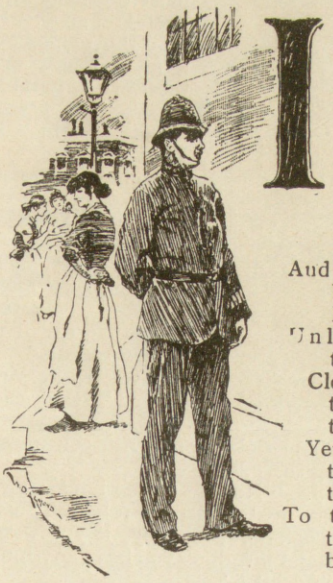
Oh the awful power of "if." 'Tis the mightiest of mighty words. On it depend the issues of life and death, of success and failure, of hope and despair, of gain and loss, of joy and misery. The measure of dramatic intensity lies in its two letters, and the fate of nations, as of individuals, hangs on its point-like balance.

"If——"

(*To be continued.*)

An Angel of the Poor.

By Mary M. Forrester.



I DON'T know much of London's wealth,
My beat is in the poorer parts,
Where want has crushed the people's hearts,
And squeezed their bodies out of health.
Unlovely quarters, these I tread,
Closed in from most that's bright and true;
Yet angels sometimes struggle through
To teach the folk there's more than bread.

In yonder hovel o'er the way,
There lives a little brown-haired lass;
Who yet will raise this stolid mass
Of human life to hope and pray.
Not hers, the path without alloy,
And yet she draws whatever light
Creeps in to break the slum's dark night,
And turns it into rays of joy.

We, who must roam the streets at night,
To keep subdued the storm of strife,
We see the seamy side of life,
Yet witness, too, its nobler height.
That chance, which shows us poverty,
Reveals as well the goodly store
Of patient trust, which marks the poor,
And gilds their darkest destiny.

Yon little lass across the way
Toils daily at the noisy loom,
And wastes amidst the factory's gloom
The tender glow of girlhood's day.
No grumbler, sour and cramped, is she,
But meekly bends to duty's rod,
And humbly does the will of God,
However dark the road may be.

Her face illumes the narrow street;
Where hearts are sad her voice is heard,
Clear as the singing of some bird,
While eyes grow bright to hear her feet.
Her toil-stained hand has brought a balm
To many a brow in fever pain;
Her peace has crept to jarring men,
And stilled the conflict into calm.

Only a little factory lass,
One of the people's children, she;
Yet never maid of high degree
E'er reigned above the human mass,
With empire more complete and sure,
Than does this daughter of the slums,
This empress of a hundred homes,
This little angel of the poor.

His Bartered Inheritance.

By Louie Slade.

I DOUBT if Michael Marshall could have given you his reasons for visiting his old home. It was years since he had left it; he had roamed about a good deal since that time, and seen many different places; yet, as he looked about him, he thought he had never come across a prettier spot. And certainly the picture of rural peace and beauty would have been hard to excel. Yet its contemplation appeared to give Michael more pain than pleasure.

"I was foolish to come," he muttered; "I might have known it would only make me feel worse than ever. I don't know what possessed me, I am sure."

No, he could neither define nor understand the longing which had seized him to revisit the familiar scene. He had tried to shake it off, but to no purpose, the craving only grew stronger. So at length he had yielded to it, and here he was. Yes, here, in the village in which he had been born, and in which all his childhood and early youth had been spent; here where he had dreamed such golden dreams, and laid such brilliant plans. Michael had been a bright, ambitious boy, and partial friends had predicted that he "would make his mark." But, alas for their prediction, he had turned out a failure.



Michael was feeling very bitter this afternoon. He was sitting in a field in which he had often worked as a lad, tossing the hay, or helping to pile the corn upon the wagons, for he was a farmer's son. In the distance he could catch a glimpse of the dear old farm which used to be his home, and which ought to be his home at the present time. This was the bitterest thought of all. The farm had belonged to Michael's father, and to his grandfather before him, and naturally descended to himself. But Michael couldn't keep it. His father and grandfather had been steady, thrifty men; he was gay and idle, and trifled away his time and money at the public-house instead of attending to his farm. And as a natural consequence, it soon passed into other hands.

This was many years ago, yet Michael's heart was sore this afternoon at the thought of strangers occupying it.

Presently his reverie was interrupted by the sound of whistling, and a boy came tearing along. He stopped abruptly at the sight of the stranger, looked at him keenly and then spoke.

"I say, don't you know you're trespassing? This is our field!"

Michael might have taken offence at the words and tone, only the boy reminded him so much of himself at the same age.

"I ain't doing no harm, my lad," he returned quietly. "I'm only having a bit of a rest. I suppose you live at the farm yonder?"

"Yes. You're a stranger in this part, aren't you?"

Michael nodded.

"Ay, there aren't many people who'd remember me; most of them are dead and gone. I read the names of a good many up there in the churchyard. The place is altered since I knew it."

"That is a long time ago, I s'pose?"

"Thirty years—a little over, perhaps. I thought I should like a look at it once more. I used to live where you do."

"What, at the farm?" said the lad in surprise, glancing at Michael's clothes. "Ah, you mean you were working there."

Michael smiled. "No, it was my home; and it might have been my home still if it hadn't been for the drink. Look here, my boy, if you want to lead a good useful life, don't you have anything to do with strong drink!"

"I don't mean to; I'm a Band of Hope boy."

"Good! See you stick to it. I only wish I could see my time over again."

The hopelessness of the tone touched the boy's heart; he looked pityingly at the stranger.

"Well, you ain't so very old, are you? Why don't you make a fresh start?"

"It's too late!"

"Why, it's 'never too late to mend' you know. But tell me about the time you lived here, and what the place was like then."

Michael complied, nothing loth. It was pleasant to find a listener to the reminiscences of which his heart was full; and, as he talked, some of the bitterness melted, leaving him more susceptible to better influences.

His companion was so interested in the story that he made Michael go home with him, and see his father. The farmer was not the one to whom Michael had sold the farm, but a nephew of his—a good, kind man, who was always ready to lend a helping hand. Finding that Michael had no home, and no ties to bind him, he gave him work upon the farm, and fitted up for his use the very room he had occupied as a boy. Here, amid congenial and helpful surroundings, Michael made a fresh start. It was hard to give up the drink, but leaning upon an Omnipotent Arm he was enabled to do it, and the latest years of his life were the happiest and most useful. He never lost an opportunity of recommending total abstinence; and more than one young man was induced to try it by hearing the story of his own bartered inheritance.



By John Dale.

. . . *IV.—April Flowers.* . . .



APRIL is come! The days are longer, and the sun warmer! Now March winds have said "Good-bye," gentle April showers cause the grass to grow, and the flowers to peep out from their little buds. Many leaf buds are beginning to loosen their tiny waterproof capes; presently they will throw them off altogether, and the trees put on their summer dress.

In this month many seeds are sown. Let us, before they are put into the soil, look at some of them, and see how a seed begins to grow. Like boys and girls, they differ in size and appearance, some being as big as a large nut, and some so small you can hardly see them.

The various kinds of nuts have a hard wood covering or shell (Fig. I., *a*.) Acorns have a thick covering, but no shell (*b*). When growing they are fixed in a little cup, out of which they fall when fully ripe.

Many seeds have wings so that the wind can carry them. Fig. I. gives illustrations of these; the winged seed of the corn-cockle (*c*); the feathery dandelion seed (*d*); and the flying seed of the clematis (*e*). There are also three examples of the beautiful markings of some seeds—(*f*) is the poppy seed; (*g*) is the red campion, a black seed covered with dots in beautiful curves; (*h*) is one of the hawkweeds.

If we take a bean (Fig. I., *i*) and steep it in tepid water for an hour or two, we can easily

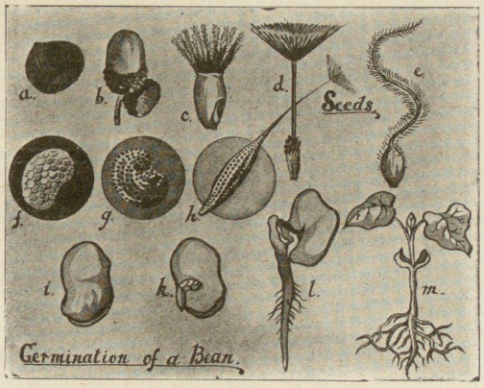


Fig. I.

strip off the skin, when we shall find the seed consists of two flat lobes or *cotylédons*. On opening them we discover a sort of hinge attached to each lobe (Fig. I., *k*). This is the germ or living part of the seed, which would have become the future plant.

Let us take another bean, and cover it with wet sawdust or soil, in a warm place, and it will soon germinate. The "radicle," or future root, will grow *down* into the soil, and thrust out rootlets in all directions in search of water (Fig. I., *l*).

The " plumule," or growing point of the stem, will then push itself upward into the light, bent like a hook at first, but straightening itself as it grows. At the top of this two tiny leaves begin to open, and gradually grow larger. The cotyledons are lifted out of the soil as the stem lengthens, and become shrivelled, because the store of food they contained has been eaten up by the young plant (Fig. I., *m*), which, by means of its leaves, will in future obtain its food supply from the air, and will rapidly increase in growth.

The advent of spring brings forth the "children of the sunshine" in greater beauty and variety. One of the first flowers to claim attention this month is the marsh marigold (*Cáltha palustris*), a very showy plant, familiar to all lovers of wild flowers. Its large golden blossoms appear from amongst a cluster of dark glossy-green leaves, and form bright patches in many marshy places. Its leaves are very variable in form, mostly kidney-shaped, with toothed edges and large stipules.

The marsh marigold has no petals, but its five broad glossy-yellow sepals form a deep golden cup, within which lie many stamens, and right in the centre a cluster of green *carpels*, or little seed vessels.

In former days this flower was called Mary's gold, in honour of the Virgin Mary. Jean Ingelow alludes to this in his " Songs of Seven "—

> Oh, brave marsh Mary buds, rich and yellow,
> Give me your money to hold.

A very different plant is the wood anemone, or wind flower (*Anémone nemorósa*), one of our most beautiful spring flowers, adorning the woods and upland glades with its fleecy whiteness.

Its stem grows underground; from this arises a scape, bearing three leafy bracts a few inches above the soil; about two inches beyond these bracts there sits a solitary flower, which has no petals, but its six white sepals spread out like a star, their points slightly curving upwards and forming a shallow cup within which lie a cluster of stamens, surrounding the carpels in the centre. The latter become feathered as they ripen, and give the seeds a cottony appearance.

The poets say that Zephyr, the gentle west wind, and Boreas, the cold, rough north wind, both loved this flower, and so they called it,

> Child of the winds,
> The coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses
> Her lips until they're blown on by the breeze.

It is said to be a good weather-glass, for when rain is coming it draws its curtains close and goes to sleep, waiting for the return of the wind and the sun.

The violet (*Víola odoráta*) is a sweet-scented and modest little flower, with a great variety and delicacy of colour—purple, blue, lilac and white, and intermediate tints, which may sometimes be seen on the same bank.



FIG. II.

Its heart-shaped leaves all spring from the root, as do the flower-stalks, each of these having two small bracts about half way up. The lower petal of the flower is lengthened into a hollow spur underneath.

The centre of each flower looks very beautiful under a small magnifying glass. The golden stamens appear to form a little cushion, from the top of which there is a small green object, looking very much like a tiny bird's head lifted above its golden nest.

There is another violet that is scentless; perhaps on this account it has been called the dog violet (*Viola canina*). Its flowers are a pale blue, though sometimes white. The leaves are more pointed, frequently tinged with purple, and the stipules are larger than those of the sweet violet.

Amongst the flowers of April we must not forget the universal favourite the primrose—(*Primula vulgáris*), one of the most welcome of spring flowers, the leaves whereof all grow from the rootstock, oblong in shape, with sinuous edges, and furrowed and wrinkled surfaces. The flowers are each on a separate stalk; the sepals are united and form a tube with five teeth at the upper end. The petals are spread out into a wheel-shape, each petal being notched at the edge. Its colour is so peculiar that it has a name of its own—primrose.

The children of Germany call the primrose the "key-flower," because they think it will unlock the door of the enchanted castle where the fairies dwell, who guard the treasures of wealth and happiness.

The poet Wordsworth, writing of this flower, says,

> Primroses, the spring may love them,
> Summer knows but little of them.

Howitt, too, mentions them, as with a yearning heart for the tired children of labour he pleads—

> Gather the primroses,
> Make handfuls of the posies,
> Give them to the little girls at work in the mills.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

RUNNING AND WALKING.



RUNNING and walking are excellent sports which cost very little. A suitable jersey, a pair of running drawers, and running shoes, and the outfit is complete.

It is a strange and shivering sight on a frosty night to suddenly come upon a party of runners, clad in their thin costumes. They do not seem to be as cold as the well clad passers-by, who look upon them with astonishment, and then express their pity. It matters little how scanty is the costume so long as the wearer keeps up active exercise, and puts on warm clothing so soon as he stops still. It must not be forgotten that when as in some of our public schools, the young scholars are forced to take part in running matches, much injury is done to the constitution, and even death has known to be the result of the over working of the heart.

Between the ages of 20 and 30 is considered the best time of life for running; but walking can be properly exercised at any period of life. It is perhaps the very best exercise that can be universally practised.

No one can expect to win in a race without judicious training, and although excessive training is likely to lead to very bad results, judicious training must be undertaken by all who wish to excel.

Elaborate directions are given by some trainers as to the mode of living, the food that should be eaten, the hours of sleep, and a variety of arrangements which are said to be conducive to the growth of muscle and the general preparation of the body for unusual exertion. The would-be racer used to be recommended to eat raw steak, and to take strong stout.

A member of the London Athletic Club, writing on this subject, says: "The word 'training' has to many an ominous sound, seeming to suggest the undergoing of hardships which, although they may temporarily increase the muscular power, ultimately undermine and ruin the constitution. Nothing could be further from the truth. Training means an adherence to

REGULAR HABITS AND JUDICIOUS EXERCISE, AND THE AVOIDANCE OF THE USE OF ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

In a word, to train is to bring the body into its natural and original state of health and manly vigour, so that it may sustain an unusual strain upon its powers without that injury which is inseparable from want of condition."

It is important sometimes that the body should be reduced in weight; an undue amount of fat interferes with the action of the muscles and arteries, it hinders the action of the lungs, and produces shortness of wind.

That part of the body which it is desirous to lessen in size should be swathed in flannel; if the weather be moderately fine a flannel jersey should be worn with a woollen sweater over it. Cover these with a jacket, then wearing an extra pair of long drawers, a sharp walk of two or three hours will certainly produce an abundant perspiration.

Immediately on arriving home the flannels must be thrown off, a sponge or shower bath taken, and the body well rubbed with a coarse towel.

By this exercise, a pound or a pound-and-a-half may be taken off the body at a time.

With regard to diet, it is impossible to make the regimen for all the same; plain staple food is recommended, the bread should be stale, the meat, beef, and mutton, the eggs lightly cooked; butter, sugar, and milk should only be taken in moderate quantities. All high-seasoned food should be avoided, and the quantity of liquid taken should be about half-a-pint at each of the four meals. Soup, cheese, salt meats, and

ALL INTOXICATING DRINKS SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

As these remarks are intended for those who earn their living, and only have time to practise in their leisure hours, the following remarks with regard to how to spend the time may be useful.

"Leave bed at six in summer, seven in winter, cold bath, and rub down with rough towel; eat a biscuit, walk for half-an-hour, and on arriving home use light dumb bells. Breakfast at eight. Walk to business when distance will allow. Dinner at one, tea at five, practice between 6-30 and 8, supper at nine, bed at ten. Always have the bedroom window open a little top and bottom, but the bed must be in such a position as not to catch the draught."

When training, a great difficulty will be experienced at first from thirst; relief can be obtained by plunging the hands into cold water. Do not drink largely of any liquid.

Before entering into any competition it is as well to find out the distance which is most suitable to your powers; experience will soon guide you. It will be better to win in a short race than to be always in a competition in a larger race.

A very important matter is learning to start well; it takes some practice to do this properly; the racer who can start the moment the pistol is fired has a marked advantage over the one who hesitates, if only for half-a-minute. Do not take long strides at first, husband your strength, above all things never look back, go steadily forward.

Never forget that a day's rest before a race is a great help when the time of testing comes on.

REPORT is a quick traveller, but a very unsafe guide.

THINK nothing accomplished while anything of it remains yet undone.

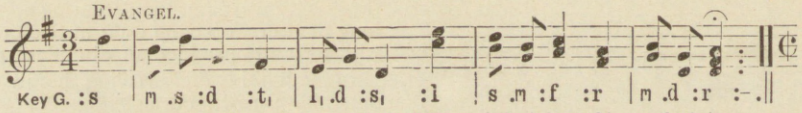
TEMPERANCE TOPICAL DUET.

*EVANGEL versus DRINK-FIEND.**

(*Copyright.*)

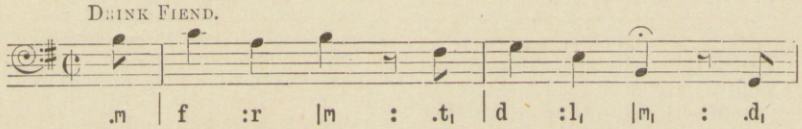
J. GRIFFITHS.

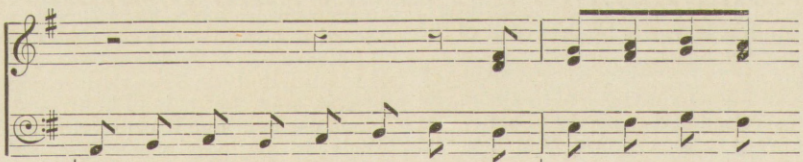
EVANGEL.

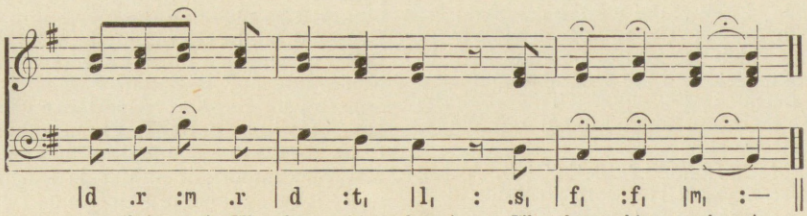


1. Here comes a bright and bon-ny boy, (1) His father's hope, his mother's joy :
2. See! now there comes a maid-en fair, (2) With bright blue eyes and gold-en hair :
3. Next comes a hus-band true and kind, (3) A no-bler one you could not find :
4. Lo! here's his pure, de-vot-ed wife, (4) Of home she is the light and life :
5. Now comes a teach-er full of zeal, (5) Who la-bours hard for o-thers' weal :

DRINK FIEND.



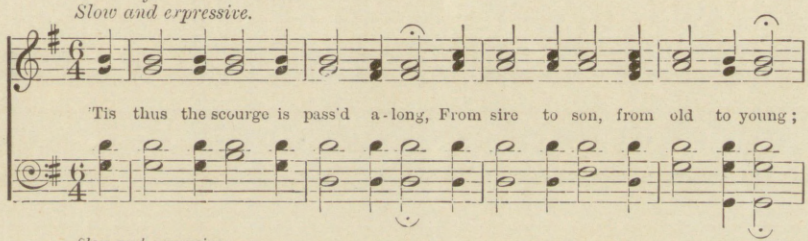




* The effectiveness of this Duet will be greatly increased if the parts Evangel and Drink-Fiend be respectively taken by a good Soprano and Bass, suitably attired. At the points 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, representatives of the characters named should quietly, slowly and apparently unpremeditatedly cross the platform. The choir should be invisible.

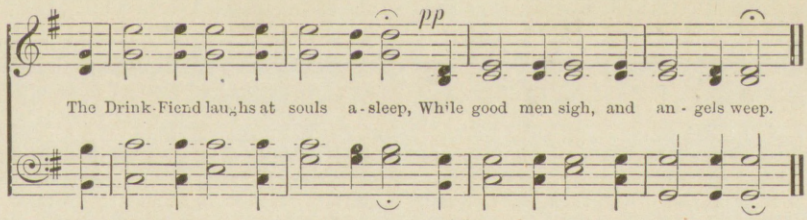
TEMPERANCE TOPICAL DUET.

CHOIR—*After the last verse.*
Slow and expressive.



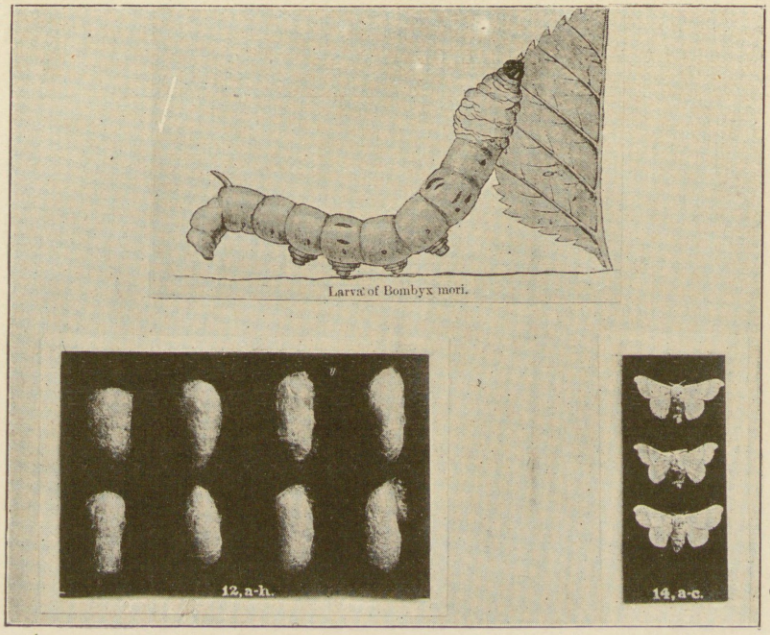
Slow and expressive.

:m	|m :- :m |m :- :m	m :- :r |r :- :f	f :- :f |f :- :f	f :- :m |m :-
:d	|d :- :d |d :- :d	d :- :t_1 |t_1 :- :r	r :- :r |r :- :r	r :- :d |d :-
Tis	thus the scourge is	pass'd a-long, From	sire to son, from	old to young;
:s	|s :- :s |s :- :s	s :- :s |s :- :s	s :- :s |s :- :s	s :- :s |s :-
:d	|d :- :d |m :- :d	s_1 :- :s_1 |s_1 :- :s_1	s_1 :- :s_1 |t_1 :- :s_1	d :- |:d |d :- |:d_1 |d_1 :-



:d	|l :- :l |l :- :l	l :- :s |s :- :s_1	l_1 :- :l_1 |l_1 :- :l_1	l_1 :- :s_1 |s_1 :-
:s_1	|d :- :d |d :- :d	d :- :d |d :- :m_1	f_1 :- :f_1 |f_1 :- :f_1	f_1 :- :m_1 |m_1 :-
The	Drink-Fiend laughs at	souls a-sleep, While	good men sigh, and	an-gels weep.
:m	|f :- :f |f :- :f	f :- :m |m :- :d	d :- :d |d :- :d	d :- :d |d :-
:m_1	|f_1 :- :f_1 |l_1 :- :f_1	d :- :d |d :- :m_1	f_1 :- :f_1 |l_1 :- :f_1	d_1 :- :d_1 |d_1 :-

Silk and its Manufacture.

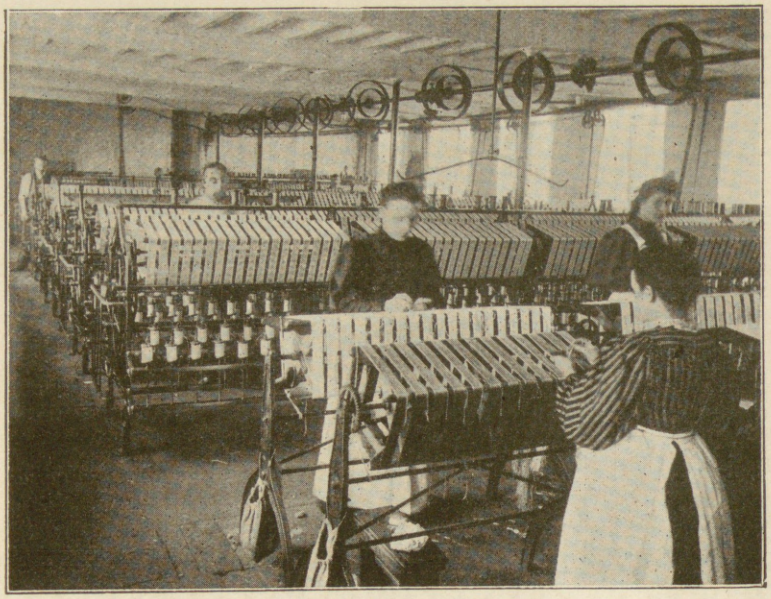


COCOONS. SILK WORMS.

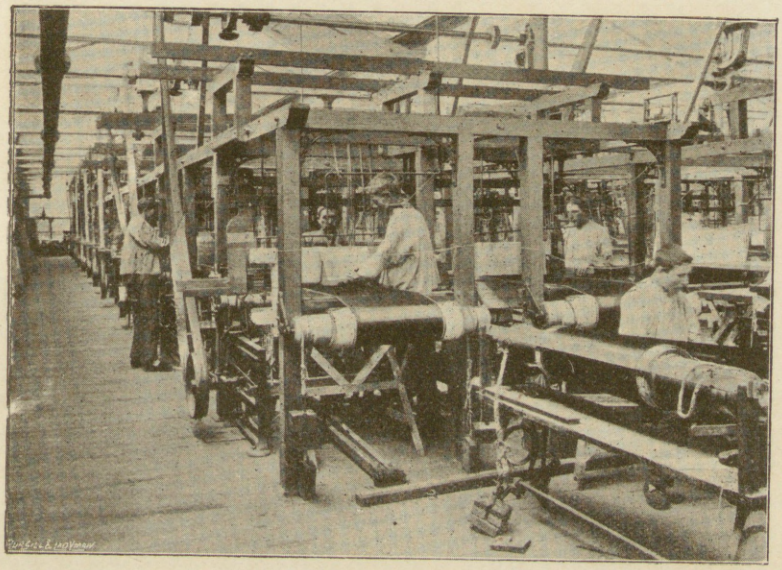
THE Chinese have a beautiful legend respecting the commencement of this industry, which dates backward some 2,600 years before Christ—a period which corresponds to our record of the Deluge. The young Empress, Siling Chi, wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, walking in the grounds surrounding the palace, and musing on the responsibilities of her position, turned to a court philosopher who accompanied her, and asked him, "What can I do that my people may love me, and remember me in years to come?" He directed her attention to a silkworm spinning its cocoon on a bush near at hand, and replied, "See that spider spinning its silken thread? Gather these threads together and weave them into a garment, and your people shall for ever bless your memory."

Tradition says she followed this advice, and succeeded in developing the silk industry in this ancient empire. How far this is fiction or fact we know not, but it is a remarkable coincidence that she is the first Empress of whom the Chinese have kept the remembrance.

The silkworm when in the larva state feeds on mulberry leaves, of which it consumes a large quantity, each insect eating during its short lifetime (35 to 40 days), eight or nine ounces of leaves. It has a most perfect organisation, nervous and digestive, in addition to which it has special glands, which may fitly be termed a chemical laboratory for transmuting the leaf into the substance we call silk. At the end of 35 days it spins a fine but double thread from beneath the lower jaw, and enwraps itself in a living tomb called a cocoon, consisting of a thread of 800 to 1,000 yards long. So skilfully is this thread laid that it can be reeled off into a continuous length, and any number from four to ten may be joined together to obtain the exact strength and thickness required. The process of SILK REELING is carried on in filatures or



SILK THROWING.



HAND LOOM WEAVING.

factories, where women are employed, each worker accomplishing the task of reeling from five to six pounds of silk per week. The cocoons are first cleared of the outside floss by whisking in hot water, and afterwards transferred to basins, from which, at a temperature of 180 degrees, the silk can be successfully drawn off the cocoons and reeled in hanks.

Before silk, however, can be used in the loom to make the fabrics required, it is necessary to combine a number of threads and spin or twist them in order to give strength and durability to the article made, as also to protect the thread from the friction and wear caused in weaving. The process known as SILK THROWING was confined to Italy and France until the year 1718, when Lombe, of Derby, went over to Italy disguised as a common workman, with the view of introducing the trade to his native town. He succeeded in obtaining employment, and appeared so eager for work that he asked permission to sleep in the mill. He took advantage of this privilege, and made careful sketches of the machinery employed. When his object was accomplished he returned home and built a large mill at Derby, part of which stands to-day, and is known as the Old Silk Mill. His ruse was subsequently discovered by the Italians, and he did not escape their vengeance. He was either poisoned or assassinated by a woman sent over for the purpose.

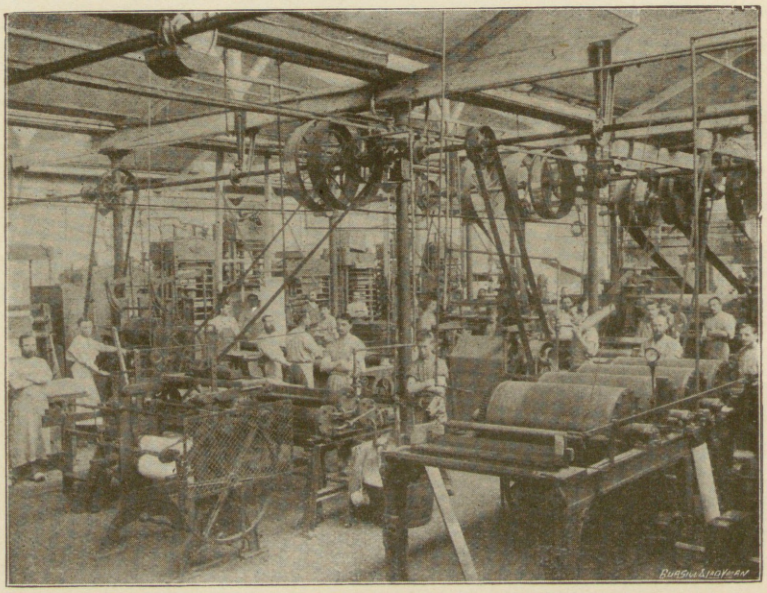
The exact composition of silk has been most difficult to analyse and define, but it is well known that no other textile material lends itself so well as silk in taking clear and brilliant colours. Its affinity for taking additional weight and bulk has been made the most of by unscrupulous manufacturers, and both vegetable and mineral substances are employed for this purpose. Whilst the latter prove corrosive, the former adds considerable strength and size, and all black dress silks should be dyed by the vegetable process. All silks treated in this way are noted for softness of touch, finish, and good wear. In choosing silk fabrics particular attention should be devoted to discriminating between heavily loaded mineral dyes and those of a lighter and better quality.

After the silk has been dyed it must be woven. It would be difficult to trace the history of



SILK DYEING.

WEAVING. The hand-loom, which is a most primitive appliance, was no doubt used in ancient Egypt as far as history goes back, especially in the manufacture of the finest linen, but it was not until the seventh century that the new substance, silk, was employed in Europe for producing articles of ornamentation and clothing. The persecution of the Hugenots in France about the year 1680, drove some 70,000 French Protestants to our shores, many of whom were silk weavers, who settled in Spitalfields, East London, and by their industry and artistic ability, an impetus was given to the manufacture of silk goods in our own country. The industry gradually spread to various towns, Macclesfield being among the earliest. Whilst the trade has greatly declined in many places, it is still the staple industry of this ancient Cheshire borough, which has long been and is now the centre of the English silk trade.



SILK FINISHING.

The present century has witnessed the development of this industry by the introduction of the Jacquard machine and the power loom. These enable the manufacturer to give an immense variety of beautiful figures, and cheapen the production. What would formerly, under the old conditions, have taken months to accomplish, may now be done in as many days. Very pretty and cheap fabrics in silk can be got at prices that will favourably compare with cotton goods, and increased beauty and artistic variety can now be secured without either detracting from their utility or adding materially to the cost.

When the fabric leaves the loom—hand or power—there is a noticeable want of smoothness and brilliancy which can only be produced by the Finishing machinery illustrated above. Some goods are dyed in the piece, and, consequently, a shrinkage of the width takes place, which can only be restored by the process of finishing. This branch of the business includes also printing, watering, gaufrage, etc. Here, as in dyeing, it is necessary for the expert to judge whether the processes employed, or the substances used, will have any deleterious effect on the wear. The great advantage to the purchaser in English over foreign silks is that the former are free from deleterious substances, and are finished under the best conditions for securing both durability and brilliancy of appearance.

We have now traced silk from the silkworm to the finished fabric. It may be interesting to note that the production of a dress length of average quality involves the life of 2,000 silkworms, the consumption of half-a-ton of mulberry leaves, and a length of silk as produced from the silkworm of nearly two million yards.

[*For the matter and illustrations of this article we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Robinson Brown, of the Royal Silk Warehouse, Macclesfield.* —ED]

For Reflection.

YEAR by year additional weight is given to the contention that teetotalism is a powerful factor in lengthening life, and a means of increasing the working value of men. The recent report of the Sceptre Life Association is another proof in support. During the year ending Dec. 31st, 1899, in the General section, open to moderate drinkers of steady habits, the number of expected deaths was 140. The number of actual deaths was 86, or 61·43 of the expected. In the Temperance section, in which only abstainers can be insured, the per centage of actual to expected deaths was only 50·00, a gain of 11·43 in favour of the teetotalers—the expected deaths being 94, the actual 47.

The returns for a period of fifteen years show even a greater advantage, the figures being as follows:

	Expected Deaths.	Actual Deaths.	Per centage.
General Section.....	1,658	1,332	80·34
Temperance Section...	926	522	56 37

Advantage of Temp. Section over General, 23·97.

A remarkable sign of the times is shown in the fact that of a total of 579 policies issued during 1899, 402 were on the lives of abstainers, of whom 244, or over 60 per cent., were life teetotalers.

N.B.—Owing to the illness of Dr. Howarth the usual article, "Good Health," cannot be given this month.

The Children's Charter:

THE BILL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION,

Introduced by Mr. ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.P.

Passed its Second Reading, House of Commons, March 9th, 1900.

NOW that the Bill to prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children under sixteen years of age has passed its second reading, IT IS IMPERATIVE if we desire it to become law, THAT A VERY STRONG PUBLIC OPINION BE AROUSED IN ITS FAVOUR. THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT on the 9th of March clearly showed that THEY WILL DO NOTHING UNLESS COMPELLED BY AN IRRESISTIBLE PUBLIC DEMAND

The Bill, as was shown by the speeches in the House of Commons during the second reading debate, is absolutely non-partisan and appeals to all who are prepared to put the welfare of the child above every other consideration. We believe that on no other measure of Temperance reform could Liberal and Conservative, Unionist and Radical Nationalist and Orangeman unite Certainly no other Bill receives such undivided support from religious and philanthropic workers, educationists, and the thinking public.

BUT THE GOVERNMENT and VARIOUS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT either DO NOT KNOW, OR DO NOT CHOOSE TO ADMIT, THE EARNESTNESS OF THE PUBLIC DESIRE for this elementary but far-reaching reform. It therefore becomes the

Immediate Duty

of CLERGY, MINISTERS, SUNDAY and DAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, INTERESTED PUBLIC BODIES, and especially of BAND OF HOPE and TEMPERANCE WORKERS, and in fact of all who hold that it is prejudicial to the true development of childhood to permit the continuance of the sale of drink to children, *whether for their own or for others' consumption*, to early memorialise the Government, to petition the House of Commons, and to inundate Members of Parliament with pointed personal letters from constituents urging them to support the Bill as it stands.

Already there are signs of Opposition.

Not direct opposition. The opponents of the measure are too wary for that. They seek to kill the Bill by amendments, some of which, if adopted, would so emasculate and change its character as to render it almost worthless. Many of them are designed so as to raise the age at which children could be served with liquor for their own consumption from thirteen years of age (as at present) to sixteen, but to leave untouched the evil against which the Bill is a protest, that of the child messenger.

Several amendments are put forward by Members who profess to see in the matter an attempt to curtail the liberty of the people. It is quite true that the Bill aims at stopping the sending of children to the public-house; and further, that the children of the working classes are those most frequently sent as child messengers. IT IS REMARKABLE, HOWEVER, THAT THE FEAR OF INTERFERENCE WITH THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE VOICED CHIEFLY BY THOSE WHOSE CHILDREN, by reason of their father's wealth, ARE NOT EXPOSED TO THE EVILS WHICH BESET THE CHILD MESSENGER.

The cry of interference does not come from the people themselves.

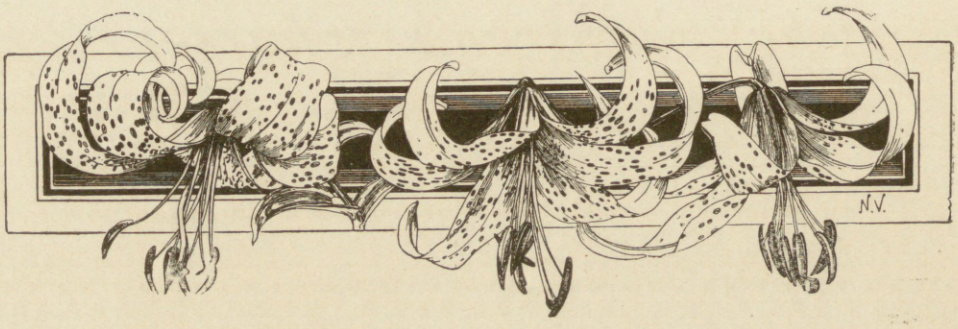
Indeed it is worthy of note that THE LABOUR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT ARE AMONG THE MOST STALWART SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL. They recognise, as do the many working men who have petitioned and memorialised in its favour, that the enactment of the Bill, would PROVIDE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE POORER THAT IMMUNITY FROM EVIL INFLUENCES WHICH THE CHILDREN OF THE CLASSES ENJOY BY REASON OF THEIR PARENTS' BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

They see, too, that the Bill in its present form would bring about a desirable change with the minimum of friction and with the best likelihood of success. True, like all ameliorative and preventive measures it would occasion some inconvenience to the unthinking and careless, and might even press with some degree of hardness upon the negligent. But it is the children of these who particularly need the protection of the law, and who without that protection will most suffer through their parents' or guardians' thoughlessness, folly or neglect.

BECAUSE IT WILL PUT ALL CHILDREN UPON THE SAME LEVEL: GIVE ALL THE SAME OPPORTUNITY TO GROW UP WITHOUT BEING FORCED TO BECOME FAMILIAR WITH THE PREJUDICIAL ASSOCIATIONS OF DRINK SELLING, WE APPEAL FOR THE WHOLE-HEARTED SUPPORT AND WORK OF ALL OUR READERS FOR MR. ROBINSON SOUTTAR'S BILL. At the same time we would emphasise that

Our Policy must be the Bill as it is,

IF WE WOULD HAVE A WORKABLE MEASURE TO PREVENT THE PURCHASE OF DRINK BY CHILDREN, and ONE WHICH WOULD NOT HAVE THE EFFECT OF SETTING CHILD AGAINST PARENT AS WOULD INEVITABLY BE THE CASE IF THE BILL PROVIDED THAT BOTH THE SENDER AND THE SELLER SHOULD BE PENALISED.



How Mrs. McGivellrey kept Her Pledge.

- - By Mary Wall, - -

Author of "The Mistress of the House," "Through Death to Love," "Second Fiddles," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. McGivellrey, an inmate of the Workhouse, a victim to a fondness for the bottle, heard from Mr. Faulkner, the Temperance speaker, an address which caused her in her old age to declare teetotal "for the glory of God" to the wonderment of her cronies, who all vowed she would break at the Jubilee.

AND now it was the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, five years later, and she had been faithful to her promise to the lad who had the eyes of her dead little Willie during the time that had intervened. But time, which had fallen lightly on some of the other old people, had dealt hardly with our elderly heroine; the excesses of her early and middle age were not unpunished, for rheumatism, that dreaded enemy of the aged poor, had her in its clutches, and she was rarely entirely free from pain. She was "creechy," as the nurses said; seldom really ill but never well, perhaps the most trying of any state, but trebly so to the elderly denizens of "the House," whose life has practically passed, "leaving," as George Eliot says, "the poor soul like a dim and dusty stage, with all its fair gardens and scenes overturned, and its beautiful perspectives overthrown."

And added to this "creechiness," and the state of irritation it engendered, came the old fierce desire for "a drop," which is so often felt by rheumatic subjects, although its gratification invariably results in the most exquisite pain.

Poor Mrs. McGivellrey fought many a bitter fight with her temptation, which was heightened by that sting of memory which makes it so hard for one who has taken the pledge late in life to adhere to it, in the face of that mad, tantalising thirst that will not be stifled until it becomes almost virulent at the height of its paroxysms.

Poor soul, like those of old, she was, in the language of Scripture, "grievously tormented." Would the motive hold? Would she still be able to stand firm when the time came for drinking the health of Her Majesty, when the Guardians themselves, and their wives — magnificent creatures in the eyes of the inmates of "the House," but merely well-meaning and somewhat overdressed wives of the local tradespeople in fact—should press her to drink?

And now the eventful day has arrived, and the the old people are seated round the long tables on which is a truly regal "spread." Old "Granfeyther" Thompson, puffing and wheezing as usual, has delivered himself of the very same witticism that he invented ten years ago, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee, in eighteen eighty-seven, to the effect that "t' Queen ought t' have a Jubilee every Sunday; it 'ud suit 'im rare an' well, it would." And the Guardians' wives had laughed, just as they did before, in spite of Granny Thompson's quick nudging of her husband, and her whispered injunction, "Do be quiet, Jabez; I never seed sich a man for cackling, that I didn't."

"I reckon I'll cackle no more once t' beef comes round. I'm goin' to tuck in and stoke up so as t' taste 'll stay wi' me till nineteen hundred," said the irrepressible "Granfeyther."

And the Guardians and their wives laughed again.

But now they were all served with the beef, and from the other end of the table one of the Guardians, a young and cheery looking man, who was no other than mine host of the "Crafty Fox" in private life, was bending down, filling one by one the glasses that stood beside each knife and fork, from a foaming tankard he carried.

Mrs. McGivellrey dreaded this. But to her ears—grown strangely deaf of late—sounded once more, as she had heard it five years ago, and so faithfully remembered, the tender nervous young voice, and her eyes seemed to look once more into the eyes that were so like those of her dead boy's, and she prayed silently that she might be steadfast—for the glory of God.

And the young man with the big tankard—how familiar the foaming froth on the top looked to her longing eyes—came nearer and nearer.

Mrs. McGivellrey had been tolerably well all day, but now a sudden faint, far-away feeling came over her, following a rather sharp pain—one of the "springes" she dreaded. She lost sight of the cheerful scene around her, and seemed to

stand beside the death-bed of her "man." Once more the voice of John McGivellrey was begging her to "go easy," and to leave off the "bouts."

Then, farther back still went the "mad wench, memory," and she was a young mother, and on her knee lay the dying form of her little boy. "Oh, let him live; let my Willie live, good Lord, and I'll do anything, give up *anything* else," she seemed to be crying again in her feeble impotence, while John stood by, his frame shaken by sobs as he watched the agony of his only child.

Farther back still, and she stood with her husband alone, on their bridal day; a bonnie girl, with whom nobody would have associated the idea of drinking, or of "regular bouts."

And yet farther back, and she was kneeling, a weeping child, by the coffin of her father, dead in the pride of his manhood, killed in a drunken quarrel by his own mother.

Ah! how wisely have our neighbours crystallised into a proverb the opinion that "to know all is to forgive all."

Those who went far back enough indeed, the few who knew *all* about Mrs. McGivellrey, knew that she had come into the world with the inherited drink craving, that her strong, handsome young father had had his "bouts" too. But so few of us know all.

Then the dreamy feeling vanished, and the scenes evoked from the past faded, and she was once more conscious of the gaily-decorated room, and also of a dull, terrible pain, rising nearer, nearer to her heart, and of the feeling that it would, that it *must*, cease soon.

Presently it did cease, and she saw that the cheery young Guardian was bending over her shoulder, and that he had filled up her glass.

"Do you feel the heat of the room?" he asked. "You look faint. Take a drink, and perhaps you will feel better."

She drew the heavy glass towards her, and was about to raise it to her lips, when memory returned to her. With a sudden movement she pushed it away with a trembling hand. As she did so the glass upset, and the contents ran down the length of the table, to the affected indignation of old "Granfeyther" Thompson, who lamented the "waste of good stuff."

"It's putting it down," he chuckled; "putting beer down, that's what I call it."

He laughed feebly at his own senile joke, and again his wife motioned to him to "behave," and murmered to her neighbour, "Hark at him, do!"

"For the glory of God." Mrs. McGivellrey's lips moved, but nobody heard the words, unless it were "one good angel." "I've kept my pledge, lad—for the glory of God."

She felt that the last fight was, indeed, over. Again the terrible pain, just at her heart, attacked her; again she felt as if every muscle and every nerve were being pulled apart. She half rose from her chair, for she was suffering intensely, then sank back again—quite dead.

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, I do wish she'd lived to 'ave 'er sup of beer," said Granny Needham.

"Nay, I'm glad as she didn't, since she'd kep' up so long," said Granny Thompson; "but I would 'a liked 'er to 'a tasted a mouthful of the puddin'."

The two old women sighed as they gazed upon their crony for the last time, as she lay in the workhouse mortuary.

And at the same time, the lecturer sat wearied and dispirited in his poor lodging, in a distant city, for the work was hard; and that night he was conscious of being well-nigh spent. But one day he will know, and will rejoice with a great joy thereat, how Mrs. McGivellrey kept the pledge he had given her—for the glory of God.

Taken with the Thornton-Pickard Ruby Camera



and Focal Plane Shutter. Exposure 1/500 of a second.

THREE HAPPY MAIDS.



I think it is a great pity the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not put his War Tax upon the people who have clamoured so loudly for war—the public-house and the music-hall patriots, and the yellow press. An extra 2s. 6d. on the beer barrel, or 5s. for the matter of that would have been something like. It might even have sobered some of the thirsty patriots.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self.

PENURIOUS one (handing half-penny to a small boy who has been holding his horse for about an hour): "There, my lad, there's something for you." Small boy: "Can I keep the change, mister?"

Alcoholic liquors are practically useless as medicine, and the doctor who prescribes them only advertises his own ignorance.

Lord, speed the coming of the blissful day
When war and hatred shall have passed away,
And hearts shall no more sorrow as they pray
"Thy kingdom come."

Speed on the day when Thou shalt reign alone,
When ev-ry knee shall bow before Thy throne,
And every heart in lowliness shall own
Thy kingdom come.

Help us to hasten on that day of peace
When deeds of wrong and violence shall cease,
And love and gentle service shall increase
Thy kingdom come.

Take to Thyself Thy power, Lord; impart
Thy loving spirit to the wayward heart—
Thou who, of all earth's monarchs, Monarch art,
Thy kingdom come.

How very neatly a child may get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at dinner if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said, quietly, "Please, auntie, pa never 'lows me to talk at meals."

A Certainty: That the man who talks about the extravagance of the teetotaler is a man whose Temperance efforts are to be measured by his words. Who could use language so extravagant as to overstate the ills of intemperance?

ONE day, many years ago, the service at Spurgeon's Tabernacle was disturbed by a perfect hurricane of coughing. Spurgeon stopped in his discourse and said: "My dear friends, I have a cough; you have coughs. But I think we can stop them if we try. So let us have a cough, a good cough, and a cough altogether. Now ——" The result, says one who was present, was terrific, but after half-a-minute's uproar, Spurgeon concluded his sermon in perfect silence.

THE brewer's double X invariably means double X-penses to the drinker.

MRS. GIBSON, who has just died at Levens, near Kendal, aged 102, was a remarkable example of Temperance. She abominated all kinds of spirits, and only a few days before her death, when a spoonful of whisky was recommended with milk, she refused it most firmly, asking if her adviser wanted to ruin her constitution.

A BIG drinker is never a big thinker.

A saloon-keeper once remarked, while a revival was going on in which a couple of his customers were converted, "For every customer the minister takes from me, I will get, in time, ten from his Sunday school."

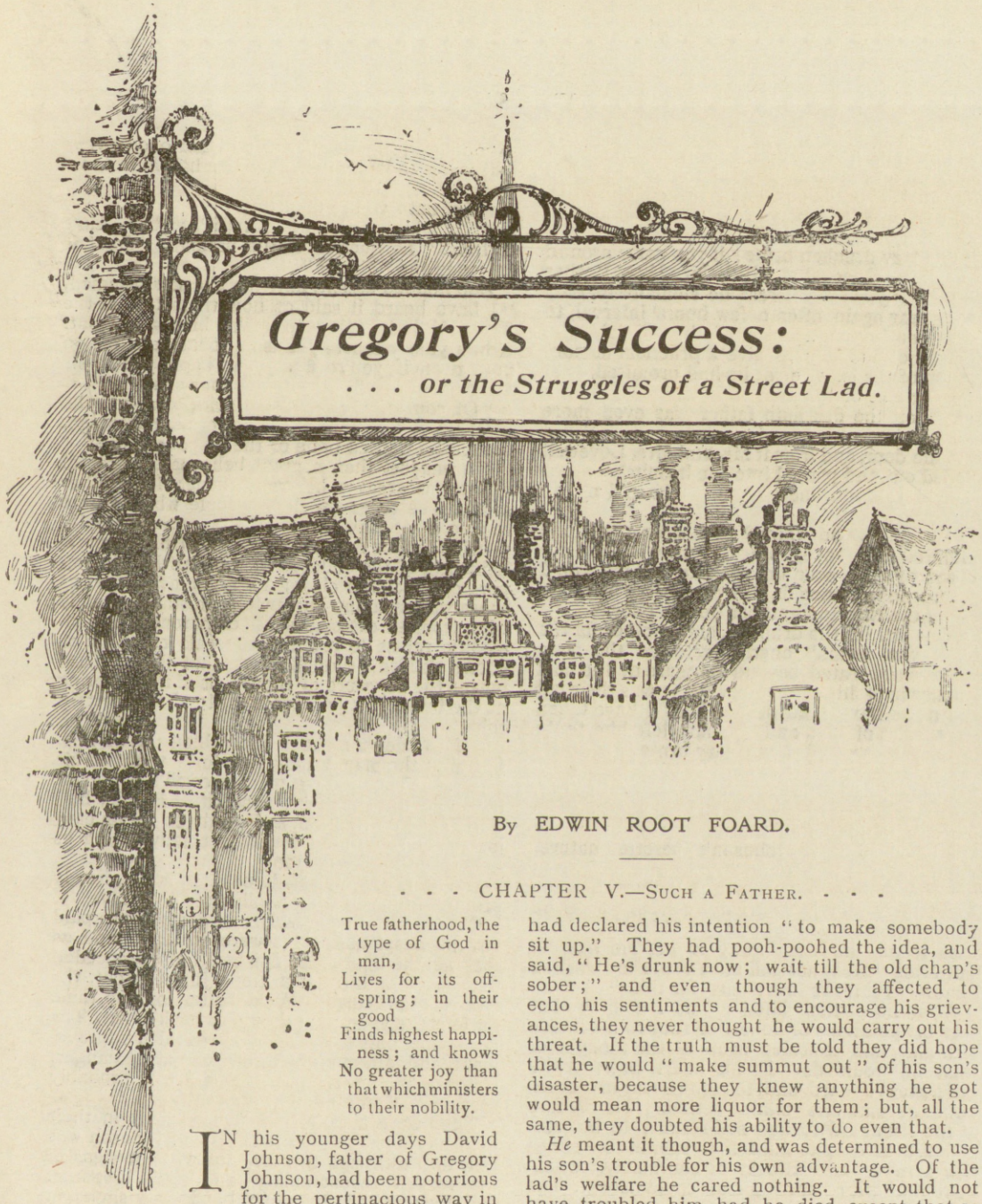
WHAT is the greatest obstacle in the way of advance of the kingdom of heaven? It is our Christian civilisation, debauched, demoralised and morally paralysed by the infamous liquor traffic. No nation can exist half slave and half free, and modern Christian civilisation cannot exist half church and half saloon.

AUNTIE.—Do you like Uncle Harry to give you a ride on his back? Tommy—Oh, yes; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday.

It isn't the drop in wages that hurts the man so much as the drop he takes after getting his wages.

WANTED, BADLY WANTED!

MEN and women whose teetotalism is so vigorous, so fanatical if you like, that they will refuse to countenance drinking and all its associations. Men and women who will refuse to purchase their groceries from the holders of wine and spirit and off licenses. Men and women who will have nothing to do with political clubs which provide intoxicants, or with churches that mock the most sacred ordinance with intoxicating liquor. Men and women who will not invest money (no matter what the profit may be) in breweries, distilleries, or in places of business and amusement whose revenue is largely produced from the sale of drink.



Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

. . . CHAPTER V.—Such a Father. . . .

True fatherhood, the type of God in man,
Lives for its offspring; in their good
Finds highest happiness; and knows
No greater joy than that which ministers
to their nobility.

IN his younger days David Johnson, father of Gregory Johnson, had been notorious for the pertinacious way in which he pursued anything he took in hand. Once an idea seized him he did not let it go until, as nearly as possible, he had realised it. In wickedness or goodness that he purposed he did.

The old characteristic still remained, now, when he was a wreck of a man, the victim of the self-induced slavery of drink; and to it was added all the low cunning and meanness which not infrequently manifest themselves in those whose once high spirit has been sacrificed to the passion for alcohol.

His cronies at the "Pelican" had laughed at him when, on being turned out of the hospital, he had declared his intention "to make somebody sit up." They had pooh-poohed the idea, and said, "He's drunk now; wait till the old chap's sober;" and even though they affected to echo his sentiments and to encourage his grievances, they never thought he would carry out his threat. If the truth must be told they did hope that he would "make summut out" of his son's disaster, because they knew anything he got would mean more liquor for them; but, all the same, they doubted his ability to do even that.

He meant it though, and was determined to use his son's trouble for his own advantage. Of the lad's welfare he cared nothing. It would not have troubled him had he died, except that so long as he lived there was a chance of trading upon his popularity, and getting something for himself. Of parental affection none remained. The drink had quenched that long ago, just as effectually as it had done, and still does, in hundreds of thousands of cases. Even when his pothouse companions had toasted Gregory's bravery it awakened no thrill of paternal affection in his heart. The heroism, the risk, he could not appreciate, but he could see what he thought would prove a good opening for getting something for himself. Nor was he long in setting about it.

First fortifying himself with liquor he called at

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the hospital daily, several times, and with bleary maudlin voice, begged to be allowed to see his "dear brave boy," and prated on so disgustingly that the porter, losing his patience, went for him and declared,

"You lazy drunken brute! if you come around here again I'll see what a little bit of boot leather will do for you;" whereat he slunk away, only to reappear again after a few hours' interval, to the increasing annoyance of the official, who seemed not unlikely to give a practical demonstration of the experiment he had promised.

During one of the numerous altercations, at a time when the dissolute father was even more than usually provoking, a private carriage drove up to the door, and from it Mr. and Mrs. Lovewell stepped out and passed into the hospital.

David Johnson knew them. Who did not in Cottonton?

"I suppose," he whined in his assumed tone of injured innocence, "if it was their lad and not the son of some poor unfortunate like me, you'd let them in fast enough. It's always the way, one law for the rich and another for the poor."

"One law for the drunken, and another for the sober, you mean," angrily retorted the irate porter, exasperated beyond measure at the cool impudence of his tormentor; "if it was their lad he'd never have been here. They'd have taken proper care of him, and not have left him to do for himself as you did, you lazy brute. A pretty sort of father, you are!"

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but, undoubtedly grievous words stir up anger. The angry recrimination of the porter roused all the bad blood in David Johnson's besotted nature, and but for the timely appearance of a policeman and the peremptory "move on," there is little doubt he would have tried to avenge what he termed the uncalled for and unjust insult.

As it was he went away to his old haunts, muttering "He'll not call me a brute for nothing I know. I'll make him smart for this."

What he contemplated we do not know, but over his potations of liquor, he rubbed his hands with glee, and chuckled again at the thought of what he would do. In his heart, however, he was a great coward, and, though violent in speech, would become most mild in action. 'Tis the fate of the drunkard to lose self-respect, to be compelled, even despite himself, to submit to "slings and arrows," to "attacks of contumely," which no reliant self-respecting man could accept. The valour of drink is frothy as the drink itself, and soon goes flat.

So it proved with Gregory Johnson's father, who, later in the same day on which he had sworn murderous vengeance, was glad of any excuse to escape his own vows.

Nor was he without opportunity. He was still in the "Pelican," all his money gone, "sponging" for drink, when one of his dissolute companions entered.

"Eh! Johnson!" said he, "buck up! There's a chance for us now. You've heard the news of course?"

"What news?"

"Why, that that kid o' yours is agoing to get better after all and what's more, that old Lovewell —you know, him as gi'es us a dinner once a year —is going to look after him when he's able to be removed."

"Get out! you're bluffing."

"Not a bit! strike me lucky, it's right! Ain't it, Bob?" he queried of the potman, "don't it say so in the "Noos?"

Bob nodded assent, and the speaker resumed, "I have heard it said as how them toffs at the Town Hall is going to make him a present. Now's your chance, Johnson, to make a bit on your own, if you're fly. You know you're his father, and they'll have to get your consent."

"Of course," responded David, who had the most exalted notions of the powers of parentage, though he wanted none of the responsibilities.

He was just then a great believer in parental rights; as great a believer, though from other motives, as those excellent people who hesitate to give Poor Law Guardians power to decently provide for the maintenance, apart from parental influence, of the children of the thriftless, intemperate, vagabond class; as great a believer as those well-meaning but awfully mistaken people who, from an extreme sense of parental responsibility, refuse to prohibit the sale of drink to young children, though aware that their refusal means the exposure of thousands of the offspring of the indifferent and apathetic to almost certain ruin.

"If you don't make a good thing out of this, you ain't the man I took you for," went on his crony. "They tell me old Lovewell's a bit soft if you go the right way about it. Beside, he's fairly gone on that kid, so it ought to be an easy job to get something decent, specially seeing as he's taken the wench too."

David fairly chuckled over it, and already promised himself what a jolly time he'd have.

Over a pot of beer, which the companions paid for, the despicable plans were arranged, and as soon as the liquor was finished. they proceeded to put them into operation, Jim Surtout, the crony, remarking, "We'd better lose no time, for fear the young 'un should go back again. The newspaper only says 'There is a decided improvement, and although he's not yet out of danger, if there be no relapse, the lad will probably recover.' Come along, I'll go with you."

They were a strange pair, alike only in their evident subjection to drink. David Johnson was tall, and although in rags, not without signs of his former respectability and good breeding. Jim Surtout, on the other hand, was slight in build, spare of form, with a face full of cunning craftiness—a man whose familiarity with meanness was stamped upon every feature—just the type of man for ignoble deeds.

"Something dirty, they're after, I'll be bound." ejaculated a policeman, as he watched them off his beat.

It was quite dark when they reached Benton, one of the most crowded and squalid districts of Cottonton.

Benton had long been a fashionable slumming ground for the philanthropists of that great city. The wealth of its charities, in clubs, dispensaries, nursing institutions, soup kitchens. had long been turned thitherward, with but little improvement

of its people, who looked upon their benefactors as visitors who could not possibly understand the conditions which governed their existence, and which, as one has said, "forged chains whose fetters could only miraculously be broken."

In this district, Mr. Lovewell and his wife had long been interested. Into it they poured the stream of their munificence, hoping vainly for betterment. At length, in an hour of holy impulse, they resolved to cease to *visit* the district, and, instead, to establish their home therein, to become the neighbours of those they sought to help, and by persuasion and example to abet their improvement. So they built Crantock in the densest part of the district, and went to live there, to make it a centre of brightness in a region of dreary darkness, a spot whence should issue a stream of purifying influences.

All sorts and conditions of people visited the house, the poor, the sin-stained, the destitute, and were freely welcomed. None were turned away without some consideration, though many, who were merely loafers, and of the vampire class, left unsatisfied.

It was to Crantock David Johnson and his fellow conspirator wended their way, and as Mr. Lovewell was at home when they arrived, they were immediately ushered into his presence in the library.

"Well," was his greeting, "and what do you want?"

"We've come to see you about a matter of special business" said Jim Surtout, "affecting my mate here."

"Yes, sir!" added David Johnson, with some of his old time politeness. "I've heard how kind you've been to my poor lad in the hospital, Gregory Johnson," and the hypocrite proceeded to shed a few tears, not difficult to find in his condition.

"What! are you Gregory Johnson's father?" asked Mr. Lovewell.

"Yes! Sir."

"Well, and what do you want? Of course you know he is beginning to improve and, if it pleases God, will recover. You ought to be proud of such a son."

"I am, sir! very proud." It is strange that untruthfulness and intemperance go often hand in hand. "But you see, sir, I'm just wondering what's to become of him after he leaves the hospital."

"There's plenty of time to think about that, isn't there?"

"But one has to be prepared, you know," put in the crafty Jim.

"Of course! of course." responded Mr. Lovewell, "but what can *you* do for him? You don't look as though you could provide for him, even if that were desirable."

"I know, sir! I've been very unfortunate," answered the father. People always are unfortunate who fall through their intemperance. It's characteristic of the species. "But I've heard that you are going to get a home for him and to take him away, and I don't think it's right."

"No! we don't think it's right," echoed Jim.

"Why not?" sharply queried Mr. Lovewell. Experience of men of their stamp led him to see that there was something sinister behind their profession.

"Well, you see, sir, I'm his father, and I think I ought to be asked if I agree. You may be moving for his good, but a father's feelings ought to be considered," David blurted, and then proceeded, "Besides you've taken his sister away too." And now waxing bolder, "I ain't going to be robbed of both my children, even by you, rich as you may be. I'm their father, and I'll have a father's rights."

"That is, of course," interposed Jim, who didn't want to lose possible coin, "unless you make it up to us for letting them go."

"Oh! that's your game, is it?" demanded Mr. Lovewell. "Money you want because somebody else does for your children what you ought to do, but have not done for them yourself. A pretty specimen of a father you are! You've come to the wrong place here, and the sooner you realise it, the better for you."

"But we ain't going," said Jim, "not we, not until you've dealt fairly by us. We don't want to make any bother. You want the lad. We are willing to let you have him—Ain't we?" David nodded assent—"but of course, we can't let him go without some consideration."

"You'll get no consideration from me," retorted Mr. Lovewell in righteous indignation. "Not a penny. What's more, if you're not out of here in two minutes, I'll have you put out. If you'd come here for help in need I would have given it you, but to your blackmail I'll not consent. Do you hear me?"

David by this time was getting angry too. "You'll have us put out, will you? Try it on," and with that he seized a book which lay handy, and hurled it fiercely at Mr. Lovewell's head, saying as he did so, "So you'll take a father's privilege away will you? Take that."

The book missed its mark, but hit a mirror, which fell to the ground with a terrific crash. Instantly several members of the Lovewell household rushed into the room to see what was the matter. Meanwhile, crafty Jim, not desiring the tender cares of the police, escaped, leaving David to face out the trouble he had incurred.

"Shall I send for a policeman?" asked Tom Lovewell, Mr. Lovewell's eldest son.

"Yes! send for a policeman," sneered David.

"No! no!" calmly answered Mr. Lovewell, "Let the man go for the sake of his worthy son."

"And you," he added, turning to the besotted father, "amend your ways. Be what I've heard you once were. Come to me when you're sober, if you want help, and I'll give it you. But remember! if ever you come on this errand again or seek in any way to do harm to your son's prospects, I'll spare no pains to have you punished. Go!"

And the wretched man, who would have posed as a martyr in the policeman's clutches, slunk out of the presence of his son's benefactor, with his bravado gone, his vaunting crushed, exclaiming, as only a coward would do,

"I've not done yet! You'll see."

(*To be continued.*)

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

V.—CRICKET.



CRICKET stands at the head of all English games, and he must indeed be a poor stick of a lad who has never handled a cricket bat or defended a wicket.

The scene at Lord's, or at the Oval, or on the famous county cricket grounds, when an important match is being played, is a remarkable evidence of the popularity of the game. In some of the parks in our great towns, the poor lads who cannot afford to purchase stumps, will take off their ragged jackets to make wickets, and they send the ball flying with a bat which they have cut out of a rough piece of wood.

Cricket has many advantages over some other games. It is a fresh-air sport; it is a gentle developer of the muscles; it does not encourage the brute element in our nature; it trains the eyes; it encourages the defeated to endure the ups and downs which must be met with in life, and fortunately it is free from the evil influences of gambling.

Dr. W. G. Grace tells us that cricket, in some form or another, was played as far back as the thirteenth century. Edward II. is claimed by some to have been the first royal cricketer. Some suppose that the term cricket is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *cric*, meaning a staff. Many years ago, the game was called club ball, and was then played in almost the same way as we now play rounders. Other writers maintain that tip-cat was the origin of the game.

The present highly developed manner of playing cricket is the result of many evolutions. Years ago, there was no uniformity as to the distance the wickets should be apart, or even as to the size and shape of the bat.

In the last century, the bat was shaped like a club. There were many novelties in this direction. One genius appeared on the field with a bat wider than the wicket. This was more than the most liberal cricketer could stand. It was time that such monstrosities should disappear. Consequently laws were laid down to regulate the game, the earliest copy of which is entitled, *The Laws of Cricket—revised at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall;* it is dated February 25th, 1774.

The leading idea of cricket is, of course, for one side to get the other side out. When the rules are properly understood and carefully observed, there can be no cheating. It is this strict obedience to rule and a cheerful submission to the decisions of the umpire, that gives to cricket the power of a good moral influence upon the player, and encourages him to be good and upright in all the dealings of life. A conscientious cricketer must be a strange being if his honesty in play does not help to make him honest in his daily dealings with his fellows. No evil tastes are created by cricket, it is all for good. To enumerate the 54 rules of the M.C.C., as authorised and published in 1899, would be quite out of place in these columns; they may be found *in extenso* in every good book on the subject. A few remarks, however, will be acceptable.

The cricket ball must not weigh less than four ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three quarters; in measure it must be not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and one quarter.

The bat shall not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part, it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

The wickets must be pitched opposite and parallel to each other, at a distance of twenty-two yards, each wicket shall be eight inches in width, and consist of three stumps with two bails on the top. The stumps are to be of equal and sufficient size to prevent the ball from passing through; they must be twenty-seven inches out of the ground.

The thickness and weight of the bat are left to the wisdom of the player. The young player should play with a heavier bat every year. As a rule it is recommended that a tall player should play with a heavier bat than a short player.

Experienced cricketers tell us that the laying in a stock of the needful implements, good materials should be purchased; they pay better in the end. The old cricket bat which has fought many a hard battle becomes a precious relic; a thing to be proud of, far more than the meerscham pipe which has cost so much money and time to colour.

To make a successful cricketer, the player must be enthusiastic, and give his mind to the game. A good cricketer thinks of the honour of his club, and therefore never does a dirty action either on or off the field.

You would like to know what grand old Dr. W. G. Grace says with regard to cricket. Read then his advice carefully:—

"Some people diet themselves in an elaborate manner for the practice of the game, but I am unaware of any regimen suited for cricketers, that does not apply to other cases. The best system is that which renders it unnecessary to have recourse to any sudden methods of increasing muscular or mental power. Carefully diet yourself always, keep regular hours, eat moderately. The great mistake of modern days is that we eat too much. Avoid late dinners and many courses, take simple wholesome food. Drink but little, never have to take refuge in doses and pick-me-ups, and avoid excesses of all kinds, particularly of spirits and tobacco."

As alcohol is a great disturber of the nervous

system, it affects the eyesight and the muscular powers. The cricketer who indulges in even a very small quantity of alcohol cannot be in such a fit condition as the man who abstains entirely.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., in his *Boys' Modern Playmate*, says: –

"MANY OF OUR BEST ATHLETES TAKE NO STIMULANTS OF ANY KIND."

Eppie's Trouble.

By Faith Chiltern.

"WELL, well, you must take your own way. I am sorry for you, but I can't help it; and I'm sure I can't see why you shouldn't stay and wash as usual, there'll be the more need for you to work now you're alone. As to Ada—fond as you are of her—you can't say but what it serves her right. 'Tis to be hoped Mrs. Finne won't die, that's all."

With these words the neighbour turned into her own room, and Eppie—the girl to whom she had been giving advice, poor, distracted, desolate Eppie, rushed downstairs and through the streets; on, on—she scarce knew whither—till, weary and out of breath, she crouched down on a friendly seat, beneath the shelter of a high wall.



She crouched down on a friendly seat.

But it was only Eppie's body which found a little rest, her mind found none; how could it? Her heart ached so intolerably that it was small cause for wonder that the few persons who passed the quiet corner should regard her curiously, and one or two even with fear.

"She must be out of her mind, poor thing," she heard one woman remark in a loud whisper to another; but she did not look up or change her attitude.

Ada had grown fond of strong drink, and when she had had "a drop too much," as it is phrased, was very passionate. She had had too much this morning, and when a woman of whom she sometimes borrowed money had called to ask her to refund a small loan, she had lost her temper and flung a beer-can at her; the sequel being that the one was carried to the nearest hospital insensible, and the other, Ada, was taken in charge by a police-officer. And Eppie had seen this. Indeed she had interfered, and tried to act as peacemaker, but without avail; her words seeming only to rouse the fury of the combatants higher, for the caller had been in a passion as well as Ada.

And by this time Ada, her only and beloved sister was in a prison cell; and – and—there might, should the woman die to-day, come something even more terrible later on. And as this fearful thought seized her, poor Eppie clenched her hands and looked even more consumed with horror than before.

"Oh dear, I hope she won't die! I do hope she won't!" was her wail.

"My poor gal, what be you looking so scared at, and what do you do here?"

The speaker was dressed in working clothes, and his tone was not refined, but he had not passed the distracted-looking, ill-clad girl by, whether he deemed her insane or not.

Yet Eppie shrank from his voice and touch, saying fretfully,

"Go away, do, and let me be!"

But, ungracious as this response was, he did not go. He had girls of his own at home he said, and he should not like to see them in such a plight; and, somehow, he was so persistent and spoke so kindly, that he drew from Eppie the whole sad story, a story which touched his heart; and the upshot of the talk was that he took her home with him to see his girls.

"'Taint fit that you should go back to live by yourself," he said, "and my wife and I knows a kind lady as'll most likely befriend you. She's greatly interested in friendless gals, and has a nice home for 'em to go to."

So Eppie consented to this arrangement, and soon found herself in the midst of a sympathetic circle. Yet Eppie was not happy or satisfied; how could she be when Ada was in gaol?

As, however, the neighbour's injuries did not prove so serious as had been at first feared, the imprisonment did not last very long. When she came out, to Eppie's great delight, she was induced to enter the home also. And there they both learned a better way than to drink beer or other intoxicants; and, after a time, found a situation, and, we are glad to say, became good and useful women.



Work and Rest.

IN church the other morning I heard a sermon on "The Nobility of Labour." This turned my thoughts to the subject of these papers and the connection of work with the preservation of health. It also, in my own mind, accentuated the proverb, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, which rendered plain means, that to have a healthy mind you must have a healthy body.

In all the functions of the body, yes, and in those of every organ which goes to build up that body, there is a certain work to be done. Although to us this work is done more or less in our unconsciousness, yet the work goes on until the task is completed. This should teach us a good lesson in the performance of our duties, to do them uncomplainingly and without grudge. Yet how often is the toil of the day spoken of as if it were only a toil, instead of being as it should be—a pleasure. Certainly when the body is run down, and we are ill and weary, the lightest of occupations becomes a drudge; but what I wish to impress upon you is that just as

GOOD HEALTH IS NECESSARY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF GOOD WORK,

so work of some kind is essential for the preserving of the body in a state of well being.

> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose,

always appeals to me as being a sentiment of a very noble character.

However menial the work, and however insignificant it may seem, the fact that it has been done, and, what is of more importance, that it has been done well, brings its own reward, not only in ensuring a night's repose but also to the conscience. These are things which help to keep not only the body in order but the mind in repose.

There is no law, moral nor physical, which lays down the number of hours necessary for work, play, and sleep. We are often confronted with the maxim, in regard to sleep, of "seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a pig;" and some people clamour for "eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' play." These are limits which cannot be kept. We have all our idiosyncracies and peculiarities. What is not enough sleep for one, another finds burdensome. It is a great deal a matter of habit and in my own life I have accustomed myself to do with much work and little sleep, so that for me to attempt to get out of the ordinary groove of my life would be a task harder than any I have to accomplish.

Work, of whatever kind it may be, should be done so well that it can be reviewed without any regrets. My own life is spent in what to some people would be one round of drudgery, amidst scenes of suffering which are depressing, in homes where all the holy influences of a homely life are absent, and disease and dirt go hand in hand with profligacy and sin. Yet how ennobling are the few gleams of sunshine which are carried to some houses, and also the relief to suffering which follow in one's footsteps, and so on it is day after day—clouds and sunshine, health and disease.

I have so far preached

THE VALUE OF WORK

in reference to health, but I must not forget to warn my readers against the extreme of trying to do too much. I do not mean working too hard at any particular job, but the danger of spending too much midnight oil in the fear of wasting opportunities which are, perhaps, none too many. Let us respect our bodies, not only in so far as keeping them occupied, but also in not attempting too much. How often one hears the expression, "I was so tired last night that I could not sleep." Yes! that refers to the overtaxed brain just as much as to the weary muscle.

AVOID THE DANGER OF THIS

as you would sin.

Many of our greatest and best men have naturally been the hardest workers, but inquiry into their lives shows us that with all the hard work that has been done there has been a

judicious intermingling of occupations. This has come from the knowledge that a change of occupation is a rest; and so instead of putting away the tools and everything else, the tools have only been changed for a fresh kind. I do not mean by this that the whole of our lives should be an unceasing round of toil, but to show you how much may be done without reaching to straining point that with other arrangements could not be accomplished.

I shall have occasion to go more fully into this at some future time.

FROM WORK TO PLAY

is a natural transition, and the one is just as necessary as the other. Let me explain myself by a little physiological reasoning. When a muscle is put into operation the food which is carried to it in the blood is absorbed and used up as such, to give it strength or material for growth; so there is from that muscle a waste which is given off as carbonic acid gas and disorganised cells which have been at some time part of its being. With the extra work there is an excess of waste which the natural channels, called lymphatic vessels, are unable to carry off. The residue of waste material is for the time being stored up in the muscles until it can be removed. This takes place during the period of rest. It is this excess of waste which produces the state of fatigue and the

TIRED FEELING WHICH FOLLOWS LABOUR.

Did we not, then, assist nature in her operations by giving her time to do them by resting, the body would fall into a condition of ill-health, and a break down would be the result.

The same change takes place in all the organs and systems of the body as in the muscles, heart, lungs, and nervous system, but I am at present only dealing with the muscles. When a man indulges in a game of football the muscles undergo unusual exertion, and fatigue follows. But if he has a bath, and the body be well massaged or rubbed, this

TIRED FEELING IS DISPELLED

as if by magic. The explanation is simple; what rest would do by natural means is done artificially by the rubbing, viz., the waste got rid of more quickly, and a freshness of the body is induced.

I do not want you to be misled by this, to think that you can afford to neglect the ordinary rules of nature, and by these means keep yourself going at a state of high tension without paying the penalty—for as surely as this is done nature will demand her just dues or else fail you—but to show you that under certain conditions we have the remedy at hand to put us right, just as in certain diseases physicians use stringent measures to bring about the desired results.

LET each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men live in noble brotherhood.

The Temple of Childsoul.

A CERTAIN good King built a number of very beautiful and costly temples for himself, called Mansouls. Some of them, smaller than the others, were called Childsouls. He loved to dwell in these temples, and always did so when they were kept pure and fit for his presence. But there were enemies who sought to defile and destroy his beautiful temples, the boys and girls, and men and women.

One of these enemies, named Alcohol, was a fierce, fiery imp, who was determined to desecrate and de troy as many of these beautiful temples as he could. Knowing that he could not gain entrance as he was, he disguised himself as a fairy named Wine, who had a beautiful, sparkling complexion, and mild inoffensive manners. Once in, the doors were soon unbarred, and he was master of the place.

He first called all his vile, wicked companions, Hatred, Vulgarity, Gluttony, Passion, and Folly, to come in, and they made the beautiful temple of Mansoul so foul and offensive that they compelled the King to leave. Then he proceeded to strip the outside of its beauty. He made the foundations (the legs) to bend and totter. He disfigured the front (the face) with horrid red blotches. He dimmed the windows (the eyes) with the dust and stains of foolishness and prejudice, and made the whole structure so ugly and unlike itself that those who saw it were disgusted, and the good King mourned that the temple had not closed its doors against such an enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy, Alcohol, was not satisfied with what he had done. He said, "I must burn this temple down." So he kindled fires in the refectory (stomach) and on the altar (heart) and in the dome (brain), and kept them burning until the beautiful temple was consumed in flames (delirium), and the King was robbed of one of his holy temples—a human body.

But all this need not have happened had the King's command been obeyed. There were three keys with which the temple should have been kept locked—"Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing."

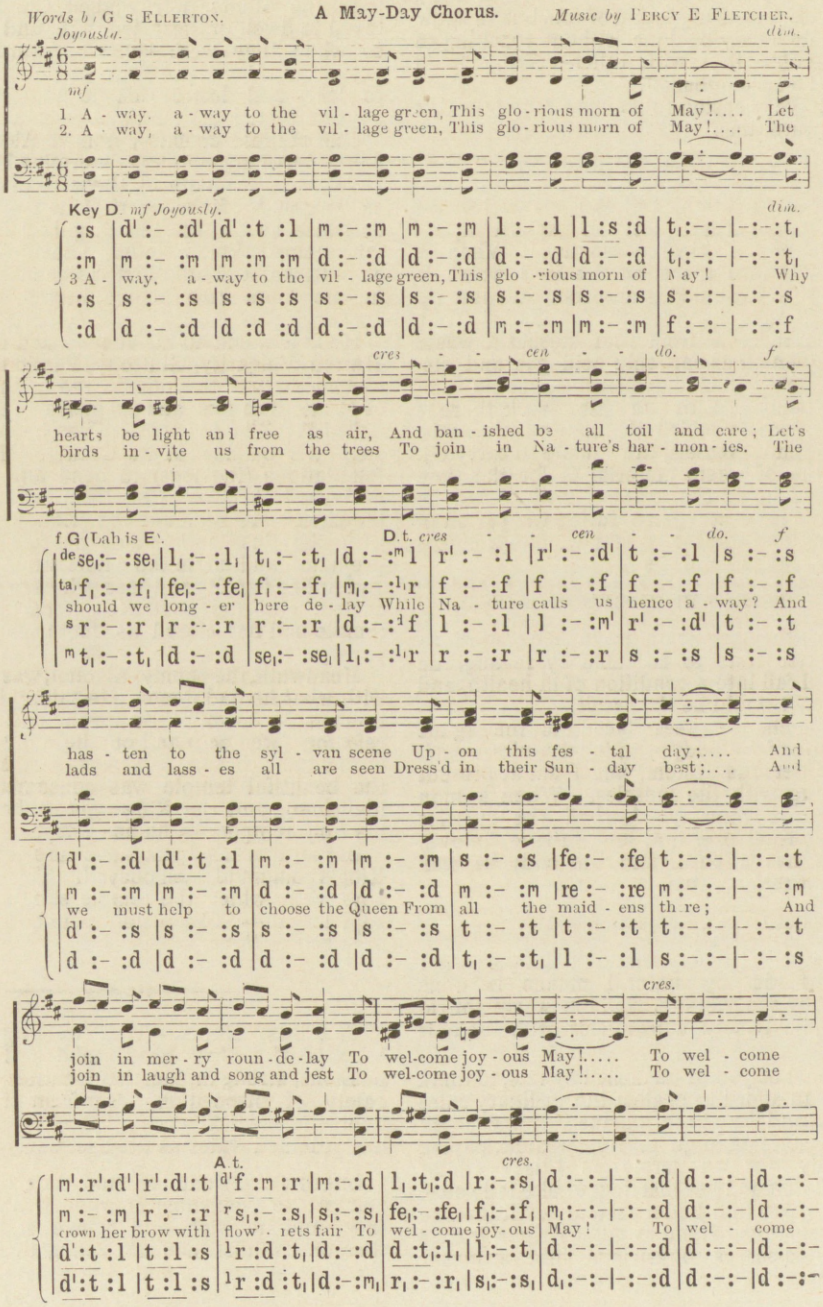
THE BEST DRINK.—That we may enjoy the benefits of a clear head, calm and governable passions, strong intellectual faculties, and natural gaiety of disposition, free from those violent depressions which strong liquors produce, nature has ordained water as the best beverage.

BESTOW thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

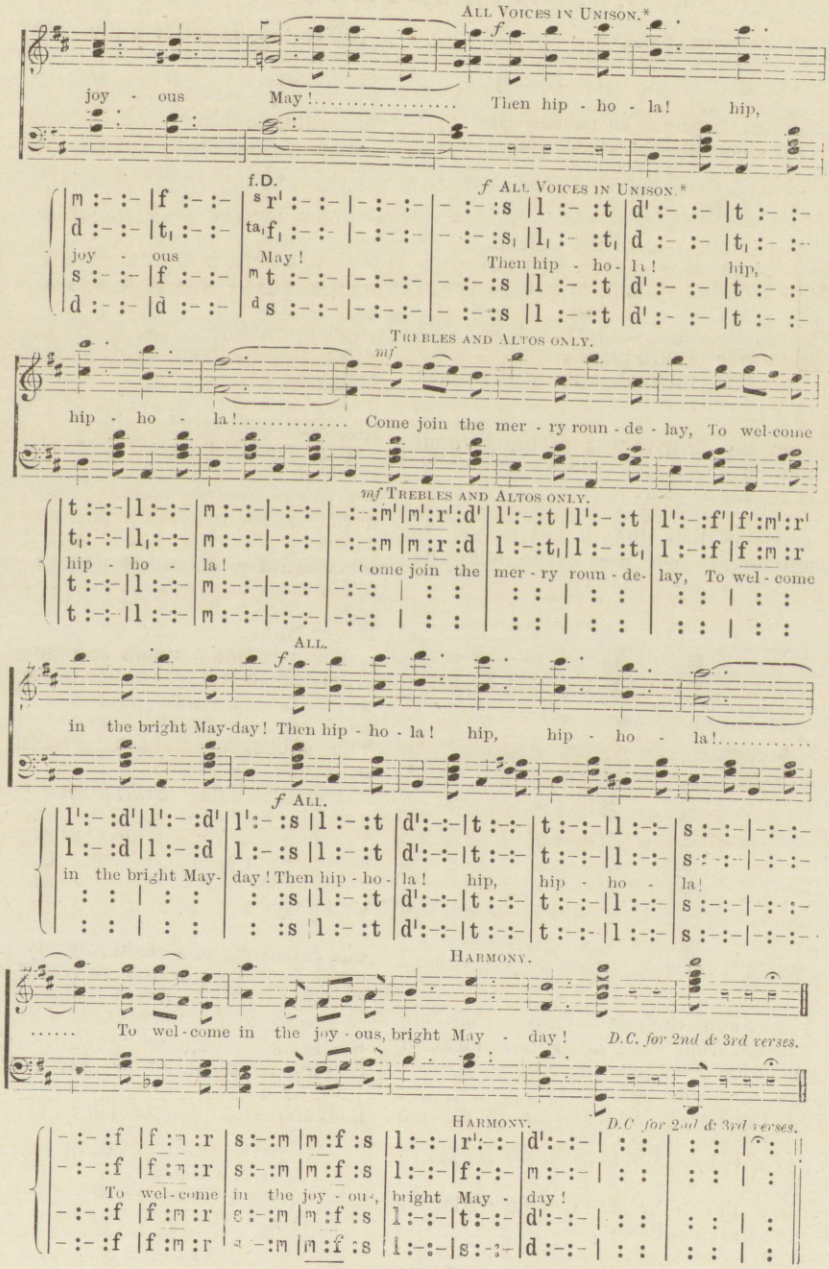
AWAY TO THE VILLAGE GREEN!

A May-Day Chorus.

Words by G. S. ELLERTON. *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.



AWAY TO THE VILLAGE GREEN!



* All Voices sing the melody only in their ordinary octave

Children ot the Sunshine.

By John Dale.

. . V.—May Flowers. . .

"Not to myself alone,"
The little open flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping every eventide
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

THE "children of the sunshine" become more interesting to us when we think of them as living things; when we look upon them as the fathers and mothers, as they really are, of future plants.

The interest will be increased when we learn that the varied and lovely forms, the sweet perfumes, and the beautiful colours of the flowers are all contrivances to bring about the production of seed, and secure a succession of plants from year to year.

The first step to a knowledge of flowers is to learn the names of their different parts, and to know something of their use. The following diagram will help us:—

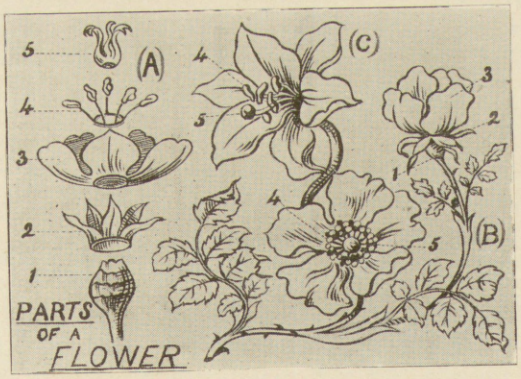


Fig (A) represents the five parts of a complete flower, separated from each other, but placed in their proper order one above the other.

1. Receptacle—the top of the peduncle, or flower-stalk, thickened or spread out to receive the other four parts.

2. Calyx—the outer circle of flower leaves or sepals, generally of a green colour.

3. Corolla—the inner circle of flower leaves or petals, very often coloured.

4. Stamens—a number of slender stems inside the corolla, each bearing a little knob, or oblong head, which contains the pollen grains.

5. Pistil—the central part of the flower, in which the seed is formed.

(B) Represents two flowers of the wild rose, the different parts are indicated by the same figures as in (*a*).

(C) Is the flower of a lily, in which the parts differ from those of (*a*) and (*b*). The calyx and corolla have leaves of the same colour and shape. When this occurs they form a *perianth*, which means *about a flower*.

When a flower is in bud the petals are neatly folded over the stamens and pistil, to protect them whilst they are growing; the sepals form an outer covering to keep out the rain and cold. Some flowers, however, have no petals, some have no sepals, whilst others are without either.

These facts confirm what botanists tell us, that the essential parts of flowers are the stamens and pistils; the former being the fathers, and the latter the mothers of the seed each plant produces.

May calls forth many flowers, but we have only space to notice a few of them.

The cuckoo-flower (*Cardamine pratensis*) is common everywhere in moist woods and fields. Its leaves are compound; the colour of the flower varies in every shade between lilac and white. It belongs to the large order or family of crossworts, cruciform flowers; so called because each flower has four petals placed crosswise. They have always six stamens, four longer and two shorter ones.

There is not a single poisonous plant in this order, which is very widely spread, and is most useful to mankind. Many of the species are used as food, as well as remedies for scurvy. The cabbage, cauliflower, radish and turnip belong to this family.

The little daisy (*Bellis perennis*), a flower every child loves, is too common to need description. It blooms nearly all the year round, but is most abundant in May and June. Like the primrose, each daisy grows on a separate flower-stalk, which springs from the root; but unlike the primrose, the daisy is a composite flower, each one consisting of a cluster of tiny flowers growing upon a pretty cushion or receptacle, and surrounded by an involucre of green leaflets.

The French call it "Marguerite," a pearl; in Scotland it is called "gowan." Chaucer terms it "the ee ot daie" or day's eye, hence its English name. Burns loved this flower, and lamented when he was obliged to plough it under:

Wee, modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

The wild hyacinth (*Scilla nutans*) belongs to the lily family; it loves the woods and shady places, and is found in almost every locality. It is commonly called "bluebell," because its flowers are bell-shaped, and generally a pale blue, though it is sometimes pink or white. The true

bluebell is the harebell, which blooms in July and August.

The hyacinth has long, flat leaves, like the daffodil, and a round juicy flower-stem, or scape, springing from a white bulb which grows deep in the ground. The nodding blue flowers form a cluster at the end of the scape, each having a perianth of six petals, enclosing six stamens, like all the lily family.

There is a story told that Apollo, the sun god, loved a beautiful youth, and gave him rich and costly gifts, for he thought nothing too good for Hyacinthus. Zephyr, the west wind, loved him too, and tried to win him from Apollo. When he found he could not he grew jealous, and cruelly murdered Hyacinthus.

Apollo was frantic with grief; he could not restore the boy to life again, but he changed his lifeless form into the sweet and lovely flower that still bears his name, and comes with each returning spring.

The crowfoots, or buttercups, are met with everywhere, but are not esteemed like the daisy or the hyacinth. There are sixteen species in England, all more or less poisonous, some of them not often met with, but three varieties may be found in almost every meadow or country lane.

The creeping buttercup (*Ranúnculus répens*) grows in damp or shady places; a patch of trailing stems, with deeply-cut leaves, the yellow flowers lifted above them by hairy fluted stems.

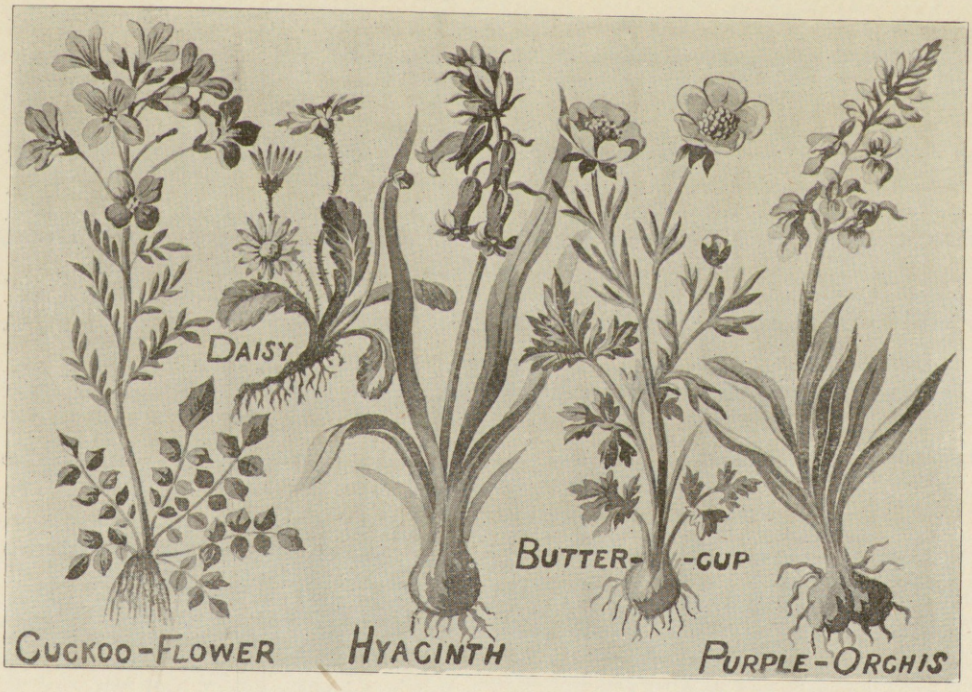
The upright buttercup (*Ranúnculus ácris*) throws up a round branching stem from one to two feet high. The stalk of each flower is round, the sepals fall off when the petals are fully opened.

The bulbous buttercup (*Ranúnculus bulbósus*), as its name indicates, has a bulbous rootstalk, from which grows an upright stem bearing several flowers, each on a fluted stem, with two or three small leafy bracts. The sepals do not fall off, but are bent back against the stem like a turn-down collar. This feature makes it readily distinguishable from the other crowfoots.

Each flower of the above species has five yellow petals enclosing a cluster of golden stamens, and often

> The buttercups across the mead
> Make sunshine rift of splendour.

The purple orchis (*Orchis máscula*) is a frequent neighbour of the wild hyacinth, often abounding near the woods where the latter grows. The root consists of two solid tubers, like small potatoes, from which spring several oblong leaves clasping a solitary stem that bears an erect cluster of purple flowers of very peculiar form. Each flower rises from a twisted ovary or seed bag, and has a long spur which turns upwards. The leaves are spotted with dark purple stains, and give the plant a handsome appearance. The rich colour of the flower spike, with its lighter and darker shades, contrasting with the cowslips or primroses growing near it, make it very beautiful. The odour of the flower is disagreeable, especially in the evening; this is the only drawback to its being a general favourite.



A Soldier's Word.

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "One Woman's Opinion," "Golden Gorse," "Behind the Clouds," etc.



THE corn was ripening in the harvest fields, and fruit blushing upon orchard trees. Every day the sun blazed with undiminished splendour, making people talk of 'the tropical heat.' Few could muster up the requisite energy to cycle, row, or play tennis; even croquet was considered too fatiguing. All these delightful recreations were in the reach of Mrs. Dewhurst's guests at her charming house, "Riverdale," in Surrey, yet as she pathetically remarked to her husband, as they stood together at the morning-room window, gazing out upon the grounds,

"What are we to do with these young people? They seem positively glued to the lawn, and it does seem as though we had no better amusement for them than a stretch of smooth grass and a tent—they might be gipsies."

Mr. Dewhurst, who was generally "easy going," where his little wife was inclined to worry, looked down at her with a smile as he twisted his moustaches languidly between his fingers and thumb.

"My dear, why worry so much over your young friends? They are evidently enjoying themselves in their own way, and they are wise to be lazy; if they rushed about and got sunstroke, you might fidget in earnest. It's the heat—put it all down to the heat!"

"You are always satisfied at everything; nothing can ruffle you, Bob. I cannot think how you do it."

"Well, Belle, perhaps you are a little *over* anxious, and attach too much importance to trifles."

"One cannot do that, for the poet says:

'Think naught a trifle though it small appears,'

and in the present instance Mrs. Vinning will never forgive me if anything comes of *that* intimacy."

And she nodded her dark head in the direction of an elm tree in a corner of the lawn, where, under the grateful shade, a pretty girl sat upon a rustic seat, with a young man lounging on the grass at her feet.

"*I* think that Mrs. Vinning ought to be pleased."

"Oh, do you? That shows how much you know about it, my poor old Bob. Men are dense in these sentimental episodes. Doris and Caton are always together lately, and you know he is, comparatively speaking, a poor man; besides, he is not a total abstainer. That alone will be 'a stumbling block,' for you know Doris's mother is so strict on that point."

"Two drawbacks to poor Caton's courtship, and serious ones; but he is a fine fellow, and will be a credit to his regiment yet."

"Oh, I know he is a dear, good boy; but I want Doris to be quite, *quite* happy when she marries. I am so fond of her, and—and—"

"So she will be happy, I hope. Excuse the interruption, dear; but remember we were young once, and did you think of *my* expectations in the moonlight on the river when I got the water-lilies, and would not row you back until you said 'yes'?"

"Bob, how can you be so silly? Don't you know that we are both growing grey?"

She spoke in a playful tone, yet her eyes filled with happy tears at the reminiscence.

"If Doris really cares for Caton, I must use my influence with her mother, I suppose," she added, once more letting her gaze rest upon the young people under the tree.

"Well done! *That* sounds more like the girl I lost my heart to than the 'woman of the world' speech of a few moments ago. Little woman, little woman, love can laugh at small incomes; if a man is unselfish, he ought to find the means of increasing *his*, and I am sure Caton Cole is a good fellow. You will help them to win over Mrs. Vinning; I know you will."

And in the fulness of his heart, Bob drew his wife to him, and kissed her.

"I suppose Fred and May are in the tent as usual," she remarked after a short silence.

"I believe so; they generally are there lately."

"Baby must be with them; it is amusing to see how that child toddles after Fred."

"Yes, he seems to like it."

May West was Mrs. Dewhurst's niece, engaged to Fred Lorrimer, a rising barrister. May being a general favourite, and an heiress, the match gave satisfaction to the relatives of both. Great things were expected from them, as they were clever and strongly determined to help the poor and ignorant. They were never deaf to the suffering voice of their poor neighbours.

Doris was as equally sympathetic as May, only that all her help went to turn the drunkard from the downward path and rescue neglected children.

Mrs. Dewhurst opened the French window and walked on to the lawn calling,

"Baby! Baby!"

In answer, a plump, dimpled little girl toddled out of the tent; shaking back tangled red-gold curls she cried:

"I'se here, mammie, so is May and Fred; I love Fred, but not half so much as May does."

Laughter rang out from the tent at this speech; Baby was given to make such assertions, being a

young lady who always spoke out what she thought.

* * * * * * * *

That same evening, Caton, seeing a white dress amongst the roses and lilies in the moonlight, came to the determination of ending the the suspense under which he was enduring mental torture. Something told him that his darling loved him, but he knew her mother would raise objections to him. He strode down the garden path, where the white spar glittered in the silvery beams of the moon, tall and strong, his clear cut face, with its honest blue eyes and square chin, telling plainly that he was a man of honour, brave and true. As he drew near to that slim girlish figure in white his heart went out to her in longing. The words of love were few, only—

"Doris, I have come to ask you to be my wife."

She lifted startled hazel eyes to his for one brief moment; shy happiness expressed with the wonderment that *he* should choose *her*. He took one small hand in his, holding it as something not of common clay; but when he tried to draw her nearer to him her face blanched like one of the lilies near her.

"Dearest, you love me, I know you do."

She covered her blushing face with both hands, turning from a lily to a rose.

"You are not afraid of being a soldier's wife, little one, are you?"

"Afraid?" she echoed, raising her head with a proud gesture. "Oh, surely you know me better than that!"

Her voice was low and tender.

"Doris, darling, give me an answer to my question. Come and sit on our old seat under the tree."

She suffered him to lead her there, and then all at once she stood up with a firm purpose to be true to principle.

"Listen, Caton! I do love you; but I have always vowed to marry *a total abstainer*, for Temperance is one of the best and noblest things in the world."

"I quite agree with you, dear; I am a temperate man."

"Yes, yes, I know; but you go to champagne suppers sometimes, and although you may not take more than—than——"

Her voice faltered, her head drooped. His arm drew her to him in a loving embrace.

"Of course I don't, and I often prevent some of the boys from making "sillies," of themselves."

"Then you are half a member of the C.E.T.S. already; you may as well join us, dear."

"Must I?"

"Yes, you are so brave and strong; you are ready to fight for Queen and country when called upon; can you not become a soldier in the Temperance army, too?"

"How I should be chaffed!"

"All the more reason why you should do it, and set an example to your privates."

"There are some total abstainers in the —th."

"I am glad of that."

The young lieutenant whistled "Tommy Atkins," softly. Fear stole into Doris's pretty eyes; she loved the song.

"Yes, I know 'Tommy' is a dear; so brave, so devoted to loyalty and patriotism; but, Caton, I want you to love God, too, and reach my ideal."

She took hold of both his hands, her pleading for the good cause eloquent with earnest purpose.

"Doris, give me time to think it over and test myself."

"Yes, yes!"

"In one month from now I can give you an answer. We are both due here for Baby's birthday party; on that day, darling, you shall know. But you love me, and you will not let anything your mother may say as to my poverty come between us?"

"No, oh no! Caton, you must not think hardly of dear mother; I am her only child, as you know, and she is naturally anxious for my future happiness."

"Yes, I can understand that; and then she is great on Temperance, is she not?"

"A most energetic worker; she once spoke at a meeting. I don't think I should have the courage to do that."

"No, your line is sympathy. You can say the few words which help a man, dear."

"I am glad you think so."

* * * * * * * * *

The great event, long looked for by Baby, had come; she was celebrating her fifth birthday. Riverdale blazed with lights; and in the dining-room, cleared of tables and chairs, Baby, a dimpled mite in a simple muslin frock, was behaving very unselfishly and prettily to her little guests. A few grown-up people had joined in the games, amongst them Doris and May, the former in pink and the latter in blue. "Blind-man's-buff" was in full swing when the tall form of a young officer loomed in the shadows near the door—a fresh arrival, who wished to see before being seen. The little hostess gave him a joyous welcome as soon as she caught sight of him. He apologised for being late.

"I forgive you, Caton, and thank you for the lovely present you sent."

"I am glad you liked it, pet."

As soon as an opportunity came, Caton and Doris were alone in the adjoining room.

"Will that please you?"

And he handed her a small Morocco case, containing a half-hoop diamond ring and a pledge paper signed by his name. A cry of delight escaped her.

"My brave boy."

"It is all your doing, my better angel," he said, placing the ring on her finger.

From the next room came, in a boy's treble,

"O, Tommy Atkins, you're a good one heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land."

"A SOUL which sincerely longs after God never considers whether a thing be small or great; it is enough to know that He for whom it is done is infinitely great, that it is His due to have all creation solely devoted to His glory, which can only be by fulfilling His will."

—*Fenelon.*



To save the little children; to turn their steps from ill;
To keep them pure, unsullied—such is the FATHER'S WILL.

The Children's Charter:

THE BILL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

Introduced by Mr. ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.P.

Passed its Second Reading, House of Commons, March 9th, 1900.

READERS will not need reminding that the COMMITTEE STAGE of the CHILDREN'S BILL is fixed for JUNE 20th, and that now is the time for active work on its behalf. Let no one imagine it will be enough to hope that the Bill will go through. It has been well said by one that "Hope passed into hell dreaming of heaven." There must be no faltering now, no trusting that things will come out right, no withholding because the opponents are strong. The strength of the opposition must nerve us to increased endeavour.

Behind the Bill there is a very strong public opinion, quite sufficient, we believe, to secure its enactment. But it wants developing and making felt. The friends of the children are the people to do this. It is their duty. They must do it if they want the Bill to go through.

You are among these. What have you done to help? Have you written your M.P., urging him to support the Bill as it is? Have you seen that your church has petitioned in its behalf? Have you done anything towards getting a pronouncement in its favour from the Town Council, District Council, School Board, Board of Guardians in your district? Have you helped to get a memorial signed by men supporting it?

If you haven't begun, begin now; if you have been working, work harder, if you would stop such cases as those set forth in our illustration, and if you would free the path of childhood from the drink menace.

To Guard the Children.

BY B. E. SLADE.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matthew xviii., 10.*

Out of the shining ranks an angel flew,—
On silent wings, and hidden from men's view;
Yet hastening with glad speed on errand blest,
To scatter joy, and rescue lives opprest.

Long had her sisters watched the sinful earth,
Their charge the little children, who from birth
Had need of guardian care, since dangers lay
All thickly where the tiny feet must stray.

They smiled to see the little minds expand,
Strength nerve the limbs, and cunning seize the hand;
The bud unfolding is a gracious sight,
But ah! how quickly changed 'neath storm and blight,

They joyed to see the parents' tender care,
And heard with reverent joy the evening prayer
Lisped by the tiny lips so pure and sweet,
Offering worship, innocent and meet.

They loved to see the little feet essay
To tread in early life the narrow way;
Running with willing haste to church and school,
Where they might learn to live the golden rule.

Alas! not long those little ones might keep
Their tender babyhood: not long might steep
Their souls in innocence. Their smiles would die,
And their sweet guardian angel weep and sigh.

For other journeys waited for those feet,
And other lessons must the learners greet,
Where eyes would gaze on scenes that soil the mind,
And keen young ears a strange, new language find.

When knowledge closed her book, and school was done,
The children bound on many errands run;
When churches silent stood, and prayer was o'er,
The tempter's palace opened wide her door.

A sight indeed to make the angels quail,
Knowing full well their power could scarce prevail
Against the tide of evil flowing round
Where drink and infamy a home had found.

Oh, do you doubt it? Do you deem it wrong,
To charge thus harshly customs that so long
Have tolerated been, so long allowed,
Viewed with indifference by the thoughtless crowd?

Go stand within those portals. Watch the band
Which comes and goes, and hear on every hand
The careless oath, the gibe at sacred truth:
See scenes unfit to meet the eyes of youth!

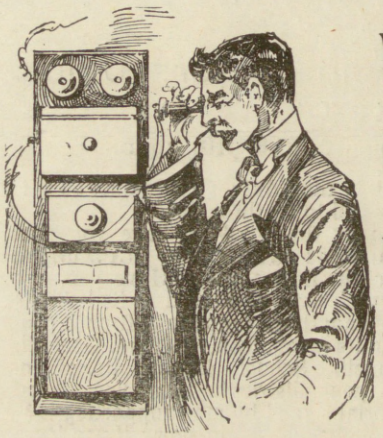
When thus the angels saw the traps for children laid,
Before the children's Lord their plea they made:
And lo! a new glad messenger was sent
On embassy of help and succour bent.

She came to shield the children from the place
Where shameless vice displays its hideous face,
Where all the holy lessons they have learned
They hear derided,—see God's precepts spurned.

The angel sister plies her mission true—
But, men of England! it must rest with you
To give her due success. Then up, we pray,
And take the children's stumbling block away.

Shake off your ignorance. You do not know
The evil you uphold. Go search it—go!
Then join with her the children's path to bless
Their feet to turn from base unrighteousness.

Thus shall you win the guardian angels' smiles,
And help them guard the child from evil wiles
Outside the tavern—task more easy far
When this great foe their efforts shall not mar.



"Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this," says Ruskin, "is indeed to be great in life."

OUR TEMPERANCE SOLDIERS AT THE TRANSVAAL.—The Hon. Conrad Dillon, Treasurer to the Army Temperance Association, states that there are at the present time over 100 branches of the Society represented at the seat of war, with more than 7,000 Temperance soldiers out in South Africa.

LITTLE Mabel went with her mother to call on a certain Mrs. Adam. She sat very still for a long time, then, going up to the lady and pulling her gown, she said:

"Are you the first woman God ever made?"

A leading physician said:—

"Alcohol is not only not a helper of work, but it is a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets, the less alcohol he takes; and his excuse is, 'I am very sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work.'"

FIRST Cyclist (*cross-eyed*): "Why don't you look where you're going?" Second Cyclist (*cross-eyed*): "Why don't you go where you're looking?"

THE Bench and the Bar; If it were not for the Bar there would be little use for the Bench.

Jack and Jill went to the still,
And had their fill of whisky;
Jack got wild, and Jill grew riled,
And things became quite frisky.
Jack rolled about, began to shout,
And Jill did antics risky;
They fought like mad, but now they're sad,
And vow they've done with whisky.

A GOUTY old gentleman, after making his will, called his serving-man, and remarked: "Michael, I've left you in my will all the impudence I possess." Michael: "Faith, I'm glad to see that by your generosity I inherit the greater part of your estate." "Well, well, Michael, you've come into your inheritance remarkably soon."

Write it on the Liquor Store,
Write it on the Prison door,
Write it on the Gin Shop fine—
Write, aye, write this truthful line:
"Where there's Drink, there's Danger."

THE Band of Hope movement has spread to India, and many native children, especially in the Punjaub districts, are enrolled abstainers in Hindoo Bands of Hope.

LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN, who accompanied Nansen on his late expedition to find the North Pole, says: "There is no need for spirits of any kind. For hard work or fatigue none need be taken at all. Nansen and I had none with us on our fifteen months' trip. The only hot drinks we prepared were made of lime-juice tablets or saline powder."

There are more men killed, more men poisoned by alcohol, than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.

THEY talk of the man behind the gun
And the deadly work that he has done;
But much more deadly work, by far,
Is done by the fellow behind the bar.

They talk of the man behind the gun,
But only in battle his work is done;
But never ceases, in peace or war,
The work of the man behind the bar.

How far men can do hard work without stimulants was answered by the Solicitor-General, who presided over the annual social meeting of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society, held recently. Sir Robert Finlay said they could reflect with a feeling of gratitude and pride that our soldiers were commanded by one of the greatest leaders of the day, and one who had done so much for the moral well-being of the British Army. It had been found, Sir Robert asserted, that the soldiers did their work much better under a system of total abstinence than under any other.—*Daily Mail.*

The pleasures of sin are ever the parents of humanity's sorrows.

THE Drink Bill for 1899 amounted to £162,163,474, as compared with £155,994,019 during 1898. The apparent increase is £7,682,540, but the actual increase is only £6,169,455, owing to an error in the official returns for the previous year. Still the increase is lamentable. It is the largest sum ever spent during the year on intoxicants. The amount spent per head last year was £3 19s. 11½d. During the years 1872-1878 the sum spent per head was larger than last year. In 1876 it was £4 9s. per head. Thus while the spending power of the nation is much greater than in the seventies, the consumption of alcohol is less. Divided into nationalities, England spends £4 5s. 0½d. per head, Scotland £3 6s. 11d. per head, and Ireland £2 16s. 8¼d. per head. It is commonly believed that there is more drunkenness in Scotland and Ireland than in England, but the figures given clearly prove where the drinking is greatest.



Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER VI.—Gregory says "Good bye," and Makes Discoveries.

"Oh, what a subtle power hath ill
To make the noble base,
The good depraved,
To blight the fairest fortune.
To break the strongest will,
To make of Freedom's sons the most enslaved."

"DIDN'T you feel nervous among all the grand folk, Gregory?" asked Mrs. Cosham, one of the former "Green Man" friends, upon whom he had called to say "Good bye" on this his last day in Cottonton.

"Well, it was a bit overfacing," came the ready response from our hero, who was looking as well as if the terrible experience he had passed through had never occurred. Indeed, as some of his friends told him, it would be hard to persuade a stranger that this well-set, healthy youth, with his ruddy cheeks and erect bearing, was the same whose struggles for life had been feverishly watched by many thousands of people. But there he stood, the very picture of health, recounting to them his sensations upon the eventful day when he had stood the central figure of a great gathering in the Cottonton Town Hall to receive from the hands of the Mayor the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life.

"I own," he continued, "to feeling a bit queer at times; but, then, everybody was so kind that I wasn't so bad as I had expected to be. Of course it took me all my time to keep up when the medal was given me. Somehow, it was harder to hear good things said about me than to be grumbled at. I suppose it was because I wasn't used to it. But," and here his voice distinctly faltered, "the hardest time of all was when poor old John Prettyman took hold of my hands, after it was all over, and lifting his blind eyes to mine asked me to forgive him for all the trouble he had caused me. Why, it broke my heart almost to hear him who took me off the street, and did what he thought was best for me, asking me to forgive him. I hadn't anything to forgive. Poor fellow!"

Many times that day he had to tell the story of the presentation, for he was visiting many of his friends for the first and last time since his return from the convalescent home to which Mr.

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and Mrs. Lovewell had sent him immediately he was fit to be removed from the hospital.

What a lion he was that day! Everybody was glad to see him. None seemed able to do enough for him.

It was a new experience to him to be fêted thus. Not that it was repugnant to him. He was too human to be unable to feel a thrill of delight as compliments and more substantial signs of admiration were heaped upon him. Amid it all, however, he never lost his head, or could be persuaded that he had done more than any other youth similarly placed would have done.

There was one thing his friends could not get him to do that day, although, in conformity with that strange canon of friendship which governs the social events of so many, they tried him very sorely more than once, that was—drink. Not for worlds would he, in his present mood, touch the intoxicating cup; and more than once he very plainly, if not abruptly, expressed his wish that his friends would do as he himself had determined to do.

He was particularly emphatic about it when he called upon Mr. and Mrs. Groome, two of the party at the "Green Man," and with whom he had felt sorely annoyed that night because they had not asked him to drink with them. Now they did ask him, but only to get a decided refusal.

"No," said he. "I cannot drink. Once I should have done if you had asked me. That was at the 'Green Man.' But as I lay in the hospital, slowly getting better, I thanked God that you and others had not asked me just when I was longing to drink with you. For if you had, who knows whether I or anybody in that house would have been alive to-day. Besides, I heard and saw enough while I was in there to make me certain that it don't do man much good, and often leads him into harm to take liquor."

"Not if they take it in moderation," interposed Mrs. Groome.

"I don't know much about that. All I know is that over and over again men and women would be brought in there, run over, met with accidents, or knocked about, and when I asked the nurses about it they would shake their heads and say 'It's the drink again;' and so I made up my mind, as I'd been lucky to escape so far, I wouldn't, if I could help it, run the risk again."

And so he passed from house to house, saying farewells, enjoying a brief reign of popularity, and learning that even the terror of great happenings is not sufficient often to change people's habits, and that they are ready to put down to any and every cause, save the indulgence of appetite, the consequences of that indulgence.

Particularly was this impressed upon him when he called at John Prettyman's house.

John and his wife no longer kept the "Green Man." In a little back street, amid circumstances vastly different from any they had before experienced, and in striking contrast to the lovely surroundings of their once village home, they lived—had it not better be said they existed? For the accident which had made Gregory Johnson a hero, robbed John of his eyesight and his life's savings, had wrought greater changes in his wife Sarah.

Once notorious for her scrupulous cleanliness, she had conformed to the surroundings in which she found herself, and had fast developed the "slatternliness" of her neighbours. From the day of the fire she had never ceased to bewail her hard fate, but had done nothing to master her circumstances.

Little by little all pride of home went. Then the household goods she had been enabled to buy, and now, when Gregory called upon them, it was to see her, the once spruce dame, a dirty, half-drunken trollop, sitting in a home as dirty as herself.

For a moment he could scarcely be persuaded that this must be Prettyman's home. He could not believe that seven months would produce such a change. He only found then, as after life confirmed again and again, that rapid as is the change for the worse in a man who takes to the drink, it is far more rapid and degrading in the case of a woman.

True he was welcome enough. In her own way she was glad to see him.

"Come in, lad," was her greeting; "we're right glad to see you. But, my! what a swell you've got. I suppose that's all them Lovewell's doings? Well, I'm glad as they look after you, though they don't do what I think they might do for us. But I suppose some folks is born to be lucky, and I'm not one of them."

"Here, Sarah, drop that," growled John, whose temper had not improved under his difficulties, "Don't let me hear you say anything against the Lovewells. They did more for us than we deserved. 'Twasn't likely that folks like them, believing that it's wrong to drink, would set us up in the 'pub.' again. You see, my lad," here he turned his sightless eyes to Gregory, "Sarah's never forgiven them for refusing to help us back again to the 'Green Man.'"

"Oh yes! I suppose *you* didn't want to go back, did you?" angrily asked Sarah.

"No, I didn't. You know that. You know I never should have gone to it at the first if you hadn't over persuaded me," came the blind man's answer.

"Here, that's enough of that. I suppose you'll soon be telling me it's all my fault you're blind."

"No, Sarah. But——."

How much longer they would have gone on, and what would have been the end nobody knows. Matters were fast becoming so bad tempered that Gregory stopped the recriminations with,

"Here, I haven't come to hear you quarrel. I've come to say good-bye. I'm going away to-morrow to a place in the South of England, near where Nell is. But I couldn't go without first coming to see John and you. But where is Daisy?"

There was no answer. He couldn't understand it. He knew she had soon recovered from the fright she had received on the night of the fire, and had gone back, so the nurses had told him, to live with her father and mother.

"Where's Daisy?" he asked again.

"You'd better tell him," said John.

Sarah humm'd and hah'd, took a drink from a dirty bottle beside her, then, in a hesitating, apologetic manner, began to tell her story, every punctuation of which convinced him that the truth was being hidden from him.

"You see, Gregory, it's like this. John and me had a few words the other day. John gets so provoking since he became blind that there's no putting up with him sometimes. And I'm sure I do my best." Here she began to cry as her husband interposed with

"Now then, no lying! Stick to the truth!"

"Well, as I was saying," she resumed, "John and I had a few words. We weren't exactly what you'd call drunk, but we weren't sober, so we didn't quite know what we were doing. And somehow or another when we got a bit warmed up the little maid got between us, and—"

"And what?' asked Gregory.

"Oh, you liar!" yelled blind John.

"Tell him yourself then, if you know better," retorted the woman.

"The fact is, Gregory, Nell's in a home here. The other night, while Sarah was off drinking with Jim Surtout's wife and her lot, the 'Cruelty man' came along here and says as we didn't do right by the maid, and took her off to the home, and she's been there ever since."

It was a big blow to Gregory. Nobody had given him the slightest hint of the change that had come over his former friends. He did not expect to find them anything but poor, but he never expected to find them as he did.

It saddened that happy day. It made him even anxious not to go to his new place. But he had promised to go, and go he would.

As he left John Prettyman's wretched home, however, he wondered could he do anything to make things better for the blind man and his wife, and if not for them, for the little maid for whom he had risked his life, sister Nell's Daisy.

He was full of the matter; so full that he did not notice how closely he had been followed by two rough-looking men, one tall, the other slight in build and spare of form, who never once let him escape their watchfulness until they had seen him enter the Home for Lads, where he awaited the eventful morrow. Nor did he hear the tall one say,

"That's the young devil," or the other reply,

"We'll see who's master—old Lovewell or David Johnson."

(*To be continued.*)

Children of the Sunshine: VI.—June Flowers.

By John Dale.

Oh! the flowery month of June!
We hail thee, summer's Queen;
The hills and valleys sing for joy,
And all the woods are green.



RE our young friends aware that certain flowers make their appearance about the same time every year, that they continue to bloom for a while, and then disappear till next year?

Spring flowers bloom only in the springtime, and when the summer comes they are gone. The flowers of April and May give place to those of June, and the summer flowers to those of autumn. It is interesting to watch them as they come and go, and find out which we may expect to see each month of the year. The numbers of wild flowers that make their *first* appearance in the district where I live, in the different months, are as follows:—

January,	February,	March,	April,	May,
1	4	12	36	75
June,	July,	August,	September,	October,
140	81	30	10	1

total, 390. Neither November nor December gives us any first flowers.

Hence we see that the expression "the flowery month of June" is no mere poetic phrase, but the literal truth. The meadows gleam with golden buttercups, and reflect the silvery sheen of the daisies; the air is fragrant with the scent of hawthorn, hyacinths, wild roses and honeysuckle. The "flowery month" brings so many floral gems, that we cannot attempt to describe them all. It is even difficult to make a selection.

One of the most attractive flowers of June is the white ox-eye daisy (*Chrysánthemum Leucánthemum*), two long words which mean gold-flower white flower. It is almost as abundant in the meadows this month as the common daisy is in the pasture fields.

It is a composite flower, often one-and-a-half inches across; its disk florets form a golden



centre; the ray florets, a margin of white petals, give it a silvery setting. The flowers present a gay appearance amongst the grasses of the meadows.

The yellow ox-eye or corn marigold (*Chrysánthemum segétum*) is not so abundant in some districts, but is very common in many places in Scotland. The ray florets, like the disk, are yellow. The Germans call it "Gold Bloom."

Another striking flower that appears this month is the Iris or yellow flag (*Iris pseudácorus*), common in marshes, or on the margin of ponds and streams. The plant is very stately in appearance, and well deserves its French name, Fleur-de-lis, the flower or chief of lilies. The flower-stem reaches a height of three to four feet, the lower part being sheathed by long sword-shaped leaves; near the top are several spathe-like bracts, out of which emerges a flower, a perianth of six yellow leaves of curious shape; the three outer ones are reflexed or turned downwards, the three inner, much smaller leaves, curve upwards. Its pistil is very beautiful, cleft into three petal-like segments of a golden yellow. Iris is the Greek name for the rainbow, and the many coloured varieties now seen in our gardens have given this plant its "generic" or family name.

There is a story of a gallant knight who rushed into a stream to gather some flowers his lady admired and wished to have; he grasped the coveted blossoms, but found the current too strong for him. He flung the flowers on the bank, saying "Forget me not," and sank beneath the water.

These flowers are said to be a variety of the mouse ear, now called Forget-me-not (*Myosótis palústris*). There are seven species of myosotis, but this, as its name (*palustris*) implies, is a water plant, common on river banks. Its oblong, rounded leaves are covered with tiny bristles; each young stem terminates in a scroll, which, unfolding, displays a cluster of blue flowers attached by a short "pedicel," or little stalk, to the outer side of the stem.

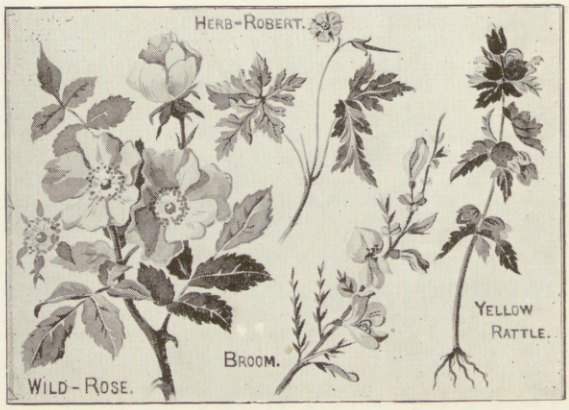
The flower has a small golden eye, and a tiny white line on each of its five petals. Its modest beauty, and the pathetic interest of its story, make it a general favourite.

Earle Colin addressing it, says:—

> Oh! sweet-eyed flow'ret, tell me,
> For my soul doth long to know,
> How you woo our hearts to love you
> More than flowers of brighter hue.

A very different plant to the Forget-me-not in every way is the yellow rattle, or cock's comb (*Rhinanthus cristi-galli*), often found in meadows. It has a single stem bearing two or three pairs of opposite leaves, pointed, with toothed edges, and is terminated by a loose spike of leafy bracts, from which peep forth a number of queer-shaped yellow flowers, with a few small blue spots.

The corolla bears some resemblance to a cock's comb, hence one of its names; or it may be compared to a snout or nose, as the Greek name Rhinanthus implies. The bladder-shaped calyx becomes dry and husky as the seed ripens, and their rattle in this capsule gives the plant its first name.



Everybody loves wild roses, of which there are seven species in Britain. The most abundant of these is the dog rose (*Rosa canina*). Its long and branching stems are covered with hooked prickles, not thorns. The poet who wrote "there is no rose without a thorn" was not a botanist. Its leaves are compound, generally having seven oval-shaped leaflets with toothed edges, and the petiole, or leaf stem, has two narrow stipules.

The flower has five green feathery sepals, and the same number of blush-white or pink petals, the latter are delicately scented, but they are soon scattered by the wind. Herrick draws a moral from this—

> Gather the roses while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying,
> And this same flower which smiles to-day
> To-morrow will be dying.

The sepals uniting at their base form an urn-shaped, fleshy tube, which changes to a bright red in the autumn, and remains on the branches after the leaves are fallen. These red, berry-like *hips*, as they are called, enclose a number of *achenes* (pronounced a-kéens) or little nuts, each containing a seed.

One of the most graceful plants of the Cranesbill family is the Herb Robert (*Geránium Robertiánum*), appearing in June with its deeply-cut leaves, and rose-coloured flowers with five petals. It adorns the lanes and hedgebanks during the whole summer; towards autumn its stems and leaves assume a glowing red colour.

The name of Cranesbill is given to this family on account of the long beak of the ripening seed pods.

Another flower that the sunshine of June calls forth is the broom (*Cytísus scopárius*). This is a handsome and graceful shrub, with its many slender branches, bearing a few small triple leaflets, and numerous bright-yellow flowers, similar to the furze blossoms, but larger. Its twigs possess medicinal properties, and its seeds have been used as a substitute for coffee.

Its French name is *Plant à Genêt*. It is related of Geoffry, Earl of Anjou, that he went into battle with a sprig of broom on his helmet, one of his ancestors having worn it during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Their descendants were known as Plantagenets.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

VI.—SWIMMING.



SWIMMING is an exercise that boys and girls, men and women, young and old, can equally enjoy. More, to learn to swim is almost as much a duty as to learn to read. The education of a child is incomplete till it has learned to be quite at home in the water. Those who have charge of the education of children should consider this an imperative necessity.

Of all physical exercises swimming is the easiest to be acquired; the human body will naturally float in water if it be allowed to do so.

All substances will float in water if they are lighter than the water they displace. For this reason vessels made of iron float because the vessel and all it contains is lighter than the water it displaces.

To float, all that has to be done is to lie flat on the water, the hands resting by the learner's sides; the body does not displace the amount of water that is heavier than the body. It is easier to swim in salt water than in fresh water, because salt water being heavier than fresh water not so much is displaced.

Expert swimmers tell us it is very unwise and even dangerous to attempt to learn the swimming stroke on land; it is also unwise to attempt to learn to swim by the aid of corks, belts, or swimming collars. We cannot, if wise, imitate the Irishman who said that he would not go into the water until he had learned to swim. The only correct way to learn to swim is in the water; the help of a friend or of a master is of course advisable. The confidence thus easily gained will be a pleasure throughout life, and it may, in an unexpected moment, enable us to save our life, or that of some unhappy creature nearing a watery grave.

For those who live in towns the swimming bath is a good place to learn; but the best spot is a pool of water, free from weeds, and only so deep that the learner cannot get out of his depth.

The first object should be to learn to float. This can be accomplished without knowing how to swim. The body should lie on the water, the arms stretched as far as possible over the head, the hands being only a little bent, and having their backs downwards. In this position the arms serve to balance the body. The spine should be bent backwards, and the head placed in such a position as to look direct up to the clouds.

Thus resting on the water the learner should not move hand or foot; he will find he can float for any length of time; as he takes in the air, he will find himself slightly rising out of the water, as he breathes out he will slightly sink. The water may reach to the lips or eyes; but it will go no further.

The assistance of a friend in learning to float is advisable. The friend standing up straight in the water, places his hand on the back of the learner, and lifting him up places him gently on the water. The hand being taken away at intervals, will soon enable the learner to float without assistance.

The arm and leg stroke must now be practised. While still floating the learner should draw up the legs slowly, opening them as he does so; then quickly straightening them, he will find himself moving a little. The movement will be slow at first, but confidence having been gained a couple of yards will be made by one stroke. Now comes the practice with the arms. They should be lifted just out of the water, brought back to their former position, then moved towards the sides of the body. After some little exercise in this way, legs and arms should be moved almost at the same moment, the leg stroke being slightly first.

Having made these preliminary movements at another trial, the learner should lay himself gently in the water face downwards.

Let the palms of the hands rest flat on the water, the spine curved slightly backwards, the head thrown as far back as possible between the shoulders. In this position the learner must have his mouth tightly closed, and breathing must take place through the nostrils. A famous teacher gives the following directions with regard to the arm and leg stroke:—The stroke should begin with the arms, the legs and feet being left to themselves. Draw back the arms, till the hands come under the chin, the palms being still downwards, the fingers kept closely together, and the right hand laid on the left.

Now push the arms out steadily, and when at their full extent sweep them round towards the hips, turning them edgeways upwards as you do so. The legs should be drawn tolerably close to the body, and struck out steadily, the feet being kept at least a foot or eighteen inches below the surface. If they are brought too high they have a tendency to drive the face under water at each stroke.

As the feet are struck out they should be separated widely, and then brought together, the body being driven forward, not so much by the soles of the feet as by the action of the legs on the wedge of water enclosed between them.

Of course the learner will practice with a friend by his side to assist his confidence, and to give him a helping hand.

There is no end to the ways in which a good swimmer may find enjoyment; what with diving, taking headers, shooters, and water games, the swimmer may never be hard up for variety in his exercise.

It must be remembered that when Captain Webb did his marvellous swim across the Channel it was the low temperature he had to fight against almost as much as the waves.

Referring to this adventure he says: "If the temperature in the English Channel was like that of the gulf stream or the Red Sea, there are hundreds of good swimmers who could cross it with ease."

Like Captain Webb and Frank Holmes, the Birmingham youth, whose efforts to swim across the English Channel caused so much sensation a few months ago, many of the most expert swimmers

ESCHEW ALCOHOL ALTOGETHER.

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Fresh Air: Ventilation.

IN my last article I spoke of work and play in relation to health. Now I want to lay special stress upon the need for fresh air, and the necessity for good ventilation for dwellings, especially of bedrooms. I do not remember at the moment any particular point of more importance or more essential than another in restoring lost health, or in keeping the body in a state of perfection.

I do not include the gross abuses such as overcrowding, vicious habits, and alcoholic excesses, for the results of these are obvious to everybody, and in respect of the last-mentioned irregularity I mean the use of stimulants in any degree outside the limits of a physician's prepared prescription.

No one can deny the immediate effects for good or evil of our surroundings. Just as "evil communications corrupt good manners," so does environment influence our lives the one way or the other.

The question of overcrowding, with all its legal and other difficulties, has been, and continues to be, a

STUMBLING BLOCK TO AUTHORITIES

and philanthropic individuals. The "submerged tenth" is an applicable term to use in connection with the lowest stratum of human existence, and it seems impossible to separate the individual from the vice, and the gross abuses from the collected atoms which go to form the community.

If the difficulties of dealing with large crowds of indigent, lazy, or necessitous people in the housing of them is so great, it need not deter us from attending to our own immediate surroundings. I have seen many a bright and clean home in least expected and apparently unfavourable districts, and it seems to me a first duty to give practical expression to the proverb, "Cleanliness is near of kin to Godliness." Surely, it is not expecting too much of a woman that she should keep her household gods as clean as such deities are pure.

The regulations in force in regard to common lodging houses are to the effect that, except in cases of sickness, the beds must be vacated sufficiently early so that the bed clothes may be turned down, and the

WINDOWS OF THE BEDROOMS OPENED

by a reasonable time in the morning.

It is a pity these regulations cannot be extended to private houses, from hut to palace, on reasonable grounds, because they ensure a good supply of fresh air before the beds are made and covered up.

There would be strong prejudice against, and opposition to, such a measure including every house big and little, as being opposed to the exercise of free will, and to some people it would savour of a return to the days, or nights, at least, when the curfew bell rang out its warning notes. But we have the "Notification of Infectious Diseases" included in the Public Health Act, which gives to sanitary authorities a large control of persons suffering from such diseases, so that the regulations affecting the ventilation of our houses need not interfere with our liberty as subjects so very much.

I mention this to show that the wandering community, taking advantage of the places provided for them, are sensibly and well looked after in regard to health, even if their individual instincts are opposed to this supervision and to the measures for their betterment. What is necessary for the lodging house is, at least,

ADVISABLE IN THE VILLA.

Authorities on Public Health are agreed that a certain amount of fresh air is necessary for the preservation of health. The question is, how this can be secured without the distressing accompaniment of draughts. The external atmosphere contains 4 parts of carbonic acid gas in every 100,000 parts. When this, through the respiration of human beings, or changes brought about by decomposition or other chemical agencies, is increased to 6 parts, it becomes

UNFAVOURABLE TO HEALTH,

so that this has to be reduced, if possible, or kept from increasing by a supply of fresh air. To keep up the air in a state of purity for breathing, it is necessary to supply each individual with 1,000 cubic feet of fresh air every hour. This means changing the air three times each hour, and by experiments it has been found that this is possible without causing a draught, providing, of course, there is a sufficient accommodation for each one. To be perfect in our arrangements, the accommodation for sleeping should be 1,000 cubic feet each. This is very much in excess of the allowance required in the case of common lodging houses which is 300 cubic feet each, but we can understand the cost of providing such space for a large number of people, the expense being a barrier not easy to overcome.

In no case in houses suitable for working people is it possible to have such an accommodation, and as the air cannot be changed more

frequently than three times an hour during occupancy, it follows that after being slept in for, say, eight hours, its condition does not tend to purity. In fact it is in most cases so vitiated and foul that it alone is responsible for the disinclination to early rising which characterises so many people, and not alone the exhibition of this weakness, but also the headache and indifference to food.

Under all circumstances, whether of town or village life, the habit of

SLEEPING WITH THE BEDROOM WINDOW OPEN

should be cultivated and kept up. It is during the hours of night that we require fresh air, because it is when we, as human creatures, are at rest, that the changes required by nutrition are going on.

Unfortunately our houses are not yet perfect in their arrangements to secure at least cost an adequate supply of fresh air. For obvious reasons lower doors and windows require closing and fastening for the night. This prevents us having our air at first hand, and we get to a large extent the air which has been fouled by respiration and the use of gas jets during the early afternoon and evening. It follows that on this account there is greater reason for keeping the bedroom windows open night and day.

The excuse may be raised against this principle that such a supply is not provided in the workshops, nor yet in our places of public meeting and worship. I have told you the proportion of carbonic acid gas normally present in the atmosphere, and the amount which nature can stand in the way of vitiation.

In legislating for the benefit of the working classes it has been decided that in weaving sheds the proportion of carbonic acid gas should not exceed 9 parts in 100,000. This, in my opinion, is reasonably fair on both sides, and probably in most modern weaving sheds is a regulation complied with. In the case, however, of buildings in which a large number of people gather together for a short time, as in churches, chapels, and lecture rooms, the question of preventing over pollution of air is a difficult one to deal with. In the first instance the air is presumably pure, but where, say, from 1,000 to 2,000 persons become collected in small compass, the ventilation of the building, without causing draughts, is well nigh impossible, unless mechanical means are used, so that it is small wonder that the amount of carbonic acid gas often reaches the alarming figure of 25 parts in every 100,000. By this little demonstration I do not decry the attendance at public worship, far be it from my intention to do so; we risk our health in the pursuit of pleasure, and surely we should do so for our soul's safety. At the same time I do think a great deal more attention ought to be paid to the improvement and better ventilation of our lecture rooms, and

SPECIALLY OUR CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

Pure air is, indeed, so necessary for the preservation of health that advantage is now being taken of its beneficent and curative properties in the open air treatment of consumption.

My readers will have followed the progress of this form of treatment in the papers, and anything that I can do to stimulate an active interest in the matter will be seed well sown.

If pure air is so

GOOD FOR DISEASED LUNGS,

will even cure a disease which, in total numbers, is on the increase, and which yearly kills more people in the British Isles than any other disease, how much more should we value it when still in health.

In the course of my medical career I have had more trouble to instil this principle of "pure air" than anything else. People learn very slowly that

WINDOWS ARE MADE TO OPEN

and doors to shut with the concomitant advantage of a supply of pure air with the avoidance of draughts.

There are many appliances on the market for securing this result, more or less expensive, and not equally effective. The simplest form is a narrow piece of wood to fit under the lower window sash so that the air comes into the room between the upper and lower sash. The direction of air by this means is given an upward direction away from sitters. This air, on its entry, is cooler than that already in the room, and being heavier, falls slowly downwards.

Here let me add a note of warning against the use of oil stoves in bedrooms. These articles, the evolution of a cheap petroleum oil, have received an impetus through the advertisement columns, which has instituted a tremendous number, ostensibly for purposes of warmth, but really on account of the saving in work. Gas jets and oil flames give forth a certain amount of heat by burning up the oxygen in the air. But it is this self-same oxygen which is the

VITAL PRINCIPLE IN SUSTAINING LIFE,

so that the heating apparatus is consuming the very part of the atmosphere which is most required by human beings, to the extent that one burner is estimated to use up as much air as two persons, and without giving back anything in exchange except noxious ingredients. This is the crux of the matter.

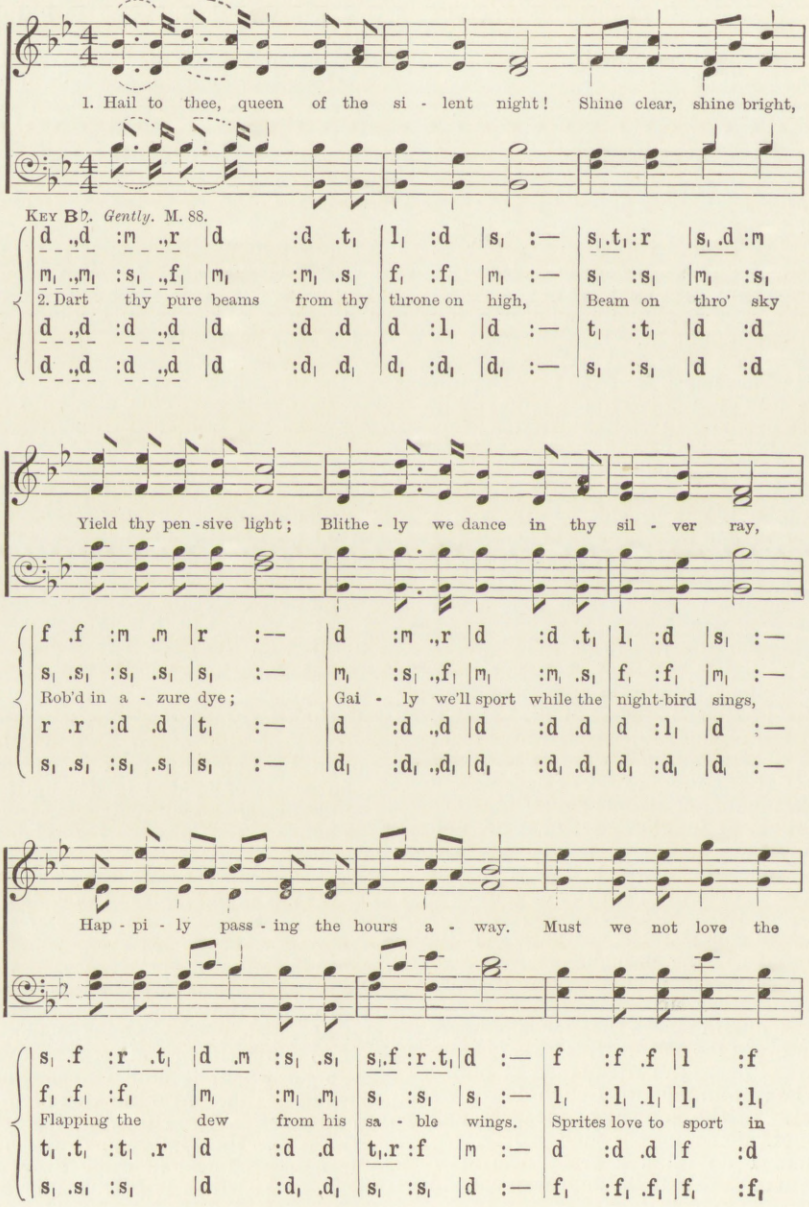
Gas heating stoves are the same in principle, with this advantage, if it can be called such, that the results of combustion are carried away up the chimney, or at least are supposed to be, because the exhaust pipe is passed therein, but when a gas stove is first lighted it takes some time to heat the lumps of asbestos up to the point at which complete combustion is carried out, and hence the first effect is to throw into the room a gas which is both foul-smelling and injurious to health. Also the area of the chimney is in all cases so large that a considerable time elapses before the air becomes warmed and an up-draught produced to carry away the fumes. Where the gas stove is fixed in or to the grate the chimney of the stove should be carried to the top of the chimney proper.

The main objection to an open coal fire is the loss of heat up the chimney; this is more than counterbalanced by the waste and foul gases being carried away up the chimney into the outer air, to the greater purity of the air in the room and the benefit of the occupants.

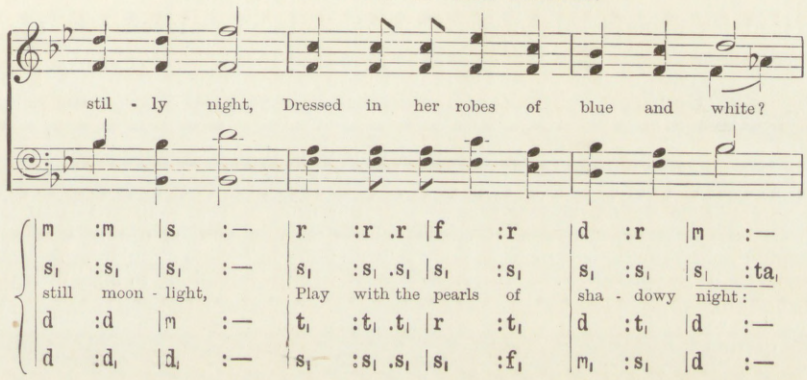
MOONLIGHT SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

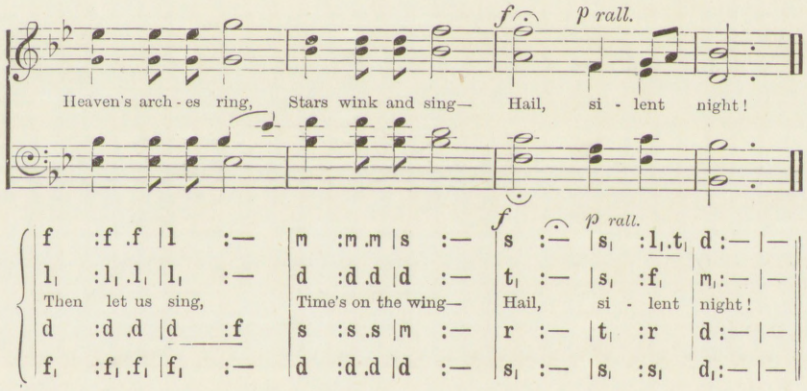
Gently.

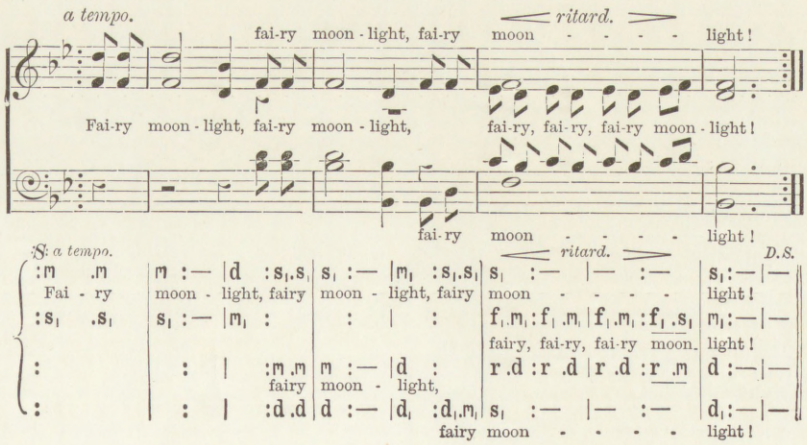
Words and Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



MOONLIGHT SONG OF THE FAIRIES.







The Children's Charter:

THE BILL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION,

Introduced by Mr. ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.P.

Passed its Second Reading, House of Commons, March 9th, 1900.

JUNE 20th. The date set down for the COMMITTEE STAGE of the CHILDREN'S BILL is also the date of the anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland.

Surely there could be no better way of celebrating such an auspicious event—certainly none more in keeping with the spirit of our good Queen's reign—than by passing the Bill into law and affording increased protection to the child-life of this great nation.

Desirable as such an enactment as the prohibition of the sale of drink to children under sixteen years of age must be, there are evidences of the

Strongest Opposition

to the Bill, which must prevail if the friends of the effort do not

Rouse the Public Conscience to Demand the Bill as it is.

Already there are shoals of amendments, a few designed to extend the scope of the Bill, the majority to render it abortive or to wreck it.

The Government will not support it. The Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury) speaking on Temperance Reform in the House of Lords, May 8th, 1900, in opposing a motion introduced by the Bishop of Winchester, boldly declared his dislike of the Bill, because he said it interfered with parental liberty, was a measure distasteful to the working classes, and would create more harm than good by exposing those over 16 years of age to the evil influences of

Public-Houses,

which the Noble Marquis described as

Centres of Contamination and Pollution.

The first two reasons Lord Salisbury urged are those urged by many others, and especially by "The Trade" in its circulars. These, the friends of the Bill, who belong to all political parties, all



ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.P.

sections of the church, and are to be found among both rich and poor, must meet and overcome, and further show that the Bill is

Approved by the Thoughtful and Intelligent

of all classes of the community, who will not be baulked of their desire by such obvious speciousness.

The Bill is no move to lessen parental liberty, parental privilege, parental responsibility. It is an honest attempt to provide—through law—for the children of the poorer class that immunity from the baneful influences of the "centres of contamination and pollution" which the children of the wealthier already enjoy because of their parents' better circumstances.

When working-men in their thousands petition for the Bill, when the

Great Labour Leaders like John Burns, Fred Maddison, and others

plead for it, claim it as the desire of the workers of to-day for the improvement of the moral fibre of the workers of the future, it is ridiculous to say that working people are opposed to it—except only those are entitled to be called working people who lounge at the street corners and who would sell their souls for a pint.

How absurd is this parrot cry of "parental liberty." Parents cannot exercise their own discretion as to the education or non-education of a child. The law says

To School the Child must go,

and go he must, notwithstanding that the parent may be convinced of the unwisdom of such procedure. Then as to the age at which a child shall go to work, as to the notification of disease, &c., &c., and in numerous other ways wherein the parental privilege and the parental responsibility might claim liberty of action, the law steps in and compels specific action for the good of the child, for the good of the nation.

The "Children's Bill" is prepared to provide freedom for the child from evil influences. Thoughtful parents, anxious for their children's welfare, will not object to the restraint the Bill imposes. They will hail it, because the good of their children is more to them than the multiplication of gold in the Trade's coffers.

Thoughtless, careless, negligent parents may feel the Bill a hardship. It is right that if in no other way, through the arm of the law, they should be made to learn that it is

No Privilege of the Parent to Expose his Offspring to Evil Influences,

but a gross abuse of that privilege, whether the exposure result from negligence or wilfulness.

Some good people, like Lord Salisbury, fear to support the Bill, lest by excluding children of tender years from the public-houses older children, over 16 years of age, should be used as messengers and become contaminated thereby. They say, and probably with justice, that if two girls, one of seven and another of 17, go to a public-house greater injury through the pernicious influence of the house would result to the girl of 17 because of her larger consciousness.

They lose sight altogether of the

Paralysing Influence which Familiarity Produces

on young minds. They seem to forget that the surest way to produce criminality is to accustom the young to crime. It is the child brought up with the liar, the profligate, who is least affected by untruth and dissoluteness.

They either do not, or appear not, to recognise that the surest way to influence the youth of 17 to unshamedly resort to the public-house is to accustom that child to go thereto. They forget, too, that it is not the mere going to the public-house which the Bill seeks to prevent, but by such prohibition to put an end to that

Sipping by the Child Messenger

which in so many cases has been the beginning of a habit that has ended in drunkenness.

But if, as Lord Salisbury says, public-houses are "centres of contamination and pollution," into which it is dangerous to let the youth of 16 and upwards enter, surely that is a strong reason for the passing, not only of the present Bill, but of one with a much greater age.

When

Several Hundred Public Bodies,

Town Councils (like the Manchester City Council), School Boards, Boards of Guardians, District Councils, Watch Committees—bodies which are too representative to be captured by mere faddists—support the Bill the most bigoted opponent must recognise the earnestness of the demand for it, and the sincerity of the statement that the Measure is not the plea of the extremist but the desire of the moderate and sagacious, who, anxious for reform, out of their large experience support only the practicable.

We are convinced of the utility of the Bill. We know its need, and therefore we must

Work, and Work Hard,

personally, individually, right up to June 20th, and as long after as may be necessary, to make known our own opinions, and to let Parliament know by

Petitions of Public Bodies, especially of Trades Unions and Men's Societies, by letters to M.P.'s, by Public Meetings, by Prayer-work and Work-prayer, that

THE NATION'S CHILDHOOD IS SACRED,

and must be accorded full and complete State protection against the pernicious influence of the licensed sale of intoxicating liquors.

DRINKING baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot, and the legislator.—The *Times*.

An Old Woman's Story.

By B. E. Slade.

"I'LL you how I came to give up the drink? Yes, I will; though it's a sad story, and one that years ago I could never bear to speak of.

"Teetotalism was not heard of in my young days. I was brought up to drink as a matter of course, so it was a natural thing for me to become engaged to a young man who drank. But I often urged him to be careful, for I feared he was a little too fond of his glass.

"I was a poor girl, and was in service at Royston Court—the house at which Alf was a footman—until my mother's health failed, and I was obliged to go home. Soon after, the people at the 'Court' let their house for a year, and went to London, taking Alf with them.

"London seemed a far-off place then, for the railway was only in its first days, so we felt Alf's going keenly.

"I shall never forget our parting, out under the great elms. How I clung to him, begging him not to drink too much, nor to get into fast company in London, for we had heard of the wickedness that reigned there. And he kissed me, and promised he would do all I wanted him to, and would come back at the end of the year ready to be married, if my mother could spare me. And he begged me to look after his mother a bit, for she was fretting sorely about his going.



"She lived just opposite to us, in one of the almshouses which had been built by a former tenant of the 'Court.' There were six of them, and two old women lived in each. Alf's mother was feeble and white-haired. She had broken-down early through trouble. Her husband had been killed by an accident years before, and two of her sons had died young. Alf was the only one left; he was the youngest, and his mother's darling. So you may guess how we two, who loved him so, wept over his departure. He was a poor hand with his pen, and his few letters told us little; but he seemed to think London a grand place, and I had many uneasy feelings.

"We had no regular post, for we were out of the postman's beat, so our letters were left at a public-house in the nearest village, which was nearly three miles away. But old Master Brockman went every day to fetch or take a letter bag for farmer Gruppley, and he was allowed to bring or post anything for the rest of us. The old man was quite a carrier, though he had no vehicle; he discharged all kinds of commissions for his neighbours and Mrs. Gruppley, and often came back fairly loaded with parcels.

"It was the sound of his voice that called me out that fateful morning. A lovely morning it was, with the sun shining and the birds singing, and the flowers all ablaze. Alf's mother was at her gate, waiting anxiously, while Master Brockman searched in his bag for the letter he had brought; and her companion was wiping her spectacles ready to read it for her, while she asked Master Brockman the news.

"I watched mechanically while Mrs. Green put on her spectacles and fumbled with the letter. At last she opened it and began to read,

and then the next thing I became conscious of was a startled cry from Alf's mother, and a heavy fall.

"Alf would come back to us no more. He had fallen into trouble and disgrace, and, rather than face the consequences, had hanged himself.

"The brightness went out of the sunny world, and the sun of real earthly happiness has never again dawned for me. The poor, stricken mother was mercifully taken after a few months of suffering. But from that day I hated strong drink with a deadly hatred, and I trust that never, till it rests in the silence of the grave, will my voice grow tired of warning young people to flee the cup of sinful pleasure, for in its depths lurk the dregs of bitter woe."

. . . AT THE WAR OFFICE. . . .

By Mary M. Forrester.

IS my lad's name in the list, sir?
You might please see for me, now;
My sight is bad at the best of times,
And to-day seems dark, somehow.
Smith—John Smith, of the Gloucesters,
He's been in near all the fights,
He's only a private, but will be more
If he lives, and gets his rights.

For he's brave as the very bravest,
And wise for a lad so young;
A British soldier from head to foot,
Sober, and keen, and strong.
I've come all the way to London,
To be here for the lists each day,
For I couldn't rest in the old, old house,
Not since he went away.

It was killing me down in the country,
I could neither sleep nor eat;
Searching and searching for news of him.
Down in the little street.
In rain, in snow, or in sunshine,
It was always, always the same—
Watching the papers, day in, day out,
Just for that one dear name.

I have crawled in the early morning,
Shivering and like to drop—
To wait for the papers coming in
At the little village shop.
And when they put out the contents bills,
Sometimes for an hour I've stood,
Thinking I saw my boy's name there,
Written in letters of blood.

You see it is in the country,
Where tidings come in so slow,
Indeed, sir, they seem but to crawl along
When you're all of a fire to know.

So I gathered my pence together,
The savings of many a year,
And I came, so that when the lists come in,
They'll find me awaiting here.

Ah, sir, if the men who make the wars
Could just for one short, short night,
Have the hearts of mothers within their breasts,
Mothers, whose boys must fight,
Could they feel but the hungry longing,
The anguish of dreading pain,
The hoping, the fearing, the living death,
There would never be war again.





SUB-LIEUTENANT COCHRANE'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

BY MARY WALL.

THE place was Alexandria; the time, the eve of the bombardment of that beautiful city by the British in 1882.

As everybody knows, France had been unable to secure the co-operation of the British Government, then under the Premiership of Lord Palmerston, to the Suez Canal project when first mooted; but, in 1875, England, with that aptitude for driving a bargain, which our Gallic neighbours find so exasperating, had secured the shares originally allotted to the Khedive for the comparatively small sum of £4,080,000.

In 1879, an arrangement was arrived at by which the whole of Egypt was to come under the joint supervision of the English and French Governments, both being officially represented. But, in 1882, when the turpitude of the Khedive, who was much harassed by the dervishes, made action necessary, this agreement came to an end, and the French fleet steamed out of the harbour while the British proceeded to bombard the forts of the city of Alexandria, which suffered sererely.

The junior officers of Her Majesty's Ship "Conqueror" were being entertained, along with a great many other people, at the house of Mr. Winton, an English merchant who had done well in Egypt, and so, of course, had a healthy contempt for the land and the people that had helped, in a pecuniary sense, to "make" him.

He and his wife were now moving among their guests, chatting with first one and then another of them. Mrs. Winton was something after the type of Englishwoman abhorred of the late Mr. Ruskin—"women who think that God Almighty made the world for them and for their children."

One or two of the guests seemed a trifle timorous as to how things might turn out after to-morrow; but the tone of the majority was that of that British Ambassador to France in the middle ages, who, when threatened with decapitation, said to the French king: "You may take my head, sire, but my king will exact its value a thousand times over if you do!"

Mr. Winton's only daughter was also very much in evidence, though some of the guests had been wondering what had become of her half-an-hour ago. Had their curiosity been satisfied they would have seen her strolling in the garden with Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane, and would have noted that the interview between the young people, though short, was an eminently satisfactory one.

For the lieutenant, whose eyes were now following her—as she stood laughing and talking with his messmate Glover—with an intent gaze that unconciously betrayed his secret to many, had told her during those few moments in which he had had her to himself, that it had been the dream of his life ever since, as a midshipman, he had first come to Egypt, and been made welcome at Mr. Winton's hospitable house, to return; of how the authorities had at first allocated him to a ship going in quite another direction; how he had persuaded his father, with whom he was essentially "good comrade," to move heaven and earth, in order that his course might lie toward the land of the Pyramids; and of how his father had managed it, not without difficulty.

At the time of Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane's first voyage, Madeline Winton had been a very young girl indeed, albeit a handsome and a strong-willed one, with considerable character of her own, and a strong attraction towards the exact sciences. It says something for the handsome middy's own forceful personality that he had, in these early days, managed to disturb, though but in the slightest degree, the calmness which was her mental atmosphere, when in bidding her good-bye he had briefly alluded to his firm determination to come back to Alexandria as soon as possible.

And now, he was once more in Egypt, and in the course of his interview with Madeline half-an-hour ago, his talk had been mainly of ways and means—those intangible, and yet very real, barriers which so often keep young hearts apart, and which yet have their uses in showing of what sort of stuff those same young hearts are made.

He alluded to the length of time that must elapse before he got his command.

"And then—I shall come to Egypt again and—will you be glad to see me, Madeline?" he had said, his earnest voice giving the simple words an importance which they might not otherwise have borne.

"I—it is quite possible that I may be," was all that she said, as she hastened into the house in response to her mother's voice.

But the few hasty, insufficient words were enough for Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane. He did not look unsatisfied as he turned his back on the view of the glorious harbour and followed his lady-love more slowly into the house, for he had caught a promising glint in her eyes as she uttered them that told him that the next time he came her surrender would be full and complete.

She was a tall, graceful girl of nineteen now, with clear, blue-grey eyes and a small, and undoubtedly intellectual, head, over which the thick dead-fair hair fell softly, and was drawn in a simple knot at the back; her unquestionable cleverness was a strong factor in the attraction she possessed for him. Had not her own brothers confided to him that Madeline was steeped in the higher mathematics, and naturally this could not fail to prove most valuable to the man whose business it was to go down to the deep waters,

and who deeply lamented the necessity for the inevitable book-work that must be faced in order to pull off anything nowadays, nay, who had been known to openly sigh for the departed days when competitive examinations were not necessary for those wishing to enter Her Majesty's Navy.

For a paternal Government, even with my Lords of the Educational Department in full command, finds it impossible, while insisting on a certain amount of book-knowledge (sadly too much, young Cochrane thought!) to instil a love of books for their own sake, into the temperament of a man of action.

And the Lieutenant was essentially the latter; and so his eyes followed her now with a worship that embraced her qualities as well as her personality. Perhaps, too, her strong capable beauty attracted him the more for its incongruity in this land of hopeless sadness and brooding mystery. At home, in England, her type was prevalent enough, but she stood out clearly as a figure of western strength and western go-a-headness here in Egypt—

Egypt, which an American poet has likened to a forlorn woman:

> "Brooding dark-browed, with weary lids,
> Besides her sphynx and Pyramids,"

But Mr. Winton was here again now, after a momentary disappearance. In his wake was a portly butler, bearing a tray of champagne bottles. As he passed through his guests to stand by the sideboard, Mr. Winton informed all and sundry that they were going to taste something very special indeed; and, moreover, declared that this had not been "boarded" since the day his eldest son was born.

And then he called upon all those in the room to fill their glasses, and after alluding to the proposed action of to-morrow, and of his own certainty that "Old Tewfik would be taught a lesson," he begged them to drink "to the glory of old England, now, and always."

Nobody pointed out that the liquor in which they were called upon to pledge old England's glory was French; but, perhaps, the fact that it was *liquor* sufficed them.

The toast was drunk, and now a pleasant murmur of talking again arose, and then Mr. Winton's shrewd piercing eyes spotted the fact that one of his guests was not drinking; one, too, in whom he was interested, for the handsome Lieutenant's predilection for his only daughter had not escaped his all-seeing eye, either now, or on the occasion of his first visit. But he had been re-assured as to its being all right, when his wife had told him that the lad was of good family, and that Madeline could not easily do better, and might very easily, indeed, do worse.

"Come! Cochrane," he said, heartily, "Where is your glass? let me fill it."

The butler once more approached with the tray.

"I do not take wine; I am a teetotaler," said the Lieutenant quietly.

"A teetotaler! Nonsense, man! Surely you get water enough when you are afloat, without wanting it now. Madeline, see what *you* can do to persuade him!"

And then Mr. Winton passed on among his guests.

In spite of her calmness Madeline was of a somewhat "spasmodic" temperament; though not exactly in the same sense in which Carlyle used the words, in referring to Rousseau. Rather with her to will was to act. And, seeing the faint amused contempt in some of the faces round, she suddenly determined that Lieutenant Cochrane should—that he *must*—do as she wished.

She approached him with one of the elegant little bottles in her hand.

"Come! Hector, you will. *I* have never asked you to do anything before, you know."

"When I tell you it is a question of principle you will not press me, I know," he answered gravely.

She thought that her tactics had been mistaken. She once more assumed her everyday tones, the essentially modern and somewhat inconsequent, not to say flippant, manner, which seems to become more fashionable along with the spread of the higher mathematics among women: "I had no idea you had gone in for any such nonsense as this," she said. "Teetotalers, are they not all cranks—and idealists—like vegetarians, and bi-metallists, and er—dancing dervishes?"

A remarkable woman of the last century has left it on record that "When a lady makes to a gentleman a series of inconsequent propositions the only answer he can make is—a bow."

Lieutenant Cochrane had never heard this. Nevertheless, he bowed.

She had filled a glass of the sparkling liqueur, and now held it towards him. "Come!" she said, "Drink to to-morrow's business; or, if you prefer it, to *me!* If not—"

He understood her. He saw the implied condition, saw the determination in her eyes—the eyes that looked so like her father's—the blue grey eyes of the "governing races." "I cannot," he said, and turning, left the room. For he felt that he had offended her past forgiveness.

Nevertheless, if Lieutenant Cochrane goes to Egypt again—as being a man of determination he may do—he may find that this is not so; for it is certain that when Glover, his chum, ventured to say to Miss Winton: "Awfully pig-headed of old Cochrane, don't you know; but I never thought he would have refused *you*."

Madeline answered, "I don't know that it *was* pig-headed. I—I—rather like a man who knows his own mind, and sticks to his guns."

(To be continued.)

THE use of alcoholic stimulants retards digestion.—*Drs. Todd and Bowman.*

THE moral tone of the community is lowered by licensing the liquor traffic. There is no single channel through which such depths of misery flow over the human race as through this. No ravages of disease, no devastations of nature, no kinds of vice or crime work such woe as this. —*Prof. Julius H Seeley, D.D.*



A party of Americans in crossing Sierra Nevada, encamped at a spot above the snow line. Some of them took a good deal of spirits before going to sleep, and they lay down warm and happy; some took a moderate quantity, and they lay down somewhat but not very cold; others took none at all, and they lay down very cold and miserable. Next morning, however, those who had taken no spirits got up feeling quite well, those who had taken a little got up feeling cold and wretched, those who had taken a great deal did not get up at all; they had perished from cold during the night. Those who took no alcohol kept their hearts warm at the expense of their skin, and they remained well; those who took much warmed their skin at the expense of their hearts, and they died.—Dr. Carter.

WITH caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe, whose wishes roam,
But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if power Almighty save you not.
—*Cowper.*

THE following has been told of a Boston lawyer and his client. The latter one day received a long bill for legal services, in which everything was most minutely set down, even to a sheet of foolscap. When he came around to settle he refused to enter the office, but stood in the doorway, and, holding one end of the bill, unrolled the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he'd receipt it. "Come in," said the lawyer, in the most cordial tone. "No, thank you," replied his client, "you'd charge me rent if I did."

Do well the little things now; so shall great things come to thee by and by, asking to be done.—Persian Proverb.

HOW TO BE WELL AND HAPPY.

WORK both fast and fair,
Yet rest when you are weary;
Breathe the purest air,
Neither smoked nor beery.
Rumsellers may go
To the Bay of Biscay.
Flatly tell them "no
Brandy, ale or whisky"
Let alone their gin
Will keep your spirit cheerful.
Of nothing but of sin
Let your heart be fearful.
Eat the plainest food,
Drink the pure cold water
Then you'll happy be
Or at least you ought to.

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.
Milton.

AT a certain Theological Hall recently, a young preacher persuaded a fellow-student to listen to him while he rehearsed a sermon.

The preacher in embryo began. His subject was "Light." With a violent gesture with the right arm, he said, "Blot out the sun." With a similarly frantic movement of the left arm, he roared, "Blot out the moon." Then, with a combined gesture, made up of both arms, he bellowed, "Blot out the stars!"

But it was enough. The auditor arose to leave, with a hoarse, cruel whisper, "Turn off the gas!"

WHEN you arise at dawn of day
To labour in the same old way,
Don't count the battle half begun
Till you have smiled once—just for fun.

If you sit down when work is o'er
To count the knocks which make you sore,
Just crown the day a perfect one—
Keep right on smiling—just for fun.

Thus in your soul, from hour to hour,
Store up a fount of peace and power;
Though cares and troubles weigh a ton
Keep right on smiling—just for fun.

There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the 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.

"MY wife is great with a pistol."

"She is?"

"Yes; she fired at a burglar the other night and hit the electric button, which set an alarm going all over the house."



Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER VII.—The Fulfilled Threat.

"Man's life's chiaroscuro
Sunshine and shade, joy and woe,
A pattern intermingled in contrasts grim,
Acute, severe, yet never incomplete
When the Great Designer weaves."

NINE months had passed since David Johnson and his dissolute companion, Jim Surtout, had uttered their threat. Yet nothing had occurred to prove that either of the men was other than a pot-house brave, loud in speech, slow to action.

Gregory, as arranged by the Lovewells, had duly left Cottonton, and taken up his residence in the famous old Roman city, Cheesetown, where he was apprenticed to the grocery trade with Mr. John Spencer, a well-known grocer, as famous for his interest in poor and friendless boys as for the quality of his provisions.

From the day of his arrival, eight months after the "Green Man" fire, he had been drawn towards his master with a growing love and interest which, to his great advantage, had been reciprocated. He had made considerable progress in his work, and was proving a ready and acceptable hand. His hours were not long, and allowed opportunity for self-improvement; and, as his employer believed that lads should be given a wider interest in life than that circumscribed by business, he received every encouragement to make up for the deficiencies in his early education by attending in the winter months at an evening school.

Well fed, respectably clad, comfortably housed, he presented a very different appearance to that he did when selling papers in Market Street, Cottonton. He had developed greatly, and seemed likely to justify the oft repeated statement that he would make a fine man some day.

In some respects there had been no change.

His hatred of the drink had not lessened. On the contrary it had increased, and, as secretary of the Band of Hope of the Church with which he had become connected, he was doing all he could to ensure that future children should have a sober, faithful parentage. Into this work he had entered with the vigour borne of longsuffering

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and conviction, and, although his opportunities were limited, was most zealous in his efforts among the children of Paradise, the most hellish part of the old cathedral city in which he now lived.

In another respect, in the devotion he bore sister Nell and Daisy Prettyman he had not altered, only developed.

The latter, when taken from her parents because of their inhuman neglect, had been sent, to the great joy of both, to the Girls' Home, Fairhurst, where her companion, Nell, had a few months preceded her. There in the heart of one of the most beautiful of English counties the little maidens were fast getting roses in their cheeks and real childish happiness in their hearts, and in the love of strangers finding compensation for the lack of parental care.

Gregory's master supplied the Home with groceries, and not infrequently the young apprentice went with the van that took them. Those were jolly times, and the children were quite disappointed when the van arrived but no Gregory. Which showered upon him the greater affection, five-year-old Daisy or six-year-old Nell, would be hard to say. Both were ready for high jinks with him; and he, perhaps because of the absence of fun from most of his own childhood, romped and frolicked with them, with none of that stiffness which characterises the attempts at childishness of most youths of his age.

His thoughts were always wandering to the children, even when he was away. One of his favourite occupations at the time was to build castles in the air out of the great things he intended to do for them some day when he had learned his trade and succeeded therein.

Save for the experiences of one day, the period since he left Cottonton had been a time of unbroken happiness. That which had spoilt the picture had been a visit to his old Cottonton haunts, when the scenes he witnessed caused him to declare he would never return again except compelled.

Almost at the outset of the calls he had been greatly shocked to find that Mrs. Prettyman had gone to gaol for petty thefts committed in order to raise money for drink, and that blind John, in a frenzy of passion and remorse on hearing of his wife's dishonour, had taken his own life. Over and over again that day the squalid story of drink and its attendant evils forced themselves upon him with a depressing power, and made him realise what anybody who knows life in the lower strata of society must recognise, that poverty is the common crime thereof and drink its chief cause.

From that visit he returned increasingly thankful to God for the withholding he had experienced when tempted, and with renewed determination to do all in his power to wrestle with the great destroyer of human happiness.

All this time he had heard nothing of his father, and had begun to think he should hear no more, when one evening, as he was putting up the shutters of the shop, a voice behind him exclaimed,

"So I've found you at last, have I? That's the way you return thanks for all I've done for you—run away and think you'll never be found, eh? I suppose you're too big for me now?"

There was no mistaking the hypocritical voice. There in rags and tatters, an evident stranger to soap and water, stood David Johnson, his father, grinning gleefully at his discovery.

Whether it was the remembrance of past wrongs suffered at the hands of this man who called himself his father, or whether it was his dislike to be seen talking to a drunken man, or whether it was his wounded pride, or all together that caused him, I cannot say, but with an anger he had rarely shown before he replied,

"What, you here, you drunken wretch? My father indeed! Thanks to you, eh! For what? For killing my mother and leaving Nellie and me to starve? It's no use you're coming here. I'm not going to be humbugged by you, and the sooner you recognise that the better for you and for me. I don't want anything to do with you, and what's more I'll not have anything to do with you."

"Oh, you won't, you young brute, won't you? Well, we'll see about that," and he made as if to strike the lad.

At that moment, attracted by the sound of angry voices, Mr. Spencer fortunately appeared on the scene, only just in time to prevent his apprentice, whose rage had become ungovernable, from striking his father upon the head with the shutter he held in his hand.

"Why, Gregory," he asked, "what's the matter?"

Few words from the shamefaced lad were needed to make all things clear to Mr. Spencer, who had already learned a good deal of the past history of the wretch in front of him, who, mistaking his query, whined out,

"That's nice conduct towards a father, and after all I've done for him."

"Here, drop that," replied the grocer. "I've seen your sort before. What you want here at all, I should like to know. If it's the lad you want, you can't have him, and if it's money you're after you'll have to come in a very different fashion to this, I can tell you."

Before Mr. Spencer's manner the threatening bully changed to the canting cadger, protesting his anxiety for his son, and his thankfulness to the kind friends who had shown interest in him; all the while he gave unmistakable hints that what he really wanted just then was money.

This he soon got, and to the accompaniment of the grocer's warning that it would be a bad thing for him if he came that game again he hastened away, but not without first muttering to Gregory,

"I'll pay you out yet, you young imp."

And this time he did as he had threatened, in a way that both startled and staggered the lad.

Four days after the event narrated, Gregory Johnson was serving a customer when Old Tom, the porter at the Fairhurst Homes, entered and asked for Mr. Spencer.

There was nothing unusual in this, nor apparently in the conversation in which the two entered. But as Gregory noticed the way they glanced at him, and caught the words "yesterday,'

"gone,' he could not silence the fearful apprehensions that seized upon him, and which rapidly increased as his master called him to where they stood and said,

"Don't be alarmed my lad, but just answer my questions as well as you can. Tom tells me that yesterday, when the children at Fairhurst were out for a ramble, little Nell disappeared, nobody quite knows how.

"At first she wasn't missed, for no one had seen her go. It seems she had lingered behind to pick up some flowers.

"Search was immediately made for her, but, I'm sorry to tell you, without avail. It seems, however, word has come to the Homes that two men of the tramp class were seen with a crying girl between them passing through Railwayton last night; and this morning a bundle of newly-pledged clothes, evidently those she wore, has been discovered at a pawnshop there.

"Do you know anybody likely to want to get her? If so we may soon be able to find her."

Did he know? Of course he did. He saw it all in an instant. His father was paying him out this time with a vengeance.

But he could not answer. A horrible fear had taken hold upon him. His face blanched, his lips became colourless, his knees shook. He essayed to speak, but no words came. All strength left him, and, unconscious, he fell to the ground.

"It's only a faint," said Old Tom; "he'll be all right soon."

Old Tom was wrong this time. The faint passed, but worse symptoms followed, and when the doctor arrived delirious ravings had succeeded. In which the only distinguishable words were, "Not kill; not kill."

"It'll be long before he'll be all right again I fear," said the doctor; "he's had a terrible shock." And when the circumstances were explained to him, and Mr. Spencer's surmises of the lad's fears stated, even the reserve of the medical practitioner could not keep him from adding, "If I had my way, I'd serve all such drunken brutes as they serve others. Mr. Spencer, it's the helpless who pay the penalties of others' brutishness!"

(*To be continued.*)

After the Battle.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

WE were searching the points of the fatal kop
By the flickering gleam of a thousand stars,
Whose lustre we saw through soft clouds drop,
In broken patches and slender bars;
Silently weaving a shroud of white
For many a hero who, strong and brave,
Had fought his way up the giddy height,
To find on the summit a soldier's grave.

As we closed the eyes that were staring up
Blindly through the mist and light,
We thought of the women whose sorrow's cup
Would be filled to the brim that night.—
The British women who play their parts
Nobly and well, though they show no scar,
But quietly hold in their aching hearts
The worst, and the deepest, wounds of war.

We thought of them watching from open doors
For news of the loved ones far away;
Of them listening for steps on the quiet floors,
Where the dear feet trod but the other day.
We thought of them praying that very hour,
For the lives that were standing by British guns,
Of them raising their souls to the unseen Power,
These sorrowing mothers of soldier sons.

For the sake of those women far away
We dropped a kiss on some boyish face,
Which would wear no smile when the final day
Saw the flag he loved in the victor's place;
And we tried to act just a mother's part,
To take her place by her dear one now,
So we crossed his hands o'er his pulseless heart,
And smoothed the curls from his damp dead brow.

And still through a curtain of fleecy clouds
The queenly stars from the heavens looked down,
Weaving, still weaving, their shining shrouds,
And decking each head with a silver crown.
And the wind blew over the bloody kops—
The chilly wind of the passing night,
With the fresh full scent of the African crops,
And the boom of the guns on some distant height.

And we wondered if over the mighty deep
The eyes of the women were upwards turned
In silent prayer to the great blue sweep
Of English sky where the night-lamps burned;
And we thought, perchance, from that azure dome,
The chainless spirits of soldiers slain
Who had winged their flight o'er the ocean foam
Would smile on their loved ones once again.

So we bore them away from the moon-kissed height,
The sons of Britain all brave and good,
Who had paid her their debt of birth that night,
To the last, last drop of their noble blood.
And we dropped tear-medals upon their breasts,
Tears of honour, of love, of pride,
As we laid them down to their final rests
In the soil which their blood has sanctified.

THIRST is the result of want of fluid in the blood, not want of fluid in the stomach, and a pint or more may be drunk before a single ounce is absorbed. Any attempt therefore to assuage thirst by rapid drinking must of necessity lead to far more being taken than is wanted. One should drink slowly.

Mrs. Rawson's Lodgers.

By Louie Slade.

MRS. RAWSON was at tea. It was a frugal meal, for times were dull just now. They were never very bright; it had always been more or less of a struggle to make ends meet ever since she lost her husband ten long years ago; but this winter the struggle seemed worse than ever. She had had a sharp attack of influenza, and was obliged to have a neighbour in to nurse her, and attend to the shop, and to call a doctor as well. The latter had just sent his bill, and as she ate her toast and sipped her tea she was wondering how she should meet it. She must look through her books presently and see how much money was owing to her. Her friends warned her when she first went into business not to allow credit, but with her class of customers it was almost impossible to refuse; some of them pleaded so hard, and made such fair-sounding promises of payment. For lack of company Mrs. Rawson had fallen into the habit of talking to herself, and while she was at tea she soliloquised thus:



"I really *must* look some of them up. There's that Mrs. Darton, she owes close upon a sovereign, and she could pay if she liked, for she's always in work, and gets good money at the laundry. I shall talk to her pretty straight when she comes in again, and tell her if she don't settle up in a week or two I shall take the matter to the County Court. 'Tis no kindness to let it run on like this; she only squanders the money on drink. It makes my heart ache to see how she neglects those poor children. Yes, I'll tell her I *must* have the money, and that's it."

At this juncture her meditations were interrupted by the tinkle of the bell, and she hurried into the shop. Tommy Darton stood at the counter.

"Well, Tommy, what is it?"

"Please Mrs. Rawson, haven't you got a room to let?"

"A room to let?" she repeated. "Why, I did think I might turn a penny by letting my back bed-room; but what do you want to know for?"

"I must get a room somewhere," answered Tommy. "I can't put up with things at home no longer. You'd never believe how mother goes on," he added confidentially. "Why, she took that eider-down off our Lil's bed last night—the one as Miss Harding give her—and pawned it to get drink. She declares she'll send Lil to the work'us, and I believe she will, too, if we don't get away. I thought p'raps you'd let us come here, and then you could give an eye to Lil while I'm at work. How much do you want for your room, ma'am?"

"More than you could afford to pay, I'm afraid, my boy."

"I'd give you a bob a week, I would, straight. I've got a reg'lar job now, and the folks up at the Mission Church be very good to Lil. Look here," he added, fumbling in his pocket, "here's a two-shilling piece; I'll pay fortnight in advance."

Mrs. Rawson had to take off her spectacles and wipe them. She liked Tommy; his devotion to his little invalid sister touched her sympathies. She knew, too, what privations and hardships these poor children had to endure through their mother's love of drink. Their father also was a "ne'er-do-well," and, like his wife, far too fond of intoxicants. He had left home the previous spring to look for work, and nothing had been heard of him since.

Mrs. Rawson had a tender heart, and Tommy

pleaded well, so it was not very surprising, perhaps, that a day or two later he and his sister should be comfortably settled in the back bedroom. It was a foolish step, so the neighbours said; it would be better to let her room remain empty than have it occupied by such tenants as these. And they were right, judging from the world's standard. But perhaps her act was approved by the Master who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." And, strangely enough, from the day that she took the forlorn little ones under her roof trade began to brighten; some of those bad debts were paid, and fresh customers came to the little shop. Then, too, the children were pleasant company, and Tommy made himself useful in a number of ways.

The mother had been very angry when the children left home, and quite abusive to Mrs. Rawson; but when Lily was seized with a sickness they all thought must prove fatal, she saw her conduct in its true light, and was led to give up strong drink. Lily recovered, but by Mrs. Rawson's wish the mother made her home at the shop, and when after a time the husband returned, he was so struck by the change in his wife that he determined to try total abstinence himself, and the home became as happy as it had once been miserable.

They all felt that they could never do enough for Mrs. Rawson, and her declining years were made so smooth and bright by their loving care that she received an ample compensation even here for her kindly deed.

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Thoughts on Fresh Air:

BREATHING AND SLEEP.

I HAVE tried to show you the beneficent effects of good ventilation in securing a supply of pure air; I hope, however, to tell you more about so important a subject. We all must have experienced at one time or another, particularly when on holiday bent, when we have needed all our energies to cope with the long days spent in active exercise in the country or at the seaside, and when, because we have been away from our customary smoke, we have been tempted to leave the window open on going to bed, the vigour felt on early rising. This we have ascribed to the effects of the holiday instead of to the fresh air which has been breathed during sleep. Yet too soon is the lesson forgot, and on returning home we have too readily fallen back to our old habits, and soon become a prey to the vitiated air, afraid to repeat the experiment because of our *supposed* susceptibility to cold.

I say "*supposed*" advisedly, because what we can stand in the country will most naturally be harmless, nay, for our good, in the town.

We often hear of the bad night air. How this can be so is a puzzle to me. During the night time there is

LESS SMOKE, LESS DUST AND DIRT

being roused by traffic. Consequently the air must be freer from a polluting cloud of minute particles of dirt. Of course we lose the effect of sunlight, which is nature's antiseptic. But what we lose in sunlight we gain in the absence of what may be called commercial dirt. I mention this matter so that should the question of open or closed windows during the hours of sleep be raised the fact that night air is not injurious may be considered reason enough for not making it an argument for keeping them shut.

Seeing that we individually spend at least eight hours in sleep, it is very important that during that time the air should be the purest we can obtain. During this period the changes of nutrition are going on in the body. At the same time we are recuperating every organ in the system, the muscles are laid at rest by the limbs being mechanically put into the most comfortable position.

Every one has seen, if not made special notice of, the

HABITS OF THE DOG AND CAT

in this respect; how they will turn round and round many times before curling up in a comfortable position before the fire, probably following out some instinct which with them is a habit but which in their progenitors was a necessity.

The bending of the limbs is simply placing the muscles into a relaxed and consequently an easy posture. Now when I hear a mother putting her children to bed tell them to stretch out their legs or else they will not grow big, I am tempted to tell her to go to the lower animals for a lesson in hygienic deportment.

The lungs are less active, as evidenced by the quieter and slower breathing of a person asleep. The heart, that wonderful human engine which goes on pulsating throughout a long and busy life, when the body is recumbent gets some slight rest, because the blood is more easily driven through its many channels. The nervous system, probably the most fagged of all, has time to get the much needed rest, and which is obtainable because

THE BRAIN IS ALSO ASLEEP.

Were it not for these moments of rest, the human body would wear out and life would be miserably shorter.

Note the difference in any one of us between a night spent in a freely ventilated room and that passed in an over-crowded apartment, in the latter no provision being made for either pure air to get in or the impure air to get out.

In the one case all is energy, the body is rested and ready for work, and the mind is alert and work a pleasure; whilst on the other hand it is hard work getting up, the muscles are

flabby and unequal to exertion, the mind is dull, and methinks the temper ruffled, so that the near and dear one too often comes in for cross words—all because the system has not been renewed and we are choked full of effete waste material.

Should this state of things continue, it will lead on, by lessening the vitality of the separate organs, to predispose the body, first to slight ailments, and afterwards to the more serious complaints.

It may seem odd to say it, but there is an

ART IN BREATHING.

On first rising in the morning it is necessary to rid the lungs as much as possible of what is called the residual air, viz, that which in ordinary breathing is still left in the lungs, because this must naturally be the most impure. This is done by standing erect and drawing in long inspirations, which insures the proper filling of the lungs with air, and quickens and expands all the minute air cells, particularly those situated in the upper regions of the lungs, which are most neglected, and which consequently often become the resort of the germs of consumption.

Persons who are obliged to lead an indoor sedentary life, and whose occupation compels a stooping posture, should learn to rise from their seats at intervals, throw back the shoulders and inhale the air deeply, holding the breath for a few seconds.

When in the open air they should acquire the habit of taking deep regular breaths, remembering always that the nose is the proper channel for the passage of air, the mouth being kept closed.

This exercise will not only strengthen the lungs and render them better fitted to resist disease, but will improve the physique generally

THE QUESTION OF THE NOSE

being the proper channel to the lungs for the air is not fully appreciated, or more care would be taken to teach it to our children; the fact that it is lined with hairs through which the air is filtered, ridding it of its suspended impurities, is an important one.

The improvement in the physique of the chest deserves recognition on account of the greater volume of air which is thus drawn into the lungs, and also explains why rubbing, or more properly massage, of the chest in chronic ailments of that part does good by first stimulating the muscles which are brought into play, and afterwards by increasing their bulk and power.

Tepid sponging of the body, followed by a vigorous rubbing down with a rough towel, does good by its stimulating action, and also by ridding the skin of the dirt which so readily accumulates there, and which, if retained, prevents the exudation of the natural secretions.

I have dwelt thus at length on the value of ventilation on account of the important part which fresh air plays in our physical economy, as important as the necessity for having an unadulterated food supply.

Abstinence as a Factor in Promoting Health and Longevity.

By Edward Wood, J.P.

IN the early days of the Temperance movement one of the principal difficulties advocates of total abstinence had to encounter was the deeply-rooted conviction that intoxicating drink of some kind was necessary to a healthy existence. To meet this difficulty, as early as 1839 eighty medical practitioners signed a declaration that such an "opinion is altogether erroneous."

From that time onward the number of medical men dissenting from the traditional fallacy has continuously increased, and now includes some of the most eminent members of the profession, who declare that the use of strong drink, in any quantity, is injurious to health.

This growing conviction in medical circles is fully confirmed by such statistics as are available. Several Life Offices have separate sections for abstaining insurers, and the results are really remarkable.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, one of the largest and most successful insurance offices in the country, in a period of thirty-four years expected in the Temperance Section 8,048 claims. The actual claims were only 5,724, or 70·1 per cent. In the General Section, during the same period, on the same actuarial basis, the expected claims were 10,869. The actual claims were 10,469, or 96·3 per cent.

The Sceptre Life Assurance, whose insurers are mostly members of Christian Churches, and, therefore, presumably, very good lives in both sections, had the following experience during the last sixteen years:—In the Temperance Section the expected claims were 1,020, and the actual claims 569, or 55·78 per cent. In the General Section the claims expected were 1,798, and the actual claims 1,418, or 78·87 per cent.

The Scottish Temperance, the Abstainers' and General, the British Empire Mutual, the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, the Imperial, and the Victoria Mutual also have separate sections, and while the results vary somewhat, they are all in the same direction, proving that abstinence conduces to longevity.

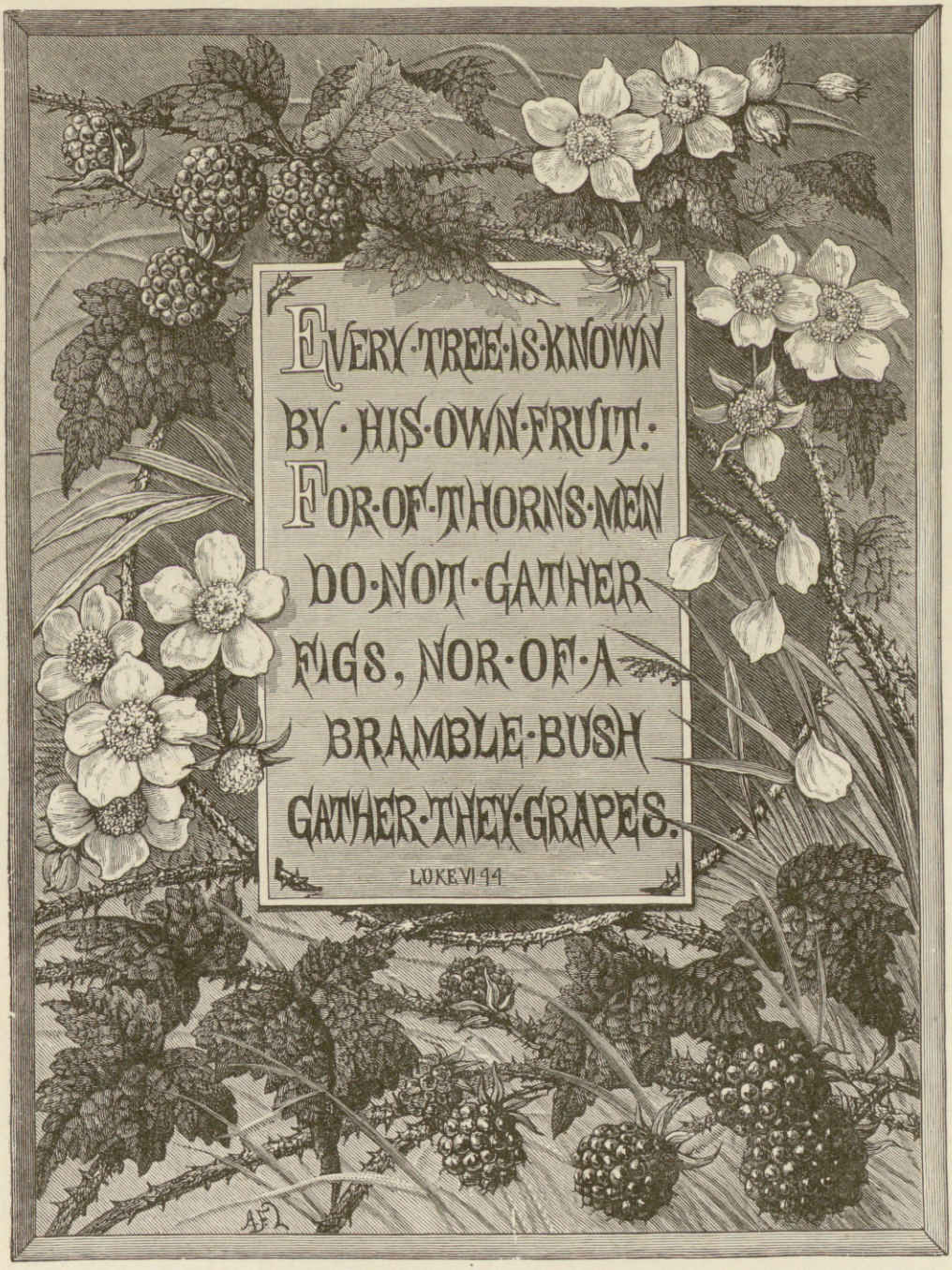
The most recent evidence of the effect this experience is having is supplied by a circular recently issued by the Sun Life Assurance Society, announcing to the agents that total abstainers of at least two years' standing will be allowed an immediate reduction of 5 per cent. from their premiums on all whole-life policies.

The effect of abstinence on health is shown by the experience of Benefit Societies, for while in the Foresters the average sickness is 12½ days per member per annum, among the Sons of Temperance it is only 7½ days.

The injurious effect of the liquor traffic on those engaged in it are clearly shown by the reports of the Registrar General, from which it appears that the mortality among publicans and their assistants is nearly twice as high as among ordinary shopkeepers, and this fact is emphasised

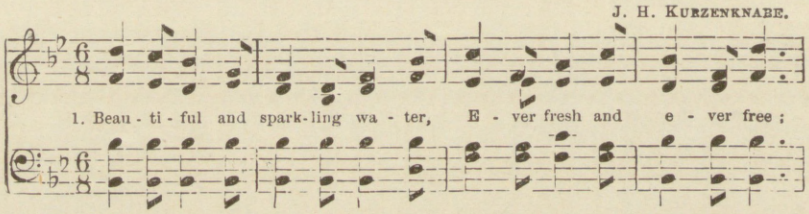
by the circumstance that some insurance offices refuse to insure publicans on any terms, while other offices charge much higher rates for such risks. For instance, the Prudential, which has a larger experience than any other insurance office in the United Kingdom, charges £2 per cent above the tabular rates for insuring publicans, having gradually increased the premium to that amount as the result of their unfavourable experience of such lives.

All experience goes to show that people desirous of enjoying good health and long lives should have nothing whatever to do with strong drink.



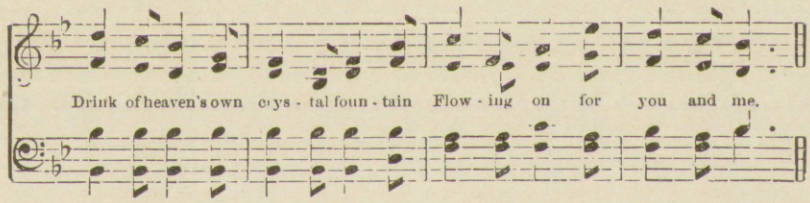
DRINK FROM CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



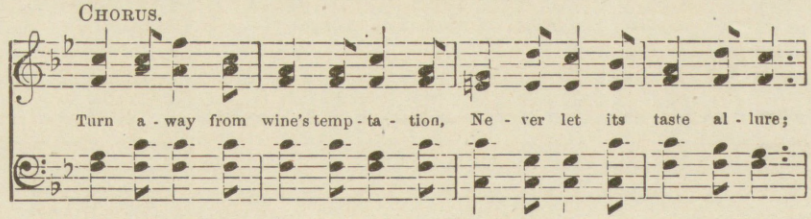
KEY B♭.

m :- :r | d :- :l	s, :- :m, | s, :- :d	r :- :s, | t, :- :r	d :- :s, | m :- :-
2.Gi - ven un - to	us in mer - cy,	All our way thro'	life to cheer;
s, :- :f, m, :- :f,	m, :- :d, m, :- :s,	f, :- :f, | f, :- :f,	m, :- :m, | s, :- :-
3.Flow - ing free for	ev - 'ry na - tion,	Gi - ven pure to	ev - 'ry clime;
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | r :- :t,	d :- :d | d :- :-
4 Ne - ver touch the	spark-ling poi - son,	Lest its curs - es	you be- fall;
d, :- :d, | d, :- :d,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :m,	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :-



m :- :r | d :- :l,	s, :- :m, | s, :- :d	r :- :s, | t, :- :f	m :- :r | d :- :-
Thank we now our	heaven-ly Fa - ther	For bright wa - ter	fresh and clear.
s, :- :f, m, :- :f,	m, :- :d, m, :- :s,	f, :- :f, | f, :- :l,	s, :- :f, | m, :- :-
Bet - ter far than	li - quid poi - son	Lurk - ing 'neath the	ru - by wine.
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | r :- :t,	d :- :t, | d :- :-
Drink from streams of	spark-ling wa - ter	Flow - ing pure and	free for all.
d, :- :d, | d, :- :d,	d, :- :d, | d, :- :m,	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	s, :- :s, | d :- :-

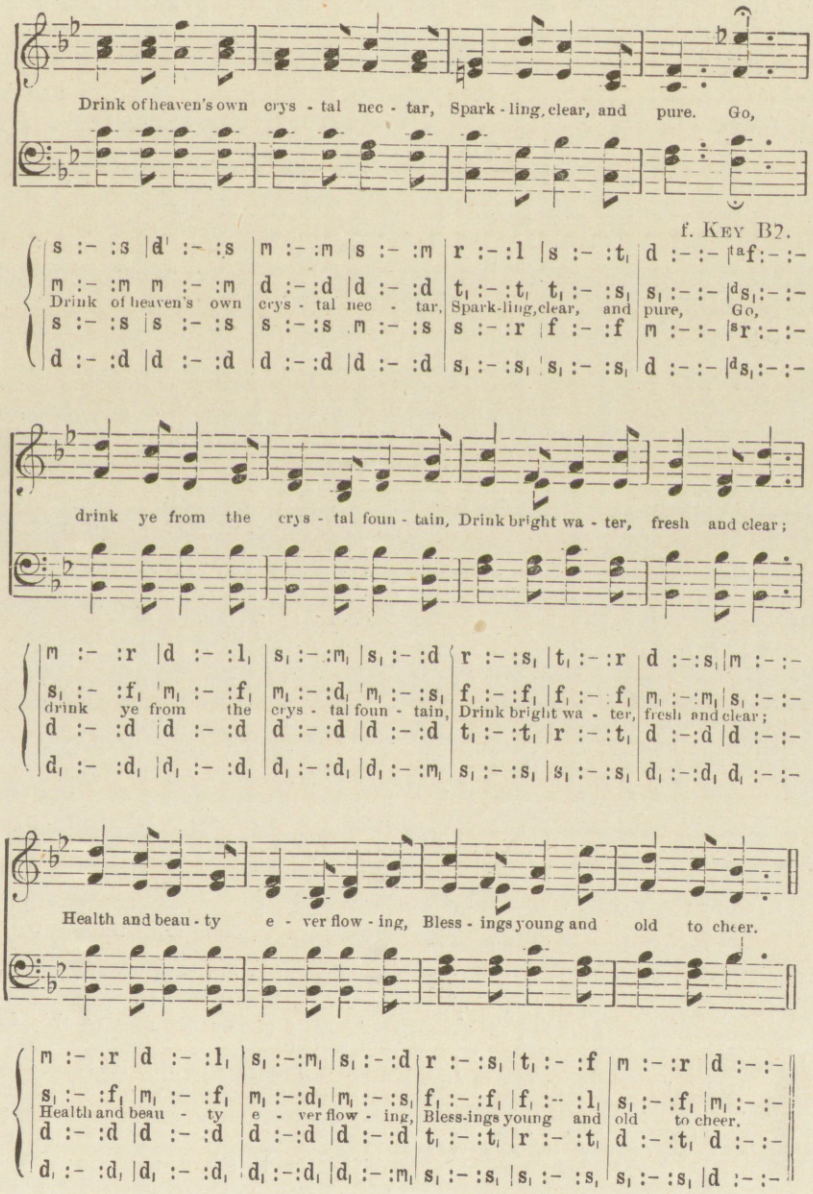
CHORUS.



KEY F. t. CHORUS.

r s :- :s | d' :- :s	m :- :m | s :- :m	r :- :l | s :- :f	m :- :l | s :- :-
s d :- :m | m :- :m	d :- :d | d :- :d	t, :- :t, | t, :- :t,	d :- :d | d :- :-
Turn a - way from	wine's temp-ta - tion,	Ne - ver let its	taste al-lure;
t, m :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :s | m :- :s	s :- :r | r :- :s	s :- :f | m :- :-
s, d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :d	s, :- :s, | s, :- :s,	d :- :d | d :- :-

DRINK FROM CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN—(*continued*).



Children of the Sunshine: VII.—July Flowers.

By John Dale.

We are gay sweet flowers,
Born of sunny hours;
Think when'er you see us what our beauty saith:
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
All who see us love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces graces.



In the days of long ago 'tis said the fairies gave presents of beautiful flowers to those whom they loved best, or whom they wished to reward. Whether this was so or not, it is certainly true that flowers have afforded more real happiness to many than gold, or silver, or fine clothing. The time spent in searching for them on the hillsides, in the lanes and fields, or by the streams, affords real, healthy enjoyment.

The white water lilies (*Nymphæa álba*) love to grow in the quiet lakes and pools which the nymphs were supposed to frequent, and the Greeks called these flowers after them. The stems are often several yards long, so that the leaves and buds may reach the surface of the water. The leaves are round, often ten inches across. The flower has many oblong white petals, and four fleshy green sepals. They open only in the sunlight to display their silvery beauty. At evening they close, and sleep beneath the water.

The yellow water lily (*Núphar láteum*) has an odour like brandy, and in some parts of England it is called "brandy bottle." It has eighteen or twenty yellow petals, and within these many stamens surround a vase-shaped seed pod, with a convex lid having eight or ten rays which extend over the edge.

A very familiar flower in July is the common red poppy (*Papáver Rhœas*). The distinguishing features of the poppy family are: (1) that the calyx splits in two parts and falls off before the corolla fully opens; and (2) that a milky juice appears wherever the stem is broken. The juice of the white poppy, grown in India, produces the poisonous drug opium.

The leaves of the red poppy are deeply cut, and the stems covered with short bristles. The flower has four scarlet petals, many purple stamens, and a round black seed pod with a convex lid. The tiny seeds are very numerous, when fully ripe they escape through small pores which open underneath the lid.

It is an attractive but short-lived flower; whether it looks more beautiful among the green or the ripe corn it is difficult to say.

See the merry poppies, all amid the waving corn!
Peeping up with blushing face to greet the cheery morn,
Here and there, and everywhere, their scarlet hue is seen,
Always dotting, spotting, blotting, o'er the surface green!

The corn-flower, or blue-bottle (*Centaúrea cyánus*) is one of the prettiest flowers of the composite order. The leaves are narrow, toothed and downy. The ray florets, deeply notched at the end, are of a bright blue colour. When mixed with red poppies and ox-eye daisies they make a very gay bouquet. In Scotland this flower is called "Blue-bonnet;" its French name is "Bluet."

There is a family of plants whose leaves resemble the willows, but as they have no woody stems they are called willow *herbs*. They bear rose-coloured or purple flowers, some very small, others large; but all have four sepals, four petals, and eight stamens.

The botanical name (*Epilobium*) comes from two Greek words, which mean "upon a pod," because the flowers grow at the end of a long seed pod, which splits into four parts when ripe, and throws out numerous tufted seeds.

The bonniest of the willow-herbs is the rose bay (*Epilóbium angustifólium*), a tall and graceful plant, with long spikes of rosy-red flowers; the stems are smooth and tinged with red, the leaves are narrow and pointed. It forms a striking object in damp woods, and sometimes in gardens and shrubberies.

Another showy member of this family is the hairy willow-herb (*Epilóbium hirsutum*), with smaller flowers and broader leaves than those of the rose bay. The whole plant has a hairy appearance, and an apple-pie odour; it is sometimes called "codlins and cream."

The thistle family may be called the soldiers of the large group of composite flowers, for they all carry sharp spears. There are twelve different thistles in Britain. The cotton thistle (*Onopórdium Acánthium*) is a sturdy plant armed with sharp spines, the stem and under sides of the leaves are covered with cottony down. The leaves are sessile; their spiny edges clasp the stem and form a defence to every part; the plant seeming to say, "Who dares meddle with me?"

This is the true Scotch thistle, and is said to be the one whose strong spines pierced the foot of the Danish soldier and caused him to cry out, so that the intended midnight assault was defeated.

The tufted vetch (*Vícia crácca*) is frequently met with in thickets and hedgerows, and is one of the most ornamental wild flowers. Its leaves are pinnate or feather-shaped, each with eight to ten pairs of leaflets; the petiole ends in several tendrils or cord-like shoots, which wind themselves round a friendly branch, and help to support the slender stem. By means of these it climbs to the top of tall shrubs and hedges, and adorns them with its graceful spikes of blue and purple flowers, which grow on one side only of the flower stalk.



The great bind weed (*Convólvulus sépium*) is a very attractive flower. Common in bushy places, it is a great pest in gardens, for its creeping root-stocks exhaust the soil, and its twining stems strangle the plants that grow near. The leaves are bright green, heart-shaped but pointed. The flowers are trumpet-shaped, large and white.

While in bud the corolla is twisted and enclosed by heart-shaped bracts.

In July we may see many stately plants of the large and important order of umbéllifers. Some of them are poisonous; many furnish medicines or spices, and others, like the carrot or celery, are used as food. The *clusters* of flowers are sometimes large; on looking at them closely, however, we find that the individual flowers are small.

Each flower has a short stem or pedicel (pronounced *péd-e-sel*). These are united in a group, and joined to the end of the flower stem. At the junction a number of small bracts very often surround the group of pedicels. These together form an *umbel*, and a number of these joined together form a *compound umbel*. The word umbel means "a little shade;" it has the same Latin root as the word umbrella.

One of the handsomest, though not one of the largest, plants of this order is the hemlock (*Cónium maculátum*), which may be easily recognised by its *smooth* stem, covered with *red spots*. Its clusters of white flowers are compound umbels. The smooth leaves are divided into many small leaflets. A word of warning is necessary, as the whole plant is *poisonous*.

The cup of poison that the heathen philosopher, Socrates, was compelled to drink was hemlock.

The Inner Room.

THE singer sang the world a song,
And soon in every tender heart
Its melody, so sweet and strong,
Became a dear and lasting part.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
That from supremest grief and wrong
His breaking heart had learned the notes
That trembled into glorious song.

A woman, who from every cup
Had drunk life's glad and bitter streams,
Sat down and wrote a wondrous tale,
As sweet and bright as fairy dreams.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
From what tumultuous seas of thought
Her soul in lonely voyages
Its parable of life had brought.

The teacher, with a burning heart,
With tongue as swift and hot as flame,
Led with a wise and tender art
The world unto its highest aim.
But no one asked, and no one knew,
Through what fierce conflict day by day,
He won the victory which cleared
For weaker hearts the higher way.

For each soul has one inner room,
Where all alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with its sharpest woe,
Its hardest destiny to face.
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom;
And not the nearest, dearest heart,
Goes with it to that inner room.

'Tis there that souls learn how to sing,
'Tis there that truest knights are made;
There, with the sharp edge of her sword,
Great sorrow gives the accolade.
From thence they come with subtle strength
The weary and the sad to lift;
But who remembers that lone room,
Its strife and doubt, its grief and gloom,
From which they bring the precious gift?

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

VII.—FISHING.

SOME of the happiest memories of our childhood are associated with our first attempts at fishing. If the implements were of the rudest character that did not damp ardour. A glass jam bottle with a piece of string tied round it to form a convenient handle; a stick with a short cord, having a bent pin at the end. Thus armed we were quite prepared to wage war against the inhabitants of any neighbouring pond, and our hearts beat with joy when we saw the "tiddlers" swimming about in the bottle. We carried them home in triumph, and for the few days they survived they were a great source of delight, and a constant theme of conversation.

Never shall I forget returning proudly with the spoils of one afternoon's sport, when, on nearing home, by some most terrible accident the string of the pickle bottle broke, and was smashed to pieces on the cruel pavement. All the result of my labour was gone, especially one lively newt that had been making desperate efforts to get out of the bottle.

Recently, when on a visit to Scarborough, a fisherman tempted me to sea fishing. A good sized boat, some rough tackle, and some coarse bait, and we were soon out by the lighthouse trying our fortune. We were favoured, for but a few minutes passed when the lively dabs were jumping about in the boat, and in a couple of hours we had quite a grand display of whiting and other fish. Certainly our landlady did not look very pleased when asked to prepare our capture for supper, but for all that they were none the less good eating.

Of course there was no skill displayed in this kind of fishing, but the enjoyment was intense. There was great fun in pulling the fish out of the water; no small excitement in releasing them from the hook, and great amusement in carrying home real live fish fresh from the sea.

A successful fisherman has to be very skilful in his profession; he can only succeed after many years of quiet and patient study of the stream in which he carries on his sport. He must learn the habits of the fish he is trying to catch, and he must have an intimate knowledge of the instruments necessary for his sport.

Those who love more active sports are apt to make fun of the angler, and to quote Dr. Johnson's trite saying that "in fishing there is a worm at the end of the line, and a fool at the end of the rod." But we must not forget that the disciples of Izaak Walton spend very many happy hours in their quiet contemplative sport. They have the benefit of the fresh air, they have to exercise considerable ingenuity in their task, and surrounded with the beauties of nature, they become acquainted with many of nature's secrets, and such knowledge is always likely to contribute to our happiness.

The would-be fisherman must properly equip himself for the sport. If he can get an experienced brother angler to give him a little practical information, so much the better. If he can



learn how to throw his line and where to place his ground bait, he may learn more in a few hours than he could get from books by years of study. It will be well to learn how to join lines, gut, &c. together. The fisherman's knot, the sailor's knot, the weaver's knot are all examples of the various knots that the young fisherman must practice. For bottom fishing he must have a good rod, not less than 10 feet long, having one or two extra tops, a plaited silk running line about 40 yards long, 3 or 4 twisted hair and gut lines to fasten to the running line; he must have hooks of various sizes tied on to the best gut, a quantity of split shot to fasten on to the gut, and a pair of pliers for putting on the shot. He will also require some extra caps made of quill for fastening the float to the lines.

The reel or winch is indispensable, especially when fishing for pike and perch. Then the angler must not forget the plummet, to ascertain the depth of the water, the wicker basket with a flat back, so as to fit nicely on the angler; or, if he prefer, the haversack made of waterproof cloth in which may be stowed the many articles the angler requires. We must not forget the clearing ring to clear the line from weeds, the landing net, the angler's pocket book (containing pliers, scissors, &c.), the live-bait kettle, a small net to take the bait out of the water, and a bait-box for gentles, worms, &c.

It is recommended that when the young angler is about to start business, he should fix his reel to the butt end of his rod and draw the line through the two rings fixed on it, then affix the second joint, draw the line through the rings in the same manner, and so on to the top joint.

Every angler knows that most fish require a considerable amount of coaxing to make them bite, and very often great skill and even strength are required in landing.

It should be remembered that if the fisherman can see the fish, the fish can also see the angler. Some anglers excel in landing jack, others for their ability in landing trout, but the most skilful angler will at times lose his fish and even his rod.

"Patience," says a well-known writer, "and a determination to bear up against and conquer difficulties, in fishing, as in every undertaking of life, is the only certain method of commanding success."

The young angler will undoubtedly be confined to his choice of fish by the knowledge of what fish are found in the rivers near his home, but he will find that trout, jack, perch, barbel, chub, carp, roach, brear will in time come in his way. He must learn to use the right ground bait, and for ordinary bait he will find lob worms, red worms, blood worms, caterpillars of all kinds most useful.

There is no royal road to becoming a successful fisherman; time and common sense will alone bring about success.

Sally's Shoes.

By Luella Dowd Smith.

MAYVILLE was a beautiful village, with many trees where the birds sang fearlessly. It was quiet, removed from the noise and traffic of cities. It was good; for it had a school and a church, but no saloon.

In the village there was a little shop without a sign. It had been a shoemaker's home; but he had become feeble, and had gone with his family to live with his son in the West. For a few months the little shop was closed. Then, one spring morning, some children, passing by, discovered a new shoemaker, ready to make and mend their shoes. He was a quiet man, and he lived entirely alone; but he always welcomed the children; and they became very fond of him. In his shop there were shoes, and boots, and lasts, and bits of leather of all colours. On the walls were newspaper pictures of children, and cats, and dogs. It was a delightful place for the boys and girls.

The shoemaker made few acquaintances among the grown people; and he did not try to gain much trade. His work was especially for, and with, the children.

When he had lived a year in Mayville, his little shop was closed for a week, and the children missed him. They were delighted when he returned. Now, for the first time he put up a sign; and those who had only called him the "Shoemaker" before, knew his name was Graham Brown. About this time a new storekeeper came to Mayville. Mr. and Mrs. Miller moved into a pretty little house across the street from the shoemaker's shop.

They had one child—a dear little girl, named Winifred. She soon found her way to the shop, and Mr. Brown became one of her best friends. She took her doll, Sally, to see him. He measured Sally's feet very carefully; and made the daintiest of shoes for her—blue and red and brown and black. Sally's shoes became the delight of all the children in the village. In truth, Mr. Brown made so many shoes for Sally, that he had not time to make shoes for the other dolls of the town. Yet he had made shoes for nearly all the children in the village excepting Winifred. Mr. Miller had become acquainted with Mr. Brown, and he was very willing that his little girl should cheer the lonely old man, who was kind, reliable, and a total abstainer from spirits and tobacco.

The people knew very little about Mr. Brown; but when a young man offered him a drink of whisky, he had replied sternly, "Young man, I came to this Temperance town to escape that poison. It has cursed my life."

For some reason Mrs. Miller never mentioned Mr. Brown, and made no reply to Mr. Miller's suggestion that he might make shoes for Winnie. Yet, although she avoided him, she often looked through the blinds as he passed, and she always listened to her child's stories of the shop.

One day Winnie said: "Mr. Brown only had one little girl, and he says her name was Flossie, and he lost her. He asked what your name was, and when I said Flossie, he asked me what else. I said, 'Flossie Miller, of course.' Then he smiled, and said he meant your name before you were married, and I didn't know."

Mrs. Miller answered: "I thought you knew Grandpa's name, and that I was Flossie Fenn."

When Winnie told that name to Mr. Brown, she said he looked "glad and sorry all at once."

Just before Christmas Mr. Miller said: "Florence, suppose we ask the shoemaker here to dinner. It is sad for a man to be alone at Christmas."

Mrs. Miller said: "He probably will not care to come. Winnie will be hungry before our late dinner. I will let her go to her shoemaker at noon, take him some dinner and dine with him."

Winnie was delighted. Her mother gave her a picture for Mr. Brown. It was of a sweet lady and a little girl. Mrs. Miller said: "It is a picture of myself when I was of your age, Winnie. Perhaps Mr. Brown will like it, as his little girl was Flossie, too."

Winnie and Mr. Brown had a picnic dinner: and Sally, with her red shoes on, sat at the head of the table. When Mr. Brown looked at the picture, the tears rolled down his face and he said: "It is my Flossie—my little Flossie; and my Mary."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

"Water and good nitrogenous food are the producing elements of all true and healthy nutritious supply to the muscular organs, and alcohol is not only a non-producer, but a direct antagonist to the production of good, healthy and well-elaborated plasm. It is on these accounts that, in all competitions and trials of strength between abstainers and drinkers, victory, with fair play, must be on the side of the former."
—*John Goodman, M.D.*



SUB-LIEUTENANT COCHRANE'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

BY MARY WALL.

(CONTINUED).

SYNOPSIS.

Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane, guest with brother naval officers of Mr. Winton, at a dinner party at his house in Alexandria, on the eve of the British bombardment of that city had declined to take wine. Even when Madeline Winton, whose love he sought, pressed him, to the disgust of his chum, Glover, he resolutely continued to decline, and left the room unconscious of Madeline's admiration for the man who could thus stick to his guns.

MEANWHILE, the man who had stuck to his guns was making his solitary way back to the ship, feeling rather low-spirited, for the girl he had offended had never seemed to him so eminently desirable. He remembers how he had loved her since the occasion of his first visit to Alexandria. He had not been an abstainer then. The incident that had made him one had occurred on the last evening of his stay. It was after a supper given previous to the departure of the middies by a number of the young men of the city—Madeline's brothers among them.

Hector remembered that the party, like the famous one mentioned by Lord Byron, had been first silent, then talkative, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then *altogethery*, then inarticulate, and then drunk.

He had not over-indulged himself, and had been distinctly disgusted as two of the able-bodied seamen had borne Tom Glover down to the ship in a very "altogethery" state indeed. He loitered on the edge of a street crowd, intending to slip down to the ship when the wretched little procession had already reached it.

The crowd had been attracted by a Temperance lecturer, whose few scathing words, when he pointed to Glover, and alluded to the want of self-control shown by the "ruling race," made Hector Cochrane's face burn unpleasantly. The speaker had the mesmeric gift of influence though, for the short appeal that followed touched a responsive chord in the midshipman's breast, and in answer to its earnestness he had stepped forward and signed the pledge.

He had written to his father, and told him what he had done, and his father—who was not a teetotaler—had replied:

"You will find it a great deal harder than you think to keep to it, especially in *your* profession. But having signed, I hope you *will* keep it. I tell you plainly I should not like to hear of your having broken it."

And Hector Cochrane having signed, *had* kept to it; though to-day the temptation to do otherwise had been great.

The next morning the French fleet sailed out of the harbour, while the English guns proceeded with the work of reprisal, which the Government had deemed necessary.

When the guns were at last silenced, and the handsomest parts of the beautiful city lay in ruins, Sub-Lieutenant Cochrane seized a moment of leisure to write to his father, between whom and himself there was a very comfortable confidence. "I must tell you all about it when I get home," he wrote. "One can't call such a one-sided business a battle exactly—nor was it an engagement. But I think I went through my first engagement the previous evening. I came out of it all right, too, with the flag still flying, though the pump—that's my heart—received some little damage, and is rather sore. I must tell you all about *that* too, dad, as soon as I get back to you."

. . . Some "Puzzlers." . . .

BY M. W.

A MUCH married man once remarked that if you really want to become practically acquainted with the Rule of Three, you should try living with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law. While submitting to the ingenuous reader a few undoubted "puzzlers," we hope that none will be found so drastic, or so painful as the one suggested by the witty Benedict.

To begin with a simple one: If you are asked if you are aware that the half of eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight is nothing, do not deny it without reflecting a moment. Just dot down the figures thus, 8888, and draw a line through the centre, thus halfing it. You will find that the half is oooo—really nothing. "Very noughty" somebody called this! Douglas Jerrold, once when he was sea-sick, said that while Britannia was ruling the waves he wished to goodness she had ruled them straight! Be sure and rule the line straight, if you want the point to be at once apparent.

Our grandfathers were very fond of an old rhyming puzzler, which ran thus :—

"My pretty coz, when first I set
My dazzled eyes on thee,
My age exceeded thine as much
As three times three does three.
But when ten years, and half ten years
Had run—'tis strange, I ween,
Your age approached as near to mine
As eight does to sixteen."

And they used to tell us, with a merry twinkle in their eyes, that the respective ages of the "pretty coz" and themselves, at the first meeting, were fifteen and forty-five !

Those who are devoted to history will perhaps not recognise their favourite Muse all at once in the following :—

"One hundred and one by fifty divide,
And then to the whole let a nought be applied ;
And when this is done, if I rightly divine,
The total you'll find to be one out of nine."

But if they put the answer down in Roman numerals they proceed to solve the riddle, they will see that CLIO stands revealed—Clio, the Muse of history, and truly one of the Immortal Nine.

An interesting correspondence took place in a Manchester newspaper last summer over the following paragraph :—"At a recent dinner party one member, usually of good spirits, was observed to wear a harassed and pained look. When asked the reason he looked up and murmured mechanically : 'What is the price of eggs a dozen if two more for a shilling lowers the price a penny a dozen ?' In a few minutes the whole party was reduced to the same unfortunate state. There is, however, a real answer to the question."

It was astonishing what difficulty even trained mathematicians found in working this terrible sum. Among those, however, who got it right was one who had wit as well as precision. This man added to his solution the remark : 'Your eggs at ninepence a dozen, this weather, would upset any party !'"

Another of those who solved the question, was one who submitted a problem equally difficult.

"A woman has a basket of eggs. A customer buys half her stock and half an egg ; a second customer buys half her stock and half an egg ; a third customer buys half her stock and half an egg, which exhausts her stock. What number of eggs were in the basket before any were sold ?"

Here is something easier :

"From six take nine,
From nine take ten,
From forty take fifty,
And leave half-a-dozen."

Here is the solution :

From SIX take 9,
From IX take 10,
From XL take 50,
Six remains.

This is like Columbus' egg—easy enough when you know how.

The puzzles in which the point consists in either the question or the solution being in Roman numerals as distinct from figures are innumerable, but many of them are too hackneyed to bear repetition. Here is one perhaps not so well known.

"There is a word with four letters. Multiply its fourth component by two, this gives the first letter ; divide the first by twenty, that gives the third letter ; divide the third by fifty, that gives the second letter ; multiply the third by ten, and that gives the fourth. The whole word—it is a very short one—gives what a man's temper ought to be ere he devotes himself to the solution of 'teasers.'"

The answer is : MILD.

The hatter puzzle ran round the "bitty" papers a couple of years ago, but we venture to repeat it.

A man entered a hatter's shop and bought a hat, the price of which was seven-and-sixpence. He gave a half-sovereign in payment, and the hatter, being without change, went into his neighbour's, a grocer, and changed the gold for four half-crowns. One of these he gave to his customer on his return, who left, taking the new hat with him. But presently the grocer came running in and declared the coin to be spurious, whereupon the hatter refunded the amount. What was the hatter's loss ?

Quite a number of people will be found to declare that he lost ten shillings as well as the hat, but a further consideration will convince one that the money loss was but half-a-crown.

Is it generally known that two figures can be added to nine, and yet the number remain less than ten ? Thus : 9 ½. The two figures are not worth one.

Another excellent puzzle runs thus :

Two fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet,
An erect-angled triangle standing on feet,
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

The solution of this is only a matter of time when the fact is grasped that the definitions refer to seven letters. The whole forming one word. The word is "TOBACCO," with which we bring this little paper to a close. Of it the words of Montaigne might be repeated : "I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and I have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."





Dr. Bollinger, director of the Anatomico-Pathological Institution in Munich, asserts that it is very rare to find a normal heart and normal kidneys in an adult resident of that city. The reason for the kidney disease is the tax upon these organs by the drinking of excessive amounts of beer, and the cardiac hypertrophy and degeneration are secondary lesions for the most part. Formerly, the population of the city was recruited by accessions from the country, but the abuse of beer has spread now to the rural communities, so that this source of healthy new blood is cut off.

SINCE God, whose wisdom cannot err,
Has placed pure water everywhere,
I'll drink of that, and prove ere long
It makes me fair, and sweet, and strong,
And from my heart rings this refrain—
For God and country I'll abstain.

LORD ROBERTS'S letter eulogising his temperate army is now followed by a return of the Adjutant-General in India, which states that last year only 97 total abstainers were convicted by court-martial, as against 1,627 non-abstainers. The Army Temperance Association adds that 23,610 of the 70,000 British troops in India are teetotalers. In three regiments—the Black Watch, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment—over 50 per cent. of the men are total abstainers. Ten batteries of artillery have the same proportion of non-drinking men.

Where the devil can't slink he sends strong drink.

More drown in wine than in water.

There's more bitterness in beer than comes from hops.

THE surest and shortest way to make yourself beloved and honoured is indeed to be the very man you wish to appear, Set yourself, therefore, diligently to the attainment of every virtue, and you will find on experience that no one whatsoever but will flourish and gain strength when properly exercised.—*Socrates.*

HARRY, aged five, had never happened to see the moon in the daytime. He came down the other morning shrieking with laughter.

"Why, Harry, what's the matter?" inquired his mother.

"Oh, mamma," said he, as soon as he could speak, "what a joke! They've forgotten to take the moon in!"

LET'S often talk of noble deeds—
More rarely of the bad ones;
And sing about our happy days—
Not groan about our sad ones.
We were not made to groan and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
Our life is what we make it.

GREAT works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

"The destruction of the poor is their poverty, and the present licensing system is the chief cause of the present-time poverty."
—John Burns, M.P.

LITTLE words of kindness:
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

Little acts of kindness:
Nothing do they cost;
Yet when they are wanting
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

Beware of the wine-seller's grape shot.

Standing armies and "standing drinks" are both evils.

Those who tipple are apt to topple.

DR JOHN WATSON ("Ian Maclaren") in a sermon alluded to the part drink had played in fostering the war spirit. The public-house and music-hall represented England at its lowest; their inhabitants were the weakest in the hour of trial, and its curse in the day of victory.

LIQUOR stole this man's brains, and this made it easy for the tramp to steal his boots:

A Russian peasant returning from town, where he had bought a new pair of boots and drank a few glasses of spirits, fell asleep by the roadside, and was stripped of his boots by a light-fingered tramp. The fellow's sleep remained unbroken until a passing waggoner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to "take his legs out of the way."

"My legs?" echoed the half-aroused sleeper, rubbing his eyes, "those legs ain't mine—mine had boots on!"



By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER VIII.—After Many Days.

"Doubt not! while life is there is hope;
Darkness blackest is before the dawn;
Through weakness comes strength with ill to cope,
Radiant cheer from chilling gloom is born."

THE doctor was right. The victims of vicious habits are frequently the helpless, the innocent, whose very relationship to the evil participants exposes them to consequences for which they are in no sense responsible, and from which they of themselves can make no escape.

This was sister Nell's experience.

Snatched so rudely from the "Home" by her miscreant father and his equally dissolute companion, she soon was made to feel the brunt of drunken brutishness.

At first, when near the scene of his capture, he had treated her with some measure of mildness, plenty of coaxing and sugared promises of the "good time" to which he was taking her. But as the distance between him and the institution increased, and he was satisfied none of the officials would be likely to come across them, threats, followed by blows, took the place of entreaties.

The burden of his responsibility grew, and his temper equally, to the added misery of the child.

"What I'm to do with the kid I don't know," he growled to his comrade; "it's a pretty mess I've got into through you. I wish I'd never seen the brat."

"Well, for a blooming softy, commend me to David Johnson," came the quick retort. "And as if you can't see the nipper's worth a lot to us, to say nothing of how we can work that grocer kid through her."

"What d'yer mean?"

"Mean! why, look at the togs she's got on. They're worth a bit, aren't they?"

"Why, you don't mean that——"

"Of course I do. It won't do for the likes of us to be seen with a well-dressed kid like that. Somebody's sure to be a bit downy. I shouldn't wonder if some copper doesn't stop us and want to know a bit more than either of us 'll care to tell. I'm glad it's coming on night though; it'll

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give us a better chance to make a bit on them things. I don't know how you feel, but I'm about dead beat for a drink."

That fairly fetched David Johnson. All the reluctance he at first felt when the suggestion was made to him passed away in anticipation of the pot of beer the deed would provide.

And so it came about that just before they entered Railwayton, the brutes seized the little child, and, despite her cries and with sundry threats as to what would happen if she did not "stop that row," stripped off her outer garments, with which Jim Surtout hurried on before and quickly turned into money at a pawnshop.

How the little maid sobbed! as if her heart would break, but without producing any other effect than increasing the parental distemper.

Her cries certainly attracted the attention of passers by in the great railway town, but their sympathy was soon diverted into personal gain by the father, who, in his craft, assured inquirers that "his little girl was heart-broken because he had had to sell her frock to provide food for her, so hard up was he."

"Why, Dave, that was a splendid fake!" exclaimed Jim, when told of the story and shown the shilling which some tender-hearted woman had given with the remark, "My good fellow, this must be a terrible trial to you," "Didn't I tell you the kid would be worth something to us? You ought to know there's nothing like a young un, especially a girl, for fetching coin. We'll make something out of her yet, you bet."

"Oh, very likely. But what if she splits on us?"

"That she mustn't do; we must watch that."

"How?"

"Why, easy enough. Let's go in, get a drink, and give the kid a drop. Then we can take her round to the doss house; she'll sleep sound enough and no fear."

Jim Surtout was right. What he suggested was done, and what he had prophesied took place.

The landlady of the house was easily satisfied. She knew the cadging tramp and his ways, and only took David and Jim as new recruits of the class, and the child as one borrowed to "gaff" the public.

That night was the first, but not the only one of many in which the helpless child—dragged from town to town, ragged, dirty, half-starved, often ill-used, made in the day-time to extract alms from the sympathetic public—went to sleep in wretched lodging-houses, among the pariahs of society, drugged and drunk, while her unnatural besotted father and his depraved mate caroused upon the gifts of charity.

This sort of thing had been going on for some months, but, although they had searched the papers day by day, the abductors found no trace of the award which they had flattered themselves would be offered by Gregory and his swell friends for the recovery of the child.

They little knew that Gregory, who had more speedily recovered from his shock than the doctor had anticipated, had proposed such a course, but had been dissuaded therefrom by his master and the officials of the "Home," who all believed the plot one of blackmail, and declared that without it he must soon have his sister restored to him.

But the months dragged on, and no trace of the child was forthcoming, although tidings and a description of her had been circulated to all workhouses and similar places, and even they began to doubt the wisdom of their advice.

To Gregory the suspense became unbearable. He grew restless, irritable, pre-occupied. His duties had no charm for him, and were discharged perfunctorily. His studies were soon abandoned. His favourite occupation no longer interested him, and he fast drifted into vacuous listlessness, wearied in mind, dulled in spirit and indifferent in health.

"Have faith, my lad! God will bring all things right," urged his employer. But Gregory found it hard to believe, and even Mr. Spencer, faithful, devoted, God-fearing man as he was, admitted it was almost like torturing the lad to so urge him.

At length, so broken and hopeless did he become that his master decided to see what effect a change of scene would have upon him, and arranged with his brother, a Liverpool grocer, to take him for a few months.

With a very heavy heart Gregory left for his new home. He almost blamed his friends, and felt that only where he had experienced his sorrow could his burden be rolled away.

Very different would have been his spirits could he have seen that on the evening of the very day he entered the great sea-port by rail, there tramped into it a disreputable-looking, bleared and besotted man, dragging with him a ragged, shoeless, emaciated girl.

If he could have seen them, which would have hurt him most, her destitution, or the vulgar, blasphemous language with which her childish lips replied to the man's execrations?

Soon, however, his eyes were to be opened, and things hidden revealed. He had gone to the respectable middle-class neighbourhood of Toxteth Park, where not a single public-house could offend his sight or distress his mind. *They* wended their way to the slum-district around the docks, where drink-shops abounded, thriving on the increasing degradation of the most poverty-stricken and wretched specimens of humanity.

Into an awful den they entered, which not even the conditions so strongly insisted upon by the sanitary authorities could redeem, for there the lowest, basest types of manhood and womanhood, steeped in filth and lasciviousness, congregated. The very atmosphere was noisome, and reeked with moral and physical debasement. Sulphurous oaths made the air blasphemous. Such a haunt would have been too vile for the beasts. But therein congregated men and women sunk far below the level of the brute, and into it was ushered the sometime-bonnie little maid.

"Take that kid away!" yelled a repulsive, brutish man, with one eye—the other had been blinded in a lodging-house brawl. "We want no brats here."

The new comer either did not or would not hear.

"Take that kid out! D'ye hear?" yelled the speaker in angry tones; and as he spoke he threw his boots across at the unoffending child, which struck her on the leg.

The next moment he aimed a jug of beer at the stranger, who was felled to the ground by the blow.

Instantly the whole place was in an uproar, and a general mêlee ensued.

"Knifey Bill," the objector, began to run amuck, and with the first weapon he could put his hands upon, a poker, laid about him with the ferocity of madness.

More than one had already succumbed to his attack, when, just in the nick of time to stop the bully who was in the very act of aiming a blow at the crouching, terror-stricken child, the police entered. It was well they did, or the length to which the matter would have gone is too awful to contemplate.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of what was in store, Gregory was nearing the place His new employer took an active part in the Slum Mission to Lodging-houses This being his night of visit to the very house to which the stranger tramp and child had gone, he proposed that Gregory should accompany him, and the youth had consented.

"Whatever's up?" asked Mr. Tom Spencer of one of the street-corner men as he entered the court where the lodging-house stood, and saw the posse of police assembled and the ambulances.

"Oh, Knifey Bill's been having a bit of a row," came the response.

"I should think more than a bit of a row."

"Well, it was, rather. You see 'Knifey Bill's' been on the drunk again. To-night he was mad, when some stranger chap came in bringing a kid with him. 'Knifey' wouldn't stand that—he never could stand kids—and told them to clear out. They didn't do it, so there was a shindy. The wench got knocked about a bit, and so did the chap with her, when up came the bobbies and nabbed him. They've just taken him off to the station. It's a good job they did or else I believe he'd have killed the kid. The chaps say he has settled the man. See, they're just bringing him out," and he pointed to a corpse-like figure the police were placing on the ambulance.

Did Gregory's eyes deceive him? Could it be? His doubts were instantly resolved, as the lounger continued, pointing to the ragged urchin emerging from the doorway,

"And that's the kid."

The man must have been his father, for despite her rags, her dirt, her uncanniness, he could not mistake the girl.

"Nell! sister Nell!" he shrieked, and, ignoring police, dirt, rags, and everything else, Gregory rushed forward, clasped in his arms all his heart had so long pined for, and murmuring,

"Little Nell! my Nell! Found at last," smothered her with kisses.

(To be continued.)

A Song for August.

By Mary M. Forrester.

THE dust is white on the highways,
And the heat is fierce in the sky;
The children have crept to the by-ways,
Where the shades from the bushes lie;



But the arrows that flash on high,
Down, down through the branches fly,
And they scatter gold on the by-ways,
Where the shades from the bushes lie.

The leaves have no voice for crooning,
And the birds have never a song;
The flowers in the fields are swooning
Where the kiss of the sun is strong;
The sheep from the meadows throng
By the river that trails along,
Past the fields where the flowers are swooning,
And the kiss of the sun is strong.

The land is still in the noon-time,
For the breezes are all asleep;
They rest on the hills till the moon-time
Steals over the great blue sweep,
Till the shadows grow long and deep,
And the stars through the soft dusk peep;
The wind will sleep till the moon-time
Steals over the great blue sweep.

Then the wind will creep through the shadows,
And the leaves will begin to croon,
While the flowers on the sun-kissed meadows
Will rise from their long deep swoon;
The wind that will come with the moon,
To waken the earth to tune,
That will fly through the sun-kissed meadows,
And arouse the flowers from their swoon.

His Shield and Buckler.

By J. L. Harbour.

MANY a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic that is to him as a shield and buckler against the powers of evil.

A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts, or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not surly and morose, but he steadfastly declined all invitations to take part in his companions' carousals. He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night, when the revelry ran high, and many of the men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he said firmly.

They declared that if he did not they would force liquor down his throat, and then run him out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us!" said one man angrily.

"Well, why can t you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? 'Ain't signed the piedge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No, I have not signed any pledge, boys."

"Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you, but perhaps you'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his grey flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair. Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said:

"Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man, and when I left my little one with her grandmother, I promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut this curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by,' and she said 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa.' It has helped me. I've worn it next my heart night and day, and I'll never, never drink a drop, nor do anything that she would be sorry to have me do while it is there. Now do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who had threatened to have whisky poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise. His little girl's curl of shining yellow hair was his shield and buckler, and, with God's help, it was to him a sure defence.

Girls' Clubs as a Temperance Agency.

By Miss Wilberforce.

SUCH a club touches a stratum of girls that nothing else reaches; to whom the bare idea of a Temperance meeting is abhorrent, and who but for a club would be loitering about the streets. The club is attractive in many ways, and influences them in the direction of Temperance. The worker through personal affection leads the girls from comparatively low to much higher motives. The temptations and difficulties of the girls, through home influences and domestic customs, especially those connected with family weddings, are sometimes overwhelming, but the influence of the worker is often a source of great strength to the girl.

As a counter attraction to the streets and bad company the club is a powerful Temperance agency. It is not so much the love of drink that at first takes girls to the public-houses, but the society and excitement to be found there; the love of drink comes after. The girls club, moreover, encourages the instinct of self respect, gives refinement and self control, and inculcates thrift Many a girl who would never hear one word of religion or go inside a place of worship is taught to form the habit of prayer and attend a Bible class.

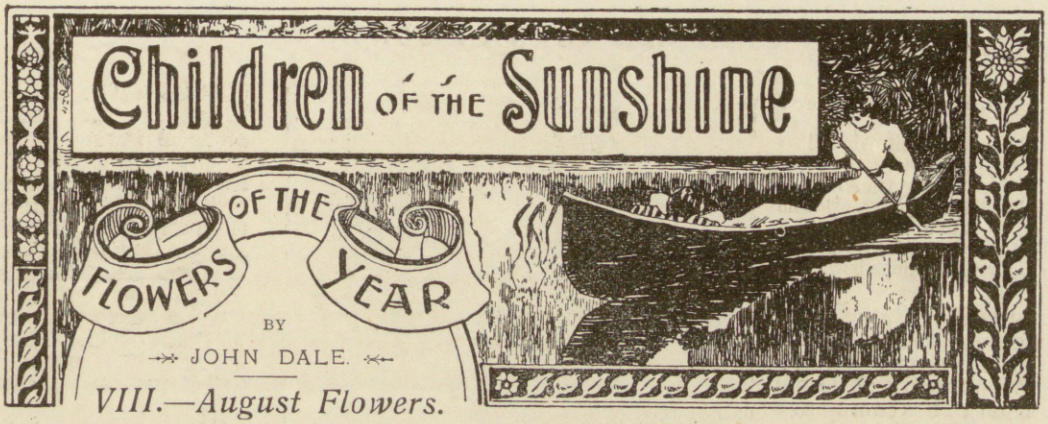
The great obstacle to Temperance work in girls clubs is the girls' attitude of indifference towards the subject, which arises in some cases from familiarity with drunkenness in their homes and elsewhere, and in other cases the more respectable girls rather resent the idea of identifying themselves with and joining the ranks of reformed drunkards.

A Temperance worker who wishes to reach the poorest and roughest class of women cannot do better than start a girls' club, and the earlier in life the girls can be persuaded to join the better A children's club would be an excellent thing. No club worker must fail to strongly advocate total abstinence, though not necessarily making it a *sine qua non* of membership.

The latest anecdote about Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, is that, after a recent ecclesiastical function, as the clergy were trooping into luncheon, an unctuous archdeacon observed, "This is the time to put a bridle on our appetites!" "Yes," replied the bishop; "this is the time to put a bit in our mouths!"

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming too.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the *good* that I can do.



VIII.—August Flowers.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

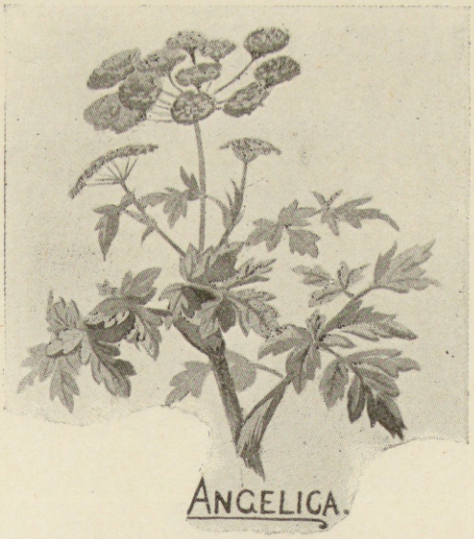


IN August the summer flowers are all in bloom, but we miss the beauty and variety of the spring time. In Spring the flowers reflect many shades of delicate green; in summer the green is more sombre, and the tints more uniform. The flowers of spring are often seen before the leaves, or when the foliage is scant, and their colours are mostly white, yellow, or pale blue.

The summer flowers come when the leaves are fully grown, their colours are often dull shades of purple, red, or dark blue. Hence the general effect of the spring time is brighter and more cheerful than the summer. Still each has a beauty of its own.

Last month we met with the hemlock, a poisonous plant with compound umbels. This month we shall find a stately plant in moist woods and shady lanes, with compound umbels, which is *not* poisonous—the wild angelica (*Angèlica sylvéstris*). This sometimes grows to a height of five or six feet; it has a hollow stem, fluted on the outside, and often tinged with purple. The leaves are a bright green, very large, and twice divided into three parts. The leaf stalk at its base has a sheath which surrounds the stem, and encloses the umbel in bud.

There is another umbellifer, the cow-parsnip, very common in meadows, which some mistake for angelica; but it is a coarser plant, with rough dark-green leaves, and blooms earlier. A garden species of angelica is cultivated for its aromatic stems, which make a delicious preserve.



ANGELICA.

The smooth hawk's beard (*Crepis virens*) is one of the smaller composite flowers, very common on dry hedge banks and waste places. The stem has many branches, each terminated by a small yellow flower head. The lower leaves are *runcinate*, which means that the edges are toothed, and the teeth point backwards, like the leaves of the dandelion. The stem leaves are smaller, the base of each is arrow-shaped and clasps the stem. There is a rough hawk's beard and a stinking hawk's beard, found on chalky soils.

It gives a botanist pleasure to meet with a strange flower. Some years ago I came across a swamp and saw some strange plants bearing beautiful spikes of yellow flowers with golden stamens. These proved to be asphodels (pronounced *ás-fo-dels*) or king's spears. To distinguish this flower from the Scotch asphodel it is called the bog asphodel. Its botanical name (*Narthécium ossífragum*) means "a rod that breaks bones," as it was once believed that this plant softened the bones of the cattle that fed upon it. Its leaves are sword-shaped, like the iris; the flowers have six yellow petals; the golden stamens are delicately fringed, and the whole plant has a striking appearance.

It is especially interesting, as it is related to the asphodel of classic fame, whose branches graced the funerals of the Greeks, and were planted on their graves. Homer represents it as growing in the meadows of Elysium, the place of happy souls after death. Pope sings of it in his ode on St. Cecilia's day—

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers.

The marsh mallow (*Althæa officinàlis*), as its name indicates, grows in marshy places. Its dull-green leaves and its tall upright stems are covered with a hoary down. Its pink flowers with crimson stamens grow in clusters; the seeds are round but flat, and are arranged in a wheel-like form. If the leaves and stems be boiled they yield a mucilage which is used as an emollient for allaying pain.

The common mallow (*Malva sylvéstris*) grows freely on waste ground. It is cultivated in cottage gardens and used for fomentations in the case of swollen joints or sore throats. The Romans used it as a vegetable. Children love to play with the "little cheeses" as they call the seeds. Clare, alluding to this, says—

Then sitting down when school was o'er
Upon the threshold of the door,
We picked from mallows, sport to please,
The crumbled seed we called a cheese.



In August we may find many two-lipped flowers, or labiates as they are called. In the illustration, the figure within the circle, shows a typical form of these flowers, which have many points of special interest to the botanical student. The upper lip is arched to protect the stamens and pistil; the lower lip is spread out and serves as a platform on which insects alight in search of honey, their visits being necessary to the production of seed. The labiates form a large and distinct order, numbering more than 2,000 species, of which fifty-six are found amongst British wild flowers. They resemble each other in having square stems, to which the leaves are attached in opposite pairs, each at right angles to the pair above or below it. None of them are poisonous, though some of them have a decidedly unpleasant odour. Many are fragrant or aromatic, and some furnish us with medicines.

They are mostly summer flowers, few of them blooming before July and many flowering in August. Amongst the earliest are the dead nettle, bugle, and ground ivy; some of the later species are hemp nettle, horse mint, and gypsy wort. One that blooms this month is hedge wound-wort (*Stáchys sylvestris*), a common plant in woods and hedges, from two to three feet high. Its leaves are heart-shaped, pointed, with "dentate" or toothed edges. The erect tapering stem has many "whorls," or rings, of dull-purple flowers, generally six in each whorl, with two leafy bracts under it. The whole plant has a disagreeable smell. It was supposed to be good for healing wounds, hence its name. Another member of this family, the wood betony, (*Stáchys betónica*) was considered a kind of universal cure, and it was a common saying—"May you have as many virtues as betony."

Sport & Play

By A. J. Glasspool.

VIII.—ROWING.

MANY young fellows now spend their annual vacation on some river. This is one of the most delightful ways of spending a holiday. In the first place it is very economical; the expense of a boat, say for four companions, is but

trifling. The cost of living is a very moderate item; much of the necessary food may be brought from home, the rest can be purchased at the various stopping places. The novelty of being one's own cook and general servant, together with the experience of sleeping under canvas, adds greatly to the charm of such an outing.

More than this, there is the absence of those temptations to spend money, and to fall into dissolute habits, which are so often the result of a holiday at an ordinary sea-side resort. I know some young fellows who had a most delightful holiday on the Thames, and the entire cost was only twenty-five shillings per week each.

A row on the Thames, say from Kingston to Oxford, is full of the most enjoyable experiences. The open-air life, the muscular exertion, are greatly conducive to health; the charm of the magnificent scenery on either bank, the historical associations of many of the places passed, the ever-changing variety of views which open as the river winds, produce an impression on the mind which is beyond description.

A calmness, a serenity, a sweet contentment with the world, and all around—a feeling never known in the busy hum of city life.

One of the most happy holidays of my life was spent on the Thames, though I had not the muscular exercise of rowing, but quietly rested on Salter's excellent boats. The trip began from Kingston to Windsor; a day was then spent in visiting the old Castle and Burnham Beeches. Another day we went on to Henley, famous for its regatta and magnificent house-boats, then onward to Oxford and a delightful visit to the grand colleges of that famous city. All this, with the pleasant associations made on board, provided a holiday never to be forgotten.

I envied those who were rowing, and the free and happy life they were leading. I think the rowers pitied us as we steamed along. Undoubtedly, muscular exertion adds greatly to the charm of a holiday undertaken by the young and vigorous.

The young rower should certainly learn the names of the various parts of the instruments he uses. A scull is lighter and shorter than an oar. The oar is used when there are two persons in a boat, each one taking an oar; the sculls are used when the rower has an implement in each hand.

The oar consists of three parts; the widest part being called the blade, the middle part is the shank, the rest is the handle. The shank is divided from the handle by a small piece of leather, which is fixed to the undermost side, and is known as the button.

The boat has three principal parts—the bows, the narrowest and foremost portion; the midships, in which the rowers sit; and the stern, in which the coxwain sits. He guides the boat and sits with his face to the rowers.

Boats on our rivers are generally known as wherries, skiffs, gigs, and outriggers. The wherries and skiffs are generally used by watermen, the others by amateurs. The gigs are of all sizes, the number of seats giving the various designations, as pair-oared, eight-oared, etc.

Outriggers are chiefly used for racing. Their name is derived from the fact that the rowlocks are supported on an iron framework which is rigged outside the boat. By this arrangement the boat is narrower and lighter in construction.

When the learner takes his seat in the boat he should see that the thwart, or seat, is firmly fixed, and that the mat upon it is securely tied to that part of it that is farthest from his rowlock.

He should adjust the stretcher to the length of his legs, his feet should be firmly fixed against it.

The following advice as to how the young rower is to proceed is worthy of consideration:—

"The heels should be held together, and the toes parted; the knees bent, and about a foot from each other. The back should be straight, and the whole position easy, but upright. The oar should now be taken, with the handle in both hands, and placed in the rowlock, with the button against and inside the thole. The outside hand—that is that farthest from the rowlock—should grip the handle nearly, but not quite, at the extremity; the inside hand taking its hold two or three inches away from the other. The thumb of the outside hand may be either above or below, but that of the inside should be under the handle, and the entire grasp of the oar should be firm without tightness."

The rower has to use his oar for the dip, the stroke, and the feather. The oar is thrown back, and the blade is dipped edgewise, or at right angles, into the water. The stroke commences immediately; in order to carry this out the rower throws his body back with a swinging motion, at the same time sweeping the oar through the water, as far as the rowlocks will allow it to go. At the completion of the stroke, feathering takes place; the water glances off the blade while in a horizontal position.

The learner should beware of digging, that is dipping the oar too deeply into the water; this is caused by his hands being held too high when the body is bent forward for the stroke. Some learners do not dip the oar sufficiently.

Beware of "catching a crab," This happens when all control is lost over the oar. If the blade is not clear of water at the end of a stroke, or when, in carrying it back, it is allowed to drag along the surface, a "crab" is likely to be the result. This may also arise from dipping the blade at an angle instead of perpendicularly. To remedy this the oar should be quickly jerked out of the water.

The young oarsman should go steadily and methodically to work; he should never encourage "larking" in a boat, or standing up; many accidents have happened in this way, and death has been the result.

The young abstainer will rejoice to know that some of the most famous oarsmen, like Hanlon, the world's champion, are teetotalers.

"I HAVE done, I believe, double the amount of public work of that of any minister in Edinburgh, and yet people have said, 'You are looking remarkably well; you are looking ten years younger. How is that?' 'Cold water,' is my answer.'—*Dr. Guthrie.*

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Words from "ONWARD" (April, 1900). **Hymn.** *Music by* PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Fervently. *cres* - -

mp

1. Lord, speed the com - ing of the bliss-ful day. ..... When war and
2. Help us to hast - en on that day of peace..... When deeds of

Key E♭. *mp Fervently.* B♭.t. *cres* -

.m	:m	.m	m	:r	|d	.t$_1$	:l	.s	s	:—	|- .^{s}d :d .d
.d	:d	.t$_1$	l$_1$	:l$_1$	|s$_1$	.s$_1$	:t$_1$	.t$_1$	d	:—	|- .^{t_1}m$_1$:l$_1$ .s$_1$
1. Lord, speed the			com - ing		of the bliss-ful				day		When war and
2. Help us to			hast - en		on that day of				peace		When deeds of
.s	:s	.s	s	:f	|m	.r	:f	.f	m	:—	|- .^{s}d :m .m
.d	:d	.d	f$_1$	:f$_1$	|s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	d	:—	|- .^{m}l$_1$:l$_1$ .l$_1$

cen - - - - - - - - - *do.* *dim.*

ha - tred shall have pass'd a - way,.....And hearts shall no more sor-row as they
wrong and vi - o-lence shall cease,..... And love and gen - tle service shall in-

cen - - - - - - - - *do.* f. E♭. *dim.*

d	:t$_1$	|l$_1$	.se$_1$	:f .m	m	:—	|-.^{m}t	:d^1 .l	s	:s	|l .s :l .s
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ha - tred shall have pass'd a -					way,		And hearts shall		no	more sor-row as they	
wrong and vi-o-lence shall					cease,		And love and		gen - tle	service shall in-	
m	:r	|d	.t$_1$	:r .r	d	:—	|-.^{d}s	:l .d^1	r^1	:r^1	|ra^1.ra^1:ra^1.ra^1
r$_1$	:r$_1$	|m$_1$	.m$_1$	:m$_1$ .m$_1$	l$_1$	:—	|-.^{s_1}r	:d .d	t$_1$	:t$_1$	|ta$_1$.ta$_1$:ta$_1$.ta$_1$

p *mp* *cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

pray: "Thy king - dom come." Speed on the day when Thou shalt reign a -
crease Thy king - dom come. Take to Thy-self Thy pow - er, Lord; im -

p *mp* *cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

f	:—	|m	:—	|d :—	|r :—	r	:—	|- .t$_1$	:t$_1$ .t$_1$	d	:d |m .r :m .r
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crease Thy			king - dom			come.		Take to Thy-		self Thy pow-er, Lord; im-	
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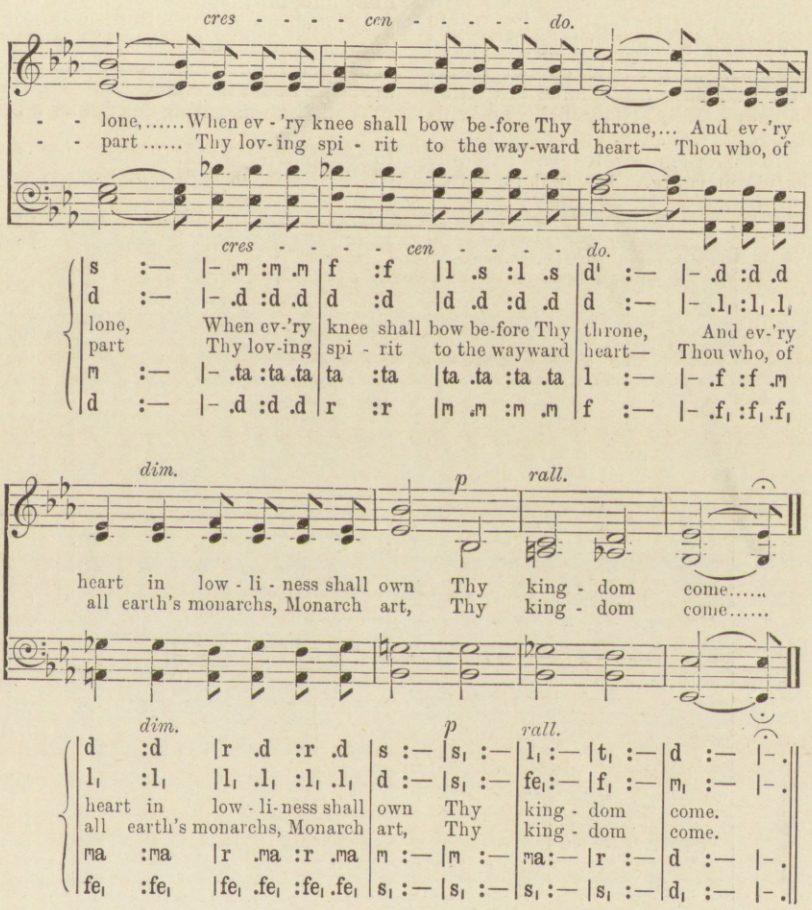
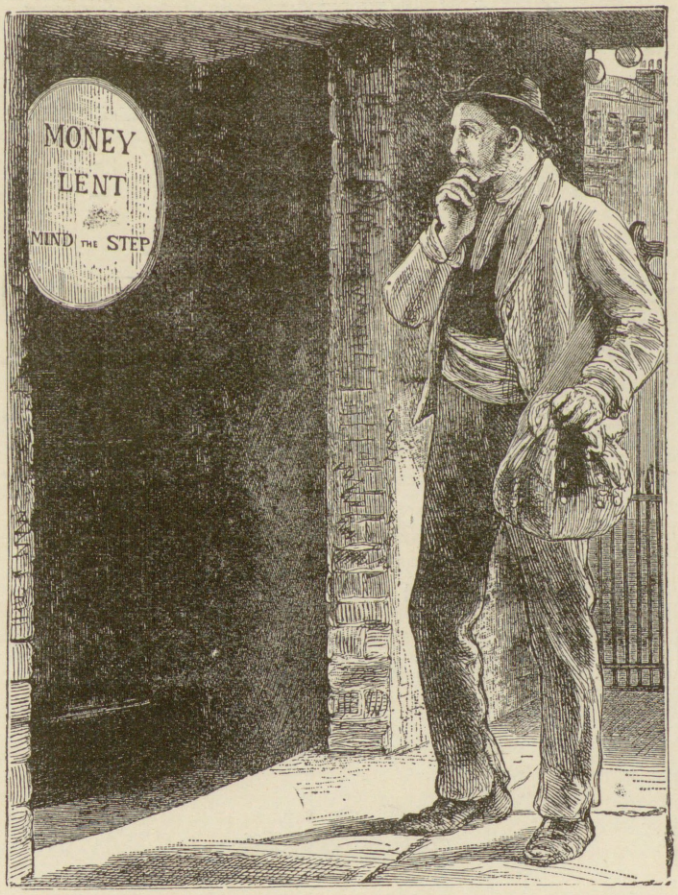
"THY KINGDOM COME."



"Mind the Step."

By Louie Slade.

REUBEN WESTON was, as he would have phrased it, "stony broke;" he had not so much as a single copper in his pocket, and saw no chance of getting any money before Friday night, and this was only Wednesday. There would not be a very big wage to take then, for Reuben had only started work this morning. He had been to a friend's wedding the previous Saturday, and would have told you that he had had a rare jolly time; but it left him disinclined for work, and he had been lounging around at different public-houses ever since. It was only when his pockets were empty, and his credit gone, that he resumed his occupation. He was a clever workman, and need never have been without employment but for his unsteady habits.



Work had gone hard this morning. Reuben was thirsty—"terribly thirsty," he averred, but he turned away in disgust when one of his mates offered him a draught of his cold tea. It was beer he wanted, and beer he would have, somehow. He tried to borrow a few coppers of his companions, but they all knew Reuben's nack of forgetting these little loans, and not one would come to his aid. The foreman—a teetotaler—gave him some good advice.

"Stick to your work, Reuben, and spend your money like a sensible man, and you won't need to be bothering any of us for a few pence."

But his words met the fate of most good advice; Reuben gave an impatient shrug, and muttered something that sounded like,

"Oh, shut up!"

He went home to his dinner—a very meagre meal indeed, and eaten in gloomy silence. Reuben had a good wife; she never "nagged" him, and only spoke her mind when she was very much provoked. But it was not in human nature to be cheerful and pleasant while he was squandering the money on drink which ought to keep the home together.

While he was eating his dinner a brilliant idea struck Reuben. His wife opened a cupboard to get something out, and he caught sight of the silver tea-pot, which had been given to them as a wedding present by a lady with whom his wife had lived. It was never used except upon very rare occasions; couldn't he raise a shilling or two on it, just to get a drink? The wife would never miss it, and he would get it out again on Friday night, when he took his money.

As soon as Mrs. Weston had cleared the table she went back to the wash-house, for she had not quite got through her week's wash. No sooner was she out of sight than Reuben stole to the cupboard, took down the tea-pot, and wrapped it in one of his spotted pocket-handkerchiefs, and then made his escape with all speed.

He went straight to a house displaying the significant golden balls, about a stone's throw from the tavern at which he intended to spend the money. It was his first visit, and he glanced furtively up and down the street before he slipped down the side entrance. But outside the door he came to a sudden pause, struck by the inscription upon it.

"Money Lent. (Mind the Step)."

He knew, of course, that the caution referred to the deep, awkward step leading into the office, but it set him thinking.

"*Mind the Step!*" It was a note of warning. Low as he had sunk, Reuben had never been inside a pawnshop yet, and a dull-red colour mounted to his face as he stood staring at the words on the door. Ay, he would mind the step.

He walked slowly out again, and went straight back to his work, putting the tea-pot away in a safe corner until he should be ready to take it home. One or two of his companions asked what he had there wrapped up so carefully, but he would not gratify their curiosity.

Reuben was very quiet all that afternoon, but his mind was busy. As he was leaving the building at which he had been at work he met one of his tap-room friends.

"Hulloa, Weston! Have a drink?"

Reuben shook his head.

"Nonsense! Come on, I'll pay."

It was a moment of sore temptation, and Reuben would surely have yielded but for the words which had been ringing in his ears all the afternoon. As it was he replied firmly,

"Thank 'ee, mate, but I've had a bit of advice give to me to-day, and I mean to try and follow it. You won't see me inside no more public-houses, God helping me."

The other stared.

"Man alive! Whatever d'ye mean? And who give you the advice?"

"The pawnbroker," answered Reuben, with a chuckle. And then he told the story of the silver tea-pot.

His companion listened attentively. He evidently felt that the advice suited him as well as Rueben, for he went away shaking his head lugubriously, and muttering to himself,

"*Mind the step! mind the step!*"

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Fresh Air and Sunshine.

TOO little attention is paid to the value of sunlight in our homes and in our streets, so that what little we have a chance of securing is blocked out by thick, heavy curtains. We are too prone to consider the opinions of our neighbours as to our social standing, that for the

SAKE OF APPEARANCES

we neglect that which is health and life to us.

Sick rooms, which should be cheerful, are shrouded in semi-darkness, and the patient's mind is clouded, whilst his body is impoverished.

Therefore, instead of closing up the sick room as if it were the home of the dead,

LET IN ALL THE SUNSHINE

and fresh air that can be obtained, for with these will come a more rapid recovery.

The fault with all our old towns is in narrow streets, built before the days of sanitary science and improvements. These now stand as object lessons of what should not be done, and any extension can only come as the necessity for larger buildings compels the removal of the old ones.

When we have the choice of dwelling with us, more care should be exercised in the selection of a site. This should have a southern aspect presented to that part of the house in which are the larger number of living rooms, and, consequently, the greater number of windows, thus ensuring a longer continuance of sunshine on that side. At the same time that we get the warmth in our living apartments, the part down which such conveniences as soil and water pipes are carried is cool, and thus the lead pipes are less likely to be warped and put out of joint by the direct heat of the sun.

All windows should be made

TO FREELY OPEN,

whether they be the usual sash or French kind. My inclination tends to the sash window, which by opening at the top, allows an influx of air near the ceiling, and consequently away from the heads of the occupants. Besides, this allows of the method of ventilation spoken of previously.

It seems a pity to me that our houses as at present built do not allow of any means of warming the stairs and passages, without the costly one of hot water pipes. Much might be done in this direction by putting the fireplace in the inner wall, whereby the entrance hall might be warmed by the heat striking through the back of the grate and chimney. This is objected to on the ground that the door would then have to be placed on the same side of the room as the fireplace, and this would not provide as good a draught as when placed in the wall opposite. I fail to see it, and opposed to this is the fact that as at present adjusted, when persons are sitting in front of the fire they are exposed to the draught from the door. Were the other arrangement complied with, the air would have to circulate round the room before reaching the fireplace, and would, by that means, become warmed in its circuit.

Where gas is used as an illuminant, some special provision should be made for the escape of products of combustion, in the shape of bad air, and also some channel provided by which fresh air can enter the room, other than by the doorway. The absence of a proper supply of air in a room when occupied is a common

CAUSE OF SMOKY CHIMNEYS.

This can be identified by the way the smoke comes back down the chimney in fitful gusts, until the room is filled with coal smoke. A lattice ventilator in the upper part of the door will often cure this, but as this air has already been long enough in passing through the building to become vitiated, it stands to reason that a better plan is to obtain it directly from the outside, through one of Tobin's tubes, which are very efficient ventilators.

We have seen how our surroundings will influence not only general health, but our dispositions as well. Acting, no doubt, through the

nervous system, occupation comes in prominently as a factor in shaping our temperaments, inasmuch as the health is largely influenced by the character of the work. A healthy mind can only exist in a healthy body. At least the cases are exceedingly rare in which great and good mental work has been accomplished in the face of one of its

GREATEST OBSTACLES, VIZ., PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

Having this prominently before my mind has caused me to look more closely into the characters of my fellow creatures with whom my own work brings me into close contact. These are the people who earn their daily bread in the great workshops of the nation, weaving sheds, spinning mills and iron foundries.

Hints to Cotton Workers, etc.

No doubt the exigencies of a keen competition at home and abroad compels some things to be done in connection with trade which were better left undone. I refer more particularly to the filling in of the cotton cloth with a chemical sizing mixture of more or less complexity and weight, and which presumably permits of a less quantity of a higher-priced yarn to be used than is legitimate with Bible teaching. I am not here to be censor on the actions of my fellow creatures who happen to be in the position of employers.

At the same time that this legalised process of displacement of an expensive with a cheaper article goes on in its practical manufacture, it does not tend to the

COMFORT OF THE WORKER

by reason of the dust which arises from the process. This dust, which is in the form of a finely-powdered chalk and flour, is inhaled in the lungs, or, by coming in contact with the saliva, is swallowed and reaches the stomach.

In the first place, the action of this stuff on the lungs is to set up irritation, which may easily go on to a catarrh and then to bronchitis, laying the seeds of a future consumption, should the soil be a favourable soil for the germs of this fatal disease. Or when it passes into the stomach the inside becomes lined with the mortar-like material, and indigestion is sure to follow, just as it does in the case of drinking water containing too much lime.

The custom of passing steam into the weaving sheds, to make the weaving easier, is not an unmixed evil. Mark you! I do not condone the practice as it is carried out in some places. But by its damping action on the

FINE PARTICLES OF DUST

they are made heavier, and, falling to the ground, are not so liable to be taken into the lungs. We have here a practice, not only countenanced by, but carried out under the supervision and superintendence of, the Imperial authorities, in the shape of very tangible inspectors, and the question which naturally arises is, how may the workers conform to the regulations with the least injury to themselves?

The amount of moisture admitted, and the method of its distribution are not conformable to healthy being, because what is sufficient to render the yarn easy to work by reason of its moisture, is also enough to render the clothing of the workers

DAMP AND UNHEALTHY.

It is only natural, then, when people get hot and moist in the shed, that they should loiter a little in the open air to cool down. Nay, I'm often struck with the indifference to cold which is manifested by many people who work in hot places. It seems more strange that they should invite cold and disease by wearing nothing but the thinnest and flimsiest cotton next the skin.

Let me here, with all the vehemence I am capable of, urge you to abjure for ever the wearing of anything but flannel next the skin, for by this means the moisture which is given off by the skin is readily absorbed, and does not cool the body like its contact with a

WET COTTON GARMENT

would do. The objection to flannel arises from a feeling of heat which it produces, but this is partly imaginary, for when the habit of wearing flannel is once acquired any previous discomfort is now unnoticed.

Such troubles as

RHEUMATISM AND THE TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION

would be much lessened by this practice, and the benefit greatly increased if the underclothing were changed at the close of the day's work, and the body sponged down with tepid water.

On leaving the hot shed great care should be taken to prevent undue exposure of the chest to the cold air. The practice of breathing through the nostrils instead of by the mouth should be cultivated, as by this means the cold air is warmed before reaching the lungs, and it has a less irritating effect on the sensitive mucous membrane which lines the air tubes. Another matter of importance, particularly to weavers, is the injury to the teeth which is done to them by sucking up the weft through the eyelet of the shuttle. Not only is the air itself injurious, but, carrying with it as it does particles of

DUST OF VARYING IMPURITY,

it becomes more so as this dust lodges in the spaces between the teeth and the cavities which result from decay.

The best remedy against this injury is to clean the teeth as often as possible, using a moderately-soft tooth brush, and an antiseptic tooth powder or paste. If this practice were more fully carried out we should hear less of toothache, and be less frequently dismayed by the appearance of rows of unsightly, yet familiar, masticators.

Seeing that so much of the time of these workers is spent in the damp and unwholesome atmosphere of the weaving sheds, it follows that as much of the spare time as is possible with home duties should be passed in the open air; and to prevent this being wasted it becomes a necessity to cultivate a hobby which will occupy the time and attention in more favourable surroundings than is possible with the more serious labour of earning a living.

Sally's Shoes.

By Luella Dowd Smith.

(*Concluded from last month.*)

SYNOPSIS.

Mayville was much concerned about the stranger shoemaker, Graham Brown, whose reticence aroused everyone's curiosity. He was known to be strong in his Temperance sympathies, and to have declared "Drink has cursed my life." He was a favourite with the children. The new storekeeper's daughter, Winifred Miller, became his favourite, and told him of her mother and father. Her mother, Flossie Miller, avoided him in public, but yet exhibited great curiosity concerning him. He, on his part, when shown her portrait as a girl along with her mother, said, "It's my Flossie and my Mary."

THE next spring, on Easter week, Winnie had a little party. Sixteen girls and their dolls were invited. Of course, she told Mr. Brown all her plans; and he undertook a big task. He said he would make shoes for each doll, and would give all the shoes to Winnie that day, so that she might make them a surprise present to her guests. He also said that her party would be on the anniversary day of his coming to Mayville—just two years before.

Winnie was thankful and happy. She was happier still on the morning of her party, when her mother handed her a letter for Mr. Brown, saying: "I have decided to invite the children's friend—Mr. Brown, to your party. Will that please you?"

Winnie said: "Oh, that is best of all." She hurried to the shop with the letter.

Mr. Brown could not keep from crying when he read it. Winnie wondered why. It only said:

"Dear Father—Come home to-day to your Flossie."

You will understand this when you hear a little of the history of Mr. Brown's life.

When he was a young man he married a beautiful girl—Mary Fenn. At first they were happy. They had one child—Florence. Mr. Brown began to drink. Soon he was a drunkard, and his home was wrecked. His wife's heart was broken. She took her little Flossie and went home to her parents to die.

Her husband was called the day she died. She pleaded with him, and he promised her not to drink any more. But when the friends laid the wasted form of Mary Brown away to rest among the flowers Mr. Brown was drunk. He went to Mr. Fenn's house. Mr. Fenn said: "When you have lived one year without taking a drop of liquor you can see your child, and not before. Go!"

On the way out Mr. Brown saw Flossie in the garden. But she said: "Go away, you bad man; you killed my mamma."

With those words ringing in his ears Mr. Brown went away. Many bad years followed—years cursed by drink. At last he was very ill. In the hospital, where he was taken, a nurse told him of God's love, and he became a Christian.

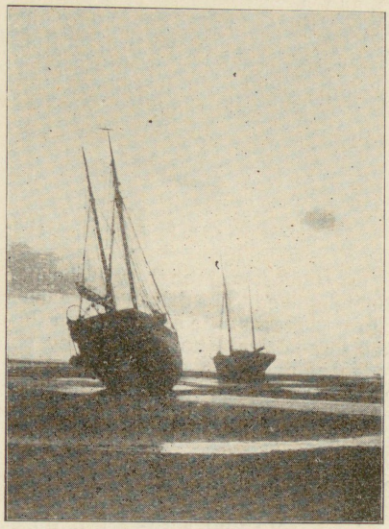
Then he lived a better year, a whole year without drink. At the close of the year he went to Mr. Fenn's to see his child. It was a long journey. For fifteen years he had not heard from his daughter. Sad news awaited him. Mr. and Mrs. Fenn were dead. His daughter was married and gone. He could not find any trace of her. He went to the graveyard. There was a stone at his wife's grave. It said only—"Mary. He was tempted in his sorrow. He fell again into drink. Several more years passed. Drink made them bad. Then again he came to himself. Again he sought help from God. The singing of a Salvation lassie on the street had brought him to himself and to God. Again he prayed. Again he resolved. Then he went to Mayville, and kept his pledge.

At the end of the year he went to Mr. Fenn's old home again. There was no news. He returned to Mayville. And then, wonder of wonders, Winnie had come to him; and she was his grandchild. He had been sure of it for months; but he had waited—waited, perhaps, for the letter that had come to him now. Mrs. Miller had waited for the year of trial to pass. She waited to see with her own eyes that her father was truly reformed.

She had a confession to make, too. For Mr. Miller had supposed her to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenn, who had legally adopted her. He thought Mary was her older sister. On the happy day of the party, after the children had gathered in the parlour, and had put the new shoes on all their dolls, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Mr. Brown appeared in the doorway. The children cheered. When it was quiet, Mrs. Miller said: "Winnie, there is a surprise present for you, too—an Easter gift—grandpa."

Mr. Brown held out his arms. Winnie sprang into them saying, "I 'most knew it. I love him so much."

Mr. Miller said to Mrs. Miller: "Florence, our child is indeed a blessed peacemaker. We did well to call her Winifred—a lover of peace."



HIGH AND DRY.
Scene at Close of Day.

A Return to the Old Ideals.

By Beresford Adams.

IN the early days of the Temperance reformation, its most active workers came from among the toiling masses. They did not labour in vain. As a result of their labour, great and beneficial changes have taken place in public opinion, and in the habits of the people, as well as in many of the laws affecting the liquor traffic. The attitude of the Church has greatly changed.

Are like successes being achieved, or are our aims and methods such as are likely to produce similar successes in the coming time? We have the same ideals before us, and in numbers, influence, resource, and opportunity, our advantages are beyond comparison: yet we fear the measure of our success is not proportionate. We think amongst the masses of the people more effective work needs to be done. We appreciate the importance of legislative action, and rejoice in the ameliorative efforts put forth, but we need to be more busy in making teetotalers and organising them for aggressive Temperance work, keeping before us, as an ideal, the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Experiments by Local Veto might be made when ripe for such in the direction of prohibition, similar to what has been established by some property-owners in Liverpool and Chester.

It is to local Temperance organisation the most careful attention needs to be given just now. What is needed is some oversight of the whole country, such as is exercised by the Local Government Board in relation to the Poor Laws. Apostolic mission work should be done in the direction of inquiry, then the distribution of Temperance literature, and then a useful propaganda.

We can have no effective Temperance legislation until it is demanded by the great body of electors, and a vast amount of work has to be done before they will be brought to make the demand. The masses of the people do not yet understand the principles upon which Temperance reform is based, so that we have still before us a great work of education.

Which Road will You Take?

YOU may have heard the story of the man, who being obliged to be driven over a dangerous mountain pass, tested the coachmen in this way: He asked three drivers how near they could go to the edge of a certain precipice and not overturn the carriage. One said he could drive within so many inches; another, a few inches less; but a third said he should keep just as far away from the dangerous edge as he could get. That coachman was engaged. There was no need of going near the precipice, for near by there was another road—safe and sure—for it hugged the inland rocks.

We are all travellers—are all taking a journey. There are two roads before us. On one road there are, daily, many accidents, men and women going over the precipice. It is called Drink Highway. Moderate drinkers take this road because it is exciting and gives pleasure for a time. They are not afraid of danger, but many fall over the precipice of intemperance into the gulch of drunkenness and ruin.

The other road is broad and safe, called Temperance Road—secure from danger—for it hugs the solid rock of Total Abstinence.

Which road will you take?

Woman's Place in Temperance Reform.

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

WOMAN'S place is pre-eminently at home, where in the training of her children she can bias and instruct the youthful mind upon subjects of vital importance, guide the thought and bring to decision the minds of her servants (the future wives of the British workman), and by her own definite and well-informed mind, expressing itself in life's varied opportunities, help to form that public opinion that has so much to do with the making of the laws which govern our land. In society, woman's place is no less definite. Who knows how much the world owes to the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, who banished stimulants from her table, and entertained Royalty without departure from her rule, deeming apology more needful to explain the presence of wine than its absence wherever true hospitality was in question. Who can tell what influence and inspiration to purer life and example society owes to the late good Duchess of Sutherland, and the blue ribbon she was so proud to wear in a conspicuous position upon her dress.

When women are in earnest, to be called "fanatics" is a compliment to their zeal.

Woman's place in Temperance reform is painfully real, seeing our sister women are increasingly falling victims to the drink curse. Acknowledged that the grocers' licence is mainly responsible, let woman realise she has it in her power to control even this. As the house-keeper, deal only where no licence is held. Women can *prevent* the extension if they cannot withdraw this evil. Take or retain no shares in companies where even indirectly "drink" is a source of income. Let ladies start a Temperance Domestic Servant Agency, associating a sick club and aged servant pension with its workers, and forming a S.T.S., Servants' Temperance Society, so worked as to keep in touch by letter (managed on the same principle as the Letter-Mission) with each member, keeping up-to-date Temperance literature well to the front, &c., &c.

A Problem You can Work Out.

ONE day there came to the court of a king a grey-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth." Now the professor was 60 years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.
"Multiply it by two," continued the king.
"Yes."
"Add five."
"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.
"Now multiply by 50."
"Yes."
"Add your age."
"Yes."
"Subtract 365."
"Yes."
"Add 115."
"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, 60 years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know," cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer —1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea. I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."

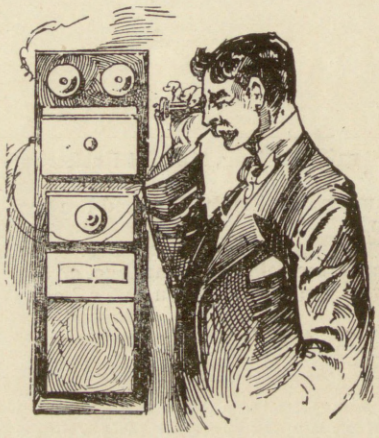


Taken with the Thornton-Pickard Ruby Camera and Focal Plane Shutter. Exposure 1/500th of a second.

Skipping.

OH! the sports of childhood!
Roaming through the wildwood,
Skipping o'er the meadows,
Happy and free;
Playing in the sunbeams,
Chasing in the shadow,
Drinking in the breezes,
Happy and free.

Merrily, merrily skipping,
Laughing the livelong day,
Knowing no care,
Free as the air,
Happy in childhood's play.



"Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! . . . O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! . . . To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil."
—Shakespeare.

GOOD thoughts are blessed guests.—*Spurgeon.*

HAPPINESS was once defined by George Eliot as a web with many threads of pain in it.

WE have only once to live; therefore let us live to some purpose. The day that dawned this morning will never dawn again.

HAPPINESS, though it may not seem so, is far more dependent upon patiently doing the best we can than upon any temporary triumph we may attain.

MR. Sugar N. Sand: "Teas? Yes, ma'am. What kind do you prefer—black or green?" Mrs. Stanford: "I'll take a pound of pink tea; I hear that's the most stylish now."

Hear cautiously, decide impartially.
—Socrates.

IT is the vain endeavour to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.

SMALL Boy. "Mamma wants you to send her up two barrels of those apples she was looking at." Dealer: "All right, sonny." "I say, couldn't you pour the two barrels into one big barrel?" "Eh? What for?" "Then she couldn't get it through the door of the pantry."

TEACHER: "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. Do you quite understand what that means?"
Scholar; "Yes, sir. When bicyclists grow up, they'll walk stooping."

EVERY man has need to be forgiven.—*Herbert.*

THERE is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgments given.
—Faber.

"O, MY friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.
"I'd like to know where they sells 'em," remarked an absent-minded old lady in the audience.

GOOD humour is said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.

CHOOSE always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be; custom will soon render it easy and agreeable.

Live up to the best that is in you.
—Longfellow.

A YOUNG Irishman once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move.
"What's the matter with it?" roared the squire.
"O, nothin', sorr," said the lad, quickly.
"Well, then, why don't you go?"
"Sure, sorr, I thought on the stringth of a recommind like that you'd be wantin' to hire me."

CHURCH resolutions do not scare politicians, but votes do.

POLITICIANS ask, What will win? Christians should ask, What is right?

DRINK AND GAMBLING BILLS.

A good deal has been written and preached about the prevalence of drinking and gambling habits among the working classes. Here are two simple facts in reference to the matter which were mentioned the other day by an intelligent artisan. On one job on which he was a few days ago employed a neighbouring publican collected each week end from the workmen a drink bill of £20. Not far from this place there is a printing establishment, one of the employees of which is in the habit of lending out money in small sums to his fellows for gambling and drinking purposes; this man has very commonly as much as £10 out at interest. Both these cases are from within the City boundaries.—Westminster Gazette.



Gregory's Success:

. . . or the Struggles of a Street Lad.

By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER IX.—Regrets.

"Lord! give me when my end appears
The joy to know of well-spent years,
Of good deeds done, of heights attained,
Of man's devotion and Thy favour gained."

THE first thrills of joy Gregory Johnson experienced on discovering the long-lost, long-sought sister, made him oblivious to every other consideration. The awfulness of the occasion, the misery of the surroundings, the degraded, sin-scarred appearance of the lodging-house people, even the rags, dirtiness and emaciation of Nell, all escaped his notice. Indeed he failed to observe that, instead of clinging to him with her old-time fondness, she rather sought to get away, and seemed determined to run off.

As for his father's fate he gave to it no thought until Mr. Spencer's

"What does all this mean, Gregory?"

recalled him. Then, as he sought to explain matters, he saw them in a different light, and, overcome by emotion, burst into tears.

The gaping crowd, which had heard his exclamation, and quickly realised the relationship existing between him and the dying victim of "Knifey Bill's" ferocity, read into these tears the evidences of filial affection. Hardened as they were by familiarity with scenes of violence and bloodshed, they were not beyond impression by the sorrows of the innocent, and in their own way sought to offer him what rough sympathy they could.

"He'll p'raps get better," said one. Another, "You'll soon find him out again."

"He's only in a dead faint."

"They'll put him right at the 'orspital."

Even Mr. Spencer shared their misinterpretation of his grief, and proposed to Gregory that they should follow the ambulance and learn for themselves what the issue would be.

At the same moment a policeman returning from the hospital said,

"If you are his son, and want to see him alive, you'd better go at once."

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"I don't wish to see him!" firmly responded Gregory.

"Not your own father?" queried the constable.

"No!" came the quick reply, revealing the trend of his innermost thought; "No! I loathe him! It will be a good job when he is dead."

"Gregory! Gregory!" expostulated Mr. Spencer, quite shocked at the speech he had just listened to.

"I mean what I say, Mr. Spencer. I don't want to go near him. He's been a brute to us for many a long year; cruel to my mother and to me and Nell. It'll be, I say again, a good job when he's dead."

"A jolly good job, you mean!" exclaimed Nell; "the old brute's lived too long already."

The fearful way in which she said this, the bitter, old-age tone of the language from one so young in years, told its own tale.

Mr. Spencer said nothing further to persuade them, but ventured to suggest that they should accompany him home, when one of those strange contradictions in nature showed itself in Gregory.

At first he was bitter in his thoughts of his father, even to the length of assuring himself that he would be doing wrong to take any further notice of him, and under the influence of his thoughts had rejected the suggestion made to him.

While Nell was speaking, however, his thoughts had changed. Memory, with lightning rapidity, recalled to his mind the last hours of his mother. He could see her again—a too-early blasted flower—dying of a broken spirit before her time. He could hear her saying, when he had spoken in boyish anger of his father's brutal indifference, "Don't, Gregory; it hurts me. He is your father. Don't speak thus, for my sake." Then he heard her loving voice chiding his bitterness and saying, "Gregory! do what you can for your father, for my sake. Do!"

His mother—there never was a truer spirit in all the world. Under the inspiration of her love he had struggled, suffered, and endured. He could resist everybody but his mother. If he had been a spiritualist he would have said she had just spoken to him. Whatever it was, her voice, or the memory of her voice, he would do what she would have done, and so he said—

"I was wrong, Mr. Spencer! I will go to see my father. Mother would."

But an obstacle he did not expect interposed. Nell had always been complaisant to his will. Anything brother Gregory wanted she had consented to. That was in the days before her wanderings.

Now she was a different creature. Vagrancy had sharpened her wit, strengthened her obstinacy and made her a wild, strong-willed, independent spirit.

"You can go if you like," she stormed, and then, with a fearful oath, added, "But I won't! Let the devil die. The best thing for him."

What further she would have said is unknown, for Mr. Spencer, fully realising the position, stopped all further speech by saying—"You go to the hospital, Gregory, to see your father. You must do. I will take your sister to a home near by, and then come for you. We can arrange all things later."

So the brother and sister parted. Nell going to the home, and Gregory with the policeman to the hospital.

It seemed a long time, short though the distance really was, until they reached the hospital, and were ushered through long and winding corridors into the room where David Johnson lay unconscious, as when taken from the lodging house.

From the first his case had been hopeless, and so the surgeons, concerned only with easing his last moments, had put him into a room by himself, where a nurse anxiously watched the flickering life.

Noiselessly Gregory entered, awed by the approaching demise, and took his seat without a word.

Just then the dying man moved, a moan escaped his lips, and the nurse passing to his side said, "He'll not last long. But he'll recover consciousness, I think, probably just before he goes. But not yet."

He relapsed again. His moaning ceased. But for the sound of his breathing, and the movements of the watchers, all became silent, and so continued.

Mr. Spencer, having seen Nell safely housed, had joined the little party, when an ashy paleness overspreading the dying man's features, told the nurse that the moment of dissolution was at hand.

Opening his eyes, and gazing wistfully round, first at the nurse and then the two watchers, David Johnson returned to consciousness.

His eyes met his son's. A look of recognition showed itself—a momentary look of irritation—and then he essayed to speak.

The effort was a painful one, and the nurse, not knowing all, raised her hand as if to check him. But he would not have it.

"No! No!" he said, "I must speak."

"Gregory, I'm done now. I've been a bad 'un I know. I deserve all I've got. I meant to do you harm, and I did my best to do what I meant."

"Father!" What was it made Gregory speak just then, and with a tenderness that was more reproachful than anger? It quite affected the dying man, who continued—

"You can't forgive me. I don't deserve it. I wouldn't have been thus, my lad, if I'd done as your mother wanted. But I didn't. I would have my own way. I would have the drink. It's that did it. May God forgive me! I killed your mother, and now have killed myself for drink."

"No, father!" urged Gregory. "You haven't killed yourself. It was——"

"No it wasn't. I did it myself. I began myself years ago, and I'm only finishing it now. I tell you it was drink—killed—me."

The last words were feebly uttered. They died away into silence, and with them their speaker.

Quietly the nurse covered his face. Mr. Spencer took hold of Gregory's arm and led him away, with the death silence seeming to re-echo the dying farewell—"Drink killed me."

(To be continued).

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,
Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.



ONE need not leave his native country in order to obtain experience in mountain climbing. A climb up Snowdon or Ben Lomond is, of course, a poor experience compared with the dangers and excitement of a climb up the Alps, but we need not despise the English mountain climber, though the heights he climbs are but hills by the side of the higher elevations of other parts of the world.

I remember very well my first experience of climbing. I was making a tour through North Wales, and was anxious to be able to say that I had seen the sun rise from the top of Snowdon. We were staying at a Temperance Hotel. When I say "we," I mean a happy party of young travellers, all bent on pleasure, without a thought or care for the morrow. We were determined to see all we could, and to get all the pleasure possible during the short time were free from the grindstone of business.

Our hostess suggested that it would be unwise to attempt to make the ascent in the dim light of the morning without the assistance of a guide, so we soon decided, after a little conference, to fall in with the suggestion. In half an hour the guide appeared. We had anticipated a stout stalwart Welshman with brawny limbs able to carry him over the most rocky path. To our astonishment a lad not more than fourteen years of age presented himself. Young as he was he had often made the ascent; and a few pence from each of our party would be sufficient to compensate him for his trouble in being our guide.

I shall never forget how one of our party took me aside and in the most confidential manner recommended me to provide myself with a flask of brandy to enable me to overcome the fatigues of the journey.

I laughed at him, for I knew very well that of all drinks brandy was the very worst to give strength to the limbs and steadiness to the brain.

"Thank you," I said, "for your kind advice, but I think a substantial meal before starting, a draught or so from the springs we shall find on the way, and a cup of hot coffee from the old man at the top of the mountain are all that I shall require."

It appeared to me that I had hardly been asleep ten minutes when I was roused by "boots," and informed that it was time to turn out. Breakfast was ready, but all the time we were eating it we were looking out of the window, very much disturbed by the drizzling rain that was falling. It was one of those dreadful rains so common in mountainous districts, that wet one almost to the bone in half-an-hour. But we did not care; we put on our mackintoshes, took our stout sticks in our hands, and off we started.

What a roaring, jolly crew we were! At this distance of time I am ashamed to think of the way we disturbed the peaceful slumbers of those who wanted to enjoy at least another five hours' sleep.

Our little guide led us on, and we soon began the ascent. Now it was over a smooth path, now over rough stones that tried the strength of one's knees, and the leather of one's boots, but the rain continued to pour down, and we lost all hope that we should see the glorious vision of a rising sun. After we had climbed for about two hours, we came to the "Half-way House." That was simply a rude pile of stones, and every traveller adds his stone to keep the pile well in size; by the side there ran down a stream of the purest and sweetest water I have ever tasted. My friend with the flask tried hard to persuade me to mix a little brandy with the water, but I preferred it in its natural and unadulterated condition.

The rain now ceased, the mist lifted, and glimpses of the surrounding country appeared. Behind the clouds the sun was shining in all its brilliancy.

As we continued our climb, a magnificent vision opened to our view, peak upon peak rose up before us, while between the hills were calm pools of water, on which the sun shone, making them look like molten gold.

Once on the top, our trouble was well repaid by the extensive prospect before us. The vision remains as a dream never to be forgotten; words cannot possibly describe its glories.

Those who want to know something of the dangers and excitement of real mountain climbing should read Edward Wymper's *Scrambles Among the Alps*. They will then learn somewhat of the fearful risks to which travellers on the snowy Alpine peaks are constantly exposed.

The cheap excursions arranged by the Polytechnic, and by others, make it possible for nearly all economical young men to have some little experience of Alpine travelling. The young Alpine travellers will be advised that his underclothing should be entirely woollen, that he should wear "goggles" to prevent snow-blindness, that his boots should be provided with suitable nails, and that among the necessaries for such an undertaking are a suitable companion, and an experienced guide.

The Chord of Self.

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "One Woman's Opinion," "Golden Gorse," "Behind the Clouds," etc.

"IT seems such a small thing to ask, and yet what a tremendous difference it will make in both our lives, Garton."

"Yes, if you are in real earnest I suppose it means happiness or unhappiness to me; for in losing you, dear, I shall be miserable, entirely and always miserable."

The girl's pure face, lit up by wondrous blue eyes, grew very wistful and anxious.

"Then why hesitate, if—if——?"

"There is no 'if' about it," he cried, catching up her words hastily, gazing at her with smouldering anger in his eyes. Why should her quixotic ideas on Temperance come between them? It seemed very ridiculous, he thought.

"I hope you are not going to decide hastily, Garton?"

He looked down at her with a doubtful air.

"Do you still persist?"

"I mean what I said, yes."

"Why should I turn total abstainer? There is not the least danger of me shaming you by my intemperance; a drunkard is my pet aversion."

"I know, I know." She clasped her hands together nervously, eager to explain her meaning. "It is because I think that total abstinence is one of the grandest things in the world. By it man sets an example to his fellow man, who is sometimes weaker than he is."



"Then why hesitate if—if?"

"To me that is not convincing. In my opinion, when a man signs the pledge it is a confession of weakness. My father is a moderate drinker; his reputation as a solicitor is high in the county, as you know. It has always been my ambition to follow his example. I have worked pretty hard, as you must own, dear, and have only my final exam. to get through."

Ethel Mordaunt was too noble to remind her lover that his father was a man of stronger character, therefore less liable to temptation, so she said,

"You are sociable, and rather inclined to be excitable, Garton."

He stood still, contemplating her in some surprise.

"My dear little critic, I had no idea you were such a reader of character."

She blushed shyly.

"I hope I have not hurt your feelings."

"Not a bit of it. Heyday, I wish I could do as you wish, for you really are a darling. I cannot give you up; besides, it has all been such plain sailing up to now. Your aunt approves of me, and of course you are well aware of my mater and pater's opinion of you."

Ethel plucked a spray of honeysuckle off a long straggling branch growing in the hedge beside which they stood, and inhaled its fragrant scent without speaking.

"How stupid I was to bring this ring! Under the circumstances you will not wear it, of course?"

He hoped she would all the same, as he opened the tiny leather case and displayed the exquisite pearl and turquoise Gipsy ring.

"It is lovely, Garton; but it would not be honest on my part to take it yet."

He noticed the emphasis she laid on the word "yet," and felt nettled.

"Oh, Ethel, you are going too far. I am not a stock or a stone that you should treat me like this. You mean that you will only accept my ring when I have turned 'total abstainer'?"

"Yes."

He snapped the lid of the little case down, and replaced it in his pocket.

Her pleading face was raised in final entreaty.

"Do as I wish, dear boy."

"I cannot, you ask too much."

Tears trembled in her voice.

"Then you do not love me."

"I do, but you demand more than I feel justified in doing."

"Yet it is a high purpose, Garton."

"Good-bye, Ethel, I can see that this fad is more to you than I am," and anger gleamed in his dark eyes, his heart hardening to the girl he really loved.

Her cheeks grew ashy white as hope died within her.

"Are you really going?"

Feigning not to hear her, he strode off down the long lane, striking the heads off inoffensive weeds with his stick as he passed them. Poor Ethel gazed after him with tears welling up in her pretty eyes, and then, drawing up her slight figure proudly, she walked away in the opposite direction to that taken by her lover. The lane was a picturesque one leading on to the high road, upon one side of which lay endless miles of undulating fields and meadows, whilst on the other nestled, behind a high, bleak-looking hill, the market town of S——, in the North of England. It was a lovely evening in "leafy June;" the hedges were laden with dog-roses, honeysuckle and woodbine, with here and there the red tint of young oak branches and the rich hued purple vetch. The beauties of the scenery were lost upon Ethel in that hour of pain; the world seemed grey and cold all at once. The fragrant air fanned her in playful mood, ruffling the half-curling tendrils of bronze-brown hair from under the brim of her sailor hat. The sun set over the hill-tops in a blaze of crimson and gold.

She quickened her steps over the springy turf, trying to shake off the melancholy which seized her. Absorbed in the engrossing thoughts of the interview with her lover and apparent failure, she turned the lane corner at a quick pace. At the same instant a party of cyclists bore down upon her, scorching at their utmost speed, as the road was clear. It was the work of a second, and how it happened Ethel could never quite explain, but she was knocked down suddenly, the back of her head coming into sharp contact with the hard road, and one wheel passed over her ankle. Exclamations of dismay escaped the tourists at the disaster, and they did all in their power to help her, one going to an adjacent farm for a conveyance to drive her home in. Severely shaken, with a sprained ankle, Ethel bore up bravely until she was carried into the dining-room at her aunt's home, when she terrified the old lady by fainting.

The news of Ethel's accident reached Garton late that same night. He could not at first credit it, as Ethel, being a cyclist herself, was not as likely to run the risk in crossing a road that she might otherwise have done. He suffered terribly from remorse, as he had parted from her in anger, and paced his room for half an hour wrestling with himself before he went to "Sunnyside," Ethel's home. When he arrived there he only saw Mrs. Mordaunt, the aunt who adopted Ethel when she was left an orphan. Knowing nothing of the quarrel between the young people the old lady was kind to Garton, overwhelming him with sympathy and tenderness.

"I am sorry that you cannot see the dear girl, but the doctor's orders are that she is to be kept perfectly quiet. You can understand that without being very serious the accident has shaken her extremely."

"I hoped the report was exaggerated," he managed to say in an unsteady voice.

"I am sure you did, poor child. It is a good thing we none of us know what is going to happen."

"It is indeed."

"I am thankful her face has escaped, and her teeth—those pretty teeth, Garton; would it not have been shocking if they had been damaged?"

"It would. Does she suffer much?"

"Well, of course, she is not without some pain. She is so sweetly patient, the dear child. To-morrow you may see her, I am quite sure you may."

"Thank you so much. When shall I come?"

"In the afternoon; not *too* early, you know," she said with an indulgent smile.

Garton walked across the room to the window, and contemplated the charming view it afforded for a few minutes in silence, longing to speak of the quarrel with Ethel, but refraining. Turning away restlessly he picked up a book off the table, and as he did so a faded rose fell from between the leaves. Blushing like a girl he replaced the treasured flower, guessing it to be one he had given to Ethel a few weeks before. Mrs. Mordaunt prudently ignored the little incident, and the young man felt relieved when he found himself out of doors again.

* * * * * * * *

Ethel, reclining on a couch, looking frail and helpless, formed such a contrast to her usual bright energetic self, that Garton stood looking at her awkward and miserable.

"Do sit down," she said gently, guessing something of his state of mind. "I am not very ill you know; it is only the shaking and the tiresome sprain."

"It was an awful thing to happen, especially as it was all my fault," he declared in a troubled voice as he sat down and turned a bunch of crimson and pale pink roses over and over in a nervous hand.

"Oh, Garton, it was not your fault at all. You must not think that. What lovely roses, are they for me?"

"Yes, if you will have them."

"How good of you to bring them."

"I don't want to worry you, Ethel, by talking

about it, but I know it was partly my fault yesterday. I was cruel and obstinate. It sounds conceited to say so, but I am sure you were thinking about what had passed between us when you turned that corner, dear. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, Garton, freely."

"You are too generous, I shall never forget."

"How perfect these roses are," she remarked, to break the silence which had stolen upon them.

"Yes; but, Ethel, don't you really blame me?"

"Not at all."

Forgiving love shone in her pale face, making her blue eyes bright again.

"Oh! darling, I have suffered horribly all last night, and could not settle to work this morning thinking about you. I made up my mind on one score though. Shall you care, I wonder?" She raised her head eagerly, the colour in her cheeks matching the roses.

"Do you really mean that, Garton?"

"Yes," he answered simply, pledging himself to do her wish, meeting her clear gaze with honest determination in his brown eyes.

"That is splendid."

"It's little enough to do for you after all."

"I don't count it little," she told him gently, a great happiness welling up in her heart at the knowledge that he loved her better than himself. Reaching a pledge form out of the drawer of her writing-table, near her couch, she had the pleasure of seeing him sign it with his name.



By John Dale.

. . *IX.—September Flowers.* . .

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their rapture in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me:—
This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

IN September, the sun describes a smaller arch across the sky on each succeeding day, and the nights are slowly creeping out. The "children of the sunshine" have much less time to sport and play; many of them are gone away, until the next year's sun shall call them back again.

The primrose to the grave is gone,
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossy stone
Hath laid her weary head.

Autumn days are coming on, blackberries and nuts are ripening fast. The mountain ash is clothed in green and scarlet livery of pinnate leaves and bright red berries. The summer flowers of wood and field have nearly all produced their seed, and but a few remain in bloom in shady nooks, or by the streams and river banks.

One of these will be the premorse scabious (*Scabiósa succísa*), common on hill pastures and heaths, and often met with on the sides of country roads. It has two kinds of leaves, "radical," or root leaves, which are oblong, with smooth edges; and "cauline," or stem leaves, narrow and pointed, with toothed edges.

The stems, from twenty to thirty inches high, are slender, hairy, and branched in the upper part; each branch having a terminal head of purplish blue flowers. The root is short and abrupt, as if it had been bitten off, hence the term premorse. In some books on botany it is designated the devil's-bit scabious. The word scabious was adopted from the Latin *scabies*,

because of its supposed virtues in healing skin diseases.

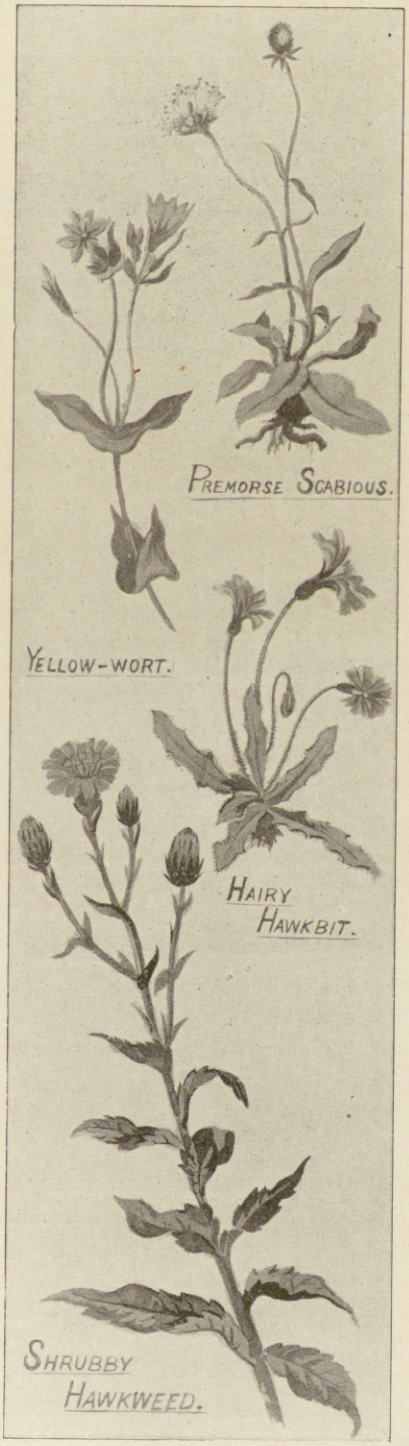
Another flower to be met with in September is the perfoliate yellow-wort (*Chlora perfoliáta*), a slender, erect plant, from twelve to eighteen inches in height. The broad but pointed leaves, which are a glaucous green, occur in pairs at some distance along the stem. Each pair is "connate," that is, they are united by their bases, and the stem passes through them, hence the term perfoliate.

The flowers grow in clusters on three "peduncles," or flower stalks, in which the stem is divided above the last pair of leaves. Each flower is cup-shaped and divided into eight lobes, which are a brilliant yellow colour. It is a rather striking plant, found chiefly on chalky land, or dry pastures. I first found it growing on Congleton Edge.

The hawkweeds, which many mistake for dandelions, are a very numerous family of the composite order of plants. They are more numerous than the family of the "old woman who lived in a shoe."

In olden times there was a general belief that hawks fed their young on the seeds of these plants, to give them keener eyesight. Hence their English name. In France, Germany and Italy they are called hawk's plants. They were once believed to be efficacious against the bites of serpents.

There is a great difference in the habits of hawkweeds. Some species grow on walls, some on dry banks, others in fields and meadows. Some have naked stems, or scapes, which grow up from the root, each bearing a single flower. The mouse-ear hawkweed is one of these. We have quite a number of hawkweeds with leafy stems; the wall hawkweed, the wood hawkweed, the marsh hawkweed, and more than twenty other species described by botanists.



Nearly all the composite flowers, with strap-shaped or ray florets, close themselves in the afternoon or evening of the day. One or two close at mid-day, and, in consequence, have been called "Jack go to bed at noon." Some close at three o'clock, some at four, others just before sunset.

See all the hawkweed's various tribes
Of plumy seeds and radiate flowers,
Their bloom the course of time describes,
And wake and sleep appointed hours.

They all close, too, when rain comes on, for the rain would dissolve the little store of honey each tiny floret contains; the insects would not visit honeyless flowers, and little or no seed would be produced.

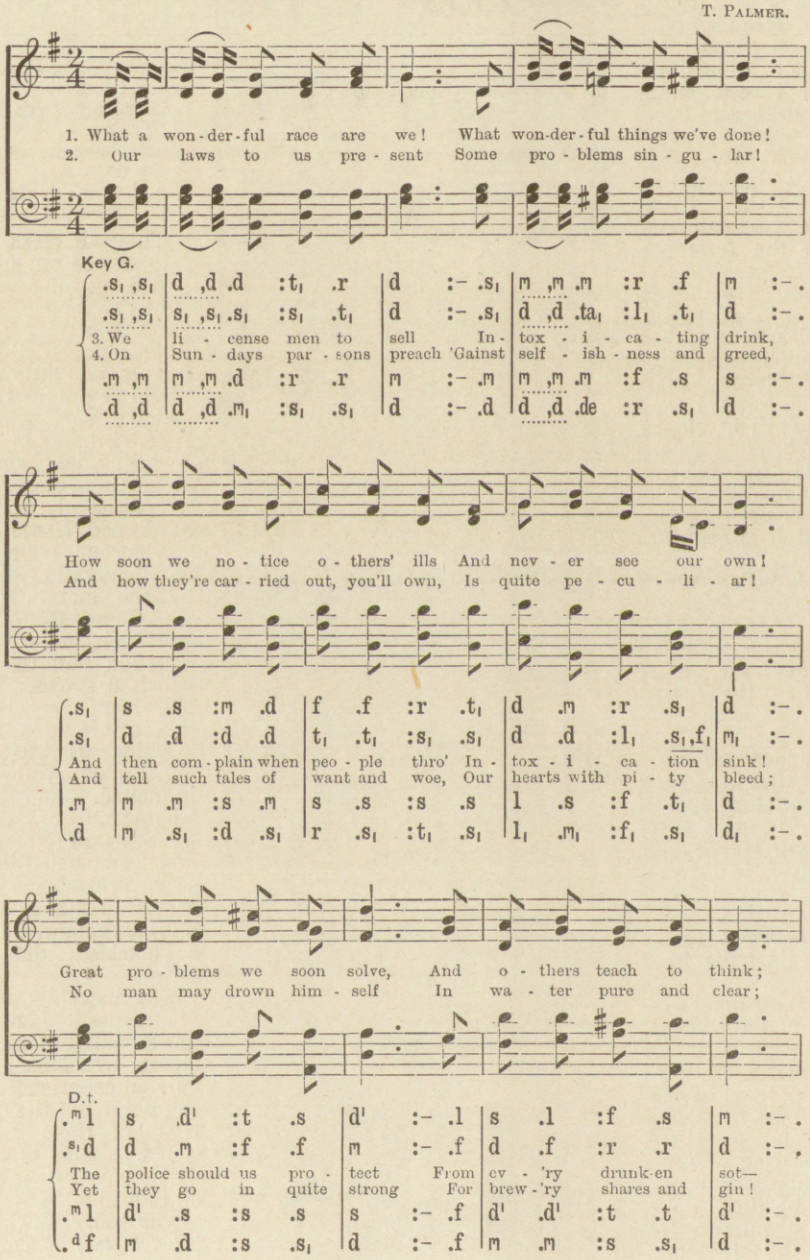
Some species appear in June, others in July and August, while some do not bloom till September. Among the latter is the shrubby hawkweed (*Hierácium boréale*) a vigorous plant, common on many railway banks, and by the margin of woods. The stem is from one to four feet high, according to its situation and the soil on which it grows. It is erect, hairy, and very leafy; the leaves are sessile, nearly clasping the stem. The upper part of the stem is branched, and forms a "panicle," or cluster of flower heads; their "involucris," or cups, have dark scales pressed closely down; the strap-shaped florets are a bright yellow, each having a blackish, doubly-curved style.

The hawkbits are not so numerous a family as the hawkweeds, which they closely resemble; in fact, only an experienced botanist can point out the difference. None of them have leafy stems, as some of the hawkweeds have; their leaves are all radical.

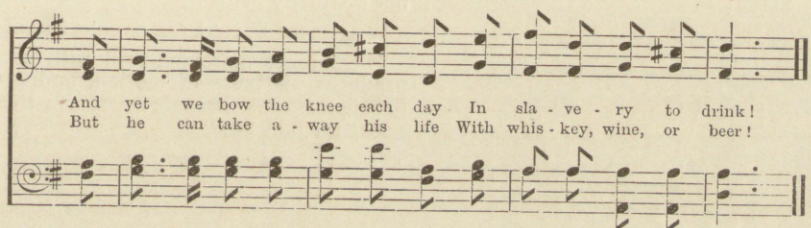
The hairy hawkbit (*Leóntodon hirtus*) is common on heaths and gravelly pastures. By some botanists it is designated hairy thrincia. It is a small plant, not more than six inches high. The leaves are lance-shaped, slightly lobed, and covered with stiff, forked hairs. It throws up many purplish, hairy scapes, each bearing a single bud, which hangs downward.

ISN'T IT PECULIAR?

T. PALMER.



ISN'T IT PECULIAR?



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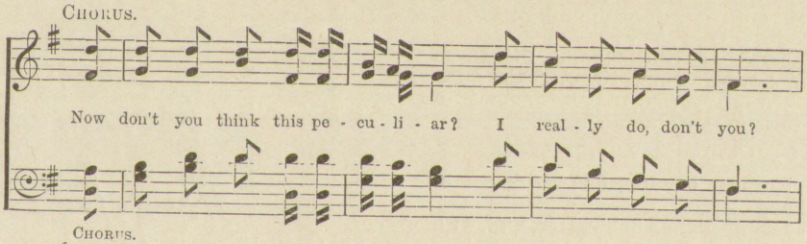

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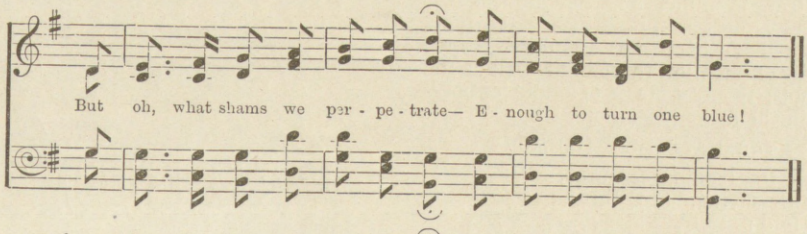

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Boys' Life Brigade.



FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

DR. PATON, of Nottingham, in these columns twelve months ago, spoke wise and helpful words to all anxious to ensure the future happiness of

"THAT BOY,"

the present vigorous, irrepressible evidence of the new manhood.

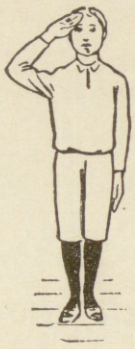
The Doctor has now gone one better, and, with the help of the Sunday School Union, has organised

THE BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE;

an excellent institution, which, devoid of the militarism of the Boys' Brigade and similar bodies, is admirably designed to attract and retain our youth, to cultivate in them love of honour, discipline and precision, to develop sturdy independence and inter-dependence, and to encourage truer manliness and devotion.

Its methods, aims and operations make it a most useful auxiliary of Senior Band of Hope work, and in its application thereto, as well as to Sunday Schools, it presents a splendid opportunity to retain the senior members.

WHAT IS THE BOYS' LIFE BRIGADE?



THE SALUTE.

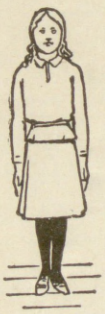
Its leading features, life-saving, are threefold:

(1) First aid to the injured.

(2) The rescue and resuscitation of the apparently drowned.

(3) Fire drill.

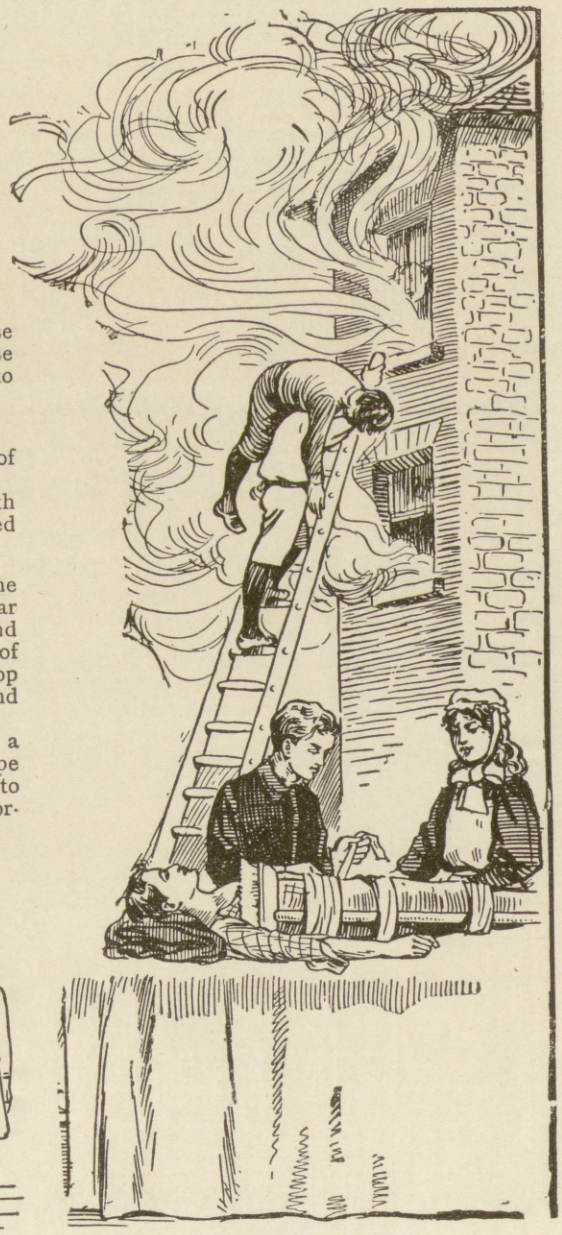
It is not in opposition to the objects of the Boys' Brigade or the Lads' Brigade, but its aim is to associate all drill with life-saving. It does not collide with the work of the St. John Ambulance Association, but distinctly helps it.



SWEDISH DRILL.

WHAT THE BOYS' LIFE-SAVING BRIGADE DOES.

It combines marching drill with musical drill, produces alertness of motion, and erectness of physique. The Brigade's "Musical-Drill Handbook" introduces all the usual exercises, marching,



LADDER FIRE DRILL.

calisthenics, with and without dumb-bells, etc.

In addition, special arrangements are made for imparting really valuable information on "First Aid to the Injured," "Ladder Drill," "Fire Extinguishing," "Restoration of the Apparently Drowned," all of far greater value and utility to the young idea than the exercises in musketry, upon which so many are at this moment bent.

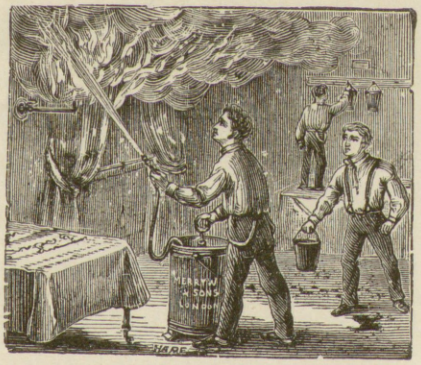
The spirit of the Boys' Life Brigade is that of the poet who said, "Conquering may prove as lordly a thing in building up as breaking down."



SWIMMING DRILL.

THE OUTFIT REQUIRED

is very little. Indeed one great recommendation



PORTABLE HAND-ENGINE DRILL AND WATER-BUCKET FIRE DRILL.

lies in the small cost at which "our lads'" interest can be created and maintained by willing workers.

Where the Life Brigade is run in connection with a Band of Hope or other Evening Continuation School its exercises count for the purposes of a

GOVERNMENT GRANT IN AID;

the time spent therein being paid for at the rate of one penny per hour. Experts are not needed. The average conductor, with a little application could master and teach all the drills, and with the help of a musical friend make them most attractive.

Many of our societies, even if they do not take up the scheme as a part of a general system of instruction under Government auspices (a course highly to be recommended) would find their senior members' interest greatly increased by the inauguration of the Life Brigade, which, although started primarily for boys and for senior members, can be adopted for junior members and girls.

The association of the drill with life-saving purposes, teaching how to act in cases of fire, drowning, etc., would prove invaluable, and would help to overcome that "monotony of haphazard purposelessness" which characterises too many programmes.

Full particulars can be had of the Secretary of the Boys' Life Brigade, Mr. H. E. Norton, 56, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

We have been indebted for the illustrations to the Salvation Army Publishing Department, who have issued excellent manuals for drill and other L.B. purposes.

Lament of a Little Girl.

MY brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of a girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea-sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma made him little suits,
With pockets all complete,
And cut off all his yellow curls,
And packed them up so neat:
And Will, he was so pleased, I b'lieve
He almost jumped with joy;
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

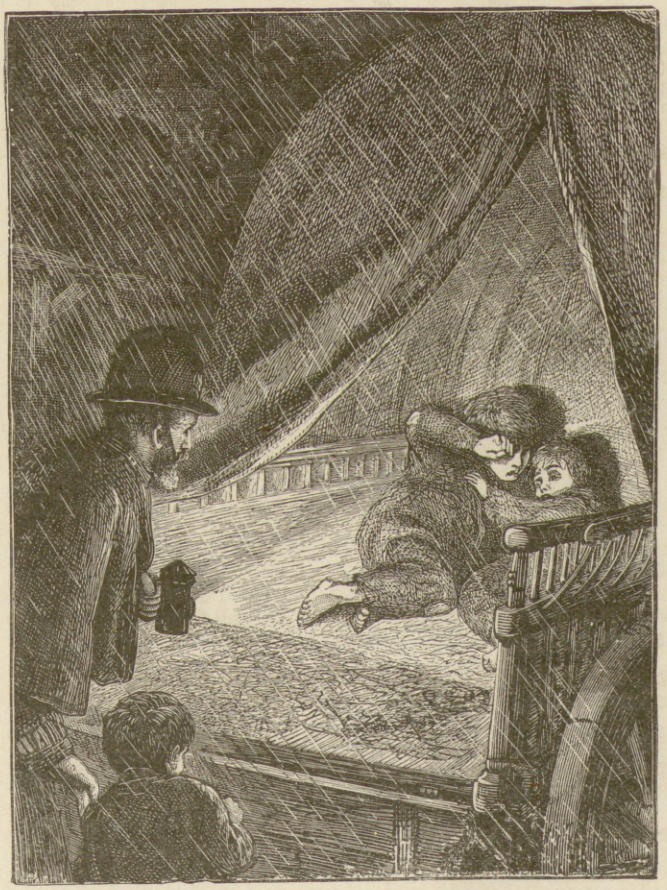
And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin;
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit or win;
And leap-frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank, or Roy—
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel,
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and just be good,
While Will can climb and fight.
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl;
And worse—oh, worsest thing of all—
I have to stay a girl.

Tommy's Charges.

By B. E. Slade.

IT was a pitiless night. The rain poured down in streams, and only those were abroad who were called forth by necessity. But Tommy Larkins was speeding through the murky gloom, "ducking" his unprotected head, while his bare feet splashed recklessly through mud and mire towards a track of waste ground adorned by rubbish heaps. It was not a favourable time for rummaging among dirt and ashes, but Tommy was driven by those inward pangs which crave satisfaction at all costs.



So absorbed he grew in his search that he did not hear approaching footsteps, and started when a voice accosted him.

"What are you doing here?"

It was too late to escape; the policeman's hand was on his shoulder, and his lantern turned on him.

"Please, I aint doin' nothin'"

While he spoke, Tommy's eyes glared hungrily down at a sodden crust the light had revealed, and the policeman's heart was touched. He drew out Tommy's history; how his father had been killed in a drunken brawl, and his mother had died, and he had lived since "how he could."

"Well, I shouldn't do my duty if I let you go on like this," said the policeman. "I know a kind gentleman who takes in destitute boys, so I'll take you to one of his shelters."

But Tommy refused to go, and the man grew angry.

"I must lock you up then," he said; "come along!"

At this Tommy burst out crying.

"Don't, please!" he sobbed; let me go back to Jack and Bennie, and I won't take the victuals no more."

"Who're Jack and Bennie? And where are they?"

"I put 'em into a big cart in the yard at the 'Carriers' Arms.' They're only little, and they'll be frightened without me. Please let me go."

"We'll both go," answered the policeman, moving on.

Further inquiries elicited the information that the little boys were not Tommy's brothers, but belonged to a former neighbour, who had been good to his mother. She had died last week, and there was no one to look after the children, for the father had deserted his home some time before. The boys would have been sent to the Union, but Tommy had evaded this by actually running away with them, and he had evaded all search until now. He had found some food for them this evening, but there had not been enough for him to "go shares," so, having settled them to sleep in the warmest place he could find, he went out to get his own supper. And, somehow, the policeman felt inclined to treat Tommy more like a hero than a breaker of the law.

A brisk walk brought them to the "Carriers' Arms," and the policeman's lantern was turned upon two pitiful faces, as the little ones, wakened from sleep, began to cry. But their sobs were soon checked, for Tommy told them that the policeman was a kind friend, who had come to take them to a nice home.

"I don't care about going myself," he added, frankly, "but it will be best for them, and they wouldn't go without me."

* * * * * * * *

The large hall of a provincial town was packed one evening, when a popular entertainment was given; its chief attraction being a number of

pieces rendered by a selected band from a home for destitute children. Among the foremost was our old friend, Tommy; and if the policeman could have heard the rounds of applause he won he would have felt proud of his "hero."

Jack and Bennie were there, too, transformed by respectable clothing and happy surroundings, but recognisable still. It was well they had not yet grown "out of knowledge," or the strange sequel of my story could not have been told.

At the close of the meeting a man hurried up to the platform, and asking for a "word" with the superintendent electrified him by claiming these two boys as his children. He had been searching for them since his return to England, but had failed to find any trace of their whereabouts. He was anxious now to have them to brighten his home; his second wife, a kind, motherly woman, was prepared to take them to her heart.

"Tommy must come, too!" they urged; "we cannot go without Tommy."

The days of being "put upon," however, were over in the home of the little boys, for the father—now a Christian and teetotaler—spared no pains to make reparation for the past.

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Hobbies and Exercise.

I DO not need to particularise the hobbies, for these are manifold. Science in all its branches is open to us all, and more especially in its application to things of every-day life or work. Seeing that we have plenty to choose from, there should be no difficulty in adopting the one which will carry us away from the worry of our work and yet enlarge our interests in the prosaic things of this world.

The principal difficulty with one and all is the grinding monotony of our labour. Whether we toil with our hands or slave away at mental occupation, at times we suffer from the depression consequent on the sameness of the work. Though this may not entail any great exertion or be an unusual tax on the brain, yet it becomes wearying from the want of variety. This very fact should teach us that whatever hobby is taken up should be of such a nature that a different set of muscles or

BRAIN CELLS

should be put into operation to those which have been in use in the discharge of our every-day work.

TO BE IDLE IS UNHEALTHY.

The continuity of interest is broken, and a habit of loafing is acquired, which is contrary to all the ethics of our social life. A muscle wastes from want of exercise, and the brain deteriorates when it is not in action.

Here let me say a word or two about exercise. A postman may be said by some to have enough exercise to keep his body healthy, because in the course of his duties he walks many miles and distributes many letter. Yet this is work, and not exercise, because his mind is occupied with the discharge of his ordinary duties, meanwhile he walks mechanically from house to house down miles of streets. His eyes are not brightened by the sight of new things, nor his thoughts allowed full play in making mental pictures of what he sees, so that by long familiarity he fails to recognise that there is anything new in the world, and like the tram horse, which, if kept too long on the same route, drags out its languid existence prematurely, its life being shortened by the very monotony of its daily run.

To take exercise, using the word in its proper sense, is to do something which will bring fresh muscles into play, and at the same time, in the midst of fresh surroundings and also in the company of

GENIAL COMPANIONS,

give a zest to the walk or an interest in the game or hobby at the time in operation.

To one who has to spend his time in the midst of buzzing and whirring machinery, a day spent in the quiet country, having botany or photography as a means of recreation, is the best way to both recuperate the health and to preserve it. With one who at the desk toils away through rows of figures, and with nothing to relieve the monotony,

THE EXCITEMENT OF FOOTBALL OR CRICKET

brings relief to the jaded mind. I do not mean the excitement of watching two teams struggle for the mastery of a ball or the acquisition of a goal with the intensified interest of a money bet, for this is only adding fuel to a fire which already burns too brightly. We have here an artificial interest in a thing, without the compensating advantage of exercise and the thought of having secured a victory by our own skill, or the fact that the thing we took in hand had been well done.

THE UNWHOLESOME EXCITEMENT

which marks our present-day life robs it of its natural placidity and honest pleasure, and does harm to the nervous system in that it keeps up the tension, taking more out of us than we can replace by either food or innocent recreation. If innocence characterised all our pleasures we would get the full benefit out of them without the distressing after effects brought about by a reaction and the gnawing of conscience which tells us that we have done wrong.

It is not the great troubles of life which either kill or lay low their victims, but the smaller worries connected with home or business which fret and fume us into a state of hypochondriacism.

With these on the one hand, and the state of high pressure of our lives on the other, it is small wonder that our health breaks down or premature old age is brought on. I do not mean that we should harden ourselves against the worries which usually chafe us, because in many cases that means the stifling of conscience, but the best way to prevent acquiring an irritability of temper is in keeping both the body and the mind fully occupied with rational amusement and occupation.

"So Brave."

By A. W. Dale.



THE day was sultry, but on the top of the cliffs the breeze blew with refreshing coolness, and just prevented it from becoming unbearably hot. Below, the picturesque hamlet nestled in the bay. On the pebbly beach fishing nets, ropes and boats, clearly indicated the occupation of the inhabitants. A few men lounged listlessly about the quay; some bare-legged children, running hither and thither, were the only signs of life. Away across the bay a long line of rocks ran far out into the grey sea, terminated by the bold jagged outline of the Beacon. Stretching still further a streak of glistening foam marked the continuation of the reef now covered by the waves.

But my thoughts were back in the past—busy with the memories of my boyhood. I thought of one dark night of awful storm, when the "May Queen," travelling from Bristol to the Channel Islands, lost her way in the darkness, and was dashed to pieces on those rocks.

Many a time have I heard Ben Simpson tell the story of that night's work, and of what it did for him.

Ben was a tall sturdy fisherman, always reckoned the best of the lifeboat crew. Ever since he was a lad it had been his duty to look after the Beacon light, and never did he fail when the weather was stormy. The passage along the rocks was very dangerous, but Ben knew every step of the way; and on dark nights you might see the twinkle of his lantern as he steadily advanced along the rocky path, until the glare of the Beacon light told that once more his task was accomplished. Ben was, on the whole, a steady fellow; and, though he liked an occasional glass was seldom led into excess. Only once—be it said to his credit—was he led to neglect his duty or to forget his responsibility to his snug little home.

Ben and his wife, Jennie, lived happily together, she being a cheerful, thrifty body, whose sole care was the welfare of her husband and their only child. Jack had grown up among the fisherfolk, and early began to take a lively interest in the affairs of the village. He was a bright, daring little fellow, and loved to be taken to sea with the fleet. Though he begged many times for the privilege, Ben would never allow him to go with him to the Beacon. In his father's absence, however, he had attempted the passage; but with what success none but Jack could have told you. Possibly you might have guessed something from the mischievous twinkle of his blue eyes.

Towards the close of a bad season, when fishing had failed and prosperity in Stratton was at a low ebb, Ben, in order to mend matters, resorted to the public-house oftener than usual. Jennie's face began to wear a look of care and anxiety which Ben was not slow to notice; and, in his clear moments, he would straighten his back suddenly, and bring down his fist upon the table with a bang that did justice to his sturdy frame. Jack, as he sat by the fireside, would look up wondering to see his mother lift the corner of her apron to her eyes. Ben saw too, and resolved; but he knew not the weakness of his own will, or the terrible strength of his enemy.

It was nearing the close of a day heavy with forebodings of storm. Great masses of cloud were driven before a strong westerly wind, which grew in vehemence until, by nightfall, it had lashed the sea into fury and piled thick darkness upon the heaving waters. Those who had gathered about the shore during the day were gone to their homes, leaving one solitary watcher to pace the beach. The streets of the village were deserted save for one stalwart figure, who staggered along under the shelter of the walls. It was Ben Simpson.

Suddenly out of the blackness sprang a thin curve of flame, which disappeared, quickly followed by another. There was no mistaking the signal of distress, and soon the fishermen gathered in the darkness, and the beach became a lively scene.

The lifeboat was dragged down to the water's edge, and able and willing hands took up positions at the oars. A number of women, gesticulating wildly, ran hither and thither, swinging large lanterns at their sides. One man was missed. Hoarse voices shouted for Ben Simpson. Nothing was heard in response save the wild roar of the storm. The boat was pushed into the seething waters, and soon the lights disappeared in the murky gloom, leaving the women on the beach to watch and wait.

And what of Ben? He lay on his kitchen floor, breathing heavily in drunken sleep, whilst Jack sat gazing into the fire and listening to the wind as it howled round the chimney. In haste Jennie returned from the beach, and in the anguish of despair, knelt by her husband's side vainly endeavouring to awake him to a sense of his duty.

"Ben, lad! come! th'art wanted on th' beach; there's a boat gone to wrack on th' Traps, an' they're wantin' thee. Come, lad! dunna be back'ard, now. What'll they think on thee, Ben? Come, lad! wake up, they're waitin' on thee. Come, Ben, lad!" But the only answer to her entreaties was a growl, and, at last, tiring of her ineffectual efforts, she sank into tearful silence by his side.

Suddenly the latch clicked, and a gust of wind swept round the house as a number of excited women hurried in. They set down a lantern on the floor, and with blanched faces advanced towards the fire.

"Jennie, lass! where's Ben?" they asked excitedly. "Th' boat's gone out to th' Traps, an' they'll be lost sure. Th' Beacon's no' lit! God help 'em! Where's Ben?"

For answer the woman pointed to the prostrate figure of her husband. With exclamations of dismay they crowded round, calling his name, rubbing and slapping his hands and face to restore him to his senses.

"Ben Simpson, th' Beacon's no' lit! They'll be lost, Ben! Come, man; brace thysel'; get up, man! Th' Beacon!"

But their efforts were as futile as Jennie's, and they soon gave up the attempt, and stood wringing their hands in despair.

"Where's Jack!" cried Jennie, looking hastily round the kitchen. All eyes were turned in the direction of the fire, but he was gone, and the lantern too was missing. Jennie caught up a shawl, and, wrapping it round her head, disappeared in the darkness, closely followed by the other women. With heads bent forward to meet the cutting gale they reached the beach. A glance in the direction of the rocks, and Jennie's worst fears were realised. A tiny twinkle through the darkness showed where Jack was even then struggling along the dangerous rocks.

"Oh, Jack! come back, lad! Tha'll ne'er do it, come back! Ben! oh, Ben!" she cried frenziedly. Her voice was lost in the storm, and she sank down senseless upon the stones.

"Carry her home," shouted a number of voices. Three pairs of strong hands lifted her up and bore her away. The tiny light twinkled on, and still the little group stood upon the beach and watched with anxious hearts until the light disappeared.

"God help him! He's a brave little chap!"

Soon the flare of the Beacon told them their prayer was answered, and a ringing cheer arose; and, through the yell of the storm, came—was it only the echo of their own voices, or was it a faint hurrah carried from over the sea?

When the storm began to abate and the first grey streaks in the east betokened the coming day, the lifeboat came in. Willing hands caught the rope thrown to them and made it fast to the wharf, whilst brave fellows swung themselves over the side of the boat.

"How many have yo' got?" cried a number of voices.

"Two lads," was the reply, as they handed them out, dripping with water. They laid them out on the beach, and their pale faces shone deathlike in the light of the lanterns. One was covered with blood, which ran from a deep gash in the forehead. They gently wiped away the blood, and exclamations of alarm escaped the lips of some onlookers as they recognised the features of little Jack Simpson.

At the same time a stalwart figure elbowed his way through the crowd and, stooping down, caught up one helpless form in his arms.

"Bring t'other chap along, somebody!" he hoarsely cried and strode away with his burden.

"That's Ben," cried a woman's voice. "Here! gi' me a hand with the stranger, quick!" and another helpless bundle of humanity was borne away.

"Poor little Jack! Aw'm afeard he'll no' come round," they said with hushed voices. "He's had a nasty knock."

"He must a' slipped when he were comin' back."

"Eh! but he's a brave un! Poor Jennie too!"

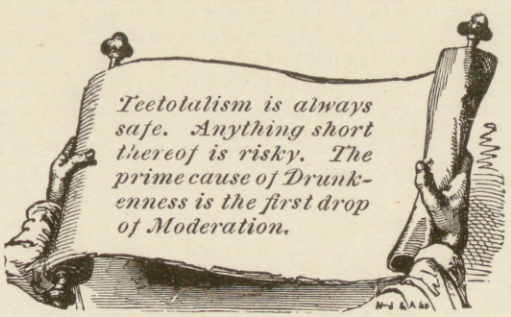
When morning broke over the little bay, its smiling face bore no trace of the storm which, a few hours before, had hurried fifteen souls into eternity. But sadness reigned in Ben Simpson's home—aye! and in his heart too. He sat in the little bedroom, watching the pale face of his dead child. Yes! brave little Jack was dead. Ben hardly believed it, but that ugly gash on the smooth white brow confirmed the sad truth. "He was a brave little chap," the neighbours said, but that only intensified his grief, and gave a sting to his already awakened conscience. He alone was to blame for the death of his child. His soul was up in arms against his passionate self.

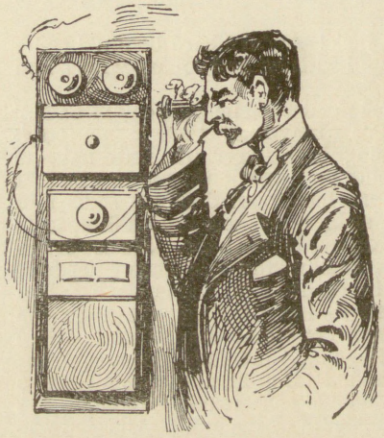
Meanwhile, downstairs, kindly neighbours did what they could for the stranger. Jennie was prostrated with grief, and could not help them, but the faint breathings of the sufferer were welcome indications that their efforts would be successful. With gentle perseverence they coaxed back the life that had been so nearly lost.

In a day or two he was able to sit up in bed, and then it was that Ben learnt something of the stranger's history, and decided that God had sent him to take the place of little Jack in his heart and home.

And that's how I became Ben Simpson's lad, for I was the stranger who was rescued from the "May Queen" that night, and, though it's fifteen years ago, I have not forgotton that pale face with the ugly gash across the brow. Ben made them bring him to my bedside ere they bore him away, and with tears streaming down his face and in a voice broken with grief he said, "I'll be a better father to thee, lad! than I've been to little Jack. God help me!"

They laid Jack to rest near the edge of the cliff, and bitter tears of penitence and grief mingled with the salt spray that fell upon his grave. Ben has kept his promise faithfully; a better father I could not have had. Jennie is happy and cheerful, too, for Ben never goes to the public house now, though he often goes to sit by the little grave near the edge of the cliff.





The tendency to abstain from liquors is growing more and more among young men of to-day. The brightest young men I know, young men who are filling positions of power and promise, never touch a drop of beer, wines, or intoxicants of any sort; and the young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adhere to strict abstinence will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him.

THE four-year-old daughter of a popular clergyman was ailing one night, and was put to bed early. She said:

"Mamma, I want to see my papa."

Her mother replied: "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed."

Pretty soon she said again: "I want to see my papa."

The mother replied as before: "No, your papa must not be disturbed."

It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"

GRIEF may sometimes drive a man to drink, but Drink always brings a man to grief.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly;
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

J. G. Whittier.

"There is no work you can do for God—I say it with perfect seriousness and thoughtfulness about what I am saying—there is no work you can do for Almighty God, for religion, for the welfare of the people at large, for your own selves, that will compare with this Temperance work."
—Rev. Canon Murnane.

During the first year that an inebriate home was founded at London 475 men drunkards volunteered to go in to try to lose their craving for drink. Of these 475, 111 had received a high education at college, whilst 335 had had a better education than was given at an ordinary school. The number included 33 doctors, 23 solicitors, 10 clergymen, 55 merchants, and men of business, artists, musicians, and all sorts and conditions of men, of talent, brilliant parts, education, and social position, all ruined by drink.

HUSBAND: "What did the doctor say, Mary?"

Wife: "Not much. He asked me to put out my tongue."

Husband: "Yes?"

Wife: "And he said, 'overworked.'"

Husband (with a long breath of relief): "That doctor knows his business."

So many people long for opportunities to do great things, while the world perishes—for want of people who will do something—anything—big or little—and do it right away.

ALCOHOL.

A.—AVOID ALCOHOL.
B.—Battle with it.
C.—Call it anything but a blessing.
D.—Dread it.
E.—End its existence.
F.—Fight it.
G.—Get away from it.
H.—Hate it.
I.—Intensely fear it.
J.—Join the pledge never to swallow it.
K.—Knock it over.
L.—Look not upon it.
M.—Meddle not with it.
N.—Never taste it.
O.—Out and out against it.
P.—Prove it to be a sham.
Q.—Quaff it not.
R.—Raise money to oppose it.
S.—Sow teetotal seed continually.
T.—Touch not "the cup."
U.—Use no wine, not even home-made.
V.—Vie with others to undermine its power.
W.—Woe follows the using of it.
X.—'Xpect no blessing in it.
Y.—YOU are wanted to seal its doom.
Z.—Zealously work for its downfall.

In a common lodging-house, Geo. R. Sims found a paymaster of the Royal Navy, two Cambridge college chums, who met at the lodging-house by accident, a doctor, a clergyman, who had taken high honours at his university, a one-time superintendent of a Sunday school, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange, the brother of a scholar of European reputation, and the brother of the vicar of a large London parish. All these men of position and brilliant talent and parts were brought there through drink.

A Noble Example.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

EVERY grade of life has its heroes. Some are heroic in fighting, some in withstanding. The noblest heroes are those who stand for principle.

Ethel Oxley, a member of the Centenary Wesleyan Band of Hope, Dewsbury, is one of these.

Recently, when returning from Blackpool with her father and mother and other excursionists from Dewsbury, the train in which she was seated, while running at a high speed, suddenly left the metals. Instantly there was great confusion and indescribable agony. Many of the passengers were seriously injured, some were killed. When helpers arrived on the scene, among the *debris*, jammed beneath the woodwork. with her legs and body seriously hurt, they found the little girl whose portrait we give. They tried to remove her, but found the weight of the carriage upon her too great. Out of the goodness of his heart, seeing how faint and weary she was, one of the rescuers brought a brandy flask, and holding it to her lips bade the helpless girl drink to keep her from fainting.



A Band of Hope Heroine.

But Ethel Oxley was a

TRUE "BAND OF HOPER."

Early she had learned to touch not, taste not, handle not. Pained and suffering as she was, she remembered her pledge, and firmly, but courteously, declined the offer, adding, "I'm a Band of Hope girl; I can't take that;" and though it was pressed upon her refused and did without.

We may not all be called upon to suffer as Ethel Oxley was, but

"NO ALCOHOL FOR ME!"

must be the motto for all true Band of Hope lads and lasses who would faithfully fight our country's foe.

We are glad to say the little heroine is doing well now.

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Children of the Sunshine: X.—October Flowers.

By John Dale.

Flowers image forth the boundless love
God bears His children all,
Which ever droppeth from above
Upon the great and small.
Each blossom that adorns our path,
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine
That fell and flourished there.

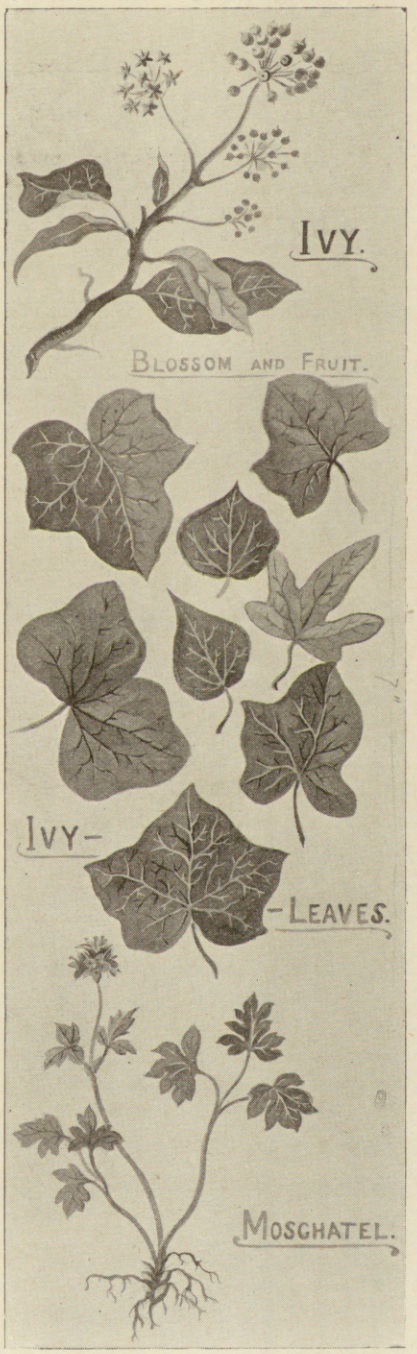
THE summer has gone, the sun has passed the equinox, and October has come, with its cooler days and longer nights.

The rich tints of russet, brown and gold, that have gradually crept over the dark-green summer foliage, give a glow of colour to the woods which is pleasing to the eye. The few sunny days, that sometimes make October bright with golden beams, light up the landscape with a warmth and beauty the summer cannot rival.

In the British Isles, October often brings a succession of stormy winds and pelting rains, which are followed by the frosts and fogs of autumn. The winds rush across the fields, and whistle through the trees, scattering their glowing leaves until, by-and-bye, the branches are left stark and bare, and we realise that winter is creeping on apace.

But all is not gone yet; here and there in the lanes and woody dells, or in the hedgerows of the fields, a few summer flowers may still be seen. Here is Herb Robert, with its pink blossoms, the stems and leaves a glowing scarlet; there a few lilac-coloured thistles and yellow tormentils. Now and then a solitary buttercup, a common daisy, a pale-blue harebell, and a few heads of clover may be met with.

The shrubby hawkweeds are more abundant, like the michaelmas daisies, they are really autumn flowers. The shrubs of the smaller gorse (*Ulex nanus*) display their yellow blossoms, and light up many a bank with a golden glow.



Many of the hedgerows are bright with the scarlet hips of the wild rose, or the dark red haws of the hawthorn. The ungathered blackberries, with their glossy drupes, are seen in places where brambles are wont to grow, while their leaves reflect many shades of green and crimson. Here and there clusters of the shining red berries of the woody nightshade, hanging on bines from which the leaves have dropped, form bright patches of colour athwart the thorns and brambles. We must warn our young friends against eating these berries, as they are decidedly poisonous. The glowing scarlet berries of the mountain ash have nearly all disappeared before th middle of October, as the blackbirds, thrushes and starlings are especially fond of them.

The only native flower that makes its first appearance in this month is the well-known ivy (*Hédera helix*). We have all seen the walls of some venerable church or ruined castle covered with its glossy green verdure. We have seen the trunk of some patriarchal tree made evergreen by the ivy that entwined it, and its boughs festooned with garlands of ivy branches. Many a rough and crumbling garden wall has its ugliness hidden by masses of its green foliage.

The ivy is a climbing plant; if the stem finds support, it throws out two rows of rootlets, which cling to the wall or bark of the tree against which it leans. These rootlets are sometimes called aërial roots because they grow in the air and not in the soil; sometimes they are called adventitious roots, because they are not essential; they do not afford sap or nourishment to the ivy like true roots.

If the young ivy branches find no support they trail along the ground, or creep over the stones. A once popular song has the refrain—

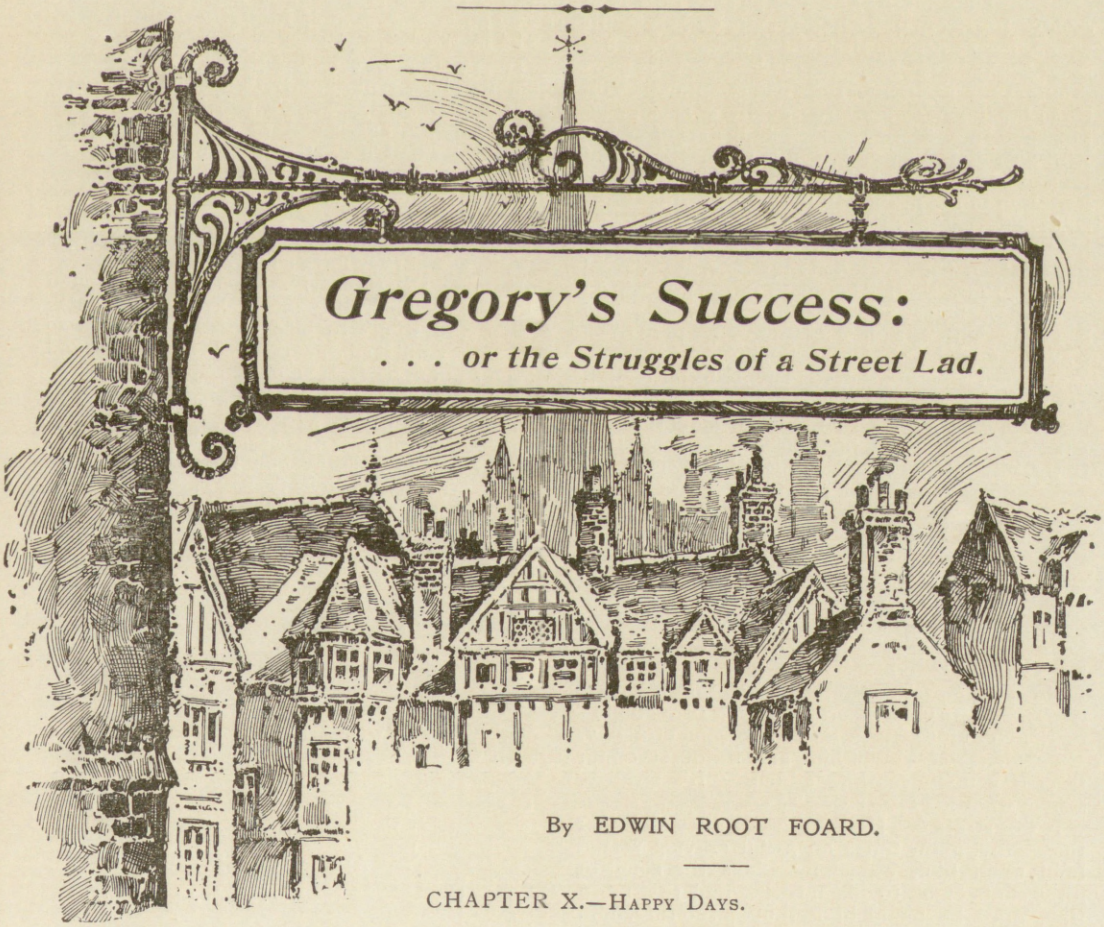
Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

The ivy sometimes attains a great age, and, like the oak, reckons its life by centuries. One growing near the ruins of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, has a stem which measures three feet two inches round.

Ivy leaves are often of different form and size, even from the same tree, as shown in the illustration, but they are generally heart-shaped, with three or more angular lobes. Both surfaces are smooth and glossy; the upper one, however, is a darker green, and the veins are more distinctly marked than on the under surface.

The flowers form a simple umbel which stands erect. Each flower has five small greenish petals; it is slightly fragrant, and yields a fair share of honey. The fruit is a purplish-black berry, which grows in clusters, and is greatly enjoyed by the blackbirds and thrushes when other kinds of berries have disappeared.

There is only another British plant that belongs to the same family as the ivy, the moschatél or musk root (*Adóxa Moschatéllina*). It is an early spring flower; we mention it here because of its relationship to the ivy. It is an unpretending little plant, with leaves and flowers of a uniform pale green; its blossoms, always five in number, are arranged in a cube-shaped cluster, a flower turned to each point of the compass, and one looking up to the sky. Half way down each flower stalk there is a pair of "tripartite" or thrice-divided bracts, and two similar leaves spring from the root, which has a sort of cone-in-cone structure, with an odour of musk, hence its name.



By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER X.—Happy Days.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

CALM always succeeds storm. The days of anxiety and stress invariably give way to the piping times of peace, and those who weather the former find the latter all the sweeter for the trying experiences endured.

So it was in the case of Gregory Johnson and his sister. The day which witnessed the committal of their father's body to the ground

closed a troublous period, and proved the dawn of a long period of comparative uneventfulness.

Nell went back to the country institution from which she had been so rudely removed, and, under the careful and systematic care bestowed upon her, soon recovered her physical health and gave promise of a useful, vigorous life. The only shadow upon the future was that cast by the fearful out-bursts of passion which again and anon declared the terrible extent to which her wanderings had affected her.

As the years wore on even these grew less, and the most fearful began to indulge the hope that all evil traces of that time had been successfully eradicated.

In Gregory's case the quieter times marked wonderful development. By strict attention to business, by the honest and faithful discharge of his duties, and by steady, continuous efforts at self-improvement, he fully justified the prophecy of Mr. Spencer, his Cheesetown employer to whom he returned, that "he would make his mark."

When his apprenticeship expired he was well up in his business and was gladly engaged as a journeyman. More than that, his relationship with his employer had grown most familiar, and he had become as one of the family, his ancestry forgotten in admiration of his own worth.

His interest in the Temperance cause knew no abatement. The Band of Hope of which he had undertaken the secretaryship was no casual society. The work therein was conducted on strictly workable, working lines. Gregory had so keenly felt the iron of intemperance in his own soul that he bent his whole energies to ensure that others should be saved such a bitter experience. He worked and spoke out of a full heart and because he knew that teetotalism is the only ensurer of social and physical salvation of many of the inhabitants of the inn-cursed parts of our great cities. He could not tolerate the plea of moderation. To him, abstinence presented itself as a religious duty, nor would he swerve therefrom.

Against him, however, no charge of idle bigotry could be brought. He attacked the drink, but did all he could to convince and win the drinker. He said, "You cannot drive a man, but you may help him."

He was equally attentive to his religious duties, and was looked upon as a "a rising hope" in the church to which he had become attached.

People spoke well of him, and he deserved it; though sometimes they added, "It's strange, seeing what his father was."

It *was* strange. He knew what they did not; that many, many times an awful craving seized hold upon him, especially when the smell of intoxicants came to his nostrils, and that more than once he found himself upon the threshold of a public-house, scarce able to restrain himself from entering and partaking of the stuff he hated. At such times, knowing his own weakness, he prayed God with passionate fervour to help him, and to preserve sister Nell, the outcome of whose episode he dreaded. He knew his own weakness, therefore trod he circumspectly.

Under any other conditions he must have gone early to swell the ranks of the victims of inherited tendencies. Fortunately for him his surroundings contributed to his stability.

Shortly after he attained his majority a new source of help came to him. For a long time onlookers had noticed a growing warmth of affection displayed by him for his master's daughter, and as warmly reciprocated, and had shaken their knowing heads and said, "You'll see." Envious ones had called him a designing knave, had charged him with intentions, and declared that he "knew what he was about," was "deeper than he looked," and "was not playing his goody-goody cards for nothing."

Whether favourably or unfavourably inclined towards him, it was therefore without surprise they learned that on Gregory Johnson's 26th birthday he had become engaged to Mary Spencer, his employer's only daughter, and that, as no obstacle presented itself, they were shortly to be married.

To say they were happy would be to repeat a commonplace remark. Both were satisfied and looked forward. Gregory's satisfaction was enhanced by the agreement to which he and his bride-to-be had come that their home should be a home, whenever she needed it, for his sister and for Daisy Prettyman, in whom they had never ceased to take keen interest.

Could they have foreseen what it would have meant, would they have so arranged?

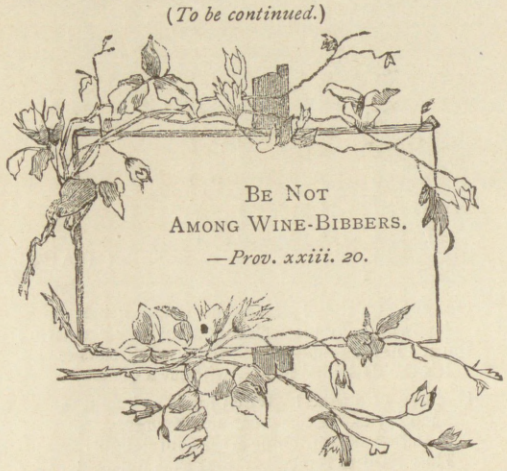
Happily the future for them was veiled, and when on their wedding morn they stepped forth "man and wife," to face unitedly the days to come, they did it conscious only of happiness, and of the smiling faces, telling the nuptial wishes—

"God bless thee everywhere;
A little sun by day, by night a star,
To bring bright cheer where pain and sorrow are.
God keep thy gentle forehead free from care,
Thine eyes keep ever from the mist of tears,
To smile a lasting sunshine on thy years."

Not even the croaking of the crow, "harbinger of ill," as the wiseacres had it, disturbed them then; life's journey was full of sunshine, shadows seemed for ever gone.

Alas, only *seemed!*

(*To be continued.*)



. . Florrie's Piano. . .

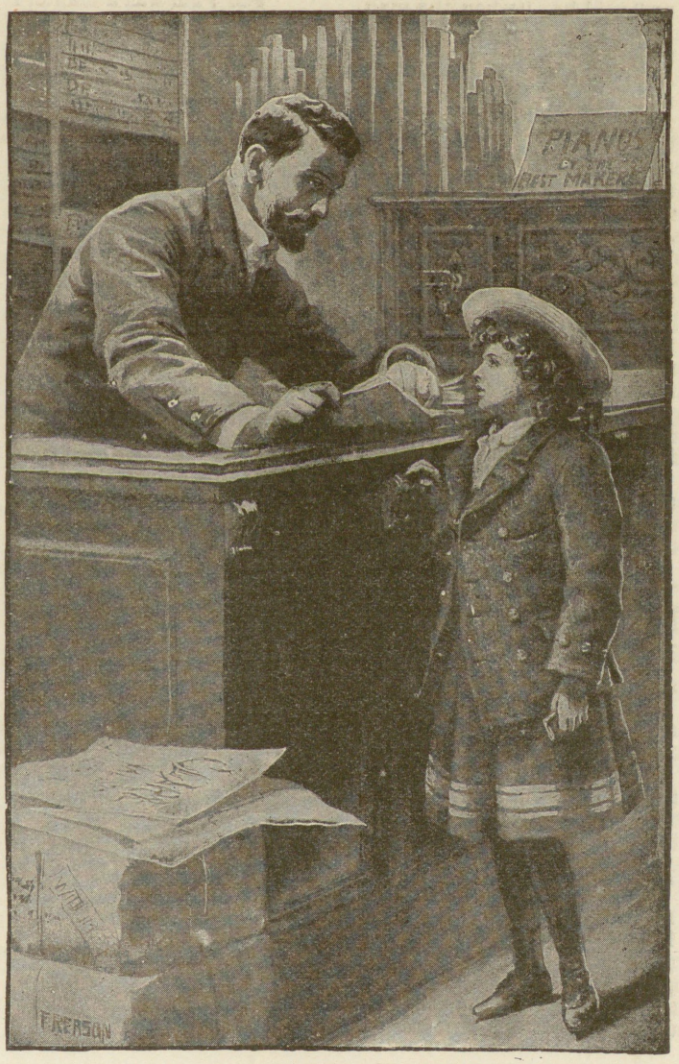
By B. E. Slade.

"WELL, it seems a pity, dear; but we can't help it. There is no use in making a fuss, so run along at once, and give Mr. Western my message."

Mrs. Tandell checked a sigh, and tried to speak cheerfully, but she had to turn rather abruptly to her work, bending low over her machine to hide the scalding tears that would rise. Florrie sought her own room with a troubled and woe-begone face, and, having put on her hat and jacket, sat down on her bed to think. Give up her dear piano? Oh, it was too hard! And just as she had gone through the first drudgery of her studies, and was beginning to find them interesting.

It was not mother's fault; there was no use in blaming her; she had tried hard to earn the money for the weekly payments, but there were so many expenses to meet, it was quite out of the question, so she had decided the effort must be given up.

But a bright thought came into Florrie's mind, and by-and-bye she set out upon her errand with quite a light heart. She went first to a draper's shop at the corner of the street, but not to make purchases. Her chief friend—Alice Penn—lived here, and they always helped each other in their difficulties. But Alice looked grave at the request Florrie proffered to-day. It was rather a severe test of friendship to be asked to lend half her pocket money every week, and for an indefinite number of weeks. To be sure she had a shilling, and the remaining sixpence would buy a good many things; but the whole sum had never seemed too much to cover all the little expenses she was supposed to meet with her own money. But, in the end, friendship and generosity prevailed, and the loan was promised. With the first instalment in her purse, and a hopeful look on her face, Florrie sought Mr. Western's music depôt. Her heart thumped violently, and her voice faltered, as she stated her errand. Mr. Western did not at first understand what she was telling him, and stared in astonishment when she opened her purse and took out the sixpence.



"I can't take sixpenny instalments, little woman," he said; "how came your mother to think of sending such a sum?"

Tears rose to Florrie's eyes, but she fought bravely with the lump in her throat, and went through the whole story again, speaking very plainly. But Mr. Western still looked grave, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid your plan will not answer, my little maid. If I were you I would not borrow the money. It is very kind of your friend to lend it; but have you reckoned up the time it would take to pay twenty pounds at sixpence a week?"

Florrie drooped her eyes; she was not fond of mental arithmetic. But then she looked up again and answered eargerly,

"I shall pay her back! I'm going to teach music as soon as I've learned properly, and I'm getting on very nicely, my teacher says."

"And who is going to pay your teacher?"

"Perhaps—I think—if I could keep the piano," she faltered, "I could learn by myself."

"I am afraid you must wait awhile, my dear, unless you can get your father to pay the money. Can't he afford it?"

Florrie flushed and made no answer.

"Well, I'll think about it," he said, "come again to-morrow, and I'll see what I can do."

After Florrie had gone he called his wife to mind the shop, and went out to see a friend, catching him at the hour when he knew he would be in to tea.

"It seems a shame," said he, "when the man is earning good money, for his wife to slave as she does. She is a very superior woman, and the child is a sharp, intelligent little thing. I haven't the heart to fetch the piano away, and I can't afford to give it to her. Just try what you can do with the father."

"I'm afraid it will be of no use," replied his friend; "I have tried so many times to make him listen to reason."

But all the same, he managed to introduce the subject of Florrie's piano, and, somehow, a tender chord was touched in the callous heart of the father. That night he went home sober; and, after tea, astonished Florrie by bidding her play to him. When she had finished he drew out a a silver coin and tossed it on the table.

"We'll keep the piano, Flo," he said, "and you can tell your little friend your father is obliged for her kindness to you, but he won't be put to the shame of letting her make your weekly payments."

And by strenuous efforts, and a firm reliance upon the strength which is always ready to uphold repentant hearts, the resolution was kept.

Jack Burton's Wife.

A STORY IN RHYME.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

YES, I'm Jack Barton's wife, sir;
Jack's in the fields out there,
Playing along with the children—
You see that great green square?
That's where he goes each evening
To romp with the little boy;
Ah, sir, our baby, Jackie,
Is his father's greatest joy.

Where did I meet Jack Burton?
How came I to live o'er here?
Well, it's a long, long story,
And, maybe, a trifle queer.
Love fashions some strange romances,
And fate makes them stranger still;
Tell you the story? Well, sir,
If you care to hear it, I will.

It was down in dear old Devon
Where Jack and I first met;
I was the squire's daughter—
A bit of a pampered pet,
The only child of my parents,
And pretty, so people said,
And so I was sought, and flattered,
Well enough to turn one's head.

And Jack, he worked in the fields, sir,
Toiling from morn till night;
Ploughing and turning the fresh green earth
With all his manhood's might.
Folk said he was rough and common,
Uncultured, and rude, and bold,
But they looked not beneath the surface,
And saw not his heart of gold.

I was engaged to be married
To Paul Howard, of Holly Bank;
'Twas a match that my friends approved of,
For Paul was a man of rank—
An only son; and his father
Owned half of the country side.
'Tis little wonder my parents
Considered the match with pride.

'Tis true there were ugly whispers,
Which my father sought to keep down,
Of the wild life Paul was leading
With some of his friends in town.
But the worst of his sins and follies
For my parents had little weight,
For the faults of a man seem small, sir,
When the bulk of his gold is great.

And even I thought slightly
Of the rumours which got around,
Till one day I met Jack Burton
Digging the emerald ground.
Then, somehow, the honest face, sir,
Though roughened, and course, and red,
Awakened me to the failings
Of the man I was going to wed.

I shall never quite understand, sir,
How I knew in every part
That the man who dug in the meadow
Had given me all his heart.
For never a word he uttered
But was ever distant and grim,
And yet I knew that he loved me,
Even as I loved him.

Even as I loved him, sir,
The truth I could not smother,
I knew, though betrothed to one man,
My heart belonged to another.
I tried to think it was fancy,
Some spell that was o'er me spread,
That I, the squire's daughter,
Should love where I could not wed.

But the aching void in my life, sir,
The longing and discontent,
The weariness of all pleasure,
I knew, *I felt*, what these meant.
So I spoke at last to my father,
Who laughed at my tale at first,
And then, when he saw me earnest,
Into a passion burst.

If I dared to break my engagement
He would banish me from his door;
And, whatever then were to happen,
Would look on my face no more.
Half frightened I left his presence,
I was only a coward at heart,
Or even his threats would not keep me
Still playing so false a part.

The days were born, and departed,
Yet never a word said I,
Though the day fixed for our marriage
Was drawing and drawing nigh;
And my soul grew faint within me,
And sick of its secret pain,
Till I longed some night to slumber
And never wake up again.

For I felt like some poor caged bird, sir,
That was breaking its heart to fly;
Like some slave that was bound in fetters
And panting for liberty.
At last, in my desperation,
I trod on my woman's pride,
And resolved to tell all to Paul, sir,
And act as he would decide.

And Paul was quick to decide, sir,
He spoke without blush of shame;
He would hold me to my promise,
Though I loathed and cursed his name.
And my heart grew heavy with fear, sir,
As I heard him fiercely say,
"I owe to your ploughman lover
A debt I will pay some day!"

He uttered no idle threats, sir;
On the eve of the very day
That should have beheld us married
That debt he tried to pay.
I mind the night so well, sir,
There were feasting, dance, and song,
And Paul, who had been drinking,
Seemed the merriest of the throng.

"Go down to the village!" he shouted
To a servant standing near,
"And tell Jack Burton, the ploughman,
I want to see him here!"
I think I gasped in my wonder,
But the guests were all looking on,
So I tried to smile and look careless,
But the task was a mighty one.

Jack came, and one look at his face, sir,
Quiet, and cold, and grim,
Showed me the eve of my wedding
Had never a joy for him.
Just in his old field clothes, sir,
With dust in his shoes and hair,
He stood in that crowd of fashion
The man who was manliest there.

"This is the eve of my wedding,"
Paul Howard loudly cried,
"So I want you to drink our health, Jack,
Mine and that of my bride!"
The people looked on in wonder,
While Paul with his hand ashake,
Filled up a goblet with wine, sir,
And held it for Jack to take.

Paul knew Jack never took drink, sir,
That's why he offered him wine,
I saw the ruddy goblet
Under the gas-light shine;
But I saw Jack stir no finger,
And his voice sounded cold and flat
As he answered, "I'll drink your health, sir,
But I cannot drink it in that!"

"Oh yea, but you shall!" cried Howard,
"You must not dare refuse;
You shall drink our health as I tell you,
And you'll drink it in what I choose!"
Jack never moved a finger,
Though his face had gone deathly white,
As he answered, "I'm pledged against wine, sir,
And I cannot drink it to-night!"

Paul's cheeks went livid with rage, sir,
While his voice rang through the place,
"By heavens! you shall drink this wine, sir,
Or I'll dash it n your face!"
Like one 'neath a spell I tottered
To where the two men stood,
While still in the glaring gaslight
The red wine glistened like blood.

"I must still refuse!" cried Burton,
Still in that hard cold way;
Then I saw the glass for an instant
In mid-air seeming to sway;
Then an oath, a splash, and breaking
Of the goblet upon the ground;
Then I knew that the wine had been thrown, sir,
As I glanced, half-fainting, around.

To the man who can conquer his foemen
The glory of praise we accord;
But the man who can conquer himself, sir,
Is greater before his God!
I saw Jack start for an instant,
Then draw himself back again;
And I saw his face had grown ghastly
Beneath its red-wine stain.

Then he said, and I felt he was speaking
Less in anger than in sorrow,
"I forgive that blow for the sake, sir,
Of the lass you will wed to-morrow."
He turned to go, but Paul Howard
Was mad with the drink that night,
And he seized a lamp from a table,
And threw it with all his might.

But I had noted the action,
And, full of love and fear,
Had thrown myself on Jack's bosom,
The lamp just struck me here;
The blow was slight, but my clothes, sir,
Were soon in an awful blaze,
And I saw the people retreating
As through a sunset haze.

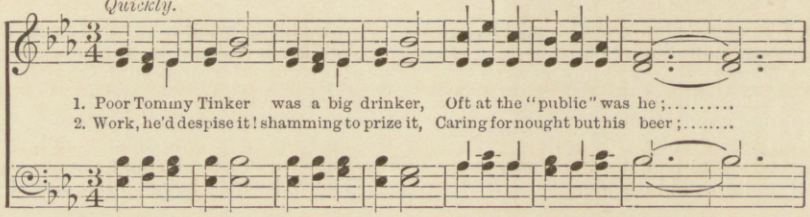
Paul was the first to leave me
To my fate, be it what it might;
The moment he saw there was danger,
The coward, he took his flight.
But the hands that worked in the fields, sir,
They clutched at my blazing gown,
The honest hands of the ploughman,
They beat the hot flames down.

Yes, it was he who saved me,
Saved me without a fear;
That's why I married Jack Burton,
That's why I came o'er here.
Listen, there's baby calling,
He is coming this way I know;
Yes, I'm Jack Burton's wife, sir,
And I thank God it is so.

POOR TOMMY TINKER.

T. PALMER.

Quickly.



Key E♭. *Quickly.*

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d :t_1 :d	d :m :—	d :t_1 :d	d :d :—	d :d :d	d :d :d	t_1:—:—	—:—:—
3. When will men	ponder,	ceasing to	squander	All their hard	earnings a-	way;	
s :s :s	s :s :—	s :s :s	s :m :—	f :l :f	s :f :l	s :—:—	—:—:—
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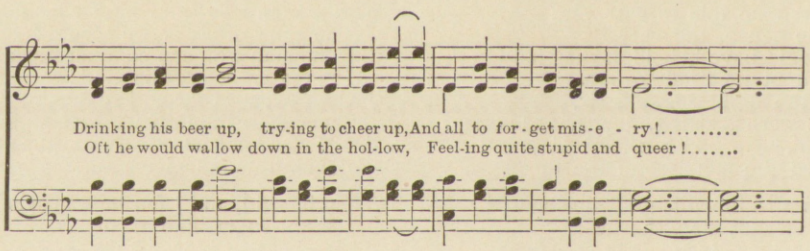

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Leave off their	drinking,	take up with	thinking,	Light'ning the	load of the	day?	
s :s :s	s :d' :—	l :s :d'	d' :s :s	l :s :l	s :s :s	m :—:—	—:—:—
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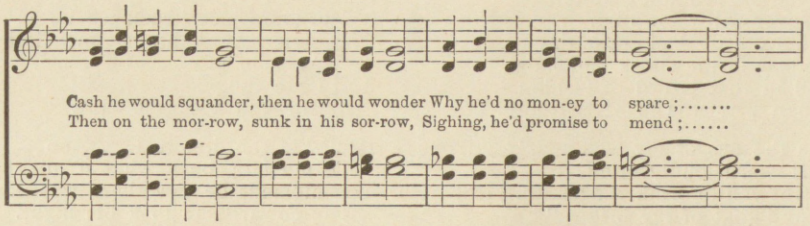

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Plenty and	pleasure	would be the	treasure	Of ev - 'ry	sen-si-ble	man;	
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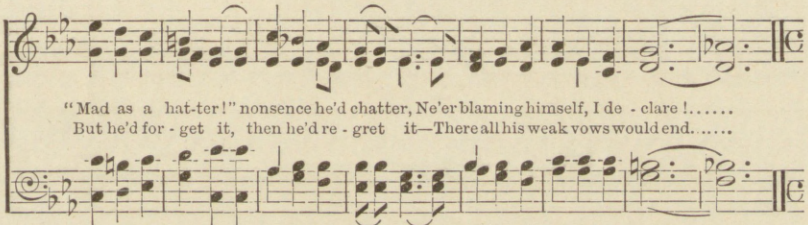
l_1 :d :t_1	l_1:l_1:—	f :f :f	m :m :—	r :r :r	d :l_1 :f	m :—:—	—:—:—

POOR TOMMY TINKER.



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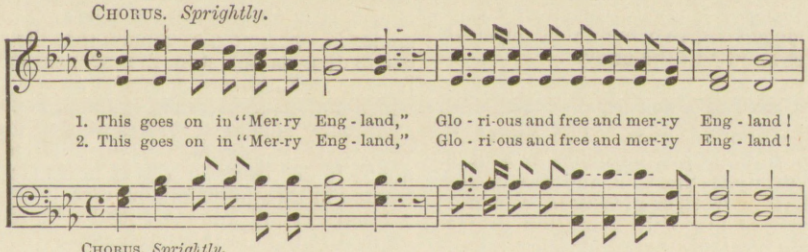
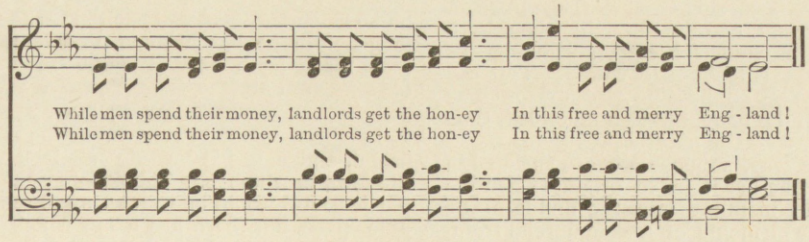
m :m :m	m.r:d :d	d :d :d.t_l	d.d:d :-.d	t_l:d :t_l	d :d :l_l	t_l:—:—	—:—:—
Down with all	drink and strife,	up with a	sober life: Hur-	rah for the	tee-to-tal	plan!	
l :se :l	t :d' :d'	f :s :s	s.s:m :-.m	s :s :s	l :l :l	se:—:—	s :—:—
l_l:t_l :d	m :l_l :l_l	f :m :r	d.d:d :-.d	f :m :r	f :f :f	m:—:—	r :—:—

CHORUS. *Sprightly.*



CHORUS. *Sprightly.*

s :d'	d'.t :l .t	d' :—|s :-.	l .,l :l .l	l .s :f .m	r :—|s :—		
d :d	f .f :f .f	m :—|m :-.	d .,d :d .d	d .d :d .d	t_l:—|t_l:—		
3. This *then* would be "Merry		Eng - land,"	Glo-ri-ous and free and mer-ry		Eng - land!		
m :s	s .s :s .s	s :—|s :-.	f .,f :f .f	l .l :l .r	r :—|r :—		
d :m	s .s :s_l .s_l	d :—|d :-.	f .,f :f .f	f_l .f_l :f_l .f_l	s_l:—|s_l:—		



d .d :d .r	m .s :—	r .r :r .m	f .l :—	s :d'	d .d :f .m	r:—|d:—	
d .d :d .t_l	d .d :—	t_l .t_l :t_l .d	r .r :—	m :d	d .d :d .d	d:t_l |d:—	
Men would *use* their money,		get their share of honey		In this free and merry		Eng - land!	
s .s :s .s	s .m :—	s .s :f .s	l .f :—	s :s	l .l :l .r	r:f |m:—	
m .m :m .r	d .d :—	f .f :f .m	r .r :—	d :m	l_l.l_l :f_l.fe_l	s_l:—|d:—	



. . . *Hobbies.* . . .

I HAVE spoken of the necessity for cultivating hobbies as a form of relaxation from our ordinary occupation. That they are necessary is evident to anyone who has made a study of the effect a prolonged course of mental or physical work has on the mind and the body.

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy"

is proved every day of our lives. The contrary, all play and no work, is just as debasing as it is deleterious. Variety is the soul and essence of our being, let it be work or pleasure. When a man in the course of his daily avocation brings into operation a certain set of muscles, these, after a time, become fatigued and worn out; this is because the sustained action causes a larger amount of waste material

TO BE THROWN OUT

and stored up in the muscles than can be carried away by the natural channels provided for that purpose. During the period of rest which follows, this extra waste is got rid of and we rise refreshed.

The same result can be brought about by a system of baths and subsequent rubbing, or "massage," as it is technically called. This has a similar effect in stimulating the flow of effete material out of the body, but in a much less time than is occupied by the natural process.

In the same way, suppose we are engaged in mental work, whether it be in original scientific research or in instilling into the minds of the young idea the elements of a commercial training, there are certain cells in the brain made active. These can only be restored to their original condition by giving them a rest. So for recuperative purposes

WE INDULGE IN SLEEP

to allow of the removal of the brain waste.

If you have followed me so far you will begin to see the point I am coming to, viz.: It is not necessary for the whole body to be in idleness so that the part which has been fatigued should recover; and that a change of occupation whereby a different set of muscles are brought into play, or another lot of brain cells are stimulated, will still find us active in something to our benefit, whilst we are resting the tired ones ready for another spell of work.

This is where the beauty and

ADVANTAGE OF A HOBBY

comes in, providing, of course, that the change of occupation is taken in the proper sense of a hobby, and not of a purely trade or work indulgence under the pretence of amusement.

A hobby should never be worked for all it is worth. It is easier than we think to ride our hobby to death, and a willing horse is sometimes treated in this inhumane manner.

I have in my mind a friend who seems to be naturally gifted in this direction. He is eager at work, too eager in fact. Not that I think he is fond of work for itself, or for what he is able to accomplish in his own line. Perhaps he is too anxious to get rich, at any rate he has a peculiar knack of adopting a new hobby as a fresh avenue for his pent up energies. Everything of a novel nature fascinates him, and with his octopus-like arms he includes it and every other one in their tentacle-like grip. But, alas for his perseverance, he lacks persistence, and each in turn is dropped long before he has become proficient, to make room for a fresh one. I quote this case as an object lesson of

WHAT NOT TO DO.

In the present era of invention—scientific, useful, and amusing—we do not lack variety in the form in which our hobbies may take, and to particularise would be to take up too much valuable space, but there are a few which may with advantage be mentioned as coming within the limits of the working class.

To day our amusements have a tendency to run in the direction of over indulgence in lassitude and watching others do that which we ought to do ourselves, and so we prefer to pay others to play our football, cricket, and other games, as well as to provide relaxation at the circus, and even on the water as well as in it. Now this can only have a degrading effect in promoting excitement for our especial benefit, which excitement, inasmuch as it is an unhealthy one, leaves us unsatisfied and weakened, while there follows in its

train the desire for greater excitement which, taking effect in gambling on results, becomes still more enervating.

Whatever we take up for our spare time, let it be of a healthy and invigorating character, and we shall reap the benefit in improvement to mind and to body.

Cycling,

now so common, is one of the best forms of relaxation within the reach of all, and so long as it takes us into the country and amidst fresh scenes, will do us a lot of good, but seeing that the muscles of the legs are those most used, it stands to reason that it is unsuited for those who have much walking to do.

Photography,

the product of the present age, not only brings us in contact with nature, but stimulates our enquiries into chemistry, and leaves us with everlasting pictures of the places of interest we have visited; but above all it teaches us the love of art in its purest and best form. Undoubtedly the pursuit of photography gives us a better appreciation of the artistic side of things, and how far this may lead us to the beautifying of our homes it is impossible to say, but it is a possibility not to be overlooked.

I was in conversation with a parent the other day, who was bemoaning the fact that his son would spend so much of his evenings away from home, and the only place he could think of as being his son's resort was the street corner, and the only associates were likely to be those who waste their time in coarse jokes and rude comments on the passers by.

I led him on to tell me of the early instincts and tastes of his child, and I found that his ideas of any close relationship with his children were not those of affection of a very high order, but simply that he had a family which in the not very remote future would bring him in an income to supplement his own. The result was, there was an entire absence of any interest in the

HOME PURSUITS OF THE CHILDREN,

and these remained latent for want of cultivation until they were lost sight of altogether.

This is not by any means an isolated case, and should be an object lesson to those who have the care of children. There are many ways of interesting our young by means of games, innocent of themselves, so that they have every inducement to look forward to the evenings spent with their elders. As these little ones grow up they should be instructed to take an interest in some hobby in the form of the cultivation of flowers, fret-work, joinery, or some form of mechanics, so that their spare time is filled up with an occupation both interesting and of a character to improve the mind. This in after years will be looked back upon with pleasure, and will prove the seeds of an education which can be passed on to another generation.

As I have previously said, it is almost superfluous for me to make special mention of any particular hobbies, their name is legion, and each person must be the best judge of his own bent of mind. But the interest in taking out a course of chemistry or natural history, to be followed up and developed in the home circle, amply repays anyone for the first difficulties encountered in acquiring the necessary elementary knowledge. Many are the examples of persons who by these means have climbed to envious positions in the world of science, to say nothing of the fortunes which have been made out of such apparently unpromising small beginnings.

The only advice I have to give on this matter is not to run the hobby too hard. It is all very well to be enthusiastic in our pursuit of knowledge, combined with a due amount of ambition in the right results. But to make our lives subservient to our chosen pastime is to become its slave, and when once we are mastered by it, instead of being its master, is to destroy its utility and its pleasure.

It has been my good fortune to come in contact with the members of a Y.M.C.A., and to see something of the working of this institution. I have nothing but praise and admiration for the objects of its leaders, and it strikes me that here we have a splendid centre for the dissemination not only of useful knowledge but of developing a taste for useful recreation in the minds of the members. This could be done by means of papers on subjects connected with the higher branches of learning, and the formation of classes to give assistance to those who require it.

One has only to take a walk through our streets at night to realise the tremendous amount of material at hand, and the great waste of energy that is expended on useless and frivolous attempts to get through the spare time. Were this energy directed into useful channels the nation would soon become powerful beyond the wildest dreams of our social reformers.

The Conquest of Millingford.

(A TEMPERANCE STORY)

By D. F. Hannigan.



THE new minister was a singularly impressive preacher, and he was certainly a man of striking individuality. Even on the first Sabbath day when he preached in Millingford every word he uttered was listened to most attentively. The male portion of the congregation regarded him with a mixture of admiration and bewilderment, for his manner suggested that, brilliant as he was, he inwardly felt a little dissatisfied with himself. The female portion of the congregation

sympathised with him, for instinctively every woman who heard his deep, melancholy tones divined that he had some hidden sorrow.

The Rev. Mervyn Dale was, indeed, a singularly interesting personality. He was still young—probably not more than thirty—and yet he had gone through crushing experiences. He was a widower, and had lost his only child soon after the death of his wife. This much was known about him in Millingford; and much curiosity was exhibited as to the way in which he now spent his lonely hours at home. However, he scarcely ever had a visitor, for on the few occasions when members of his congregation called on him, he deliberately avoided meeting them, his servant, an elderly woman of an exceedingly taciturn disposition, curtly announcing that he was "not at home."

Gossip was soon busy with the minister's private life. Some over-severe matrons began to whisper together at select tea-parties as to the Rev. Mervyn Dale's love of isolation. One of them, Mrs. Martha Knowles, ventured to hint that perhaps his domestic life had not been blameless, and that possibly remorse might be the cause of his moroseness.

But whatever might be urged against him from a social point of view, it could not be said that he neglected the poor of the parish. Millingford was a miserable little village, and some of its inhabitants lived wretched lives, perhaps as much on account of their poverty as on account of their naturally vicious instincts.

Many young men in the village were unable to find regular employment, and it was a lamentable fact that they spent the most of the money they earned by odd jobs in gin or beer. The principal public-house in the village, "The Crown," did a brisk trade, and for that reason its proprietor, Mark Dunton, was the subject of severe criticism amongst the supporters of total abstinence. Mark was rather a toper himself, but he made it his business to attend a place of worship on Sunday; and the minister, in the course of a month or so, became perfectly familiar with his rubicund and somewhat brutal face.

The Rev. Mervyn Dale contented himself with calling at the hovels where the poorest folk in the village dwelt, and giving them some substantial help. He spoke to many of the idle young men of the parish in rather an unostentatious fashion. What was better, he exerted his influence to obtain suitable work for some of them. If he did not make many converts to Temperance, he won the affection of a few outcasts who had hitherto been considered hopeless cases.

One young fellow, who had been more than once dismissed from the position of gardener for drunkenness, was induced by the minister to give up drinking altogether; and he found himself at length in a good situation which he managed to retain for months. Will Rogers "swore by" the minister, and was ready to knock down anyone who dared to breathe a word against him. But, even though the Rev. Mervyn Dale had his admirers, he had his detractors too; and one Argus-eyed spinster did much damage to his reputation by declaring that she had actually seen him one evening under the influence of drink. Those who heard the story were scandalised. To persons sincerely devoted to the principle of total abstinence it seemed that the minister was "under a cloud." Unless the statement of Miss Wheeler was disproved, it was considered that the Rev. Mervyn Dale had forfeited his right to preach to a Christian congregation.

A number of zealous individuals waited as a deputation on the minister, and informed him that a scandal had been caused by his reported deviation from the strict path of Temperance.

On this occasion the Rev. Mervyn Dale "faced the music."

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, though with an almost imperceptible quivering of the lips, "you are quite right. I mean to explain the matter next Sunday in the pulpit."

And it was publicly announced that on the following Sunday a sermon would be preached by the Rev. Mervyn Dale on "Charity."

The sacred edifice was crowded. The minister ascended the pulpit looking very pale but very resolute. He took as his text the memorable words of Paul as to the supreme importance of charity as a Christian virtue. Then he straightway said to the congregation:—

"My friends, I am going to speak to you about myself. I am a sinner though I have preached to you, and I claim your charity. I was once a confirmed drunkard. It was my habits of drinking that hastened my poor wife's death. But I prayed to God and almost conquered the habit. When my child died I vowed to give up the vile habit for ever. And yet, even since I came to this parish, I have once drunk to excess. But it is over. Brethren, pray for me!" Then he eloquently appealed to those who heard him for charity towards himself and all other sinners.

Many tears were shed that day by even the sternest men in that congregation; and Mark Dunton resolved to retire from the licensing trade.

To-day, Millingford is a model of Temperance amongst English villages, and the Rev. Mervyn Dale is recognised as one of the most successful champions of total abstinence in all England.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

BASEBALL.

THE game of baseball is America's national game; it is played by our brothers across the Atlantic with great skill. They prefer it to cricket. A study of the rules shows that it is the English game of rounders scientifically improved; in it, we have the elements of the good old game which has made many a summer evening delightful. In rounders we have constant movement, gentle excitement, and plenty of fun. In baseball, as in cricket and football, we have two

contending teams, and a ball is the instrument of their sport. The game has derived its name from the fact that the ball is directed to certain points allotted to the play, each of these points being called a base.

Each team consists of nine men; it is the object of one team to send the ball around the circuit of bases, according to the rules laid down, while it is the object of the other team to prevent this.

The field has to be properly laid out. The runways, or paths, over which the ball runs are laid out in the shape of an immense diamond; at each corner of the diamond a canvas bag is placed. The canvas bags are generally filled with hair, but sometimes with other materials; they are securely fastened to the ground.

These bags, and the positions they occupy, are spoken of as the first base, the second base, the third base, and home-plate; between each base there is a distance of ninety feet.

In the centre of the diamond stands the bowler, he is known as the pitcher; a space is marked off for him to stand in, this is four feet wide by five feet four inches in length, and is technically known as the pitcher's box.

The home-plate is fifty feet from the front line of the pitcher's box, and it is here that the batsman stands ready to receive the ball from the pitcher. Behind the batsman stands the catcher, his duty is to receive the ball and to return it to the pitcher, provided the batsman has failed to hit it. The umpire stands behind the catcher, he judges every ball, and his decision is final.

At the first base stands the first baseman, and at the second base stands the second baseman, at the third base the third baseman; between the second and third baseman stands the short-stop.

These three men at the three bases, and the short-stops are known as the "in-field." About one hundred yards from the in-field the right centre and left fielders take their places; these are the "out-field."

The captain of the home team, that is, the team to which the ground belongs on which the game is being played, has the right of sending his men to bat or to field, just as he likes, at the opening innings.

Supposing he decides to send his men into the field, his opponents take their seats on the visiting players' bench and take their places at the bat in the order in which their names appear on the score card.

The fielders having taken their places, the first batsman of the opposing team steps to the home-plate; others follow until three batsmen have been obliged to retire; the positions are now reversed, those at the bat going into the field, and *vice versa*. When the next three have retired the innings is ended. Nine such innings make a game, and the team which has secured the most runs is the champion.

Now let us see how the various actors in this game perform their parts. When the batsman standing at the home-plate hits the ball it is his duty to send it to such a distance in the out-field as will enable him to run to the first base before the ball can be sent to the fielder stationed there.

If the batsman should be so fortunate to reach the second or third base before the ball has been captured and returned to the field he has then secured a run for his side. The fielders must catch the ball before it reaches the ground, and they must throw it to the base towards which the base-runner is making before he reaches there.

The pitcher is obliged by the rules to pitch the ball over the plate and between the knees and shoulders of the batsman; when he fails to do this the umpire calls "ball," and when five such imperfect balls have been pitched the batsman is entitled to take first base. When three fair balls have been pitched, and the batsman has failed to hit them, he is out. At each fair ball the umpire calls "strike."

From the home-plate are drawn two chalk lines, to and past the first and third bases; they are known as foul lines. When a ball is batted outside these lines, it is called a foul ball, and is not counted against either the pitcher or the batsman; if, however, the ball is caught by a fielder before it touches the ground the batsman is out.

By the rules of baseball, the ball must measure not less than five nor more than five-and-one-quarter inches in circumference.

It must be composed of woollen yarn and of two horse-hide covers, inside and outside, with yarn between such covers. It must contain one ounce of rounded moulded rubber vulcanised.

The bat must be round on four sides, and must not exceed two-and-one-half inches in diameter in the widest part. It must be made wholly of wood, and not exceed forty-two inches in length.

The bases must be four in number. The first, second, and third bases must cover a space equal to fifteen inches square; the home-base must be one square foot in surface, and should consist of white marks on stone, so fixed in the ground as to be even with the surface, and wholly within the diamond; the course shall face the pitcher's position.

When there is a tie at the end of the nine innings the play is continued until a majority of runs for one side upon an equal number of innings shall be declared. The game then ends.

There are many other rules with regard to the pitcher, the batsman, the bases, and the umpire, all of which are deeply interesting to the player who wishes to understand the game scientifically.

ALREADY there have been several sad cases resulting from the treating of soldiers who have returned from South Africa. Every effort ought to be put forth to influence public opinion against this dangerous propensity. The Army Temperance Association have issued a circular to large numbers of influential men to induce them to deprecate this bad custom. Many do it thoughtlessly, no doubt, but "evils are wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

UNQUESTIONABLE evidence of the increase of drinking among women is furnished by the annual reports of the Registrar-General. During the eighth decade of the nineteenth century the average number of deaths of women from chronic alcoholism and delirium tremens was 24·2 per million, and during the last decade 53·6 per million. The number has more than doubled.

James Weston's Firmness.

By Mary Wall.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.



JAMES WESTON wore his very firmest expression as he approached the handsome suite of rooms to which his wife had been relegated since her conduct had banished her from her proper position as mistress of his house. Even as a young man, Mr. Weston had been known as "firm," and firmness, like other characteristics, grows by its exercise.

Nevertheless he looked distressed, as a man of rectitude is bound to do, when he has, after much inward searching, decided upon the step which he was now about to take.

For James Weston suffered under the terrible affliction of having a drunken wife, and now, having tried every means of reformation, he had made up his mind that she must leave his house. He had proved to his own satisfaction, that by no possible means could he prevent her from obtaining the drink that was ruining her while she remained there. And so he had taken a little house for her in the depths of the country, where it would be quite impossible for her to procure the heavy port wine that was her special temptation ; her sister, who had promised to look after her and to stay with her, was ready to accompany her, the cab was even now at the door, with the "professional attendant" seated inside it. How the poor, mentally-weakened dipsomaniac had shrunk at the iron-bound word. She had seen the professional attendant, and knew at a glance that she would be as impervious to cajoleries as to bribes as the various attendants of the "motherly" and homely type, in whose charge her husband had hitherto placed her, without removing her from her home, had *not* been.

And now he was going to bring her down stairs, and place her in the cab; no wonder he looked distressed; he wished he could have avoided the ordeal.

His distress deepened as he came face to face with a lady who was leaving his wife's rooms, and who was also deeply moved.

It was a good face he looked upon, that of his wife's sister; one in which both power and patience were plainly stamped—qualities which are perhaps oftener found on the faces of single women than on those of their married sisters among the cultured classes—the more pity for the coming race. But James Weston's children, needless to say, were let see little if anything of their mother's failing, for they were safely stowed away at first-class boarding schools ; still, as his old family friends were in the habit of saying, with portentous head shaking : "What's bred in the bone—you know—"!

Mr. Weston's distress deepened, as I have said, on his coming face to face with his sister-in-law, for whom he had the highest respect. He was keenly alive to the fact of how often her tact and real goodness had greased the creaking wheels of life in his own home, made wretched as it was by the saddest of all domestic trials. He knew how deeply she felt her sister's degradation. He said hastily :

"I *am* sorry, Margaret."

"I—I am sure you are"; she said gravely. Nevertheless there was a speculative and somewhat stern sadness in her eyes that made him a trifle uncomfortable. He wondered vaguely of what she was thinking.

"Yet, what else could I do?" he asked.

"What else, indeed?" she said, sadly, and passed on to her own room to don her coat and hat.

She was a woman who had the rare gift of keeping silent when speech was useless, when "only silence suiteth best."

He braced himself for the interview, and turned the handle of his wife's door. She was sober enough now, and sat shivering over the fire, a picture of misery and desolation.

She was handsomely dressed for the journey, and wore a splendid fur mantle which had been one of the best of his gifts to her. By her side, on a chair with her small handbag, was the travelling rug which had—how well he remembered it—accompanied them on their wedding journey, fifteen years ago. Her fear that they would be recognised as bride and bridegroom, on account of its handsome "newness," and his own sturdy words, "What does it matter so long as we are so happy?" rang in his ears again, as though it had been but yesterday.

Fifteen years ago—and now !

His wife had heard his entrance. The face she raised to his bore the stamp of her failing written clearly upon it—it was a coarsened, browsy face, the loosened pores of the skin showing plainly the effects of her excesses, as did also the flabby lips, and the dull red-blue hue which overspread her face and neck.

His heart contracted as he saw her thus—the mother of his children; so different, oh so different to the slim fresh-coloured girl he had loved and married fifteen years ago. Only the eyes were, strange to say, reminiscent, even now in their dull misery, of the happy eyes of his young bride.

His attitude lately towards his wife had been one of keen resentment; he had been angrily conscious that she had brought ruin to his home.

But now the pity of it all had suddenly struck him—the appalling pity of it all. He was astonished to find a lump in his throat, which made it difficult for him to find his voice.

"If you have anything you would like to say, Elsie, my dear,"—the long unfamiliar term of endearment came out haltingly—"if there is

anything you would like seen to—tell me now. The cab is at the door and Margaret will be ready in a moment."

But Margaret was on her knees, in her own room.

His wife stood up, and, for a instant, looked straight into his eyes with a pathetically appealing glance in her own. He was more moved than he cared to own. He could not have believed that the eyes of his girl-wife could look at him so from the eyes of this poor broken-down woman.

"I have nothing to say," she said, in a tired, disspirited voice, "except this: do you remember the first glass of wine I ever took—on the day when I was twenty-one?"

And suddenly he remembered; how could he, how dare he, ever have forgotten it? The memory which her simple words provoked swept over his soul, flooding it with an agony before which the strong man bent his head humbly, all the firmness on which he so prided himself gone, and leaving him limp and appalled, and ashamed. He saw her as she was then—a girl of twenty-one to whom he had been married six months. And his friends were around him, and he was celebrating her birthday. He had poured out a glass of wine for her, the "special port" of which he was so proud, and she had hesitated to take it, shyly, because of the many older people who sat at their table, and whom she felt were laughing at her "teetotal nonsense."

"I—I have never taken any, James," she said, hesitatingly, "and—I would sooner drink my own health in water, really. Do let me."

But he had been seriously annoyed. Such principles were all very well in the country home from which he had brought her; they would not do in the stylish way of living to which he was accustomed.

"Come, Elsie," he had said, assuming a firm tone, for he had felt that firmness was necessary, "Come, drink it up at once, I insist." And she drank it, without any more ado.

His own words came back to him with the mental picture of that long-forgotten scene. The sudden rare tears rushed to his eyes. It was some time before he could speak. At last he said, "My poor girl! May God forgive me! I can never forgive myself!"

He put his strong arm around her. The feeling of human contact of sustaining strength, to which she had been so long unaccustomed, cheered her, heartened her. She felt—who can say how truly?—that it was in her to make one more effort, that, by God's grace, she would not break down again, if—if only her husband would help her, would love her once more.

Something of this she murmured in faltering, broken words, as she laid her poor weary head against his shoulder. She noticed for the first time the grey hairs thickly strewn amidst his strong black ones. The sight struck her with a bitter sting of remorseful penitence that was perhaps a good omen for the future.

James Weston's firmness had quite melted away. "You shall not go, Elsie," he said at last, "You shall stay with me here, and try again; only, I will help you now."

And husband and wife knelt down together to implore the Divine blessing on their effort, to ask that the Divine mercy might sustain them.

Who shall dare to say that such mercy was ever invoked in vain?

The Most Beautiful Hand.

THERE is a legend about three fair women. They were arguing which had the most beautiful hand. As they were in dispute, one who sat by the brook dipped her hand idly in the running water and held it up to be admired. Another had plucked wild strawberries until the tips of her slender fingers were pink with the fruit; the third had gathered violets, and her hands were fragrant with the perfume.

As they argued, an aged woman passed—a woman with a wrinkled face, bended figure, halting step, and threadbare garments.

"Which of you will help me?" she said; "I am poor and lonely, and I ask but little." Then they each denied her.

But close by there stood a woman whose hands had not been bathed in the stream, nor were her fingers pink with sweet fruit, nor odorous of flowers; she gave to the aged poor one as she passed. It was only a trifle, but it seemed to satisfy and it was received with thanks; and, as she lingered, she asked the fair women what might be the matter in dispute. So they told her, and lifted up their hands. "They are beautiful," she said. Then they pressed her to say which was the most beautiful, and she said: "It is not the hand that was dipped in the running stream; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is perfumed with violets. The most beautiful hand is the hand that gives to the poor."

As she spoke her wrinkles smoothed, her figure changed, her staff was thrown away, and an angel from heaven stood before them with authority to settle the question in dispute.

It is a pretty legend that appears in many forms, and it carries a simple lesson. The service that we do to others in our life is the most beautiful part of it. Gifts may be beautiful, but doing good is more beautiful. It is the crown of the homely. It makes them highest of all. The life of Jesus has been written in five words "He went about doing good." Love and unselfishness, purity and humility, are the flowers whose fragrance will perfume the world.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song."

A LITTLE wasp may prove a big nuisance.

WE all weary of our own business, and consequently enter upon a mild review of the affairs of our neighbours.

THE learner alone is capable of teaching.



Ruskin says:—A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools. The strength is in the men—in their unity and virtue—not in their standing room. That nation gains true territory which gains itself.

"I BELIEVE your friend the apothecary takes a dram occasionally."

"Oh, yes. I believe he has no scruples against it."

DAVID AND THE GIANT.

David was a stripling, shepherd boy was he
When he slew the giant, setting Israel free.
Drink is sin's Goliath, cruel, grim, and strong,
Slaying tens of thousands, doing daily wrong.

We are little children, very young and weak;
Where—to slay the giant—shall we succour seek?
Bear we no grand armour, breastplate, sword, or spear,
But we pray to Jesus, who our cry will hear.

Help us, Mighty Captain, David's Lord and Friend!
With our sling and pebble death to drinking send,
Life for dying drunkards, freedom for the slave,
Band of Hope's great Leader, drink's sad victims save!

—*Newman Hall.*

A STRANGE CUSTOM.

Temperance workers sometimes feel discouraged when they see so many open drink shops, and meet with people who are not at all interested in Temperance, but they should take heart. The world does move, and great strides have been taken in the right direction. If they will look back fifty or sixty years they will see that considerable changes have taken place. Sixty years ago people were so ignorant about alcohol that whiskey used to be given to the school children when they celebrated a special day. The boy and girl who took in the largest sum of money on Candlemas Day, in England, were called the king and queen, and were treated to two glasses of whiskey, while the other scholars had only one each. Can you fancy anything so awful being done now-a-days?

HIS LAST BATTLE.

He had fought in his country's need,
And returned with a soldier's glory;
He brought home the trophies of war,
But that is not all of the story:
He brought, yes he brought, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

He was handsome, and brave, and gay,
He had fought for his nation's glory;
They made him the banquet of wine,
But that is not all of the story:
They fostered and fed, tho' at first was unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

For soon came a whisper, ah yes,
And it did not add to his glory;
He's a drunkard, gambler, and sot,
But that is not all of the story:
He was marching to death, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
To an appetite born of the Army Canteen.

On, on went his unsteady feet,
Away from his manhood's glory;
No friends, no companions, no home,
But that is not all of the story:
He'd surrendered his soul, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
To an appetite born of the Army Canteen.

At last came a day when he fought
With demons of hell, dread and gory;
He fought with a drink-maddened brain,
Till death put an end to the story:
His parents stood there, and gazed on the scene,
A noble son wreck'd by the Army Canteen.

And so his last battle was fought,
But well might the seraphs in glory
Veil their faces, hush their glad songs,
While the Angel of God wrote the story;
Lost, lost, a poor soul! oh, the pitiful scene!
By a nation's legalised Army Canteen.

—V. M. L. in *Christian Herald.*

Grow tall—tall enough to look over Mount Difficulty into Hope City.

Grow broad—broad enough to bear with people whom God has made different from you.

Grow deep, sending your roots down into perpetual springs. Come to know God.

Grow straight, measuring right up to the line of duty.

Grow strong—ready for burdens, and ready for fruit.

Said Phelim: "The O'Tooles are a great family. Sure wan was raised to the throne of Ould Oireland."

"And what's that to the O'Ryans?" said Pat, for the honour of his family. "'Twas O'Ryan they raised to the hivens, and made a constillation of him! And there he is to this day."



"READY! AYE, READY!"

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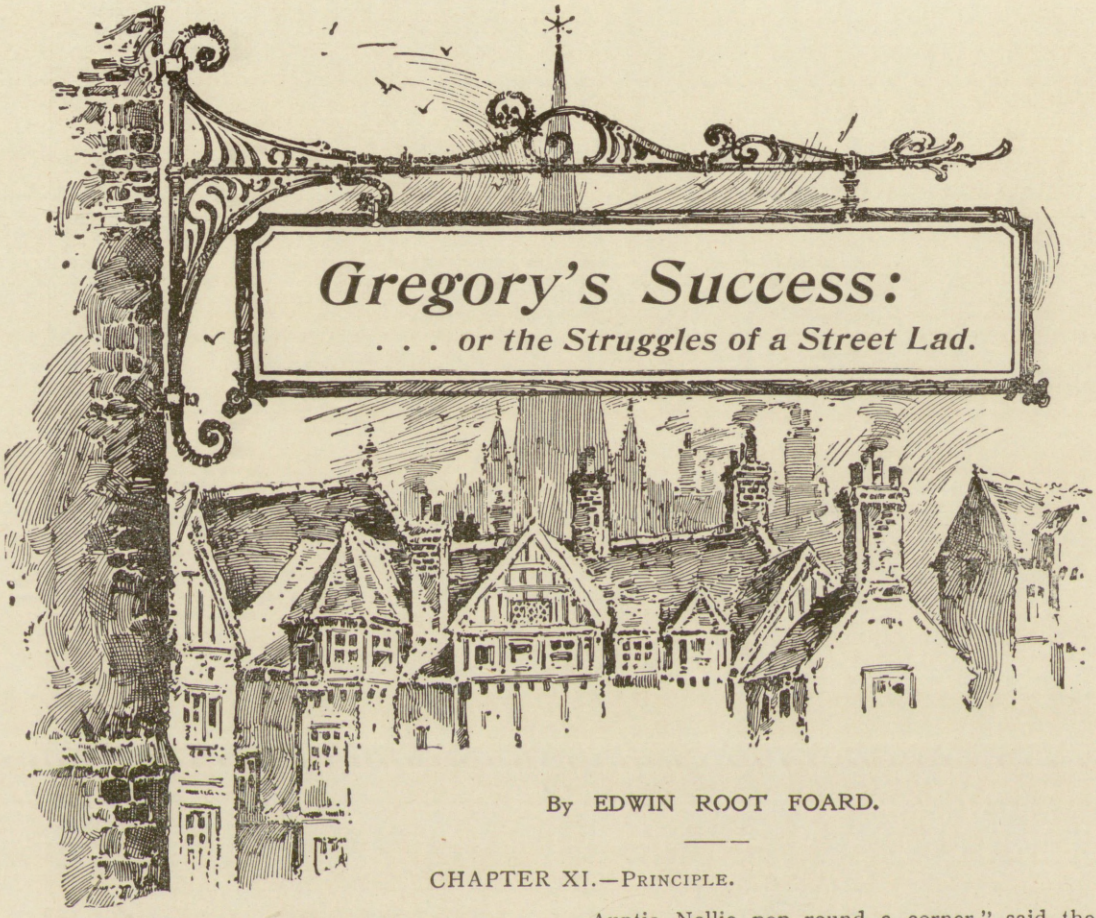


By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER XI.—PRINCIPLE.

Be thorough. Principles but lightly held
Are worthless and are soon effaced ;
Men must live the truths they hold,
Else find them oft disgraced.

MANY years of peaceful joy had smiled upon the lives of Gregory Johnson and his devoted wife. Children three had been born to them, Gregory, Mary, and Nell, who made home bright with their laughter and glee.

Business, too, had greatly prospered, and Mr. Spencer, his father-in-law, took him into partnership and then retired, leaving the active management of the concern to his former tried and trusted servant.

Everything seemed well. Sister Nell had developed into a handsome woman, apparently without a trace remaining of her childhood's bitter experience. "Auntie," as the children called her, was a most welcome visitor, by none made more welcome than her brother, with whom she often recalled the darker days of the past, as if the joys of the present would be enhanced by contrast with the sorrows of the bygone.

She and Daisy Prettyman were almost inseparable. Of a near age, brought up so much together, sharing similar tastes, they got to be looked upon as shadows one of the other. "See Auntie Nellie pop round a corner," said the young Gregory, "and you'll know Auntie Daisy is coming too."

The close companionship was to receive a further linking, for the two women became engaged to be married to brothers, John and Henry Adams. Gregory had noticed the growing familiarity, and was therefore prepared for the announcement made to him by his sister on little Nell's second birthday.

"You know, Nell," said he to his sister, "how thoroughly I wish well to both Daisy and yourself in your marriage. From all I hear, both the young men are respectable men, well thought of, and industrious. There's only one thing a little troubles me. Neither is a pledged teetotaler, and you know, Nell—forgive me! I don't want to say anything unkind or fretful—I dread the least familiarity with the drink, and am persuaded that to tolerate it is to harbour a source of danger."

"Oh! you needn't fear on that score, Gregory," came Nell's quick response, "both John and Henry are as good as teetotalers. They very rarely take any. Indeed, I have only once seen either of them drink, and then it was the smallest quantity. You see, they have been brought up so differently to ourselves, in a quiet home where a little has always been provided, but where nobody has ever gone to excess. No one is harsher in his condemnation of drunkenness

than their father, Mr. Adams, who is most abstemious and noted for his uprightness and good conduct."

"Yes, Yes, Nell. That may be. I have always noticed how severely drinkers upbraid the drunkard who has been made 'drunk' by their drink," urged Gregory. "What I want to do is to make impossible, as well as improbable, that you should ever be in mother's position. You know father was a moderate, most moderate man once."

"Gregory!" Nell interruptingly exclaimed in half-angry, pained tones, "You don't put John down at the same level as father! I am sure he will never go wrong, and I know Daisy is quite satisfied with Henry. It wouldn't take much to make them both teetotalers, and I shouldn't be surprised if they don't become so when we are married and they see what we do."

"Better become so before you're married, Nell! Men are not always so ready to change their habits for their wives as for their sweethearts. Call it my whim if you like, but see if you can't bring this to pass, for, I confess, I cannot but feel some uneasiness till I know they are quite safe."

With that he kissed his sister and changed the conversation to more pleasant thoughts concerning the arragements for the wedding, which, it was decided, should be a double event and should take place from Gregory's house.

All the day which followed the conversation her brother's words "better become so before you're married, Nell," continually rung in her ears.

Everything seemed to echo them, and she made up her mind to see Daisy about the matter, and then to talk it over with her betrothed and get him to take the pledge. Daisy didn't quite see the necessity, however.

"You know what it is, teetotalism is your brother's hobby. He thinks nobody quite safe who is not teetotal. After what he's gone through it's quite excusable. But I don't think there's any need for us to trouble the Adams's about it. They're so steady-going, they'd feel quite insulted. It isn't as though they did occasionally get too much. Of course you'll do what you like, but I shan't say anything."

But Nell did. Her brother's words troubled her, and, if only to satisfy her conscience and to get John's re-assurance, that night, when alone together, she spoke to him on the matter.

"John," she said, "why don't you sign teetotal?"

"Because I haven't any need, dear! But what makes you ask this? Does my sweetheart think I'm going to neglect her for drink?" he laughingly rallied her.

The very tones of his voice, his amused chuckle, dispelled her fears. With the eyes of her affection she beheld him, a strong, resolute man, who knew how to curb and control his appetite, to whom drink was only a harmless luxury which he could do with or without, and which could never exercise dominion over him.

"Oh, it was Gregory," she easily replied. "You know his views on the matter, and when I told him of our engagement this morning he said how he wished you would become a teetotaler before we're married. He wasn't complaining, you know."

"Oh, that brother of yours. He'd make all the world teetotal if he could," banteringly answered John. "You're not afraid of me, are you? If you are I'll sign."

"Oh, no!"

"Well, then, say no more about it. You'll find I'm all right. I haven't a bit of patience with the man who doesn't know when he's had enough. As you know, I only take the merest drop now, and if I find I'm getting fond of it I'll sign right away. What do you think of that?"

And so the uneasy thought was banished, and like every other lover she felt secure in the promises of courtship, as really intended as any promises, but rarely ever to be depended upon.

She would not have been quite so satisfied had she seen that her bosom companion, Daisy, who also mentioned the matter that night to Henry, treated the matter so lightly, and even went the length of showing her contempt by sharing at the same glass with him in the toast of "our future married life without teetotalism."

Gregory was not so easily satisfied however, and took the first opportunity to broach the matter to the young men, only to get practically the same answers as they had given to the ladies.

One thing, however, he did get his own way in, that was in making it clear that at the wedding celebration no intoxicants should be provided, "for," added he, "the presence of intoxicants would seem to me as a skeleton at the feast, and I would have those so dear to me enter upon their married state without shadow if I can secure it."

When he told his wife of the interview, he added, "My mind misgives me. I wish I could be satisfied. How will it all turn out?"

(*To be continued*).

Children of the Sunshine.

By John Dale.

XI.—NOVEMBER FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are all more or less beautiful; yet, lovely as they may be, a well-shaped tree, clothed in its summer foliage, adds more to the beauty of a landscape than many flowers. Every such tree forms a beautiful picture; even when stripped of its leaves, the delicate tracery of its branches makes it still an object of beauty. In November, when hoar frost or snow covers every branch and twig with silvery crystals, the woodlands seem like enchanted fairy palaces.

In summer or winter each tree has a distinct beauty and grace of its own, the form and appearance of its stem and branches charm and delight the lover of nature, and give him the impression that the fields and woods are full

of harmony, or as Tennyson sweetly sings:—

> The woods were filled so full with song,
> There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

We must remember that trees are as much the "children of the sunshine" as flowers; but for the light and warmth of the sun they could not grow. The humbler grasses, too, growing beneath them, are also the "children of the sunshine," and are as worthy of our attention as the gay flowers, or the beautiful trees.

November brings us no fresh flowers, and we can therefore devote a little time to examine some of the grasses, which form no small part of the vegetable kingdom, and are found in nearly every part of the globe. The beautiful pampas-grass of South America grows to a height of fifteen feet, the sugar-cane to eighteen or twenty feet, and the bamboo to eighty or a hundred feet, yet these are all true grasses. In the British islands there are fully one hundred different kinds of grasses, but few of them grow to a height of more than three feet.

A grass is one of the simplest forms of a perfect plant. It has an erect slender stem, generally round, and hollow between the joints; from these spring narrow, pointed leaves, sheathing the stem, and protecting the younger leaves and buds. A few flowers form a cluster on the top of the stem, or, if the stem is branched, the flowers grow at the end of each branch.

The outer part of a flower, usually termed the calyx, is called the *glume* in the grass flower, and the parts which stand for petals are called *paleæ*. Frequently a stiff hair or bristle is attached to the glume, this termed the *awn*; barley presents a well-known example. There are generally three stamens; the pistil has two feathery stigmas, but each flower produces only a single seed. Grasses differ as much in value as in appearance. Some are poor, unfit for herbage, and are of no use to the farmer.

The illustration given this month shows three typical and valuable grasses, with a flower of each detached and magnified to exhibit the different parts. The beautiful feathery stigmas are wonderfully adapted to catch the pollen dust as it is blown from the loosely-hung stamens by the summer winds, thus securing the fertilisation of the ovary and the production of seed.



The first figure shows the cat's tail grass (*Phléum praténse*), it is very common in pastures and meadows. The numerous florets are closely packed into a round spike, the stem being a foot or eighteen inches in height. The glumes have short, fringed awns, the paleæ are toothed, and the stamens have long, slender stalks, which lift them above the florets, and bring them to hang outside the spike.

The central figure shows the smooth meadow grass (*Póa praténsis*) with a separate *spikelet*, or cluster of florets, and also a detached floret. The flower stems grow to a height of eighteen inches, each bearing a many-branched panicle of small spikelets, often tinged with purple. Every spikelet consists of a pair of glumes and four florets. The paleæ are lance shaped and ribbed. The stamens are loosely hung, their stalks are slender, but not so long as those of the cat's-tail grass.

There is a rough meadow grass (*Póa triviális*) very similar to above; the roughness of the stem and leaves, however, is a sufficient mark of distinction between the two. The common grass weed found in gardens is the annual meadow grass (*Póa ámma*), which blooms nine months in the year, from March to Nov. The *Póas* are all exceedingly useful grasses for pastures or for meadow crops.

The lowest figure represents the perennial darnel, or rye-grass (*Lólium perénne*), which is a valuable grass with a smooth, dark-green foliage. The spikelets are many-flowered, and are arranged alternately on each side of the stem at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bract at the base of each spikelet, the whole forming a flat or feather-shaped spike of flowers.

There is another darnel (*Lólium temuléntum*), which sometimes grows in cornfields, and bears very acrid, poisonous seeds. It is one of the very few grasses that are poisonous.

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,
Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

XI.—CURLING.



IF cricket be the favourite game of the English, if base ball be that of Brother Jonathan, then curling is the delightful pastime of our fellow subjects across the border.

Curling is a winter game, and requires for its enjoyment firm ice, consequently, a mild winter is not welcome among the Scotch, who have been looking forward with great pleasure to showing their skill with the curling-stones. Of all our national games, curling seems to be the most useful in bringing all classes of society in happy touch with each other.

When the game is going forward, peer and peasant, tradesman and laird are on an equality. It is the skill of the player and not his social position which gains for a player the applause of those who are looking on.

Curling has been called "a roaring game;" this, indeed, properly designates the behaviour of the spectators. In the clear, frosty air, their shouts of delight when some lucky hit has been made may be heard miles away, and at the supper, which generally takes place after the match, the shouts of merriment are loud and long.

This game has been played for many years in Scotland; there is evidence that it was certainly a national amusement as far back as the year 1600. It was in the year 1840 that the rules of the various clubs were consolidated; previous to this date the various clubs had rules which only applied to themselves. The result of a representative meeting at Edinburgh in the year mentioned was the formation of the Grand Caledonian Curling Club, and a set of rules was arranged which was to be binding on every affiliated club. At this convention the shape of the curling-stone was also settled. It had been the custom to take any stone with a smooth bottom from any field or dyke, and by simply placing in it a rough handle it was considered a legitimate instrument for play. The stones are now shaped somewhat like Wiltshire cheeses; they must not weigh less than thirty or more than fifty pounds, they must not be more than thirty-six inches in circumference. They are provided with wooden handles, since iron, with a freezing atmosphere, would be too cold for the fingers; these handles can be screwed off and placed in the pocket. The visitor to Scotland looks with astonishment and amazement at the beautifully polished curling-stones which are seen in many windows in Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

Preparation in made for the game by the drawing of an oblong figure on the ice; this is known as the "rink." It is between thirty-two and forty-two yards in length, and about ten feet in breadth, the size indeed varies according to the agreement among the players. At either end of the rink three circles are drawn, these are technically known as broughs, the inner circle is the tee, or goal. The object of the game is to get as many stones belonging to the players of one side nearer to the tee than those of the other side. Each player not only provides his stone, in the preparation of which there is great pride, he also carries a broom or besom, with which he sweeps away the snow which might impede the progress of his friend's stone. About seven feet from the tee is a line drawn, this is called the hog score; any stone which does not this line pass is taken off, and is not reckoned in the play; it is considered dead.

Generally, there are four players on a side, each with two stones; the rules declare that in no case shall the same individual play with two stones in succession, every player shall deliver both his stones alternately with an opponent before any other of the same side or party play.

The umpires in this game are called skippers, and the players are to submit to the skipper's directions.

This game requires considerable skill and strength, the player must be able to throw his opponent's stone aside as it stands in the way of his stone reaching the tee.

The game is carried out with considerable attention to rule, and although the onlookers make no secret of their approbation or otherwise of the player's skill, among the players there is considerable discipline with regard even to speaking.

Rule 8 says: "If any player shall improperly speak or interrupt another while in the act of delivering the stone, one shot shall be added to the stone of the party so interrupted."

The clever way of making the stone curl, as it were, into its proper place has given the name to the game.

It is not to be wondered that the game of curling has become so popular; it is an open-air game, and that is always an inducement to any game; it is not a game which separates the various grades of society, on the contrary, it binds them together. It is a game of skill, and the skilful player gets the benefit of his knowledge. It is not an expensive game, for once the stones are purchased there is little or no further expense; the cheapest stones in the hands of a skilful player often win the most matches.

After all, Jack Frost is master of the game; if he chooses to stay away the curlers may look in vain for their fun, by his sudden departure he can break up the sport.

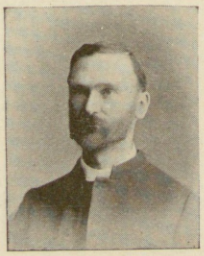
For this reason, curling can never be a popular game in England. Our winters are now often so mild that we can hardly get a decent game of snowballs or a few weeks' skating.

National Conference Sermon.

Preached in Manchester Cathedral, Sunday, September 23rd.

BY THE DEAN OF BELFAST
(REV. F. D'ARCY, D.D.)

PSALM XXV., 16.—"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."



THE fathers are the glory of the past, the children are the glory of the future. What amazing, what infinite possibilities lurk beneath the simplicity of childhood! Near the end of last century was born in Corsica, in middling circumstances, a helpless infant. In a few years that infant had become an emperor and was shaking the world. Nineteen hundred years ago was born, in lowly lot, that infant who, in less than a third of a century, became the source of spiritual regeneration for all ages.

The future of our race, of our nation, lies with the children. Among them are the leaders, the teachers, the thinkers, the organisers, upon whom the continuance of our work depends. If all that we are and do is to have permanent value, it must be because "Instead of our fathers shall be our children, whom we may make princes in all the earth."

These princes are now in the nursery and the school. The foundations of their character are being laid. In a few years time they will be ruling, not this land only, but a large portion of the earth.

We often think with wonder and with pride of the great position which God has given to Great Britain among the nations. Foremost in civilisation, in commercial and administrative capacity, possessed of a peculiar force of character which everywhere carries them to the front, the children of Britain have indeed become princes in all the earth. How many there are who, thirty or forty years ago were making British nurseries and schoolrooms echo to the sound of their childish laughter, are now

RULING VAST PROVINCES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Truly the benediction of our text has descended upon this land. British ideas, British character, British enterprise, British charity and religion, are mighty influences in the world to-day. Of every generation of our people in modern times it has been true that instead of the fathers there have been children who were made princes in all the earth.

These reflections force upon our minds the thought of two great duties which rest upon us. (1) Our duty to the world, to mankind as a whole. (2) Our duty to the children.

To-night let us consider these duties in connection with the Band of Hope Union now holding its conferences in this great city. We are often compelled to think of the frightful evil caused to our own land and among our own people by the use of intoxicating drink. We think of the

VAST HOST OF THE SLAIN,

the 120,000 who perish through strong drink every year, of the want, the degradation, the tortures which come upon myriads more from the same source. We think of the destruction greater—vastly greater—than that of all our battlefields.

But now I ask you to lift your minds to another and, it seems to me, an even more impressive reflection: the effect of British drink upon the world as a whole.

Wherever the men of our race go they carry with them their high character, their moral force, their administrative capacity, their invincible pluck, their pure force of Christianity. Yes, but unfortunately, wherever they go they also carry their drinking habits, their alcoholic stimulants. British trade penetrates to the heart of Africa. So does British liquor, more fatal than the plague to the dark sons of that continent.

In India, the abstaining Mohammedan points to the drunken Britisher, and says to the missionary,

"THERE IS YOUR CHRISTIANITY."

All the world over, our influence for good is injured, our missionary endeavours are rendered ineffectual because our national drinking habits prevail. We build little sand-castles of good effort on the vast shore of heathenism, and the mighty tide of strong drink sweeps over them and they vanish.

Strong drink, our national curse, has become, through those great capacities which belong to our race, a universal curse. Our children have become princes in all the earth, and the national plague has followed them.

Now surely this state of things cannot go on for ever. If the good does not overcome the evil the evil will overcome the good. If the plague is not stamped out with determination very soon, the earth will not endure much longer to have our children enthroned as her princes. He that loveth wine shall not be rich, and the people who cannot overcome the appetite for strong drink shall lose their greatness.

Not only so, but is it not an awful thing that God has given to us as a people the most glorious opportunity for becoming a blessing to all the earth, and that we are in danger of losing that opportunity through this one great sin? God has put us into such a position that it is true of us as of the old Hebrews, that in us "All families of the earth shall be blest," if we are only true to our calling, if we will only overcome our besetting sin.

How is that sin to be overcome? It must be confessed that, in spite of much real success of a limited kind in our Temperance work, in spite of much that is undoubtedly encouraging, the sin, as a great national evil, remains much where it was. The drink bill steadily increases with the increase of population. The prisons and lunatic asylums still receive their full compliment of inmates. The tens of thousands pass yearly into the drunkard's grave.

How is the great evil to be overcome? How is the national sin to be conquered? How is the world-wide influence of Britain to be purified?

Well, we believe that legislation can do a great deal, and we cry aloud for such legislation. We believe that if people cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament, their chances of being made sober can be enormously increased by Act of Parliament. We hold, on the strength of an indisputable array of facts, that Parliamentary action can relieve millions from most of the temptations which at present beset them. Therefore we cry aloud for legislation, and shall continue to cry aloud for it.

Again, the evil can be grappled with by means of continued and progressive movement on the lines laid down by the great Temperance organisers of the century; by more extensive organisation, by stirring appeals to the hearts, consciences and intelligences of the people at large, by individual effort on the part of an increasing number of devoted workers.

But there is one way which is, perhaps, more important than all. It is simply this:

LET US DO OUR DUTY TO THE CHILDREN.

The whole Band of Hope movement is, from beginning to end, a grand effort to do our duty to the children. That movement was inaugurated and carried on by souls filled with the love of God, minds possessed of something of that wisdom which comes from God. They perceived that the true hope for the nation lay with the children. And this truth is an eternal one. If we do our duty to the children all will be well.

Think of the multitude of our children in our nurseries, in our schools. Think of their wonderful capacities for good and evil; the affections, the thoughts, the labours which should be theirs. Try to realise them going forth into the world to take up the burden of responsibility that we must lay down. They are to be

THE PRINCES OF THE FUTURE.

ALL THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THEM.

What is to be their destiny? What is to be the destiny of the wide provinces which they must rule? Ah! while they are playing in their nurseries or shouting with glee in their playgrounds, there lies in wait for them that awful demon—that devil from hell which haunts our civilisation, which turns our gladness into weeping and wailing, which consumes the very bodies of his victims and casts their souls into the outer darkness, which lays his foul hand upon the princes among men, so that their wisdom becomes folly and their strength is wasted away.

If the children are not saved from the drink demon they will perish, and the world-wide influence of

OUR RACE WILL PERISH WITH THEM.

Train up the children in total abstinence from strong drink, instil into their minds the principles of total abstinence, graft in their hearts the love of Temperance and the hatred of intemperance, and you have put them in the way to escape the damning sin of our race. This is the work which the Band of Hope seeks to accomplish.

But some are sure to say, "This account of the dangers is exaggerated. These are the words of a screaming fanatic." The answer is easy. The facts and figures to which the Temperance advocate can now appeal for proof are so tremendous that no imagination can fully realise them, no language can fully express their meaning. They are, at the same time, absolutely indisputable. People are astounded when they hear that the

WAR WILL COST 100 MILLIONS.

161 millions were spent last year by the nation on strong drink. Add to this figure the national loss through the premature deaths caused by drink, through the prevention of production, and through destruction, and it has been calculated that the total financial expenditure on strong drink was, in round numbers, over 400 millions.

That is enough. Time would fail me where I to attempt to give you the terrible figures which prove the bodily injury to the population, or some indication of the spiritual loss.

But think what that 400 millions is spent upon. What is this vast national sacrifice made for? What end does it serve? Put it briefly, and the answer is, most of it is

SPENT ON MAKING HELL.

Think of the million and a quarter who, in London alone, live always on the borders of destitution.

Think of the prisons and mad-houses filled, for the most part, with the victims of strong drink. Or take the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and say if the result of the expenditure of that 400 millions is not the production of the nearest thing that we have on earth to the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched.

Oh! save the children from that hell. Give to the great Band of Hope movement your most earnest support. It is indeed deserving. Its history shows a series of most noble efforts in a noble cause. It commands the services of a devoted band of workers belonging to all creeds and parties religious and political. 3½ million children are now united under its banner. It is ever pressing forward. Throw in your lot with it, that so its power may grow until public opinion, formed by it, as the children develop into manhood and womanhood, shall arise in its might and

DRIVE OUT THE DRINK-DEMON FROM OUR COASTS.

But there is one danger connected with work of this kind. There is the danger of imagining that mere pledges, mere organisation, the enrolling of a multitude of abstainers are enough.

Just as the engine requires something more than perfect machinery—a motive power—so organisations of this kind require some great spiritual force to make it effective.

And that force must, I believe, come from our religion. It is to our great Christian faith that we must look for the saving power. Let all our work be done with a spirit of Christly faith in Christ. Then will Christ, the great source of spiritual power, work in our Bands of Hope and make them a means of saving the little ones whom He loves.

THE LAST RAYS ARE SHINING.

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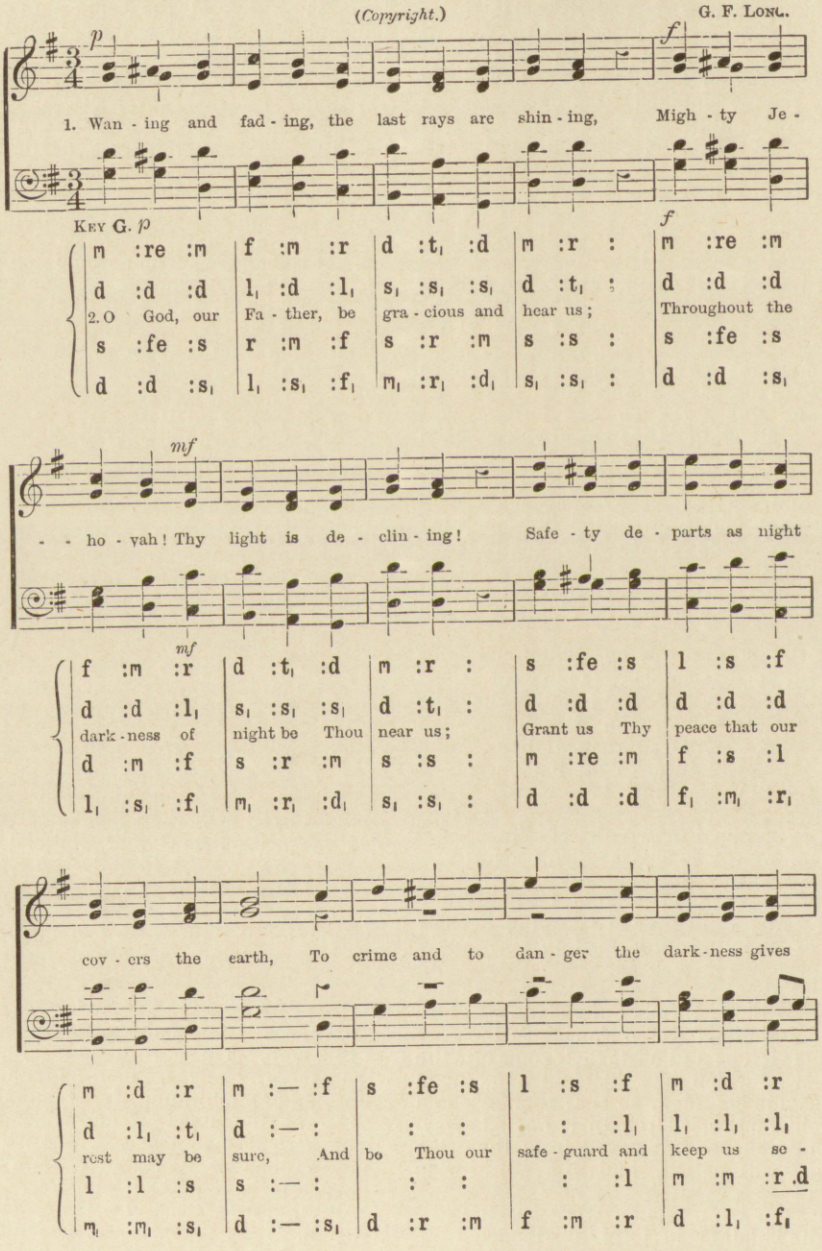
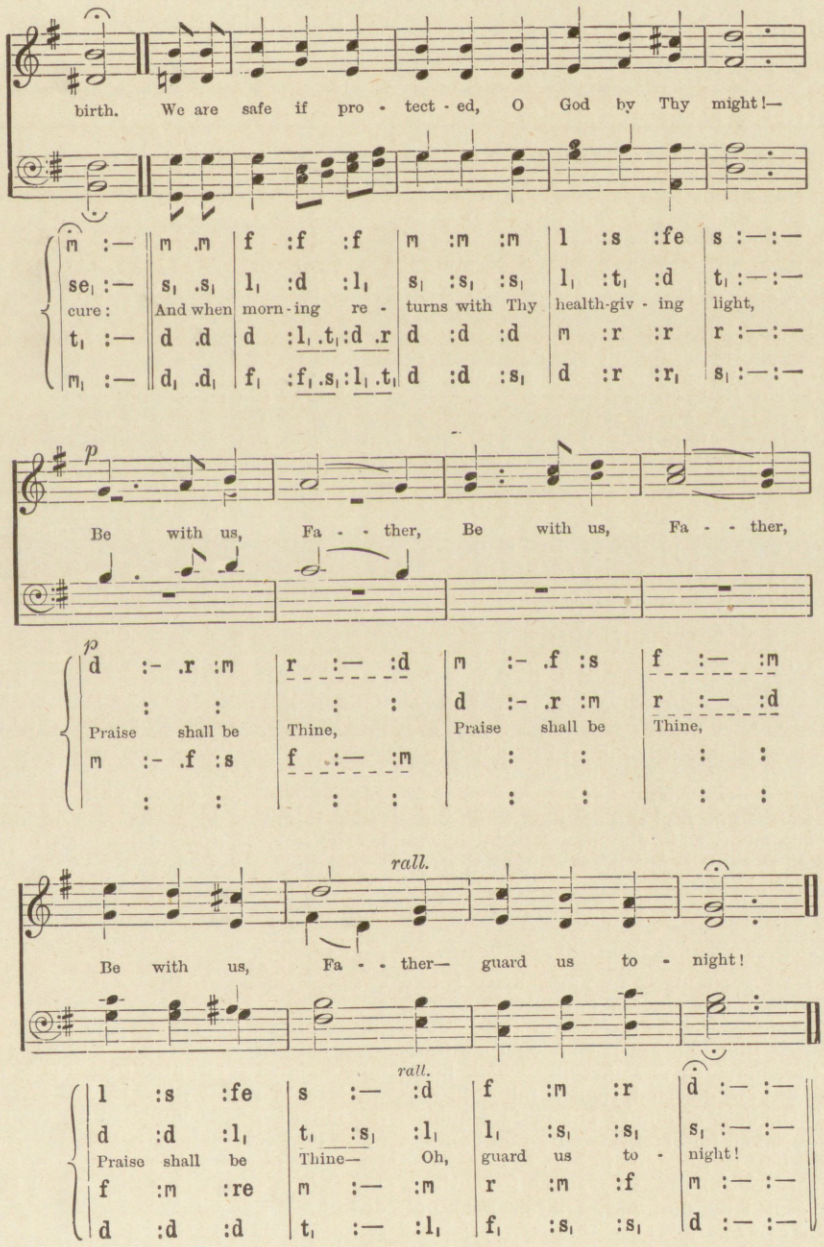
G. F. Long.



THE LAST RAYS ARE SHINING.



❋ Good Health, ❋

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

Thoughts on a Common Ailment:

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

WE have reached the part of the year when holidays are over, and nothing else is left but to settle down to the earnest work of our lives, winter, with its vicissitudes of temperature and its trying weather, when the system should be in perfect condition to face the inclemency of the winter.

Fruit has had its turn, and, when in season, there is no finer diet to be got. There is an impression abroad that during the autumn and early winter, fruit is more dangerous on account of its rapid decay. Quite true! but then neither fruit nor anything else should be eaten when decay has set in. It is this decay which sets up chemical action in the stomach, and gives rise to the poisonous elements which so many times have proved fatal, not only in the case of fruit, but other kinds of foods, notably that kept in tins. If the fruit is whole and sound, it cannot possibly do any harm.

Much has been written in the past, and a good deal more has been said of the effect fruit has in the causation of diarrhœa. Now, in my own investigations—and these are not unimportant ones—I have never come across a case of diarrhœa which could, in truth, be attributed to the eating of fruit; most of the deaths are due to other causes more or less remotely connected with dietetics. In both old and young, when the diarrhœa commences, it should be stopped as soon as possible; this is not a difficult matter if common sense precautions are adopted.

To commence with, the afflicted should follow the

LINES OF ABSTINENCE

from solid food, particularly that most difficult to digest, take as much rest as possible so as to keep the bowels, as well as the rest of the body, quiet. Should there be any suspicion that the cause of the diarrhœa is something which has been eaten and not digested, then a full dose of castor oil is the best medium; but perfect quiet should be observed for at least twenty-four hours, and this can best be obtained in bed.

In the case of infants, who suffer from this complaint especially during the latter part of summer and early part of autumn, there is much to be said for the milk which is, or should be, their only food, undergoing decomposition before it is taken; but we must look to something else than the high temperature of the air as a factor in the causation of the changes in the milk. I do not deny that it has a great deal to do with it, but there is something more than this actuating the diarrhœa which is so frequently noticed at this time of the year.

To find out the *cause* is a very difficult thing. To bring about an effect by remedial measures is quite easy. To many people this seems absurd; it is nevertheless true.

To return to the diarrhœa, some time ago Dr. Ballard, in the course of some investigations into this matter, found that when the temperature of the earth at a depth of four feet reached 56° F., diarrhœa would assuredly show itself, being principally confined to infants and young children. During the last few years I have taken particular note of this, and all my investigations have fully confirmed Dr. Ballard's conclusions.

The explanation is simple and somewhat

LIKE A ROMANCE.

In the interstices and cracks of the crust of the earth there are germs which resist cold to a large extent, and to which heat is necessary for their proliferation and development. The depth of four feet is used because it is susceptible to the changes of climate and season, yet not so variable as if the temperature were taken one foot down. These germs grow and multiply in the warmth of summer and autumn. Through the continuance of the heat the earth cracks and liberates the microbes, which are so microscopic as to be unseen, so small as to be carried about by every breath of air. They lodge most naturally on food and dishes, particularly when moist, and are thus absorbed into the stomach to set up changes which give rise to diarrhœa.

I have noticed that when clothing or anything else is soiled with the discharges of a diarrhœa patient, and this clothing is carelessly put away into the scullery in close contact with food and dishes used at meals, the discharges dry up and liberate the germs, which are roused by every puff of wind, to lodge on food and be again taken into the digestive part of the system, to be the starting point of another case of illness.

So the

COMPLAINT IS SPREAD,

not by a process of infection from person to person, but through the medium of a tainted food supply.

This theory will also account for the wide dissemination of the disease through the medium of the staple food of infants and young children. I must here condemn the way in which we get our milk supplies. Granted that this is pure and of wholesome quality when leaving the farm, before the milkman has completed his round, when the lid of the receptacle has been taken off perhaps hundreds of times, and the various measures left exposed in a wet condition to all the dust and dirt of a hot day, it is small wonder that the irrepressible microbe should have taken possession of what is to him a highly suitable medium for his present day existence, and his future camping ground in which his plans for attacking the infantile population are matured.

However unlikely the above reasoning may appear, somewhat too fantastic to be true, yet it nevertheless accounts in a scientific manner for

the prevalence of this fatal disease at certain times of the year. Now comes the question of prevention, which we will consider first as being of primary importance.

These germs are so small that they have to be magnified several hundreds of times before they can be recognised under the microscope, and thus they are the more formidable in that they are

INVISIBLE FOES.

We can, nevertheless, control their actions and results by the ordinary precautions of cleanliness.

When the milk is first delivered, it should be sterilised by the action of heat. It should be steamed, *i.e.*, put into a pot and this pot into a pan of water on the fire, and the water in the pan kept boiling for twenty minutes, taking care to cover up the milk with a plate. Then pour out the milk into a suitable receptacle for keeping it. Under ordinary circumstances such milk will keep good in a cool place for twenty-four hours. But I said a suitable receptacle, and this matter has not received the attention it deserves. I am accustomed to the sight of our pure white, wide-topped, and neatly-lipped milk dishes, inseparable as they are from custom from every household dairy, and yet they are only the production of the potter's art, regardless of the requirements of the case. They look clean, so they should be, but in shape they are the most inappropriate article for the purpose, as exposing the largest surface for the collection of dust and germs.

The best vessel is one of the coarsest material, made as porous as can be, shaped like a water bottle, with a small mouth, but a short neck to facilitate cleansing. With one of these, the milk is kept cool by the evaporation of water from a wet cloth wound round it, and, of course, kept moist. The dust has less chance of gaining admission on account of its narrow opening, and further prevented if this opening is closed with a plug, lightly put in, of clean, new cotton wool, a fresh piece being used each day. I have not seen these bottles used for the purpose, but I am convinced they are the best and safest.

It follows that if this milk has to be kept pure, nothing but clean vessels must be used for its storage, and so they should be scalded with hot water as frequently as is necessary.

The same advice applies also to feeding bottles, because just "as the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link," so is the utility of all our precautions; to omit even one of the simplest of these is to render useless the whole lot.

So much for prevention, and now a few words about a foolish attempt to

CURE THIS TROUBLESOME COMPLAINT.

I have previously spoken of the value of rest and abstention from food. Usually, these will effect a cure unless there is something more serious. Should those measures not prove successful, I must advise you not to delay in sending for a medical man. A

NOTE OF WARNING

is necessary against a practice which is all too common, viz., the use of alcohol. So common is this practice that it warrants me in trying to put it down. The usual brandy and port wine cannot possibly stem the advance of the germs, nor yet arrest the diarrhœa, except by acting injuriously on the coating of the stomach. The feeling of exhilaration produced seems to give rise to the thought of improvement, but it is this exhilaration which is the curse of the drink, because it acts as a stimulant for more.

The action of alcohol at first is to excite the action of the heart, and by this means to throw a larger quantity of blood into the blood vessels of the stomach, but this temporary congestion is not required, and is followed not only by the opposite condition in the stomach, but by a general depression of the whole system. Then the insane use of it to infants who, however small the dose, are kept in a state, more or less, of intoxication during the time of life when all the forces should be directed to the growth and development of the body.

The Rhyme Shop.

By F.C.

"WELL, Jack, I always knew you were an eccentric fellow, but I shall begin to think you something more than that now."

The person addressed, who was folding up a parcel, laughed lightly.

"Shall you? What?" he inquired.

"A madman, or little better than one. Who in the whole world but you would think of carrying the teetotal fad as far as this?" And he waved his hand toward the walls and the provision-lined window. "You'll ruin your business, quite."

"Oh, I think not; I don't see why I should. It is only a new form of advertising—a kind of double advertisement, and I hope that instead of driving people away it will set some of them thinking a bit."

"They will think you very foolish, that is all. Who ever heard the like of this now?" and taking a ticket from the top of a shining tin, he read aloud—

> "Tea cheap and good you'll purchase here,
> So buy it, please, instead of beer."

Again the shopkeeper laughed.

"Well, there is nothing to offend anyone in that, is there?" he asked. "I do sell good tea, and I have found tea much better than beer myself; so have the little ones and mother too, haven't you, Katie?" and he turned to his little daughter who, was dressing her doll in the shop.

"Yes, we all like it ever so much better than we did when father had beer," was the prompt response, "and we were pleased with the new advertisements, too, and thought them very pretty. Don't you like poetry, uncle?"

He smiled—a rather grim smile, while her father laughed more heartily than before.

"Your uncle can't be expected to read my scribble with your eyes, my dear," he said. "We may write verses without being what men call poets. Temperance itself, however, has a good deal of poetry in it, I think; anyhow, I know it has brought poetry into a good many homes and lives."

"Ugh! that is how all Temperance faddists talk. But I'm almost sure you will lose custom, Jack. Anyhow, you will be greatly ridiculed."

"As to that, I have been ridiculed already, or rather my tickets have, though I only decorated the place with them last evening. But you know, Ralph, there's an old saying runs, 'Let those laugh who win.'"

"And you haven't seen them all, uncle," added Katie. "Come with me outside, and I'll show you how beautiful they look from the street!" And laying her doll aside she ran to him and put into his a coaxing hand, and thus led him triumphantly to the point of vantage on the pavement.

The shop was not a large one, but it stood in a rather conspicuous part, and had two fair-sized windows, while the lettering above proclaimed that John Hawkins was a Grocer and Provision Merchant, etc.; and certainly the variety of articles displayed proved he had a rightful claim to the title.

"There!" exclaimed Katie, proudly, as she pointed out one and another of the new advertisements; "you will surely think some of them nice. Dad is a poet I am sure, if he says he isn't." And in a pleasant voice she proceeded to repeat some of the verses which, in bright lettering, adorned the various goods, as if she thought, in her sweet young heart, that the sound of them, if not the mere sight, would convince her uncle of their use and beauty. Above a pile of cheeses was a card containing the words—

> Good people, pause, and if you please
> Buy here our Dutch or Cheddar cheese;
> But drink not with it stout or ale,
> Lest you should find its charm to fail.

While, perched on the top of some lemons, was this adjuration—

> See here some yellow beauties laid
> For you to make nice lemonade;
> Far better for your work than e'er
> Is sparkling wine, which brings a snare.

Then again, another ticket, placed over the sugar, apparently advised the customers thus—

> Your own drink sweeten, nor drink that
> Which has passed through the brewer's vat.

We cannot, however, give everyone of these strange advertisements; enough to say that almost every article was made to point out some moral bearing on Temperance. But it grieved Katie sorely that even after her uncle had heard or read every one he did not appear any more convinced or appreciative, but still held his old opinion.

"It won't take," he said, "You may depend upon it. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised at any time to hear you had to turn bankrupt." And he went away shaking his head, leaving his little niece quite doleful.

This dismal prophecy did not, however, come to pass; but, instead, the business of the grocer was as prosperous as before. In fact, it began to be more so; and when, a few months after, Uncle Ralph again paid a visit to the shop, Katie met him with a smiling face.

"Oh, uncle, you won't scold father any more, nor yet think him a funny man, nor find fault with his poetry, will you," she said, "when you know it has made some people teetotalers?"

"I don't know," he replied, stroking her wavy hair. "If it has made a few folk teetotal they were, maybe, some who didn't need making so."

"Yes they did, and very badly too," she answered. "Why, only last Sunday a little girl told me she and her mother are so glad father put all those things up, because her brother, who has been a great drunkard, you see, couldn't get away from them, and now he has signed the pledge, and made them all so happy."

"Glad to hear it, I am sure. Still, it was none the less a fanatical idea."

"Fanaticism seems to be needed sometimes," said his brother. "Katie and I are quite satisfied with our experiment."

"Yes. Do you know what people call our shop, uncle?"

"No; how should I?"

"The 'Rhyme Shop.' I don't think the boys and young men ever call it anything else. I hear about it at school you see. And we keep a pledge-book here, too, uncle—at least dad does. And how many names should you think we have in it?"

"I don't know," he again replied.

"Guess."

"No, I'm not a good hand at guessing; you had better tell me straight out."

"*Twenty*." And Katie laid great emphasis on the word. "And nearly all who have signed are keeping the pledge it seems, if not quite all, aren't they, father?"

"Yes, my dear—at least so we are informed, and we have no reason to doubt the truth of the information. Indeed I am very grateful to God for the thought that came to me of putting up those lines, poor as they are; and if we could only get your uncle's name we should be more glad still, shouldn't we, Katie?"

"Oh yes, what a splendid idea! Do sign, uncle, do!"

"No, you can't have my name," said he rather gruffly. "I am not too fond of drink, and I don't keep a shop, either, to want rhyming advertisements."

In the end, however, Katie and her father prevailed. Katie's influence being perhaps the strongest, for she was his special pet, and he did not like to deny her. And great was her delight, and great, too, his brother's satisfaction when, ere he left the place, he also was enrolled amongst the members of their new society, the society which was so strangely formed in what, as Katie had said, was designated,

"THE RHYME SHOP."



"Once Upon a Time."

By Mary M. Forrester.

"ONCE upon a time," 'tis said,
Fairies tripped this earth of ours,
Little sprites, who found a bed
In the bosom of the flowers,
And each toad-stool was a home
For some spirit plotting harm,
While the mermaids on the foam
Caused the travellers much alarm.
Witches danced in magic rings,
Singing many a creepy rhyme;
Oh, there were some wondrous things,
"Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time," you know,
Every mansion had its ghost,
Spirits clad in spotless snow,
Perched upon some bed's high post;
Or, with hollow, brimstone eyes,
Treading lonely oaken floors,
Uttering wild, unearthly cries
As they swept the corridors.
Ghosts of ladies, tall and fair,
Ghosts of knights just in their prime
Met you on each creaking stair,
"Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time," each man
Was a knight of high degree,
Or the hero of some clan,
Just as brave as brave can be.
Tooting on his lute's sweet chord
Seemed his only occupation,
Or, defending with his sword
Gentle woman's reputation;
And he wooed his lady's bonnet
In a lovey dovey rhyme;
Every man could write a sonnet
"Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time," each maid,
From her lattice high above,
Listened to a serenade
Sweeter than the coo of dove,
While, with courage great and grand,
Did her lover scale the wall,
Just to clasp her "lily hand,"
Risking many a nasty fall;
For papa, would have it not—
Tried to kill this love sublime—
Papas seemed a worthless lot
"Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time," ah, me!
Can it, then, be really true
That the age of chivalry
Vanished with the buckle-shoe?
Is this little world of ours
Destitute of beauty's light
Since the fairies left the flowers,
And the mermaids took their flight?
Have we ne'er a thought to-day
But the "dollar" and the "dime"?
Did romance quite end its sway
"Once upon a time"?

"Once upon a time," perhance,
In the busy world to-day
There is just as much romance
As in the ages passed away.
Johnnie, with his close-cut hair,
Rough with toil, yet strong and jolly,
Waiting at the corner there
For his Sally or his Polly,
Feels the power of love's sweet passion,
Just as he who sung his rhyme
To the maid in old-world fashion,
"Once upon a time."



National Conferences of the Band of Hope Movement,

1900.

"FROM Thursday of the present week until Friday of next week Manchester will be attacked and occupied by a storming party of 500 teetotalers," said a local paper in commencing its description of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union Autumnal Conferences, held in Manchester and district, Sept. 20th to 28th, 1900

There was a great deal of truth in the statement, for probably no previous Conferences have been so numerously attended by representative workers from all parts of the United Kingdom.

The gatherings commenced with a splendid series of

DISTRICT FESTIVALS, DEMONSTRATIONS, AND CONFERENCES,

addressed by visiting delegates on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20th, 21st, 22nd, at Accrington, Ashton-under-Lyne, Altrincham, Bacup, Bury, Burnley, Blackburn, Bolton, Colne, Chorley, Chester, Cheetham, East Manchester, Heywood, Leigh, Liverpool, Macclesfield, New Mills, Nelson, Newton Heath, Oldham, Padiham, Preston, Royton, Salford, St. Helens, Southport, Todmorden, Upholland, Warrington, Wigan, etc.

Delegates who arrived in Manchester on **Saturday evening, Sept. 22nd,** greatly appreciated the Reception provided by the Temperance organisations having their headquarters in the city, and especially the opportunity it afforded them of becoming acquainted with their hosts and of meeting with many leading local representative workers.

Sunday, Sept. 23rd, found most of the delegates in the city of Manchester, and many of them engaged in addressing various Sunday Schools, P.S.A.'s, and preaching services. Official sermons were preached by Rev. T. Eynon Davies (Beckenham), and by the very Rev. the Dean of Belfast, whose striking utterance in Manchester Cathedral we reproduce on another page.

Upwards of 167 Manchester places of worship were so addressed, in addition to many arranged by Unions in places without the city.

On **Monday Morning,** notwithstanding that the General Election called some of the delegates home, over 400 took part in visits to various places of interest. Some went to "school" again, to compare their boyhood's experience with those of the child in attendance at the up-to-date educational establishments. Many went to study glass making, some to engineering works, and some to College (Owens).

At mid-day an excellent muster faced Mr. Lionel Mundy (Chairman U.K.B.H.U.) at the opening Conference, when Mr. Bruce, of Edinburgh, read a paper on "Village Needs," Mr. Garrard, of Hackney, one on "Poor Law Bands of Hope," and the scientist of our movement, Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., gave excellent and enjoyable hints on "Simple Blackboard Outlines."

At the close of the meeting over 150 delegates went a voyage (which they will not readily forget) along the odorous Manchester Ship Canal, while many others visited cotton works and the Exchange. A large party was shown over the Blind Asylum, where a

MOST INTERESTING INCIDENT OCCURRED.

One of the delegates questioned the children about what there was in beer, and immediately elicited the answer from one of them—"Alcohol!" To the delight of all, when further asked where he had learned this, promptly came the answer from the blind boy—"The Band of Hope, sir."

In the evening, the

LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS

of Manchester (Coun. and Mrs. T. Briggs) welcomed the Conference and many local friends to a most delightful and enjoyable Reception and Musical Evening, which will linger long in the memories of those who shared in the honour thus paid to the movement.

Tuesday, Sept. 25th, was a very crowded and busy day for the delegates, who assembled at 9 a.m. at a breakfast meeting to hear addresses from His Worship the Mayor of Accrington, on "The Band of Hope in relation to Civil and Commercial Life," the Dean of Belfast, Rev. Canon Kelly, Rev. T. Eynon Davies, Rev. Dr. Marshall Randles and T. N. Kelynack, Esq., M.D.

11-30 found the Conference en route for the

GREAT SEAPORT OF LIVERPOOL,

where a most hearty welcome was extended by the Liverpool Temperance Union. In the afternoon, Mr. Frederic Smith, of London, gave one of his inimitable addresses on "Band of Hope Union Work," and Mr. J. W. Lees, of Macclesfield, read a paper on "New Century Needs," which appeared in the October number of the *Band of Hope Chronicle*, and is deserving of close consideration.

After a hurried trip across the river Mersey to New Brighton the proceedings at Liverpool terminated with a Great Festival, whose most notable feature, apart from the attendance, was the

HIGH TONE OF THE SPEECHES

by Dr. Bickerton (chairman), Revs. Canon Hicks (Manchester), Rev. Sylvester Horne (London), and Mr. W. Bingham (London).

The following morning,

Wednesday, Sept. 26th,

found the Conference back in Manchester for the great day of the gatherings. These, held in the Royal Botanical Gardens, were, notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather, numerously attended; the evening Festival being crowded.

The proceedings commenced with a morning Conference, at which interesting and useful papers were contributed on "Band of Hope Work from an Educational Standpoint," by Canon Hicks, and "How to reach Children outside our Bands of Hope," by Mr. J. Martin Skinner (Kent).

In the afternoon, Mr. Robinson Souttar was to have inaugurated the

NEW CAMPAIGN

on behalf of the Bill to prohibit the Sale of

Intoxicants to Children under sixteen years of age, and many local civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries had promised to support him. Unfortunately, however, the General Election kept him and many of the supporters away. At the same time, when Mr. Wakely, the Secretary of the U.K.B.H.U., rose to take Mr. Souttar's place and to give a masterly and lucid address, well nigh upon 1,000 people, including many notable men and women, were in attendance at the Conference.

Concurrently, a Choral Contest between local Band of Hope Union choirs was held in the avenue leading to the conference room; the winning choirs being respectively the Manchester District Band of Hope Choral Union "A" choir, Chorley Band of Hope Union choir, and Manchester District Band of Hope Choral Union "B" choir.

In the evening, a crowded Festival was held, presided over by Mr. F. H. Smith, J.P., and addressed by Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Rev. Luke Wiseman, and Mr. H. Beales. Two features of the evening were

THE PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS

of congratulation, fraternity and welcome to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union by Mr. Ald. McDougall, J.P., in the name of the Manchester Temperance societies, and the choral singing of the festival choir, comprising contingents from various parts of the two counties.

On **Thursday, Sept. 27th,** a large party took an excursion to Hawarden, where they visited the old Castle and grounds, the church, and other places made historic by the association therewith of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone. Returning therefrom they attended a Garden Party and Reception given at Cuerden Hall, Thelwall, by Mr. R. A. Naylor, who threw open his home for the inspection of the visitors. The countless art treasures which the house contains, and the quaint splendour of the rooms themselves, afforded the visitors a keen satisfaction that found enthusiastic expression after a sumptuous tea which the host and his sister, Miss Naylor, had generously provided in the

VILLAGE TEMPERANCE HALL,

erected thirty-nine years ago for the village Band of Hope which Mr. Naylor conducts.

The Conference meetings came to a conclusion on **Friday, Sept. 28th,** with a Farewell Breakfast given to the delegates by the United Kingdom Alliance, with addresses by Mr. Ald. McDougall, Canon Hicks, Mr. F. H. Smith, and Mr. J. Crumblehulme, and a

LADIES' GATHERING

in the Town Hall, presided over by the Lady Mayoress, and addressed by Mrs. Nicholls (of Australia), Miss Wright (Mansfield), and Mrs. Finlay (of London).

THEN THE EXODUS BEGAN,

and soon to South, North, West, and East, delegates sped away to their own spheres of labour, full of the inspiration created by the Conferences, deeply grateful for the private hospitality of their hosts and hostesses, and with feelings of gratitude to Mr. W. J. Crossley, J.P., the Manchester Women's Christian Temperance Association, the Liverpool Temperance Union, and the officers of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope and Temperance Union, by whom they had been publicly entertained; and loud in their praises of the excellent Conference arrangements made for them by the local Conference Committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope and Temperance Union, and the President (Rev. Canon Hicks), Chairman (Mr. Jacob Earnshaw), Hon. Secretary (Mr. T. E. Hallsworth), and the officials of the Union.

Wait till We are Men.

Some say teetotalers go too far,
And ne'er will gain their end,
Although they labour hard and long,
Much time and money spend.
'Tis folly e'er to hope to see
A day in this land when
The liquor shops shall all be closed—
But wait till we are men.

With drunkenness our land is filled,
Our homes with grief and pain,
The only free are those who from
All poison drinks abstain.
The wise and good are praying for
That glorious season when
The demon drink shall be o'erthrown—
But wait till we are men.

The founders of our glorious cause
Were earnest, true, and brave,
And laboured hard midst many foes,
The slaves of drink to save,
Our noble leaders boldly dare
Propose to close each den
Where drink is sold; we'll be as brave—
Just wait till we are men.

A noble army, brave and strong,
Increasing every day,
Is now in training for the fight,
Make ready—clear the way!
Boldly defying all the powers
Of alcohol, sir, then
We'll show the world what we can do—
Just wait till we are men!

THE FATAL MOCKERY.—One man gives another a cup of poison, a thing as terrible as death; but at the same time he tells him that it is a cordial, and so he drinks it off, and dies.—*South.*

ONE day Love met Alcohol. "Hullo, Cupid," said old Boozey, as Love turned to flee, "What'sh up. Wait minnit." "Nay," said Love, "I choose only the company I wound to make happy and live; you choose the company you wound to make miserable and kill."



DR. KELLOGG, the eminent scientist, has made several experiments upon the effects of alcohol on the muscular system. The results of the administration of an ounce of alcohol were "to diminish nerve activity; to diminish cerebral activity; to impair the co-ordinating power of the brain; to lessen muscular strength; to decrease digestive activity to a considerable extent." And Dr. Kellogg declares emphatically that

"Both my experience as a physician and laboratory experiments which I have conducted, to my mind demonstrate very clearly that alcohol is not only of no value as an aid to digestion, but is in the highest degree detrimental."

THE time will come when the human heart will be so much alive that no one could sleep in any given community if any in that group of human beings were cold, hungry or miserable. But now we not only carry on our lives within actual sight and sound of untold misery, shame and sin, but we are not sufficiently disturbed by it to be hindered in our pleasures or ambitions.

—*F. E. Willard.*

WITH caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe, whose wishes roam,
But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if power Almighty save you not.

—*Cowper.*

EIGHT FAIRLY GOOD RIDDLES.

FEET have they, but they walk not—stoves.
Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes.
Teeth have they, but they chew not—saws.
Noses have they, but they smell not—teapots.
Mouths have they, but they taste not—rivers.
Hands have they, but they handle not—clocks.
Ears have they but they hear not—cornstalks.
Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons.

NEVER SAFE.—"Speaking of alcoholic drink, which is one of the most tempting of luxuries, it can never be taken by any one with safety. I am led to the conclusion that it does no good whatever for any purpose in the economy and in the ordinary affairs and necessities of life."
—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

"DRINK! drink! drink! the almost universal cry of prisoners, and the curse of all belonging to them. If I were to repeat the words until I was hoarse, or black in the face, I should be doing no more than faithfully describing the origin of nearly all the crime that degrades and the misery that afflicts us."—*Judge M'Farlamd.*

BABY SAVED HIM.

A POOR, disconsolate mother, the wife of a drunkard, had a home barren of everything but a little blue-eyed two-year-old girl in rags. The father abused the little one and its mother, and in his quest for liquor had pawned every article of furniture in the house.

A few weeks ago the worried mother went into a public-house, where she found the recreant husband. The little girl in her mother's arms recognized the father, and gave him one of those little child smiles of recognition which every father covets.

The mother walked over to the bar, where her drunken husband stood, and, as the tears coursed down her cheeks, said:

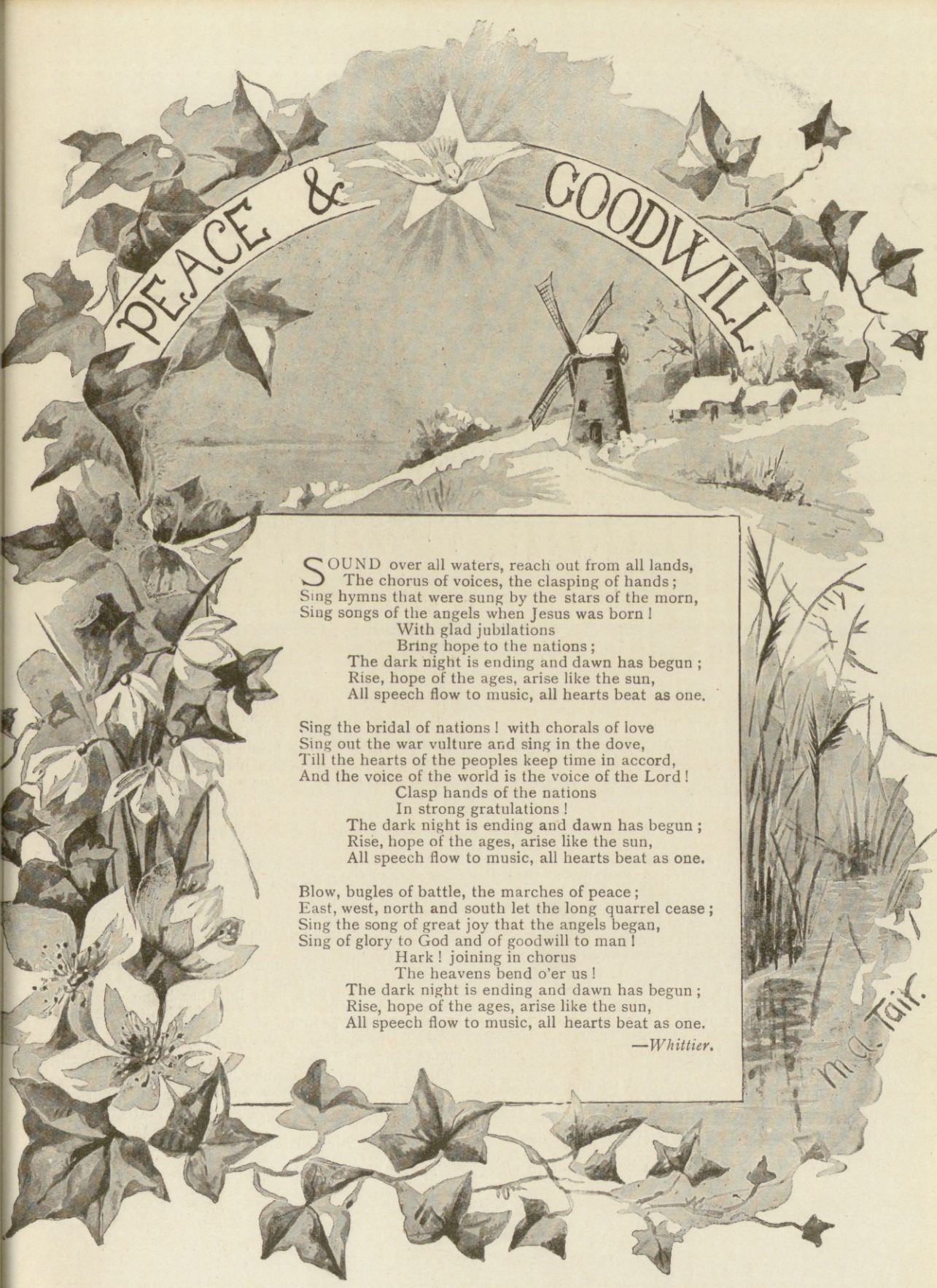
"Papa, kiss Ella and bid her good-bye; I am going to give her to the innkeeper. Drink up her value, and when she is gone everything we ever possessed is gone. There is nothing in the house to eat, and I am going out to work."

The little one understood the meaning of the words "Kiss papa," as they fell from the quivering lips of the mother, and she leaned forward to do as she had been told. "Give me Ella!" the father exclaimed, as he became sensible of what his wife had said, "I have taken my last drink."

A new promise, strong and binding as their wedding vow, was made in the grim corner of the inn, and the two went home to lead a brighter and happier life.

DEATH IN THE CUP.

The deaths from chronic alcoholism in the year 1897, as compared with the year 1878, in men show an increase of 82½ per cent., those of females 145½ per cent.; and the deaths from cirrhosis in men an increase of 12 per cent., and those from cirrhosis in females of 26 per cent. The amount of disease which such a consumption of spirits as that referred to causes is, of course, beyond calculation. Statesmen may create for themselves theories that extenuate a national vice which yields the Exchequer so many millions sterling a year; but, speaking from a medical point of view, we must point out that it is disgraceful and disastrous.—The Lancet.



SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

—*Whittier.*

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By EDWIN ROOT FOARD.

CHAPTER XII.—FINIS.

My tale is told: my story done.
(Would God 'twere but a tale unreal!)
Alas! alas! 'tis true,
And but the shadow of a sorrow
A thousand times retold each setting sun.

"I CANNOT understand it at all. Daisy was always a bit wild and inclined to go astray. But Nell! Why I'd have staked my life upon her good conduct. I never had the slightest suspicion anything was wrong, and now," here the speaker paused, and then with a great shudder exclaimed, "Oh, God! it's too true!"

It had been an awful blow to Gregory Johnson when, within a couple of years of her marriage to Henry Adams, the once bright, attractive Daisy Prettyman had fallen into evil ways: first becoming a victim to the drink her husband would have placed upon his table for the various meals, and then, with startling suddenness, sinking into greater shamelessness, until suddenly, without warning, she had abandoned her home and child and disappeared.

How he had grieved over it, and done all he could to discover her, if haply thereby she might be restored to the paths of virtue once again. But all in vain. Not a trace of her could be found.

Out of that calamity he had sought to effect good. But to little purpose as far as the most nearly affected was concerned. Henry Adams hardened his heart, and instead of recognising "the drink" as the prime source of his misfortune and the wrecker of his matrimonial happiness, tried to put the blame on other shoulders, and continued to consume his liquor in ever-increasing quantities until it was no uncommon thing for him to be in a drunken condition when he sought his wifeless home.

Upon Nell her comrade's fall had a paralysing effect. For weeks and months she went about as one in a stupor, from which even the care of Daisy's baby boy at first failed to arouse her. As time wore on, however, the depression lessened, and though she never fully recovered from the shock, she greatly improved to her husband's and her brother's joy.

Then came a new light into her home when one morning "little Harry" was bidden to come and see "Aunty's baby."

"Ah! love," said John Adams, as he gazed upon his own, "we have been happy all along, but we shall be happier now."

Day and night follow each other in rapid succession. Darkness and light, joy and grief, strength and weakness with startling rapidity supplant the other in human experience. So it was here.

The joy because of the new-born was diminished,

almost destroyed, by the weakness of the mother. Day followed day without any improvement. The doctor gravely shook his head and pondered.

"She is very weak, very weak," he said to the husband and Gregory Johnson one day when he called. "We must see what a stimulant will do for her. Get her some brandy; that will do her good."

"Brandy, doctor?" queried Gregory.

"Yes, brandy! Her condition demands it. It will strengthen her."

"But, doctor," expostulated Gregory, "brandy cannot strengthen her; there isn't an atom of strengthening matter in it."

"Are you attending to this case, or am I?" queried the doctor, offended in his dignity.

"You are, doctor," courteously replied Gregory. "I was only anxious to point out, with all due respect to you, that many most eminent physicians have declared the dangerousness as well as uselessness of presenting stimulants in such cases."

But it was all to no purpose. The doctor, like many other medical men, pinned his faith to "brandy," and when to his urgings John Adams' acquiescence was added, won the day. And so it came to pass that the liquor which Nell and John had forsworn when Daisy fell re-entered their home, a fell power to neutralise the good their little one should have brought.

"John," said Gregory, "of course if Nell consents and you wish it I have no right to interfere. But I cannot help feeling afraid. 'Doctor's orders' have, within my knowledge, wrought irreparable mischief among weakly mothers."

"It'll be all right, Gregory. As soon as Nell gets round a bit we'll knock the brandy physic off," responded John. "Daisy's fate's enough to ensure that no harm will come to Nell. And beside, you know, it would be sinful to refuse just the very medicine to put her right."

"Very well, John; I do not want to seem unkind, but I cannot help dreading lest the remedy prove worse than the disease."

"Never fear that. You'll live to laugh at your anxiety," said the husband as he closed the conversation.

Events proved otherwise. Gregory's worst fears were realised. And now on Christmas Eve, when he and his family were preparing to celebrate "King Christmas," and to welcome all their relatives and friends, John had come alone to say that Nell could not come, and that when he had returned home from business to bring her he had found her in a hopeless state of delirium, mad with the drink frenzy.

"What shall I do, Gregory?" he pleaded. "Will you come and see what you can do?"

Consent was scarcely needed. The heart-broken husband and the fear-stricken brother sped with all haste to her home, only to find her in the wildest paroxysms of drunkenness, distraught with terror, raving in maniacal fury. For child or husband she had no care. All she clamoured for was drink, and to be released from the devils with which her frenzied imagination was tortured.

Almost simultaneously the doctor arrived too. He made a hasty examination and then pronounced the case hopeless.

"She must have been drinking herself to death a long time." Then turning to the stricken husband he asked, "Why did you not stop it?"

Poor fellow! He had only quite recently learned the truth. He did not know of the tippling day by day continued, carried on in her case as in that of so many of the daily-increasing number of women drunkards by the extraordinary facilities for secret drinking afforded by the "grocer's licence." He thought that with the last bottle he had bought for her in her sickness her imbibing of alcohol had ceased, though he had been greatly troubled to account from time to time for the remarkable alternations of artificial excitement and depression.

"No! no! doctor," he replied, "I was ignorant of it. You are responsible for all this."

"Nonsense! my good man," retorted the medico. "You are distracted now. How could I be responsible? How was I to know she would continue to drink afterwards?"

"I don't know," came the husband's answer. "Distracted or not, I cannot help saying that you ought not to give to any when they're weak that which will arouse a desire which, even in their stronger moments, it is impossible for them to resist."

"I cannot accept any responsibility. I have only done what ninety-nine out of every hundred medical men would have done under similar circumstances, and probably without any such results as we all regret have followed in this unfortunate incident."

This answer quietened but did not satisfy them; and when in the early hours of Christmas morning the vexed spirit left the body, and death mercifully ended Nell's terrible struggle, Gregory Johnson and John Adams both agreed that the doctor nor themselves could be held blameless; he for ordering, they for permitting the devil-in-solution to enter again the body which in childhood had acquired that fatal facility which nothing but abstinence could restrain.

Gregory's anguish was not less than that of the husband.

"Nell! Nell!" he murmured, "would God you had died a child, and not have come to so terrible an end."

"My poor wife!" responded the husband. "To think that but for my persuasion you would never have been led into this. Oh, that I could recall it now."

"That cannot be, John! But let us do the next best; let us do what we can to keep somebody else from the same fate."

So together they knelt, and beside her bed they pledged themselves by a solemn promise to God to fight her destroyer; and then arose to look out upon the snowy purity without, and to go forth to proclaim the only salvation from the drink for the weak and the strong—Teetotalism, which, whatever else it may be responsible for, can never be charged with the destruction of motherhood, the betrayal of manhood, and the blasting of mental and moral power.

"My dears," said Gregory to his wife and children, later in the day, "this is a sad Christmas for us; but we must thank God for his

mercies, save for which I might have been as those who are gone.

"Drink robbed me of my mother, transformed my father into a brute, and now has slain my sister. Shall it take any more? No! no! God helping me, it shall not. Nay, more, I will not rest selfishly content to be free myself, but will fight to make others free."

Nor has he ever weakened in his resolve.

Fortune, which in so many cases withdraws her favourites from active participation in social philanthropy, has proved a means to the more effective prosecution of his aims. To-day, Gregory Johnson, the wealthy merchant, refuses all honours his fellow citizens would thrust upon him, even the highest in their power, that he, the sometime street lad, may wage a vigorous war upon the greatest foe of his kind.

And when men urge him to moderate his zeal, or call his ardour fanaticism, he answers cheerfully,

"I am fighting to clothe the naked, to make peace where strife is, to restore health to the feeble, to bring gladness to the sad, to bind up the broken, to save widows' tears, and to preserve the young from dishonour. What I cannot understand is why you do not fight too. For here is a conquest with which for munificence of blessing all other conquests are unfit to be compared."

Of many things is he proud; but of none prouder than that he is known everywhere as the successful street lad, who has gone mad in his antagonism to the drink, which he will never partake, nor house, nor offer, but against which he has sworn implacable hatred.



The outlook is very promising.

The **New Year** issue of our Magazine will contain the opening chapter of of a thrilling serial by Miss Mary Wall; "Questions Answered" by Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.; further Interesting Chats about Flowerland, by John Dale; Stories by "Uncle Edward," D. F. Hannigan, and others.

Orders should therefore be placed early.

Good Health,

AND HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.P.H.

BY the time these lines appear the season will have ended; not the season as understood in the circles of fashionable society, but that of our holidays, when the busy worker in mill and at the forge, taking a well-earned change, escapes to other fields.

It may appear out of place to

TALK OF HOLIDAYS

when these are over, but to my mind this is just the time, because at this moment the faults we have made and the follies we have committed are fresh in our minds, and consequently a retrospect of these is more likely to sink deep into our minds, and the seeds thus sown will likely bear fruit next year when the time comes round for the lesson of recovery of health to be repeated. Had I touched upon this subject before the event its applicability would have been unappreciated, and some of my readers would probably have exclaimed, "Who is this dilly-doleful who comes out to spoil our holidays?"

To many a wearied one, over tired with the anxious waiting for what has seemed a long-delayed relaxation, the idea of a genuine holiday to meet the special requirements of his case is not sufficiently well considered; his notion is simply the one of getting away somewhat after the manner of two friends of mine who left the choice of a resort until they reached the station, and then taking the first train that came in decided afterwards to stay at the likeliest spot on the route they had accidentally taken. Fortunately this led them into our own lake district, and fortune was kind to them for once.

This happy-go-lucky method of making choice of a destination can only appeal to those without happy encumbrances, and a sufficiency of time at disposal to enable them to make the most of the district they tumbled into.

I am addressing my remarks to the more serious workers in this busy hive, and who have to be content with a limited time for holiday purposes.

Where children are concerned, and these certainly should have our first consideration, the

SANDS ON THE SEA SHORE

should be kept in mind on account of a peculiar fascination they obtain on the minds of the youngsters. Many a happy time have I spent in watching the eager delight of building castles, which, like their proverbial brethren in the air, are only put up with much care to be levelled by the incoming tide. This destruction of the result of hours of steady work brings no disappointment to the energetic builders, for the task is just as eagerly begun again on the first opportunity to again follow nature's law of

"DECAY AND REGENERATION."

However simple the building in sand may seem I cannot help but think that many a budding engineering genius is further developed by such exercise. A part of the pleasure of the time spent on the sands is not altogether unconnected with the paddling so much looked forward to by all children, no doubt because of the facility it gives them of racing about untrammelled, regardless of wet feet. This has its healthy advantages because of the stimulating effect on the skin and tissues generally of salt water; but one great mistake made by many people in charge of little ones is in allowing them to do this the moment they arrive on the scene, as the transition from well-shod to bare feet is too sudden before they have got accustomed to the change of air; so that a few days should be allowed to elapse before the unaccustomed exercise is indulged in. When this precaution is taken good instead of evil will follow.

The same advice applies to those of older growth in the matter of bathing.

The time usually allocated to a holiday is generally too short to allow of much being spent in its consideration and preparation; but surely a few hours or half a day occupied in viewing the landscape o'er, and in particular the house and rooms to be used, would not be wasted. We do not usually look forward to being cooped up by inclement weather, yet, as this is a condition frequently met with, some thought should be given to the situation of our temporary home. This should be chosen for its aspect in regard to sun and to a moderate amount of life going on outside. The bedrooms ought to be situated to receive the sunshine in the early morning for two reasons—the healthy action of sunshine itself, its effect on our minds on waking up in a morning under its cheerful influence, and the fact that they are cooler in the evening when we go to bed. If they receive the afternoon sun, by the time we are ready to occupy them they are too hot for refreshing sleep.

For purposes of economy some of us have not much choice, and we are compelled to go to parts not easily reached from the sands, or any other place in which most of our days will be spent. If this can be avoided it should be by all means. When the distance between the two points is too great the pleasure to our children is very much reduced, and there is no more pitiful sight than to see young children literally dragged a long distance from the temporary playground to the house when they are already tired out; and it is a fact that a child will not, or does not like to, give up its play until tired beyond further endurance. The result is that the good effects of the change are very much modified by the extra strain, and also that the child is too much done up to have its usual bath, and is then put to bed with temper for the time being a bad one.

Never, if possible, put a child to bed cross; make the little ones happy, and they will sleep without evil dreams.

THE ESSENCE OF A HOLIDAY

lies in an absolute change of everything—scenery and surroundings, company and cooking, food and faces. But this is no excuse for making it a time of feasting and over indulgence, otherwise

the system gets clogged, and we are satiated with everything.

Above all should the

WATER SUPPLY

be the subject of inquiry. In many of our sea-side places, though this be in quality above reproach, it is in kind so different to what is for the rest of the year in use that unusual symptoms are set up, and the cause not found out in time to prevent further mischief. I have known many persons return home from their annual holiday so jaded and ill on this account that it has taken some considerable time to get over. It is easy to find out the quality of water in regard to hardness by the way it lathers when washing; and when this necessary operation is very difficult it implies a hard water which readily induces indigestion.

The increased railway facilities now-a-days offer

INDUCEMENTS FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL

which it is difficult to forego, with the result that many who would otherwise spend the time at disposal in securing rest and recuperation in a quiet retreat, are now scouring the country at break-neck speed, catching occasional glimpses of strange towns, hearing snatches of a foreign patois, and return home under the impression that they have seen the world, or at least a large part of it, and discourse to their friends and acquaintances of places, a knowledge of which they can only have picked up from guide books. I need hardly remind you that this is not holiday making in the sense of getting back health; nor is it one bringing with it any educational advantages, and neither of these two principles can be left out of consideration when we seek the most precious gift to mankind—good health.

Yet every season brings to the front follies as fully grown as the one mentioned in the nature of a week or two passed in pandemonium existence at a large sea-side resort. We smile when we are told of the vagaries of the fashionable and select portion of mankind pretending to enjoy the ozone-bearing breezes of the sea, and to get back some of the health and energy lost, yet importing into such an existence all the fashions of town life in the way of changing the clothes so many times a day. But surely we are no better in trying to put double the number of hours in so-called pleasure to what we could possibly afford when at home for work.

I sometimes hear from perhaps a sick wife who has spent her brief holiday at one of these places in the company of her robust husband, and who has been hurried through her meals, and then dragged through an interminable round of amusements, to be at last dragged home in a worse state than she left it.

We forget that with all this extra stimulation of sight seeing the mind is kept on the rack, and the brain cells instead of being set at rest get clogged up with too much waste, and the result is, instead of being relieved of the ordinary cares and worries of our ordinary existence, we are overburdened with the extra ones consequent upon the artificial life called a holiday.

The Crossing Sweeper.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

PLAY on, you laughing, romping boys!
We love to hear your happy voices,
Your laughter makes the earth more fair,
While in your mirth the heaven rejoices.
Your joy is rippling, pure, and bright,
As waters babbling through the rushes,
And fresh as morning's early hour
That bathes the sky with rosy blushes.

We watch you racing through the lanes,
Where many a branch above you flutters;
We see you at your merry games,
'Neath murky skies, by city gutters,
In busy street, on lonely hill,
On open plain, in shady thicket,
On level field, with bat and ball,
Your sturdy limbs behind the wicket.

Companions of the birds and flowers,
The sunlight seems to cling about you,
The world were but a barren one,
Dear, careless, merry lads, without you!
Your eyes peep out from every nook.
We hear you in the darkest places,
And pause awhile, to pray that God
May keep the sunlight in your faces!

And then we think of darker lives—
For, know you, boys, that there are others,
Whose feet are always 'midst the thorns.
Your little, suff'ring, starving brothers.
They do not know the love you know;
They see your joys, but may not share them;
The cares of life are thick around,
And they—poor little waifs—must bear them.

Come, lads, I'll show to you to-night,
A scene that may arouse your pity,
A picture dark and sad, which lies
Within the bosom of a city.
A boy—who should be bright as you—
A little, wistful, trembling creature!
Who tramps the streets with weary feet,
The stamp of want on every feature.

See where he rests upon his broom!
His aching heart for pity yearning,
To where the city lights burn bright,
His wistful eyes a moment turning!
Dear, generous boys! I know that you
Would help him, were you only near him,
Your glad, young voices would be raised
In tender, honest tones, to cheer him.

Go, play your games! Be bright and glad!
Pour forth your merry, sinless laughter!
Let it re-echo through our homes,
Pure, strong, and clear, from floor to rafter!
But from your store send forth a coin,
Help, if you can, my boys, the others,
Whose feet still linger 'midst the thorns—
Your little, suff'ring, starving brothers!



THE CROSSING SWEEPER

TO THE RANKS!

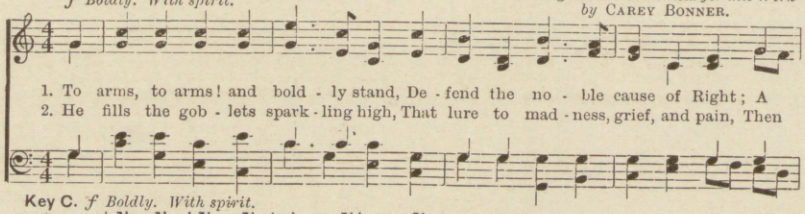
A Temperance Battle Song.

Words by MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

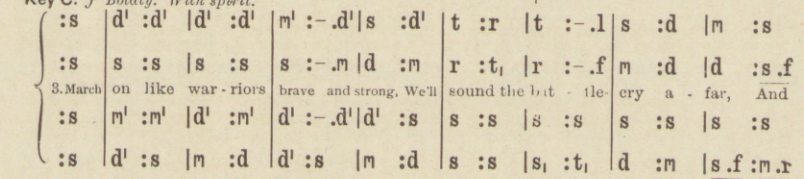
Operatic March.

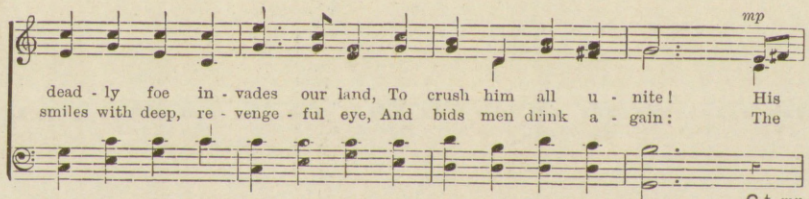
Arranged and Harmonised for this Work by CAREY BONNER.

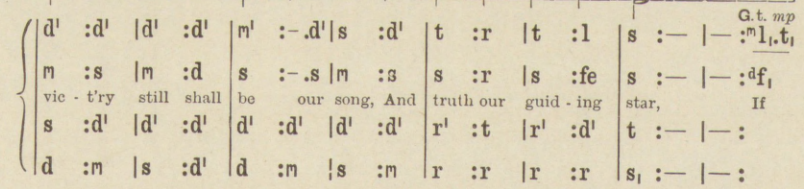
f Boldly. With spirit.

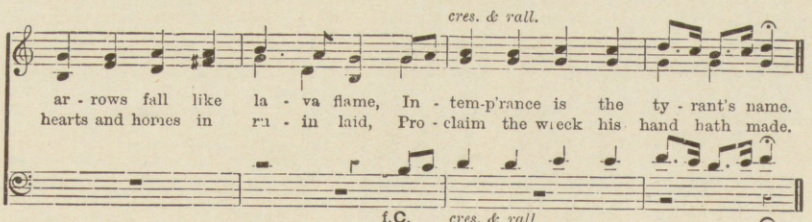


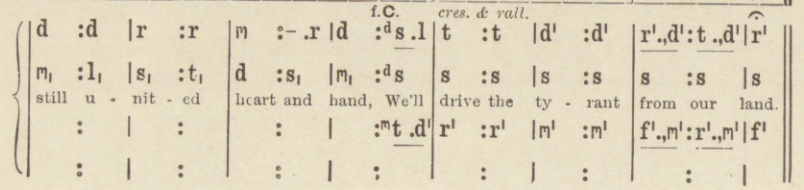
Key C. *f Boldly. With spirit.*



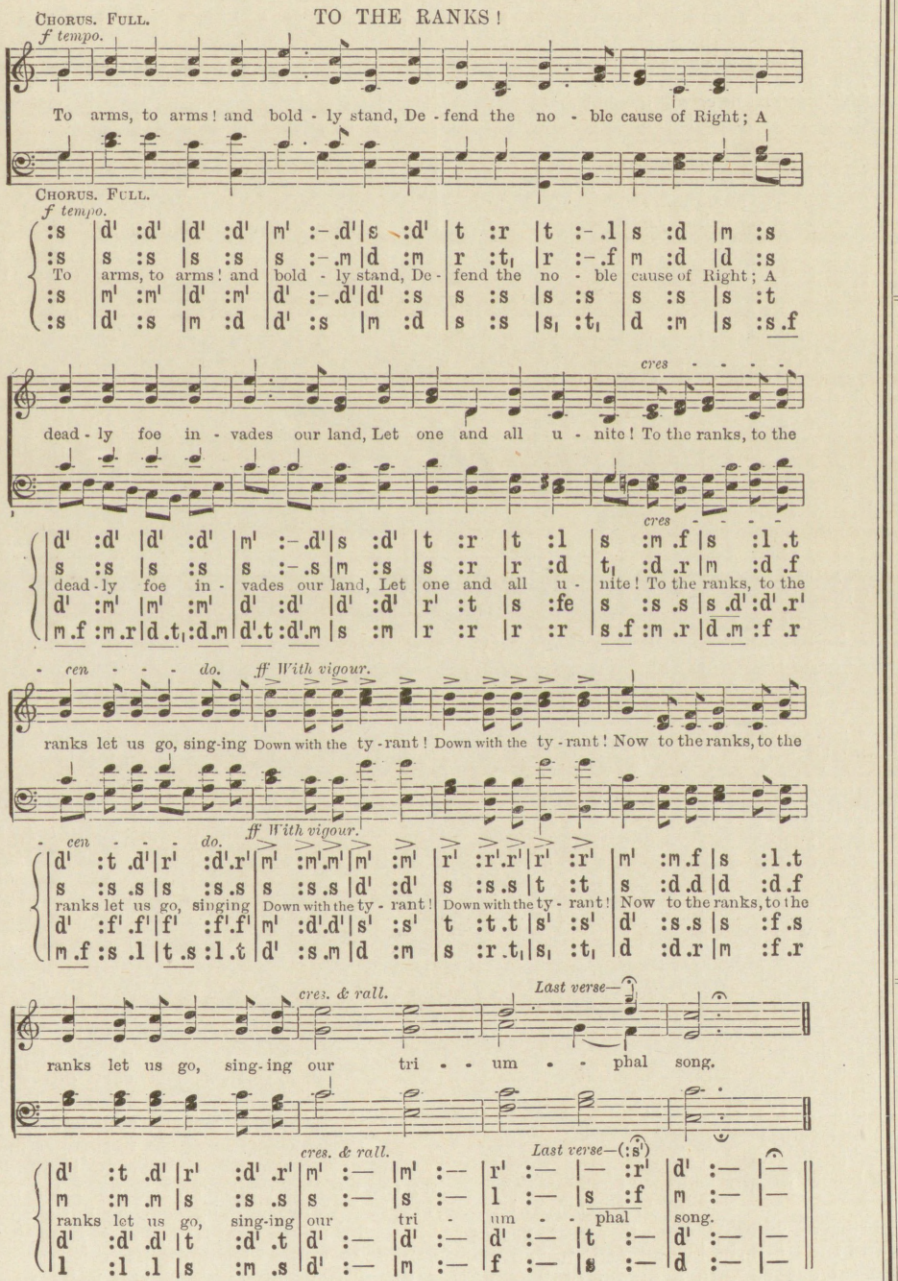








TO THE RANKS!


Chorus. Full.
f tempo.
To arms, to arms! and bold - ly stand, De - fend the no - ble cause of Right; A
Chorus. Full.
f tempo.
To arms, to arms! and bold - ly stand, De - fend the no - ble cause of Right; A
cres
dead - ly foe in - vades our land, Let one and all u - nite! To the ranks, to the
cres
dead - ly foe in - vades our land, Let one and all u - nite! To the ranks, to the
- cen - - - do.
ff With vigour.
ranks let us go, sing-ing Down with the ty - rant! Down with the ty - rant! Now to the ranks, to the
- cen - - - do.
ff With vigour.
ranks let us go, singing Down with the ty - rant! Down with the ty - rant! Now to the ranks, to the
cres. & rall.
Last verse—
ranks let us go, sing-ing our tri - - um - - phal song.
cres. & rall.
Last verse—
ranks let us go, sing-ing our tri - um - phal song.

Children of the Sunshine: XII.—December Flowers.

By John Dale.

'Tis the year's eventide ;
The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O'er Joys that ne'er will bloom again,
Mourns on the far hillside.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

When we were young, when we were young,
How fair each Christmas fell ;
Ah, that the flying years have rung
Of joy so rare the knell !
Yet, in the sweet West-country tongue,
We "wish 'ee well."

May calmer gladness o'er thee shine,
Faith ever with thee dwell ;
Love, crown of honoured age, be thine,
Hope, thy life's sentinel ;
Thus while the Christmas wreath we twine,
We "wish 'ee well."

THE dark December days are here; the sunshine only comes in pale and fitful gleams *across* the landscape. The rays which were so full of light and fire as they came *down* upon the woods and fields in summer now seem to have lost their glowing warmth. The autumn winds have stripped the trees, except the holly and the pines, and left their branches stark and bare, with all their buds rolled up so neat and tight in little cones. Within the woods the ground is covered with a brown and russet carpet, woven of withered ferns and fallen leaves.

Scarce a wild flower can be seen, even in the sheltered nooks ; and with the poet we sadly sing :

Adieu, fair flowers ! since ye must go,
Those fateful words must fain be said,
And hearts that love thee saddened grow
When they behold ye, sere and dead !
Adieu, fair flowers !



The storms of winter soon will sweep across the sky, and snow fall thickly all around, covering the russet carpet with a diaper of dazzling whiteness ; the cosy room and genial fire are doubly welcome as a shelter from the cold and stormy blasts.

The merry Christmas time comes on apace, our boys and girls anticipate its joys with keen delight, the aged ones look back and think of happy days gone by. The late Prof. Shuttleworth expressed this looking back of later life in these exquisite lines ;

At Christmas time the holly, and the mistletoe, with their red and white berries, are hung within the rich man's hall, and gentle hands affix their branches on the cottage wall. These "children of the summer sunshine" bring some of their gladness to rich and poor alike at this dark period of the year.

Holly is a corruption of *holy* because of its use in decorating churches at Christmas. Its Latin name (*Aquifolium*) means "needle-leaved," though it is a remarkable fact that the leaves on the upper branches are very often without spines. The bark is said to have medicinal properties ; birdlime is made from it ; the wood is white, and is used for inlaying. The berries are a deep scarlet, but it should be borne in mind that they are *poisonous*, and cannot be eaten with impunity.

From time immemorial the holly has been associated with Christmas decorations and festivities. One of our poets exultingly sings :

"When I see the holly berries,
I think I can hear
Merry chimes and carols sweet
Ringing in my ear.
Christmas with its blazing fires
And happy hearths I see ;
Oh, what merry thoughts can cling
Around the holly tree !"

Our interest in the mistletoe is derived from Pagan rites and customs. The Druids of ancient Britain held it in great veneration, and believed it to be an universal remedy. They went in solemn procession at Yule-tide to gather it; the Arch-Druid, clothed in white, ascended the oak upon which it grew, and cut away the mistletoe with a golden hatchet.

It is a "parasite," that is, a plant which grows upon another, drawing its sap from thence, instead of by its own roots. It grows most frequently on the apple tree, but it is also found on the oak, elm, willow, and other trees.

It is a "dicœcious" shrub, that is, the stamens grow on one plant and the pistil on another, the latter alone bearing berries, each having one seed enveloped in a slimy covering, which by its stickiness is fixed to the branch of the tree where it may have been carried by a bird. After lying dormant in the bark for two years a young plant appears, and this grows into a shrub with many branches.

This is the only plant of its class that is found in Great Britain; in tropical countries parasitic plants are abundant, and adorn the forests with clusters of gay flowers, suspended from the trees upon which they grow; many of them are indeed brilliant "children of the sunshine."

Sport and Play.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,
Author of "Snatched from Death," "The Band of Hope Companion," &c., &c.

XII.—SKATING.

UNFORTUNATELY, Jack Frost has of late years paid us such flying visits in England, that the merry skaters have had little opportunity of showing their skill. It was the absence of the genuine article that for a time gave such a popularity to the numerous skating rinks which were opened in our large towns. It was, however, soon found that the hot atmosphere of a crowded building, and the continual jostling of the players on roller skates, was no good substitute for the bracing exercise of skating on a river or pond. Where can be found a more exhilarating picture than that of the skaters on the Serpentine when the frost has made the ice hard and free from every danger? In the evening, too, when the flaming naphtha lamps are burning, and their owners are doing a roaring trade putting on the skates of the skaters, when all around, old and young, with smiling faces, seem to be determined to get all the pleasure they can out of the short visit of the king of ice.

What a merry scene! You may warm your hands with hot roasted chesnuts, you may drink hot drinks, but be careful. The less of these you take the better; though they are brilliant in colour, they are not always calculated to keep up the heat of the body. Besides, they disturb the digestion, and such a disturbance is always bad. What is the attraction on our right? Here are a couple of skaters who, skilled in the art, are cutting figures on the ice. How gracefully they proceed in their work! They slide over the ice without any difficulty, they turn corners with the greatest ease, they are the envy of those who can only go straight on, and are afraid to turn round. The genuine skater never bends his knees, he keeps the body erect, though not too stiff, he never carries anything in his hand, he goes carefully round and round, coming within a few inches of another skater, but never colliding with him; his feet are always close together, and he desires to enjoy the exercise without interfering with the pleasure of any other skater.

In learning to skate it is, of course, important to have a suitable pair of skates—they should be exactly the length of the foot, both ends should be rounded alike; the iron should project until it is level with the heel of the boot; the edges should, of course, be sharp, so as to take a firm hold of the ice; they should also be slightly convex, so as to aid the skater in making curves.

The following directions, given by an experienced skater, may be useful to the learner—

"Lay on the ice any object as a guide—a black glove is as good as anything. Place yourself about three yards from the glove. Press the outer edge of the right skate well into the ice, let your head lean over the right shoulder, your right arm hanging down, and your left hand just between the right knee and the glove. Keep the right foot on the ice, and, with the left, push round and round the glove, always keeping the right side out. In a short time you will find yourself tolerably well balanced, and that you can go a yard or two on the right foot alone. Do the same with the left foot, going, of course, in the contrary direction. Stick to it, and by the second day you will be able to go nearly round a complete circle on one foot only."

The young abstainer need have no fear that his abstinence will in any way interfere with his progress of learning to skate. It is well-known that the drinking of alcohol really makes the drinker colder. The blood is a warm fluid, it carries warmth all over the body; when the blood is properly nourished the body is kept warm, especially in the open air, when the oxygen is able do its work in combining with the carbon of the blood. The larger blood vessels are in the deep parts of the body, the smaller blood vessels are largely in the skin.

The circulation of the blood is regulated by the nerves; when the nerves are disturbed the blood rushes more into the skin, and consequently the skin feels very warm for the moment.

Alcohol has this effect upon the nerves: it causes the blood to come from the deep parts of the body into the skin, the drinker, of course, feels warm, his skin is all aglow, because the blood carrying warmth is now more largely in the skin than it usually is. But this feeling of warmth is very deceptive; the blood being so largely in the skin the heat rapidly passes out, and the drinker feels colder. To keep up the heat of the body in cold weather, food containing fat should be eaten, the fat is burnt up in the body and produces warmth. Alcohol does not contain any fat, neither does any kind of intoxicating drink. Proper food alone, with suitable exercise, will keep up the natural heat in cold weather.

"With the Holly,"

A XMAS STORY,

By Mary E. Helsby,

Author of "Golden Gorse," "Sylvia's Organ Recital," etc., etc.



"PLEASE do not say another word, Vesta!"

"But dad, dear, I cannot promise to give Leslie up. He is not wicked, indeed he is not. I know him better than anybody else; it is only now and then that he joins other men at 'the club,' or billiards."

"*I know best.* Give me your word that you will send him away to-night."

"Dad, I cannot do that, you ask too much—too much."

Mr. Durban stroked down his short beard with nervous fingers. He knew that there would be a scene, and wished himself well out of it before tears came, because loving his little daughter as he did, if she gave way to grief he felt his firmness would crumble.

"Are you sure that you love this boy—for he is little more—Vesta, or is it only a fancy, dear?"

"I am quite sure; I feel I can influence him, dad."

"I doubt it, dear child. So your old father can 'go to the wall' now, eh?" he said, trying to speak playfully, as he held up her dimpled chin in one tender hand, gazing at her winsome face with the anxious eyes of a loving father.

"No, no, why should he go to the wall? And don't call yourself old, please—I shall not allow it."

He turned away with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"You are so young—so very young, as is Leslie."

"Then there is time for us both to improve," Vesta said, brightly.

"Say you'll be kind to him, dad dear," she implored.

"I am thinking of *you*, I want my only child to be happy. Persuade Leslie to sign the pledge; if he does that he can have you with my full consent."

The tears, which had been threatening to fall from the blue eyes, gave way before the sunny ray of hope, and the smiling face turned to her father consoled him for his unselfishness.

"I shall try to persuade him, I think I can."

She spoke in perfect faith.

"I hope you will not be disappointed, little girl."

Kissing him affectionately Vesta followed him into the hall to help him with his great coat, as he had to hurry to the office.

"Ta-ta, take care of yourself; God bless you."

The usual parting words seemed to affect the girl that morning. The love which had surrounded her from babyhood, as a matter of course, all at once shone like gold. Would her lover ever be as good a man as her father? But the doubt soon vanished, and she hummed a tune as she attended to her pet canaries.

One autumn evening, rich in rare tints on trees and hedges, with a glowing sunset, found Vesta waiting for her lover in the pretty room she called her own. The window overlooked the garden where purple Michaelmas daisies and a few last sunflowers made patches of colour among the fading leaves. The room held all the girl's treasures. In a corner stood a lovely piano, a present from her father on her last birthday. There were books and charming ornaments, gold fish in a small aquarium, canaries in gilded cages, and an Irish terrier stretched out before the fire. Vesta could not settle to anything that evening. First she tried a new song over, but before the last page was reached she stopped singing to take up a piece of fancy work, when a ring at the door made her start, and the gorgeous cushion cover fell unheeded to the floor.

"Vesta, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Leslie, it is all over," she cried, giving way to the depression which suddenly robbed her of hope.

The young man, holding both her trembling hands in his strong ones, would have said hard things to Mr. Durban had he been present at that moment.

"Tell me, dear, what you mean. What is all over? Not our engagement, for that concerns us alone. No one, not even your father has the right to control you in that; unless I were a real 'bad lot,' of course. Mr. Durban is hard."

Drawing herself away from him Vesta sat down, a serious look on her sweet face.

"Leslie, you must not say a word against my father, for he is right, I must obey him."

"What?" he cried aghast, a look of horrified amazement on his handsome boyish face, at her words.

"Do you know what you are saying, Vesta?"

"Yes, I mean it, dear boy."

"Then you do not love me—you have grown tired of me—your father has found a rich husband. Go! The solicitor can go."

"Hush! Hush! I cannot let you say such things. I thought you knew me better. I thought you cared a little."

"A little?" he echoed bitterly. "Well, then, why are you so cruel to me?"

At this juncture Dandy, the terrier, awoke. Walking up to his young mistress, he placed his head against her knees, gazing with affection into her troubled face.

Tears started to her pretty eyes, making them look like forgetmenots wet with dew. Stroking the rough coat of her favourite, she said gently—

"You are never angry with me? Dandy, dear doggie, you love me, don't you?"

"Dandy, psha! You talk like a child! What is the love of a dog, do you think?"

"Sincere," was the quiet answer.

"And am I not sincere?"

"I did not say so; but you do care for billiards and 'smoking concerts' more than you do for *me*, you know you do."

Starting up, as though stung, Leslie strode up and down the room, then, stopping suddenly, his gaze travelled over the ruffled bronze head drooping so sadly.

"Put me to the test, dear; no one knows what they can do until they try."

"I shall only be too glad."

"Oh, I am worried about it—it is hard to arrive at 'the sticking place.'"

"I know it must be; but take time to consider the question, it is much too serious to be trifled with, dear boy."

Rewarding her brave words with a smile of love and admiration, and, holding out his right hand, he said—

"Good-bye now, darling, soon I hope to win your entire confidence, and your father's as well."

"It will all come right, I feel sure. Good-bye."

* * * * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve. Vesta was seated beside a blazing fire in her pretty sitting room, resting for a few moments after what had been a very busy day. Snow lay deep in garden and moorland, making an ideal Christmas landscape, beautiful as earth wrapped in her pure white robes alone can be. Vesta had been decorating the house with holly and mistletoe, branches of which lay on the table near her, as she had paused in the occupation to indulge herself in a "brown study." The girl looked anxious and depressed, and the cause was not far to seek, for Leslie had not yet complied with her wish. A knock at the door interrupted her train of thought, and in answer to her 'come in' a maid appeared looking flurried and alarmed.

"Oh, miss, don't be frightened, but there's been an accident near by, and they're bringin' him in here."

"Bringing who?" asked Vesta, startled; "not your master?"

"No, miss; it's someone else—it's Mr. Leslie."

White as the snow the girl caught at the back of a chair for support; the room seemed turning round.

"He's not badly hurt, miss, so don't take on. Here they come," she added, as voices sounded in the hall.

"Give all the help you can, and keep quiet, Jane."

"Yes, miss, I'll be sure to."

Bravely Vesta met the approaching men with their burden. A stout gentleman came forward, evidently a doctor.

"There is no cause for immediate anxiety, my dear young lady; things look worse than they really are. Now, my men, lay him on the couch, he will soon come round. It's a faint."

Clasping her hands together tightly to keep calm under such a trying and unexpected ordeal Vesta found voice to ask the medical man:

"How did it happen?"

"Lor, Miss, he's a plucky one, he is. Saved my little girl's life; that's what he done," answered one of the men, before the old gentleman could reply. "It was a horse running away, my horse, and my little un in the trap; you see I was gettin' a glass of ale at the public-house when one of these ere new motor cars come along suddent like. Well, off goes my horse tearing down the street, when who should run after him, and catch him by the reins, but this 'ere young swell; it was a narrow escape he had of being killed on the spot."

"It was the pluckiest thing I ever saw," declared the other man, gazing down upon Leslie's unconscious face admiringly.

"Well, you can go now my good fellows," said the doctor, applying the usual restoratives to his patient. How Vesta longed to speak to him, to tell him that she loved him more than ever for his noble act in risking his own life to save the child.

* * * * * * * *

"How good you are to me, Vesta. I feel quite ashamed that my stupid accident has spoiled your Christmas."

"Dad and I are pleased to have a hero for a guest; we do not have such an honour every day," the girl said smilingly.

"It is a good thing that you were not killed, you were fortunate to escape with a dislocated shoulder—bad as that is, and then the bruises—I am sure you have a number."

"Yes; would you have cared, Vesta, if it had been worse, dear?"

"You know I should."

"Yesterday I was on my way here to tell you something, can you guess what it was?"

An angelic smile beautified her sweet face, hope beaming out of the blue eyes.

"Oh, Leslie, have you done what dad wished?"

"Yes, look!" he said, showing the bond of their agreement, a pledge-card of total abstinence. Her delight shone upon him, a rich reward for the battle fought with self and won.

"Well done!"

"I hope it is *well done*, darling, and now we can love each other with nothing to divide."

She let him press his lips to hers as the seal to the agreement.

The bells from a church near rang out across the snow a joyous peal, calling men to worship on that great festival, reminding them of the Babe of Bethlehem and their redemption. The lovers sat listening, and Vesta quoted from the the old poet's exquisite verses:

> "I heard the bells on Christmas Day
> Their old familiar carols play,
> And wild and sweet the words repeat
> Of peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Mr. Durban, in his study, stifled the jealous pang of his loving heart, realising that another was now more important even than he was to his daughter's happiness. With an affectionate glance at Vesta's photo. on his writing table he murmured to himself the old familiar farewell—"Ta-ta, God bless you."

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.



Despise not the Day of Small Things.

THERE is no pleasure like the pleasure of doing good. Oh, the joy of being instrumental in leading some poor sinner from the error of his ways! How much of our work perishes! How much there will be in a year's time, when we think of it, that we will wish we had not spent any money or time or labour upon it! But nobody will regret the work he has done for God and for his fellow-creatures. No one will ever regret any sacrifice of money or of time expended in restoring the poor prodigal, and leading into the way of righteousness those who have erred, and strayed from it. Let us all try to do something, and do not let us be deterred from doing anything because we can only do a little. The great ocean is made up of little drops. Your great army was made up of single men, and if one man had said, "I won't enlist because I am only one," where would have been your army, your union, and your universal liberty? The most beneficent agencies that visit our physical world come in little things. The rain that fertilises the earth, in what little drops it comes! And so God compares with these the inestimable blessings of His grace. "My doctrine shall distil as the dew. My speech shall come down as the rain, as the small rain upon the tender herb, as the showers upon the grass." Do not despise the day of small things. Our influence, if not exerted for what is good, may be exerted for drunkenness that is made up of little things!—the single glass of the moderationist, as well as the twenty glasses of the drunkard; champagne as well as gin; the polite banquet, as well as the rude revel; the approving smile of the virtuous lady, as well as the drunken shriek of the abandoned outcast! I call upon you, my friends, to unite your energies, however feeble they may be, not to augment the murderous avalanche of intemperance, ignorance, and wickedness, but to come down as the small rain and tender dew of Temperance and godliness.—*Newman Hall.*

Santa Claus and the Mouse.

ONE Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.
"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa Claus, so kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
"I thought you wouldn't mind

If I should stay awake to-night,
And watch you for a while."
"You're very welcome, little friend,"
Said Santa, with a smile;
And then he filled the stockings up,
Before the mouse could wink.
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:
"It's not polite to say it, and
Your pardon I implore,
But in the fullest stocking there,
I could put one thing more."

"O, ho!" said Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."
And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The little mouse smiled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Up to the stocking's crowded toe,
And gnawed a little hole!
"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gaily spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

The Beloved Charles Garrett.

WHEN the mortal remains of the Rev. Charles Garrett were borne to their resting place in the St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool, although no public funeral was organised or intended, tens of thousands of people, of all demoninations, and of all conditions, great and lowly, rich and poor, gathered to do honour to the man who, unflinching in principle, the strident denouncer of wrong, the sworn foe of drinkdom, the in-season, out-of-season advocate of teetotalism, yet in all his long career created no enemies, but by his earnestness, his genuineness, his child-like simplicity, his evident trustfulness,

MADE ALL MEN LOVE HIM.

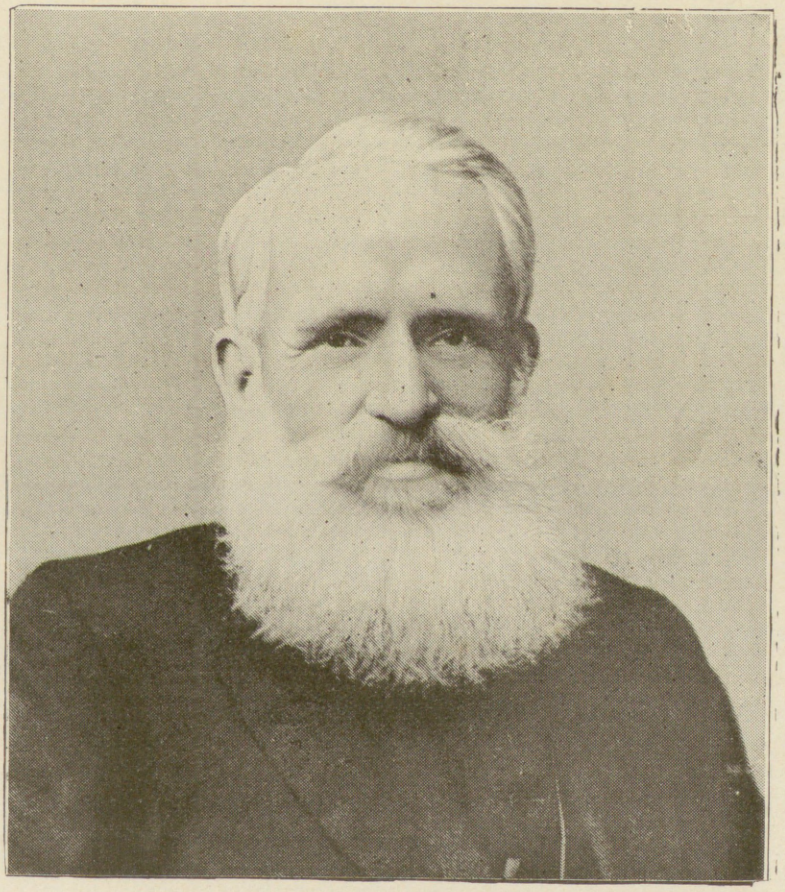
The "dear old man," people little given to sentimentalism called him. And such indeed he was. A man possessed of true insight of character, a leader of men, absolutely devoid of selfishness—one to whom honours came unsought—one whom honours never caused to deviate from the holy task of

Lifting up the fallen,
Caring for the dying,
Snatching them in pity
from sin and the grave.

Always, under all circumstances, like the Master whom he served, he went about doing good, because, very human, he yet was very good.

A MAN TO BE BELOVED,

whom you could not but love, he won adherents by his devoted suasiveness, where the orator, the arguer, only created opposition.



THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.
APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE, 1823-1900.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

The whole Church is the poorer by his loss, the richer for his example. The Temperance movement, whose success he so largely made, in countless ways will keenly feel the removal of him,

ITS ELOQUENT, PATHETIC CHAMPION,

its kindly counsellor, and its unswerving friend. Of him it may be truly said as the poet Whittier said of another :—

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran :
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single,
Shamed all the frauds of man.
The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

* * * * * * * *

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet Heaven above—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty,
Transfigured into love.

"THE Temperance movement is many sided. It avails itself of the aid of the magistrate, the medical man, and the social economist. It seeks to remove temptations to drink; it labours to provide counter attractions—both weaning and warning the drunkard from his vice. But its main hope is in the example of abstinence set by individuals."—*Rev. John Foster.*



What - do - - you - - think?

It is sincerely to be hoped that the excellent appeal of Lord Wolseley will be better observed on the return of the Regulars than it was when the C.I.V's. were welcomed back to London. Drunkenness then abounded, license held full sway, and the streets of the great city presented a condition which can only be described as deplorable.

If the path of imperial conquest is to be marked with national debauchery then a bad day has come upon the nation—and of humiliation.

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine!
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angel gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours, and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign!

—*C. Rossetti.*

He came with a poem and dire intent
And up the sanctum stairs he went;
Hope and a smile on his face were blended,
ascended.
he
which
in
manner
the
this is
And

He bearded the editor in his lair
And began a-reading his poem fair;
But the editor stopped him before he had ended,

And this is the manner in which he descended.

Little drops of porter, little sips of stout,
Make the breathing shorter, and will aid the gout;
And these slight derangements (trifling though they be)
Bring on other ailments, or some malady.
Little drops of liquor, little sips of ale:
Pulses beating quicker, faces grim and pale;
Mixtures alcoholic, be they what you please,
Will increase a colic, or a heart disease.
Little drops of Burton, little sips of wine,
Are a sure and certain health-destroying sign.

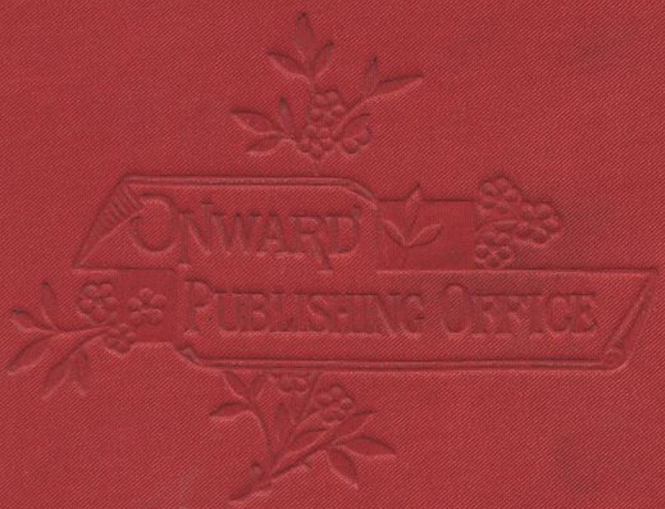
A. Kemp.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., said 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.

"The sum of the working men's wretchedness, merited or unmerited, welters, huge, dark, and baneful, like a Dantean Hell, visible in the statistics of Gin; Gin, justly named the most authentic incarnation of the Infernal Principal in our times, too indisputably an incarnation; Gin, the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, communicating itself by calling on Delirium to help it, whirls down; abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful now, on the part of men whose lot, of all others, would require thought and resolution; liquid madness sold at tenpence the quartern, all the products of which are and must be like its origin—mad and miserable, ruinous, and that only!"—*Carlyle.*

Whiskey.—Hold a mouthful of spirits—whiskey, for instance—in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find that it burns severely; inspect your mouth and you will find it inflamed. Hold it for ten or fifteen minutes, and you will find the various parts of the interior of your mouth have become blistered; then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste for instance water, vinegar, milk, or senna, and you will find you are incapable of judging one from the other. This experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only a violent irritant, but also a narcotic. Can you believe that the still more tender and important internal organs of the body can be less injuriously affected than the mouth?—*Dr. McCullough.*

If in a brewery or distillery on one side of the street, and a mill on the other, the yearly turnover is a million and a half sterling in each place, the brewer does not require to employ more than 300 persons, but the mill-owner requires 7,000. Take, for argument's sake, the wages of those employed at £1 per week, the yearly pay-sheet in the brewery amounts to £15,600, whereas in the mill it reaches £364,000. Where go the profits? In one case the one man or his company pockets the same; in the other the profits, in large proportion, are distributed among the many employed. Little wonder the liquor party is wealthy.—*Rev. R. W. Dobbie.*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