ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1901

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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.

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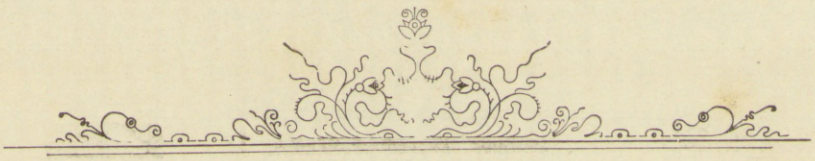
Onward:

AN ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.



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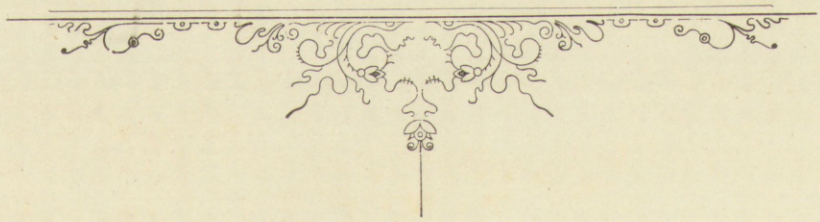

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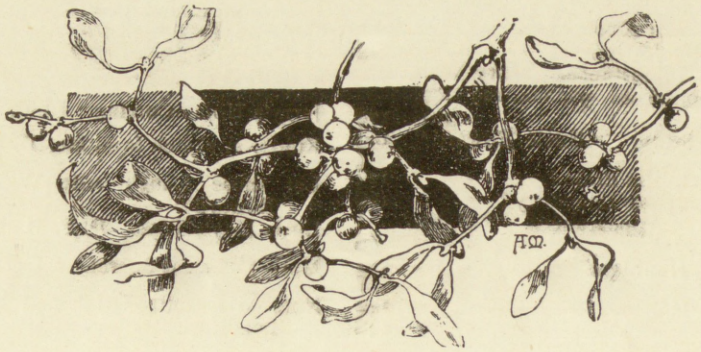


SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

CHAPTER I.—After the Concert.

Miss Mary Wall.

"The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up!
Before night comes and says 'Too late!'
Stay not for taking scrip or cup—
The Master hungers while you wait.
'Tis from the heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
That o'er the Eastern hill-tops rise
To break the long captivity."

Lowell.

THE concert which had been organised by the notabilities in the little town of Blackerton was over at last. As the proceeds were to be given to the local war fund everybody had worked with a will in order to make it a success. The fortunate possessors of talent had freely placed it at the service of their fellow-townsmen and townswomen, and those whose goodwill was all they had to offer had made the most of that commodity by buying as many tickets as they could possibly afford, and also by booming the concert before it took place, and spreading far and wide the fame of the performers.

For the feeling in Blackerton was pretty much as elsewhere. Whatever people thought of the war, as a war, it was felt that nothing was too much to do for the brave and modest rank and file who compose "the thin red line of glory," and who had marched out of Blackerton, as out of other places, cheerfully confident that, if it were their own lot to be numbered in the sad lists of the undistinguished dead, a tender-hearted British public would see to it, somehow, that the women and children they left behind them should not go short. And so everybody was glad when, the much discussed concert being over, it was announced that a very comfortable sum indeed was in hand; and everyone, being glad, was also very good-humoured, not to say self-satisfied, and there was much congratulatory hand-shaking ere the little group whose duties had kept them behind the scenes separated in the moonlight and took each one his way home.

"The only thing I did *not* like was the humorist," a thoughtful-looking clergyman said. "To say nothing of the somewhat doubtful taste of one seeing anything at all funny in an exhibition of pretended intoxication. However carefully done, we know that such an exhibition must be very painful to a great many people."

"Oh, well, you know, we mustn't be too particular, Mr. Trevor," sturdy old James Higginbottom said; "we must take the world as we find it. And the people seemed to enjoy the song you refer to in a very special way, I thought."

Nevertheless he sighed as he spoke, for he himself had suffered a sympathetic discomfort during the performance in feeling for the discomfort of his own son. For the latter, a pleasure-loving and somewhat weak-looking young man, had, while trying to laugh with the rest of the audience, felt his face burn at the remembrance of an incident that had happened only the previous week, when his father, sitting up to let him in, had found his only son in a semi-intoxicated state. Mr. Higginbottom had hustled him upstairs without the servants having perceived his condition, but the next morning he had administered a verbal castigation to the culprit which he fondly hoped would prevent his making a fool of himself in the future.

"Some of them may have done," Mr. Trevor said, "but I caught sight of one blanched face among the crowd, which effectually spoiled my pleasure for the night."

The face in question had been that of Rebecca Parkinson, to whom Miss Margaret Haynes had given a ticket, with the kindly intention of bringing a stray gleam of sunshine into her sad life. Poor Mrs. Parkinson, the widow of one of Blackerton's very blackest sheep—everybody knew that she thanked God when "her man" was brought into her home dead on one memorable Whit-Monday, having killed himself in a mad attempt to consume more raw rum than one of his drunken rivals.

And every one knew (for news travels quickly in a place like Blackerton) of Rebecca's fierce answer to the wife of one of the big mill owners, who had remonstrated with her on her un-Christian frame of mind: "It's ten years since he took to drink, and I'm not saying that there was no reason for it; for he never took a drop till the year of the big strike when we 'adn't half enough to eat for weeks at a time. But all those ten years I've never known what rest was, nor peace, nor comfort. You know nothing of all

I've gone through—I've kept it to myself, ma'am. But I'm glad that I haven't my little one to see him grow up to be a drunkard's child—and I'm glad that my man's dead—at last!"

And poor Rebecca, who had been a widow for some years, had gone to the concert as to a pleasant interlude in her hard-working life. But a chance word which the humorist had spoken, with all the professional etceteras of thickened accent and violent hiccoughing necessary to the artistic rendering of the scene, had brought vividly back to her mind the never to be forgotten day when her handsome young husband had half fallen, half reeled into her well-kept kitchen for the first time in a drunken state.

And during the rest of the evening she had sat in her place in the gallery in a trembling state of misery, going over and over again the bitter agony of that day and the many weary days that followed it, for this descent from self-respect and sobriety had been swift indeed. The different and, alas, too well-known episodes that go to make up the wretched life of a drunkard's wife passed sadly through her memory, stirred into life at the foolish bidding of a mummer's chance words.

Mr. Trevor was not the only one who noticed the poor woman's agitation, restrained as it was, for your true Lancashire woman is nothing if not stoical, and ever scorns to display emotion. Perhaps she feels both grief and joy too deeply to do so.

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, the brothers of the young lady who had given Rebecca the ticket, had rightly interpreted the reason for her white face and nervously-clasped hands.

"Of course it was Rowdy Parkinson's wife Mr. Trevor meant," Denzil said, as he and his brother stepped along the frosty road that led homewards.

Blackerton was a famous place for nicknames, and the fact of a man's having been dead for more than twenty years was no reason for his ceasing to be known by the fancy name his fellows had given him in life.

"Of course McIvelry is first-class in his own line as a comic," the younger brother continued, "but it was certainly rather rough on poor Rebecca."

"It certainly was," Clifford answered—Rebecca and he were fast friends—"but I cannot see anything first-class about the man. The attempt to portray intoxication is bound to be offensive even when there is nothing to make it personally painful, and—we all know everybody's business in Blackerton—there is no use denying that a good many people must have found it hard to look unconscious during the singing of that last song, to say nothing of poor Rebecca."

"Fred Higginbottom appeared to squirm," Denzil said, with a short laugh.

"Why, had he any reason to?" Clifford asked, quickly. His brother's easy tone of toleration offended him, though he could hardly have told why.

"Oh, nothing, only everybody knows that Fred made rather a fool of himself at the supper after the meeting of the Football Club last week," Denzil said.

"I do wish you were not so very friendly with him, Denzil," Clifford said. "When you are down here Fred seems to haunt the house, and—it might be as well if he didn't."

"Is it only I who am 'so very friendly' with him?" Denzil asked, dryly. "Come, Clifford, own up! Don t you think that Margaret and he are distinctly chummy?"

Denzil was always proud of his college slang.

"I—I hope not, if what you have just said is true," Clifford said.

Nevertheless he had noticed it, and was sorry to find his fears confirmed.

"Oh, it's only a—well, a 'youthful indiscretion' is the phrase, is it not?" said Denzil. "Fred Higginbottom will have to sow his wild oats like the rest of us, and then he'll be all right, and if Margaret is very fond of him, she is not the sort of girl to be interfered with you know. And he really is good looking, to say nothing of his being the richest fellow in the place."

"All very conclusive," Clifford answered, "but I would rather see Margaret in her grave than the wife of a man who takes drink."

"Why, Cliff., I had no idea that you looked on—on a fellow who gets over the line once in a way in that light. If that is your view, I cannot understand why you don't throw in your lot with the teetotal folks."

"I can't understand it either," was Clifford's unexpected answer, given in all seriousness.

Denzil laughed in a half-vexed, half-puzzled way.

"Come, Cliff., you're never in earnest," he said. "They are considerably 'off' in the matter of style are the teetotalers here in Blackerton. In London, now, some of the really 'toney' folks belong to the movement, and make no end of swagger about it, too." Denzil Haynes, it has already been noted, prided himself on the use of the very latest thing in slang expressions.

"I think again and again," Clifford said "that if I were honest I *should* openly associate myself with the temperance cause. And then I think that a fellow like myself—I am not particularly influential, or rich, or important—is neither gain nor loss to any movement. So long as I live decently myself, I am not of importance enough for it to matter what I do."

"You are of this much consequence," Denzil said, "they would be jolly glad to get hold of you. It would wipe the eye of 'Joakins' and the other big brewery folks if they heard that father's elder son had openly declared against them. You know you are really the 'big potato' of the family, Clifford, though dad *did* send me up to Winchester, and you *did* only go to the Blackerton Grammar School."

"Sometimes I am almost persuaded," Clifford went on.

"Like Festus, don't you know?" Denzil struck in.

"Was it Festus who was 'almost persuaded?'" the elder brother asked. "Well, whoever it was, I am in the same state of mind. One thing often strikes me, that it is scarcely honest to hold aloof merely from indolence. And, upon my word, I do believe that is all that keeps me

from doing anything. I'll talk it out with father this very night."

Alas! poor Clifford!

"Talking it out *does* clear one's outlook, does it not?" Denzil said, sympathetically.

"Talking it out with father does," Clifford said. "I felt inclined to broach the matter to him yesterday, only we were interrupted. He was showing me a reprint of Lowell's poem 'To dreamers in the valley,' and telling me how it was the reading of that, when first it appeared, that made him make up his mind not to be a drone in the hive of the world, but a worker always."

"He is one still," Denzil said, heartily. "Only"—with a sudden rush of penitence—Denzil was subject to sudden rushes of penitence—"he has made things so easy for us that I sometimes think—well, I think it has its disadvantages having a father like ours—one is tempted to rely on his having done enough for two, and to lean on his reputation, don't you know."

"To his own self a man stands or falls," Clifford quoted tentatively.

"Oh, *you* do, I know," Denzil said.

"Then, with a quick change of tone (Denzil was subject to these quick changes of tone, too; "He's like an eel, ye never know when ye have Mr. Denny," their old Irish nurse had used to say), he said,

"But father isn't what you would call a temperance man, although nobody ever saw him take any thing stronger than water, and although he is interested in Temperance matters just as far as they are bound up with other subjects effecting the welfare of the world."

"No," said Clifford, slowly; "that's what I wanted to talk out with him. If—if it might not have been better to have thrown all one's force against this evil alone—it is the greatest of all. And when he read—

> 'Why sit ye idle, do ye think
> The Lord's great work sits idle too?
> That light dare not leap o'er the brink
> Of morn, because 'tis dark with you!'

I only heard, in the words, a call to fight against drink, while to him they represented a call to do anything that would lift up the old wagon of the world out of the ruts it is always falling into."

"He will tell you to take it exactly as you hear it," Denzil said, confidently.

"So he will—dear father!" Clifford said. "I will have it out with him this very night."

Poor Clifford!

They had now approached and entered a comfortable house that was built adjoining, rather in close proximity, to a mill, of which more anon. We will merely note here that this mill was known to the country side as "Haynes-ses," with that lengthening out of the possessive, which is peculiarly Lancashire.

Both the brothers took off their coats in silence and hung them up in the hall.

"I expect Margaret will be in her first beauty sleep by now," Clifford said. Margaret had left the concert as soon as it was over, the Higginbottoms having offered her a seat in their carriage.

"We have certainly not hurried in our walk," Denzil said. "Well, since you want to talk to father I'll make myself scarce." He half-pushed open the door of Mr. Haynes's little study, under which they could see the light glaring. As he did so he caught sight of his father's spare figure bent over his writing table.

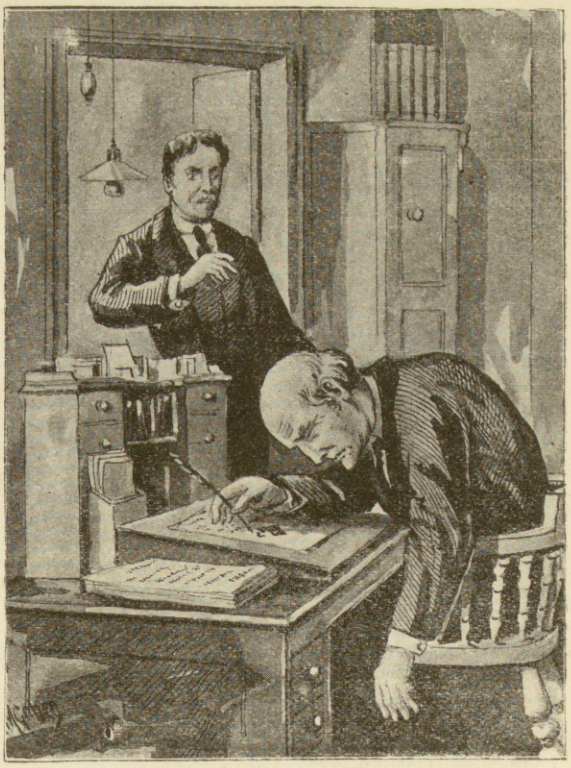
"Good night, dad," Denzil cried, gaily. "Cliff. wants the loan of you to-night, so I'm off to bed."

He sprang upstairs as he spoke three steps at a time.

"I'm always wanting the loan of you am I not, father?" Clifford said, with quiet affection, as he entered the little room and closed the door.

Something rigid in his father's attitude, bending as he was over the table, struck Clifford as unnatural. He advanced quickly to his side, vainly trying to calm the unaccountable feeling of terror that had seized upon him. As he did so he saw that the pen had fallen from his father's hand and made a large unsightly blot upon the letter he had evidently been writing. At his left hand a couple of closely written pages lay flung aside to dry as was the elder man's wont.

"Why, father, are you ill?" Clifford said. Mr. Haynes had never been ill in the memory of his children.



His fa her's attitude struck Clifford as unnatural.

But when putting his arm round him he tried to draw him gently back to make him lean against the cushioned chair, the full force of the terrible truth struck on his soul with relentless haste, and he uttered a quick, short groan.

"Father," he cried, with a frightened catch in his breath.

Denzil heard the terror-stricken tones, though he did not grasp the meaning.

He paused at the top of the stairs and cried hastily: "Is anything the matter?"

Receiving no answer he hurried down, to find Clifford still bending over his father.

Together they lifted him on to the couch, but as they did so the younger brother said, with horror in his voice:

"He is dead, Cliff.—oh, poor father!"

"What is the matter," a girl's voice said, and turning round they saw their sister Margaret, who had been anxiously listening for their return, and who had heard Denzil's agitated question. She stood in the doorway, a large shawl over her shoulders. It was too late to hurry her back, she had guessed the truth almost before they perceived her, and her grief was terrible to witness.

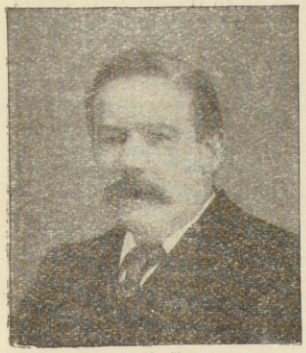
The brothers put aside their own in trying to assuage it. The whole household was of course at once aroused, and the melancholy duties that perforce follow a death attended to. No one slept at "Haynes-ses" that night except its late master. He lay in the little room that had always been peculiarly his own, but where his kindly voice would never more "talk things out" with the children he loved. He lay their stark and silent, his good heart for ever stilled and his penetrating eye for ever dimmed; after life's fitful fever he slept well.

(To be continued.)

Important Questions Answered.

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

CAN WE LIVE WITHOUT ALCOHOL?



MR. W. N. EDWARDS

THERE are many people who think that money is everything; they work and slave, and struggle, in order to save every penny they can, and in doing this they often lose that which is a great deal better than mere money. Health, time, knowledge, character, are amongst the things that money cannot purchase. They are of infinitely greater value to us than gold and silver, and we shall be wise if we learn to value them at their proper estimate. Long life and good health are things that everyone wishes to possess, but these can only be attained by the observance of Nature's laws.

The Secret of Longevity,

or long life, is one that many people have tried to discover. A good deal has been done, for the average length of life is greater now than it was formerly. This is due to the fact that people have been studying the question "How to keep well and to live a long life," and they have consequently grown more particular about having fresh air, well ventilated rooms, cleanliness, sunshine, good food, exercise, rest, &c. They have also learned that the use of alcoholic liquors shortens life. Just as abstinence from bad air, dirty houses, idle habits, and kindred evils has resulted in a general improvement in length of life, so abstinence from intoxicating drink results in better chances of life.

Sir James Sawyer

once gave some very good advice about long life. He said that he saw no reason why people should not live to be 100 years old, and he advised them to keep to a set of rules, of which the chief are as follows:—

1. *Eight hours' sleep.*
2. *Keep the bedroom window open all night.*
3. *Let the bath be at the temperature of the body.*
4. *Exercise before breakfast.*
5. *Eat little meat, and let that be well cooked.*
6. *Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.*
7. *Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.*
8. *Daily exercise in the open air.*
9. *Watch the three Ds Drinking water, Damp, and Drains.*
10. *Keep your temper.*

Can we Live without Alcohol?

Certainly we can. There are at least six millions of people of all ages and classes in the United Kingdom who are abstainers. In all countries there are numbers of people who never touch intoxicants. It is sometimes said that there are more abstainers in the world than drinkers. If we include the Mohammedan and Buddhist races and the native tribes, there is but little doubt that this is true. There are three things to consider. Are total abstainers *worse* in health and length of life than moderate drinkers? Are they as *good* in health and length of life as moderate drinkers? or are they *better*

in health and length of life than moderate drinkers? We are bold to say they are better.

ON WHAT EVIDENCE

does this assertion rest? We can get good evidence of the better health of abstainers by comparing the great benefit societies one with another. Take for instance the year 1897—

The Sons of Temperance (London Grand Division): Number of members, 8,277; deaths, 41; being 5·48 per 1,000.

The Manchester Order of Oddfellows: Number of members, 769,969; deaths, 8,373; being 10·8 per 1,000.

The Ancient Order of Foresters: Number of members, 731,442; deaths, 8,148; being 11·11 per 1,000.

These three societies take in exactly the same class of men, following the same trades, and exposed to the same risks. The only difference is that the Oddfellows and Foresters take drinkers of alcoholic liquors. These larger societies include a much larger proportion of country members, which would tend to reduce their death-rate. Many of them, also, are teetotalers, without whom the death-rate would be even higher than it is. It is a remarkable evidence of the *value of total abstinence*. If all the Oddfellows had been teetotalers, and had (as they probably would) only had the same death-rate, the deaths would have been only 4,220 instead of 8,277, a saving of over 4,000 lives. About the same number would have been saved among the Foresters. Hence, there were at least 8,000 lives sacrificed by strong drink.

FURTHER EVIDENCE

is supplied by a more general comparison. The following diagram (issued by the Scottish Temperance Life Insurance Co., Ltd.), shows the deaths per 1,000 members experienced at various ages by:—

1. (Blank column). Rechabites Friendly Society. This large Society draws its members almost exclusively from the working classes. All are abstainers.

2. (Shaded column). Twenty leading Life Assurance Companies, dealing only with first-class lives.

3. (Dark column). Foresters' Friendly Society. This Society is similar in all respects to No. 1, save that non-abstainers are admitted to its membership.

It will be seen by this that the Rechabites, all of whom are teetotalers, live longer on the average than the first-class lives in the 20 leading insurance companies.

THIS MAY BE LOOKED AT

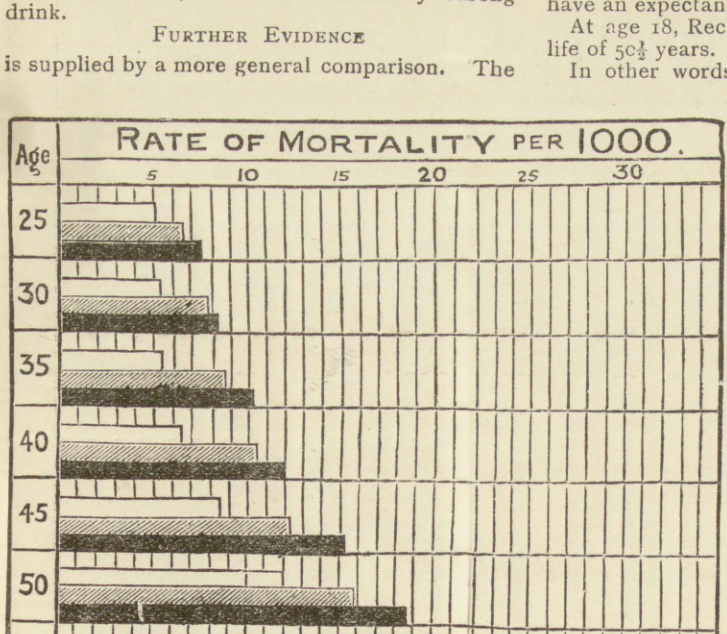
in another way. The following interesting comparison is based upon the Rechabites' mortality experience, as calculated by Mr. F. G. P. Neison, the eminent Actuary; the mortality of all males, according to the Registrar-General's Report; and the mortality of the well-to-do class, whose lives are insured, as estimated by the Institute of Actuaries, and shows that:—

At age 18, all males have an expectancy of life of $41\frac{3}{4}$ years.

At age 18, healthy males of the well-to-do class have an expectancy of life of $43\frac{1}{2}$ years.

At age 18, Rechabites have an expectancy of life of $50\frac{1}{2}$ years.

In other words, the *Teetotal Rechabite* at 18 years of age has an advantage in life expectancy over all males of $8\frac{3}{4}$ years, and over healthy males of the well-to-do class of 7 years.



A general conclusion is that by being abstainers we are on

THE BEST SIDE,

as far as good health and long life are concerned.

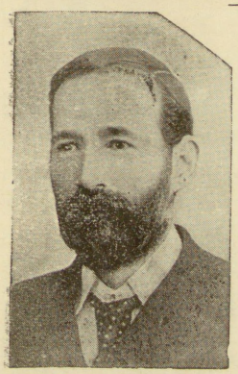
There are many other important facts that might be brought forward, such as the statistics of insurance companies, medical testimony, etc. The whole animal world is teetotal. The strongest of animals need no strong drink to help them, neither do we.

Let us lead natural, wholesome, simple lives, always remembering that strong drink is not strengthening, and that in every respect we are better without it.

THE WAITS: LETTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

Have a Pickle, Sir?

By "Uncle Edward."



"Uncle Edward"

THE air is full of "war," and the earth is sodden with the blood of the slain, but WE MUST CHEER UP. To dwell upon the dark side of life is not *to live* but only *to exist*, and, if we were to quench every spark of humour which strove to drag out the merriment from beneath our pile of earth's wearinesses, we should soon collapse into griddle-faced and crusty old misanthropes.

I was travelling the other day from Wheathampstead to St. Albans, on the Great Northern line, and I suddenly became aware that there was a soldier in the next carriage to me, and that he was just on his way home "from the front." As I listened to his ejaculations, I realised that he had poisoned his throat. What! had he been drinking beer with arsenic in it? Oh dear, no, nothing of the kind, he had been drinking beer with *alcohol* in it, and there is little to choose between the two poisons. The poor fellow had been "treated" until not only were the muscles of his legs unable to properly support his body, but the muscles of his throat had "suffered loss," too, and his broken utterances as he neared the palace of England's Prime Minister were a sad commentary upon the fixed purpose of our political chief to give free rein to the millionaire dealers in that which a great Archbishop once described as "the best stalking horse that the devil has got."

Well, as I listened to the maudlin gibberish of the man in khaki, I felt that I must get a word in *somehow*, even if I had to get it in edgeways. So on reaching Hatfield I jumped quickly out of the train and made for the carriage from whence proceeded the medley of decapitated words, and greeted the noble defender ot his "fatherland."

"Ha, my friend, so you have been out in Africa fighting for your country. I hope you have escaped unhurt?"

"I have, shir, not a scratch I ain't got, not a scratch."

"Very good," I said, "I'm glad to hear it. And now, my dear fellow, beware lest having escaped the bullets of the Boers you get slain by *drink* in your own country."

He looked surprised to be tackled thus, but I had not done with him. I meant to try to drive into his alcoholised brain a little teetotal truth before I left him.

"Where are your going?" I said.

"Going to 'Itchen, sur."

"Then," I remarked, "you will have a crossing to go over, and if you put your arm in mine we'll go over together."

He stuck his arm in mine, and we were about to start when I became aware that there was a woman with him, who turned out to be his mother, and, alas, she also was soaked with the deadly poison which, in its sublime ignorance, England calls "our national drink." I was glad to notice that the soldier did not entirely forget his mother, and, in response to "Come on, ole gal; she's a good ole gal; come on, mother," she pottered along by our side and we reached the Hitchin platform.

The valiant defender of his country was carrying a biggish parcel wrapped in brown paper under his arm, which turned out to be a bottle of pickles he had received from one of his friends *en route*.

When I found that the Hitchin train was not due to start for about half an hour, and that I had a similar length of time to wait for my St. Alban's train, I drew the old dame and her son, pickles and all, to a seat on the platform, and said "We shall not have to start yet; let's sit down and have a chat." So down we all sat. When I had the opportunity I fired in a teetotal shot. Suddenly, to my intense amusement, the old lady said, addressing her warrior boy,

"Jack, he seems a nice sort o' gentleman, give 'im a pickle"

I mildly expostulated, but all to no purpose, the pickle bottle had to be opened, and nothing would do but that I must take a "pickle." In order to keep on good terms with her and thus give myself an opportunity of piling in more "good advice," I dipped my fingers in the bottle and took out a small onion and popped it in my mouth. The old lady then clutched the bottle and stuck it full in my face saying,

"Now a leetle o' the juice, sir, it'll do ye good."

It was a comical incident, and I don't know whether *I* felt most amused or a porter who stood near by holding his sides with laughter. However, I yielded and took a sip of the strange beverage much to the satisfaction of the fair, donor. But she was not yet quite at ease, and with an emphatic denial that I had had enough, she dived into the bottle and brought out an enormous onion nearly as big as a turnip, and with a triumphant "That's a *proper* pickle, sir, have *that*," she wheedlingly forced it upon me.

I took the big "pickle," but I managed to juggle it out of the way, as the consumption of so unwieldly and solid a vegetable would badly have tried my imperfect dental powers. Then, having appeased her, I again turned on my teetotal tap, and with "General Roberts" as my text, I held forth with all the earnestness of which I was capable upon the madness of drinking a body-and-soul-destroying liquor under the name of "a beverage." The air gradually sobered them both, and I had the satisfaction before I left them of feeling that they were, at any rate, able to realise their ridiculous and unmanly and unwomanly position, and to understand that *all* who greeted them in their own country were not sufficiently unkind or—may we not say it—so *insane* as to aid and abet their undoing by a foe which, according to the dictum of one of our most capable Prime Ministers, "exceeds the destructiveness of war, pestilence, and famine combined."

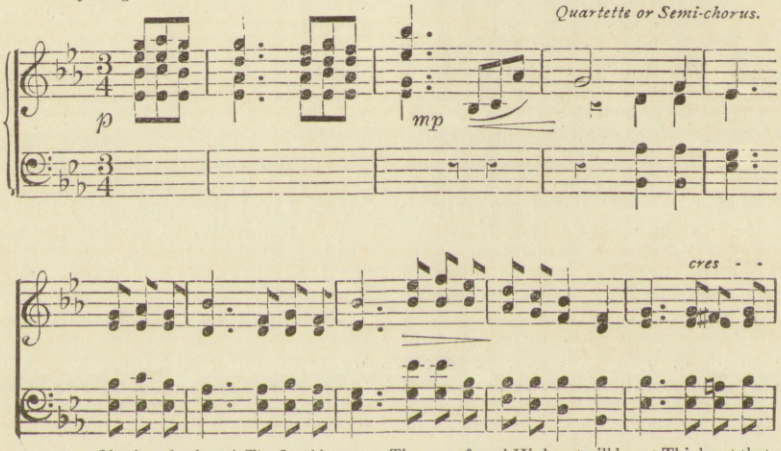
A SONG OF COMFORT.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

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

M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.

With feeling. *Quartette or Semi-chorus.*

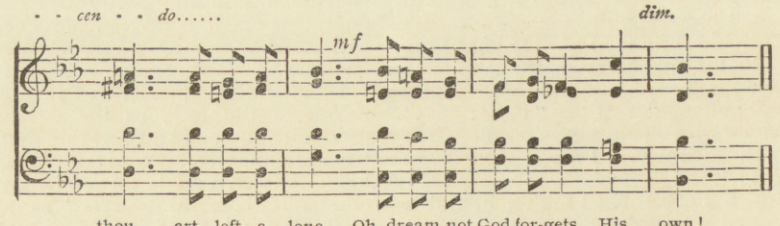


1. Oh, be of cheer! The Lord is near, Thy cry of need His heart will hear; Think not that
2. Lift up thine eyes un - to the skies, And see the light of hope a - rise! The way is
3. Oh, leave thy care, thy dark des-pair, And try a-new the power of prayer; None ev-er

KEY E♭. *mp* *cres - -*

:-.m	:f .m	s	:-.r	:m .r	s	:-.d'	:r' .d'	t .l	:s	:r	m	:-.m	:re.m
: .d	:d .d	t_1	:-.t_1	:t_1 .t_1	d	:-.s	:s .s	f .m	:r	:t_1	d	:-.d	:d .d
: .s	:l .s	f	:-.f	:s .f	m	:-.d'	:d' .s	s .s	:s	:s	s	:-.s	:fe.s
: .d	:d .d	d	:-.d	:d .d	d	:-.m	:m .m	r .d	:t_1	:s_1	d	:-.d	:d .d

- - cen - - do..... *dim.*



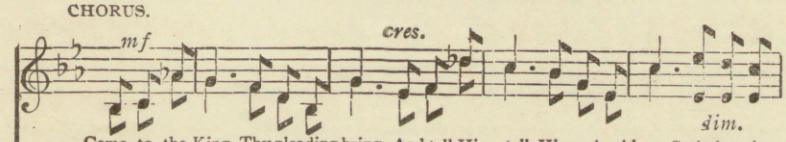
thou art left a - lone, Oh, dream not God for-gets His own!
dark, and sharp the thorn, But look thou to the Star of Morn!
vain - - ly sought His face, Nor cried un - heard for heav'n-ly grace.

- cen - - do..... *mf* *dim.*

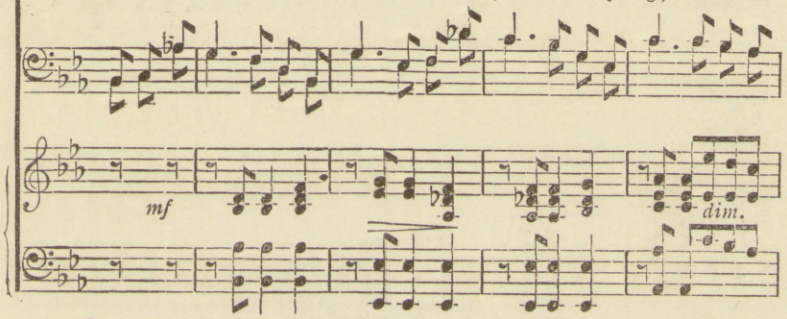
fe	:-.fe	:m .fe	s	:-.s	:fe .m	r .m	:r	:l	s	:-
re	:-.re	:de .re	m	:-.de	:de .de	r .t_1	:d	:d	t_1	:-
t	:-.t	:t .t	t	:-.t	:l .s	s .s	:s	:fe	s	:-
t_1	:-.t_1	:t_1 .t_1	m	:-.l_1	:l_1 .l_1	r .r	:r	:r	s_1	:-

A SONG OF COMFORT—(*continued*).

CHORUS.



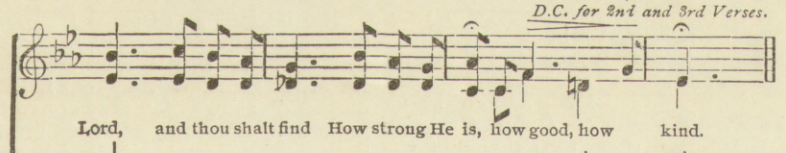
Come to the King, Thy pleading bring, And tell Him, tell Him ev'rything ; Seek thou the



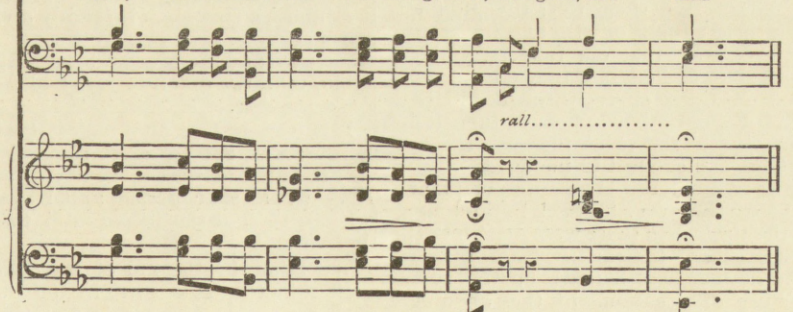
Come to the King, Thy pleading bring, And tell Him, tell Him ev'rything ; Seek thou the

	mf					*cres.*								*dim.*	
.s_1	:l_1	.f	m	:-.r	:t_1.s_1	m	:- .d	:r .ta	l	:- .s	:m .d	l	:-.d'	:t .l
.s_1	:l_1	.f	m	:-.r	:t_1.s_1	m	:- .d	:r .ta	l	:- .s	:m .d	l	:-.d	:d .d
.s_1	:l_1	.f	m	:-.r	:t_1.s_1	m	:- .d	:r .ta	l	:- .s	:m .d	l	:-.l	:s .f
.s_1	:l_1	.f	m	:-.r	:t_1.s_1	m	:- .d	:r .ta	l	:- .s	:m .d	l	:-.l	:s .f

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



Lord, and thou shalt find How strong He is, how good, how kind.



Lord, and thou shalt find How strong He is, how good, how kind.

s	:- .l	:s .f	m	:- .s	:f .m	f .l_1	:r	:- .m	d	:—	:—
d	:- .d	:t_1 .t_1	ta_1	:- .ta_1	:ta_1.ta_1	l_1 .l_1	:r	:t_1	d	:—	:—
s	:- .s	:s .s	s	:- .m	:f .s	f .l_1	:r	:f	m	:—	:—
m	:- .m	:r .s_1	d	:- .d	:d .d	f .l_1	:r	:s_1	d	:—	:—

By John Dale.

I.—THE BEGINNINGS OF PLANT LIFE.

John Dale.

SUNSHINE! It seems somewhat strange to write about sunshine in January; there is so little of it that it scarcely makes the air or the ground any warmer. Though the amount of heat the sun gives us in this country in January is very small, it is sufficient to make the snowdrop grow, and open its pale flowers to the light. Without the sunshine of this month, little as it may be, February would bring us no flowers.

Does not every true-hearted boy and girl love the flowers? We think they do, and that many grown-up children love them too; though few care to watch them closely, or wish to learn more about them. We trust that our readers, young and old, will seek to find out how they grow, from the tiny seed, or tinier spore, through all the stages of plant life, until they appear in their full beauty, giving joy to the child, pleasure to the youth or maiden, and comfort to the aged.

In trying to find out the beginnings of plant life, we shall have to go very far back in the long, long ago, to the time when there were no animals, no birds, nor insects on the earth.

One of the legends, which make up the very interesting story of creation, in the opening chapter of the Bible, reads as follows in the revised version:—"And God said, Let the earth put forth grass, herb yielding seed, and fruit tree bearing fruit after its kind. . . . And the earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after its kind; and God saw that it was good."

But long before such complex and beautiful forms as grass, herb, or tree appeared on the earth, there were many simpler forms of plant life than these. If you ask how we know this, we point you to some of the oldest rocks known to geologists, who are some of the men that *see* things, and they will tell us that these rocks are real tables of stone, upon which the Creator has left many impressions of very small and simple plants, that lived in that far off time. They grew in the water, or on land which was often covered by the sea. In our ignorance we call them seaweeds, but the wise men call them *fucoids* and *graptolites.*

It is very probable that even simpler plants than these tiny seaweeds abounded in the waters that covered the earth, before the dry land appeared.

The beginnings of plant life were tiny green cells, mere specks of jelly, floating freely in the water. These tiny things were living plants; by the aid of sunshine, they took in little particles of carbon dioxide, which they converted into living material. Each tiny cell thus grew bigger, until it attained a size when it readily divided into two other cells. These would grow and divide in the same way, and the process be repeated again and again, until the one tiny cell had become a very large number.

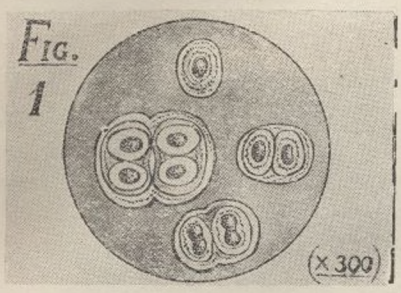
It is true we find no trace of these tiny plants in the rocks, but we must remember they were very minute, and were made of very soft materials. They would soon perish, and leave not a trace behind, such as the fucoids did that came after them.

We know, by the aid of the microscope, that such minute plants exist in the waters to-day; each consisting of a single cell, that grows to a certain size, and then simply divides into two or more cells, similar to the original one.

The smallest of the seaweeds existing now are called Algæ (pronounced ál-jee). They each consist of a single cell of a green or bluish-green colour, that floats freely in the water. Each tiny cell contains chlorophyll (pronounced kló-ro-fill), a living substance which is able to make the materials it needs for its own growth out of sunshine, air, and water.

When each cell has grown to its full size, it becomes a mother-cell; dividing and sub-dividing into two, four, or more cells, in the manner

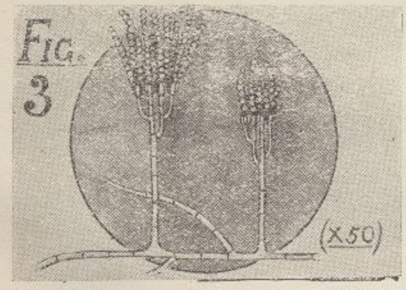
shown in Fig. 1. The cells are very minute, and can only be seen by the aid of a good microscope. The figures given in the illustration are three



hundred times the size of the real cells. These are the beginnings of plant life in the sea.

Some Algæ grow in the air, and clothe the damp surfaces of rocks, walls, or trees with a thin bluish-green covering. No doubt, some of our readers have seen this green film on damp walls or tree trunks many times, without thinking what it was, or stopping to examine it; they will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that a very small patch of it is made up of many thousands of minute plants—the beginnings of plant life on the land.

The Torula (pronounced tór-yu-la), or yeast plant, is one of the simplest of the Fungi, or mushroom family, a very different group to the Algæ. They contain no chlorophyll, they need no sunshine, but will grow in the dark. They cannot convert carbon dioxide into the substances they need, but they live and grow on the material produced by other plants. The yeast cells are



egg-shaped, and multiply by budding; a new cell grows at the end of the mother-cell, as shown in Fig. 2, where the cells are magnified three hundred times.

Their number increases very rapidly in any thin sugary fluid at a moderate temperature. They are cultivated very largely in breweries, in the making of beer or porter; their growth results in the fermentation of the sweet liquid obtained from malt, or *saccharum*. They break up and destroy the sugar, and convert it into two very different substances; one being a poisonous gas—carbon dioxide, and the other a poisonous liquid—alcohol.

The mildew plant (Penicillium) is the whitish mould which grows on old leather and other materials in a damp condition. It belongs to the Fungi group, and is represented in Fig. 3, magnified fifty times. The line of cells from which the two brushes seem to spring, is a filament of the mould, made up of a number of oblong

cells, joined end to end, while some of them are branched. The brushes may be described as bundles of spores, by which the plant multiplies itself. It is a more complex form of plant life than the Torula, but it is without roots or leaves.

The smallest forms of plant life known are the *Bacteria*, tiny cells found in fluids which contain organic matter, whether animal or vegetable. They are the real causes of fermentation in many liquids, and of the decomposition of organic matter. Some grow on the surfaces of wounds and sores, and are the cause of various diseases in the human body. There are many varieties of these very tiny plants, but they all multiply by division. Fig. 4 is intended to represent the *Bacterium terma*, on the point of division, as seen by Dr. Dallinger, who watched them for fourteen hours without taking his eye from the microscope. The figures are magnified 2,400 times! We see, therefore, that they are marvellously small, and this makes them very wonderful, as all the works of God are always found to be.

. . . A . . .

Happy New Year

TO YOU.

PUTTING OUT HIS LIGHT.

Putting Out His Light.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

Miss M. M. Forrester.

BILL BILAKINS was quite a man,
In his own estimation;
And he had many a funny plan,
For winning admiration.
He felt he had a mind above
The other boys around him;
And did his level best to prove
That manhood's years had crowned him.

He thought that life would surely start,
And drop him into clover,
When he and school were far apart,
And lessons all were over.
That happy day was coming fast,
And it would surely find him,
Most eager to for ever cast
All thoughts of school behind him.

At last he bade the school "farewell,"
And full of inspiration,
He hastened to a great hotel,
To seek a situation.
A kind of page boy he became,
And being most ambitious,
His buttons set his heart aflame
With feelings quite delicious.

Indeed, no words can e'er express
His state of animation,
When he beheld the gorgeous dress
Of this new situation.
To imitate the ways, he tried,
Of those 'midst whom he landed,
And strutted out in manly pride,
His noble chest expanded.

Between his lips a little cig.,
He cut a funny figure.
His pride was very, very big,
His folly even bigger.
At least, so thought each other lad,
Who chanced that day to meet him;
And in a way which made him sad,
Rushed madly forth to greet him.

The snow was falling fast around,
Like down from Winter's pillow,
And lay in heaps upon the ground,
As white as any billow.
It filled with feathers every nook,
And where the sunlight kiss'd it,
It had a tempting, tempting look,
No schoolboy could resist it.

So when Bill Bilakins drew near,
All-gorgeous, proud, and beaming,
The boys who saw him thus appear,
His cig. most brightly gleaming,
Eyed wrathfully that spark of fire,
And bent on awful slaughter,
They succumbed to the fierce desire,
To quench that spark with water.

You know when fire and water meet,
There's sure to be some trouble;
Poor Bilakins felt joy most sweet,
Is nothing but a bubble.
Out of his little dream he 'woke,
To find in bitter sorrow,
It had not even left a smoke,
To cheer him on the morrow.

The Arsenical Beer Scare.

ALCOHOL AND ARSENIC.

By the Lobby Laureate.

When Alcohol was growing old,
His vigour giving way,
He, by a stroke of luck, we're told,
With Arsenic met one day.

The brothers had a friendly chat,
Reviewing days of yore,
And Arsenic, it was then agreed,
Should take his business o'er.

So Arsenic now with freshening zeal
His poison speeds around,
And in the place of Alcohol
He covers all the ground.

"But how is this," the townsmen cry—
While back and knees give way;
"Whence comes this weak and sickly feel?
Good Brewers! tell us, pray."

"Oh," say the Brewers, "it is naught,
For much the same's the liquor;
With the same elements it's fraught,
It only kills you quicker."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

Poisoned Beer.

ARSENIC IS POISON!
ALCOHOL IS POISON!

ARSENIC IS PRESENT NOW
By accident (in some Beers),
ALCOHOL IS ALWAYS PRESENT
By intent in *ALL* Beers, and a larger proportion in
Whisky, Brandy, Gin, and Rum.

DRINKERS, BEWARE!

Tom and Joe.

By Emma Lee.

TOMMY WHITE had a fit of the sulks, and frowned and pouted until he looked about as ugly and repulsive as a—well, I don't know what; but at all events everyone in the house gave him a wide berth and wished him in Halifax.

Of course that did not mend matters any, and he sat down in a corner and worked himself into as sad a fit of ill humour as one could well imagine. And all about what? You will laugh when I tell you the simple cause of his trouble, it was so small and silly: there was a corner broken off from his cake!

"Poor Tommy!" said his father. "I am afraid that is the way he is going through life; and what a time he will have of it, to be sure! One corner always broken off his cake!"

Tommy jerked one way and another without looking up. He really imagined himself a very ill-used boy, and sat muttering, quite audibly: "That's the way it always is—I get the broken cake! and the smallest orange! and meanest apple of anybody! I don't care—I think it's real mean."

"Tommy!" said his mother, reprovingly. But Tommy took heed only by pushing his chair farther back in the corner and puckering his forehead in a deeper scowl; he was quite disgusted with the world in general.

"Isn't he a beauty, though?" laughed Fred, squinting one eye at him provokingly. "Wouldn't his lips make neat pot-hooks?"

"Oh, what if they should freeze so!" said Lucy.

"Hush up! will you?" shouted Tom, quite exasperated. He rushed from his seat into the hall, snatched his hat from the rack, and, making a dash for the street door, out he ran and down the street at full speed, turning corner after corner until he brought up at the foot of a low street near the river. It was a bitterly cold day, and the wind swept fiercely over the river.

Tommy began to get somewhat cooled by the time he reached the dock, and stood clapping his hands against his sides for warmth as he watched the brisk workmen unloading a vessel near. But he soon grew tired of watching, and was about to leave the place when he saw a ragged little urchin tumble out of an old cask and shake himself very much as a dog would after a nap. His frowsy head and tattered garments spoke of poverty and neglect; his old shoes seemed to cling to his half-frozen feet more from force of habit or old friendship's sake than for any good they did in the way of warmth.

"Hello! where do you hail from?" said Tom, a little startled by the apparition.

"I didn't hail from anywhere—the Captain brought me," replied the boy with a sad look.

"Well, why don't he take care of you, then? what are you doing in that pig's nest?"

"He kept me on his boat awhile, and then brought me here, and left me—and I haven't any father or mother, or anywhere to go."

"How old are you?" said Tommy, beginning to think there were boys in the world worse off than himself.

"Nine years old, I guess—sometimes I forget almost; bein' knocked around so, there don't seem to be any weeks, and I don't always know what day it is; I can't think of anything but hunger and cold."

Tommy's anger was all gone now, and pity was taking its place in his heart. The shades of night were gathering, and the air grew keener and keener, so Tom took the shivering boy by the hand and walked briskly up the street, without any very definite idea of what was to be done with him. He thought of the large family and small means at home, and yet no one really in want was turned away. And as they trotted along, he fell into a brown study so deep he did not see the kind face before him, until a pleasant voice awoke him with—

"Why, Tommy, who have you there?" and looking up, there was the very one of all others he most wished to see, his Sunday School teacher.

It was Providence sent her there (not chance, as some may think), for she was just the one to take an interest in the friendless boy, one of those who strive to follow our Saviour's example, and are ever going about doing good.

So poor Joe was taken to her pleasant home and well scrubbed, and then clad in a suit her own boy had outgrown; and lo! what a change! Tommy hardly knew him; the brown face had changed colour, and the tangled locks turned into shining curls. And when a warm meal was placed before him, he seemed the picture of content. I don't think he looked to see if a corner was broken off his cake, either, for he seemed so happy. Tommy began to feel quite ashamed of himself, just to think how ungrateful he was for all the blessings God had given him.

It was quite dark when Tom reached home, a different boy from the one who left it a few hours before. His mother's thin face wore a sad look as he drew his arm-chair beside her and prepared to tell his story. But first he told her how sorry he was for his naughtiness, and he hoped he never would be so wicked again.

Poor Joe found a home at last at the Mission, and I suppose he is there now, for Joe is a real live boy, and not a "make-believe," as the children say.

One Manchester Man.

By D. F. Hannigan.

Harry Menkins was a commercial traveller. He was proud of Manchester, the city in which he was born, and he had a sort of notion that Manchester ought to be proud of him.

He was one of the cleverest men in his own line of business. He had always managed to have a good berth, even though he was anything but a model of virtue or sobriety. He had been twice married, and it was not generally known that his bad habits had hastened the death of each wife in succession.

His companions called him a "good fellow." He took this as a well deserved compliment, and never thought of reproaching himself for his habitual self-indulgence. However, he was destined to be disillusioned.

Business took him to various parts of England, and he was well known in every large centre of commerce throughout the land. One evening, while he sat in the coffee-room of a hotel in a town which he only visited now and then, owing to its comparatively isolated position, he noticed that a man, dressed in black with a white tie, was intently watching his movements. As it happened there was no other person in the coffee-room at the time. Menkins was drinking brandy and soda. All at once the gentleman in black spoke.

"Do you not think, Mr. Menkins, that you might be better employed?"

Menkins looked up wrathfully. Glaring at the gentleman in black, he said—

"Sir, I do not quite understand you."

"Oh! indeed. Well, I shall try to explain my meaning. You are drinking too much just now."

"What!" Menkins almost shouted. "Is not this a free country? and have I not a right to drink as much as I please?"

"You have not," said the gentleman in black, emphatically.

Menkins got very red in the face. As a Manchester man, and one of the leading commercial travellers in England, he thought it necessary to assert himself.

"I see, sir, you are a clergyman. I am only a mere business man. Your cloth protects you, sir. That is all I have got to say."

And, as he finished this little speech, he poured out some more brandy. To his amazement, the gentleman in black rose up, and, advancing towards the place where Menkins sat, caught his hand in a grip of iron.

The clergyman—for such he was—was a tall, muscular man. He had an expression of unconquerable determination in his steel-grey eyes.

"You must drink no more brandy," he said, in a voice of command.

Never before had Harry Menkins felt so thoroughly cowed.

"Reverend sir," he protested almost abjectly, I am not drunk."

"I did not say you were, Mr. Menkins. But, listen to me. My name is Berkeley. I am a minister. I have taken a vow in my own soul to bring back every victim of intemperance to God. I happen to have heard something about you while I was giving a mission in Manchester. I am not going to preach at you. Your own conscience, Mr. Menkins, must be the severest mentor, if you only hear its voice."

By this time Menkins was really terrified. He had lived for years in a fool's paradise. The vision of his two dead wives rose before his mind's eye. He had been at a dinner, which ended in a carouse, on the night when his second wife died. He had frequently gone to bed during the last ten years in a state of utter intoxication, and yet he prided himself on being able to do his work thoroughly next morning. But this minister had suddenly torn off the mask that hid even from himself the evil of his life. He made one last effort to defend his vices by the usual wordly pretexts.

"Every man has his faults," he said, "even clergymen."

The Rev. Mr. Berkeley was ready with an answer.

"True—even clergymen have faults. Some of them have been drunkards, but that is no excuse for you. To destroy your reason, even for a time, is a senseless and criminal thing. Can you deny that your bad habits caused the deaths of two poor women? Are you sure that, though you feel equal to your work in the daytime, the material of your brain is not steadily decaying? A medical man could enlighten you on that point."

This appeal to the sense of self-preservation fairly crushed Menkins. He saw himself in imagination sinking into gradual imbecility.

He put aside the brandy he had poured out.

"You are right after all, sir," he said. I am, indeed, a bad lot."

"No, Mr. Menkins, you are not," said the clergyman, briskly. "Be a man—change your habits. You will live longer if you are sober—and you will succeed better in the world."

He was preparing to go away. Extending his hand towards Menkins, he uttered these farewell words:—

"We may never meet again, but remember you have something to atone for. Practice a little self-denial."

The admonition was not in vain. Harry Menkins never drank a drop of brandy from that night forth. He is no longer a commercial traveller, but a prosperous merchant, and one of the best types living of the Manchester man.

The Secretary for War has approved of lectures on Temperance being given to children attending army schools by lecturers appointed by the Army Temperance Association. The lectures may be given during school hours, and it is directed that all teachers and children should be required to attend. The lectures must not interfere with the hours of soldiers' attendance, but the lecturers must be afforded every facility for carrying out their object.

COLONEL PEG: "I can't get my wife to laugh at my jokes until after I sell them."

Major Peg: "I suppose she can't help laughing when she hears of anyone buying them."

TREATING.

Lord Roberts says:—I beg earnestly that the British public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial Army.

Our Calendar.

1901.

Jan. 1st is the FIRST DAY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

„ **10th** is the sixty-first anniversary of the Establishment of the Penny Post (1840).

„ **15th** commemorates the opening of the British Museum (1759).

„ **18th**—On this day thirty years ago the many German Duchies and Prussian Kingdoms were federated into the German Empire (1871).

„ **26th** is the sixteenth anniversary of Fall of Khartoum and of the martyrdom of the "Christian hero," General Gordon (1885).

AN angry and excited little boy was pelting stones at a noisy dog when a venerable passer-by stopped and addressed him.

"Little boy," the stranger remonstrated, "don't you know you should be kind to dumb animals?"

"Yes," replied the angry boy; "but what's dumb animals got to do with yelping dogs?"

"How did you get such a large congregation of old and middle-aged people?" asked the young minister of the old one.

"I advertised a sermon to the young," was the latter's reply.

HE was noted for his dry humour, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas.

One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said:

"Mister, if you should lose your pocketbook between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out here."

AN English paper says that a witty bishop, getting out at a railway station which had a large brewery abutting, noticed the flag at half-mast, and inquired the reason.

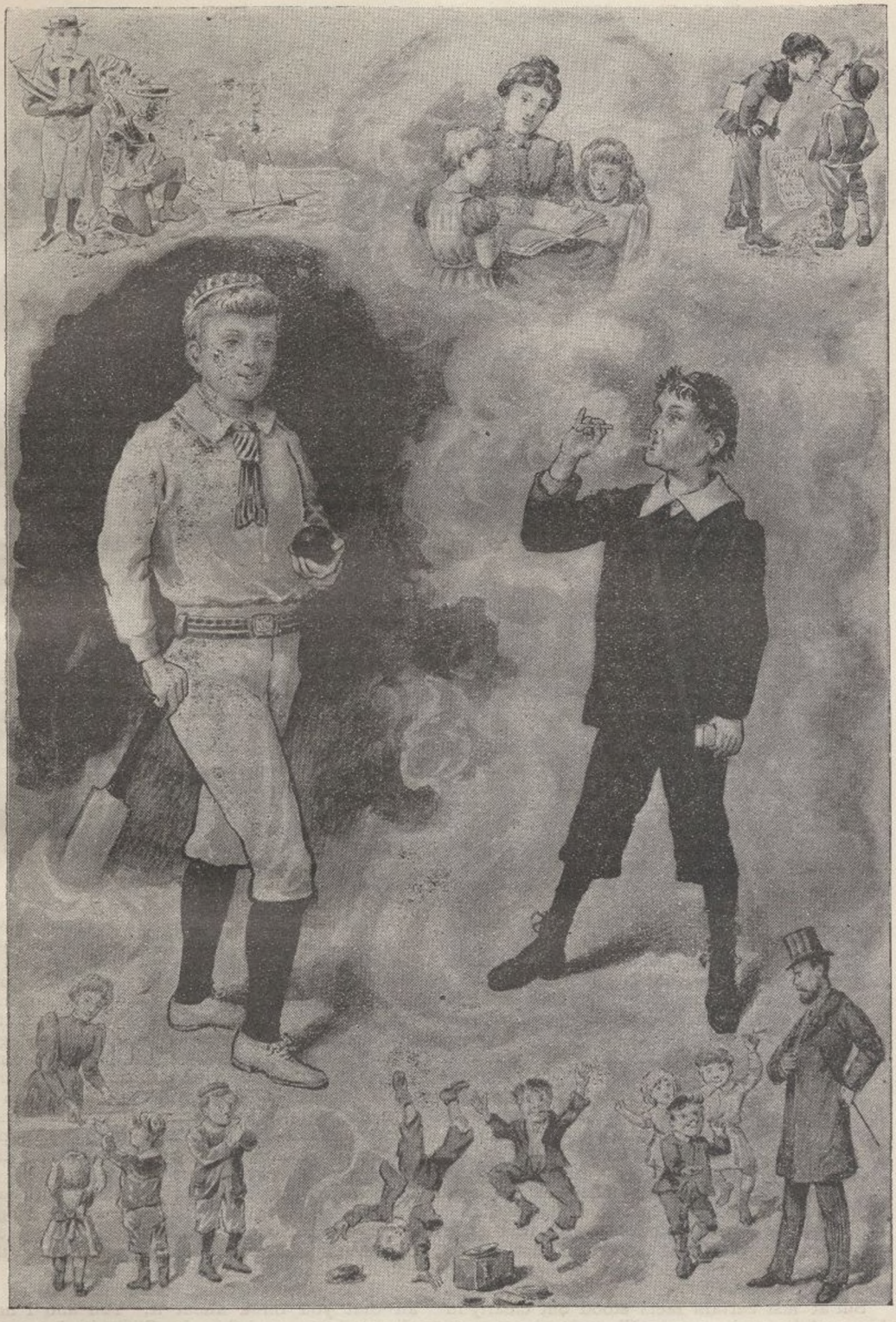
"The brewer's grandmother is dead, my lord," said the station-master; "and we all go into mourning as a compliment to the brewer."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the bishop, "so I see; even the barrels are in tiers."

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM, in opening the business at the Durham Assizes, in his charge to the grand jury pointed out that drink had, as usual, a great deal to do with the crimes committed. The law was not administered strictly enough against publicans who gave drink to people already drunk. It was said that it was difficult to tell when a man was drunk; but when a chemist administered a draught any mistake he made was not accepted as an excuse, and a publican was very much in the same position, except that he made larger profits. *He would be glad if the law could be so altered that in cases where crime was committed through drink the onus would be thrown on the publican to show that the person who had committed the crime was not drunk when he left the licensed house.*

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.

SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., wrote:—"I found that the smallest quantity of alcohol interfered with muscular action, leading to muscular failure. I found also that it created digestive disturbance, that its effects on the nervous system were to produce disturbance, and to give no quality of strength or precision of motion. *Alcohol was not only unnecessary to life, but an enemy to life.*"



DON'T SMOKE: DON'T DRINK: BE A MAN: (*See "Here, my Lad," page* 23

SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

CHAPTER II.—Facing the Truth.

SYNOPSIS.—Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead.

"There is always the possibility of a word or a look to keep alive the sense of human brotherhood."

—*George Eliot.*

THE cold grey dawn of a winter's day was breaking as Clifford Haynes sat over the dying embers perusing and re-perusing the letter in his hand.

It was the letter which his father had left unfinished. Denzil's quick eye had noted the beginning of one of the sheets already covered—"My dear Clifford."

"This is for you, Cliff.," he had said, and the elder brother had put it aside until he should have leisure to read it. And now, at last, the house was still. The morning would bring a thousand matters to attend to, a thousand different aspects of the changed circumstances of their lives. But for the present a lull had come. Poor Margaret had fallen into a troubled sleep, though the fitful sobs still shook her frame. She had never known trouble before, her mother having died in her infancy.

Denzil, too, though sleep refused to come to him, was quieter now. At the first he had cried like a child, almost refusing to believe that the father he loved, as he loved nobody and nothing else, would never more strengthen him with loving counsel, and comfort him with unfailing fatherly patience.

But to Clifford, that day was doubly eventful. In view of the startling news the letter contained he lost sight, temporarily, of his bereavement, and twice found himself starting up to go and seek his father in his study. For here was the most unexpected crisis that had yet presented itself to him, and he had to face it alone. The relief of "talking it out" with that good father who had never yet failed him was for ever denied to him. He must dree his own wind, as the Scotch folks say.

But at last certain facts stood out clearly in his mental consciousness. First, that he was not Clifford Haynes, but Clifford Parkinson, son of the late notoriously-drunken "rowdy" Parkinson's equally notorious brother. Second, that he had probably inherited the drink craving, which invariably attacked the male members of his family between the thirtieth and fortieth year. And third, that the dead man lying so quietly peaceful upstairs was in no way to blame. The letter made this latter fact quite clear. After explaining how at the time their first-born child lay dead, the substitution of the forlorn and doubly-orphaned little creature, who had been born on the same day, had seemed not merely desirable, but even, under the peculiar circumstances which were narrated with great clearness, an obvious duty, it went on to show how easily the change had been effected. Only Rachel Parkinson, then a young woman of strong and reticent character, and the medical man, who was since dead, had been parties to the exchange.

And so the mill owner's dead baby had been quietly buried on the breast of the poor mill hand, whose drunken husband was then on what proved to be his last drunken spree, and the word went round Blackerton that "Haynes-ses had gotten a little 'un, and rare and spry th' young shaver were, if aw t' tales were true as th' women were tellin'!"

The letter continued: "I do not know, my dear Clifford, that I should tell you this, even now, if it were not some time ago I saw a physician who told me that, while there is no immediate danger, still any day may see me stricken with death. When my will comes to be read you are bound to know what I am now telling you. And yet, perhaps, it is better that you should know it now, apart from my living or dying. For every year is bringing you nearer to the age that has been so dangerous to the men of your family, when you, too, may have to struggle with your inherited foe. The years of your childhood and youth have been the happier because you were ignorant of the danger that threatens you. You cannot, however, bring all the forces of your manhood together to withstand it unless you are fully conscious of the danger. I have fancied lately that the question of intoxication and all the evil it produces was interesting you on its own merits, or rather demerits.

"When you have read this come and tell me all that you think about it. You and I have always been good friends, Clifford; I am not afraid of this new knowledge on your part making us less so. If in the past you could remember any one occasion on which I have acted less

than a father's part to you; if you had ever shown me anything but a son's love and duty, I should dread our next meeting. I do not, my dear lad. Come and we will talk——"

And there the letter ended.

And as our hero finished the unfinished communication the tears that fell from his eyes were such as he need not have been ashamed of, for the love and grief that bid them flow had their source in the depths of his heart.

The funeral over, and the will read, the facts of Clifford's altered relationship to "Haynes-ses" filtered slowly through the wondering circles of Blackerton. It was old Abram Moss who accosted a little group at the corner of Smithy-lane.

"Have yo 'eard the news?" he asked.

"Happen we 'ave," young Mrs. Higgins said, with true Lancashire caution. "But if there's owt fresh yo' can tell it aw' t' same."

"Aw'll tell yo' summat as *is* fresh, though. Yo' know Mr. Clifford at Haynes-ses?"

"Aye."

"Well, 'e's not Haynes-ses Clifford at a', but th' son of Coaly Parkinson; 'im as was own brother to Rowdy, tha knows!"

"Oh! tha never sez!" little Joe Higgins said. "It's like a song as my gronfeyther were fond of:

'Supposin' I were you;
Supposin' you were me;
Suppose we both were somebody else,
Who do yo' think we'd be?'"

"Hold yor din!" his wife said, indignantly. "But 'ow do yo' make it out, Abram?"

"Nay, *I* don't make it out. Th' measter were writin' it out when he died. It seems as Haynes-ses child died same night as Coaly Parkinson's wife. I mind the night well mi sen. Coaly were 'avin' his last big spree. He were a bad un were Coaly, and fair mad when 'e were drunk. They do say as 'e caused th' last big explosion in th' Black Pit. Anyhow, if 'e did, it killed 'imself. Well, Mrs. Parkinson were rare an' worried as to who would look after choilt. She was a Scotch woman, an' nobody ever knew 'ow she came to fancy Coaly. And Rebecca—she were t'other brother's wife; 'e were aw reet exceptin' 'e were drunk, were Rowdy—Rebecca went up to Haynes-ses where the missus were in a fine to-do, frettin' for her little un, and axed if they'd swop; an' th' measter said yes, and he'd treat th' choild as if it were 'is own always. An' soon after aw th' place knew as Coaly were dead, an' more than suspected as 'e'd caused th' big explosion. Eh, 'e were rare an' mad when 'e was in liquor was Coaly."

"So was Rowdy," Mrs. Higgins said; "only 'e kept straight till 'e were thirty years old."

"I've heard it said," Mrs. Higgins' meek little husband ventured to say, "that none of the Parkinsons can 'elp takin' drink if they get any trouble. It comes over 'em, like, as they must 'ave it."

"Nay! nay! I'll never believe that. There's some more tempted than others, and some are tempted at one age more than another—the Parkinsons are I believe. But there's no man but can resist the beginning. I believe in the Lord."

The speaker was a short, thickset man of forty-five or thereabouts. His name was Mackinnon, and his shrewd, sturdy common sense was as distinctly Scotch as his name. The conversation took place outside of the open window of his workshop, which stood at the corner of Smithy-lane. Sandy was a shoe maker, and was working busily at his craft all this time.

"Our Joe *ought* to do," Mrs. Higgins said, in a meaning tone. She never lost a chance of snubbing her little husband in public. "Comes over 'em indeed! Don't tell me. I'd like to catch it coming o'er our Joe, so I should."

Mrs. Higgins cherished a very fine feminine scorn of anything she did not understand.

"So should I," old Abram chuckled. "But, then, yo' see your Joe is your Joe!" After which rather ambiguous statement Abram chuckled again, as did one or two others.

"Anyhow, Mr. Clifford's a Parkinson now," somebody exclaimed.

"Aye," Sandy Mackinnon said thoughtfully. "But to me he'll always be a part of the Haynes-ses."

"Haynes-ses" mill, though in point of size it was the smallest in Blackerton, was in point of importance second to none of the other mills. What was done at "Haynes-ses" was invariably quoted if a master failed to act quite fairly, or showed a disposition to take advantage of his position in any way. And this, in spite of a stringent Factory Act on the one hand and the Trades Union on the other, effectually preventing, between the two of them, any glaring infringement of justice.

At "Haynes-ses," however, the standard of justice and of comfort was somewhat in advance of even a paternal Factory Act. And yet no "shirkers," no lazy folks were harboured there. It was known that "th' measter at 'Haynes-ses,' as well as his elder son, who was after th' mester's pattern," had no place for such in their mill, and had, moreover, a way of scenting them out, and packing them about their business.

Clifford's erstwhile relatives—it was very difficult for him to regard them as anything else—were all determined that this recent discovery should make as little difference as possible with regard to "Haynes-ses." The will of the late master of the house had bequeathed to "Clifford Parkinson, hitherto known as Clifford Haynes, and ever dear to me as my own son, the sum of one thousand pounds," and the rest, with the exception of some small legacies, to his children, Denzil and Margaret.

Clifford was much exercised as to how he would, as it were, start life with the sum he had at his disposal, and after throwing out many hints to Denzil, as to his desire to explain to him all the practical working of the mill, a thing that Denzil had so far declined to trouble himself about, he asked him to sit down and listen to him.

"Fire away!" the younger man said; "only I warn you, it slips like water off a duck's back. I never can remember anything of this sort."

"But you must!" Clifford protested, in great perplexity. "It would never do for you not to know all the ins and outs of the business, and I

don't want to leave you awkwardly, but it really is time that I was looking out for something."

"My dear Cliff.," Denzil said, affectionately, "why on earth should you not leave things just as they are. It seems to me that 'your America is here.' Didn't some clever Johnnie say something like that? And, if you do cut your sticks, the mill will soon fall about my head. You must know that."

"I had never contemplated the possibility of my staying on here, ever since I first knew of this," Clifford said.

He really was troubled.

"Take my advice; contemplate it now. You let the whole boiling go on just as it is. What is the first thing I should have to do, supposing you were not here, and poor father's death threw all this upon my shoulders? Why, appoint a manager, of course. And who could do the managing better than yourself, because you know the ropes? Therefore I, Denzil, tell thee, Clifford,——no, that's the marriage service I think. Seriously, Cliff; the mill 'll look jolly sick if you *don't* stay."

"I should be delighted," Clifford was beginning, "if——"

"Come, now, don't be so beastly affable. Say you'll be the manager, man. By-the-bye, doesn't that remind you of the story of the old gentleman who wandered into a Court of Justice, and was awfully riled because the usher would keep calling out things. At last he said, 'Are you the usher?' The man answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Then do please 'ush!' said the old gentleman. So I say, do please be the manager, man! H'm—'m—! it isn't quite as fine a pun as I thought it at first."

But Clifford was in no mood to appreciate Denzil's airy chatter this morning.

"If I *did* stay—and I should like it for many things, old man—I warn you that I shall feel myself bound to—to do many things; to make some changes."

"Oh, I suppose," Denzil broke in, "you mean you will carry a banner for the teetotal johnnies, and go about declaring that there's nothing like water; there isn't either, only I prefer it with soap myself. Is that what you mean, Cliff.?"

"Not exactly," Clifford said; "though—yes, you have grasped my meaning. I shall throw in my lot with the teetotalers, certainly."

He was still smiling at the mental picture Denzil's words had conjured up.

"Then it seems to me," the latter said, "that such a course will really tell, that your action will only be really efficacious, if you stop in the circle where you are known."

"There is a good deal of truth in that," Clifford said.

Denzil put his hand on Clifford's shoulder.

"Don't leave me, Cliff., old man. I am rather a duffer, and I might very easily turn out a rotten egg, but—you know the best of me, now father's gone, and a bad best it is."

But Clifford only saw the genuine affection that underlay this halting protest. A sudden impulse made him put his arm around Denzil as he said,

"I don't know about a rotten egg, Den.; you are just the same dear fellow as you were when you were a little chap, and—we'll hang together, somehow."

And then, after the manner of young Englishmen, both looked hastily round for fear their demonstration of affection had been observed. The interview took place in the counting-house of the mill.

In the aftertime, Denzil cost our hero many troubled days and sleepless nights, but Clifford always remembered the younger man's affection, and how he had clung to him when the bond of brotherhood no longer held them together.

When he approached the question of his taking up his quarters elsewhere than in the house, the same loving opposition was raised by Margaret and also by old Miss Moseley, who was her mother's sister, and who presided, nominally, over the house of which Margaret was the real mistress.

"Why should you think of leaving us, Clifford," Margaret protested. "Auntie thinks just as I do, that there is no need for you to take rooms in Blackerton. We don't see too much of you as it is, you shut yourself up with your books in your own room; but really, if you go away from the house we shall never get a peep at you at all, shall we, auntie?"

Miss Moseley was a colourless nonentity of an old lady, who always contented herself with echoing the last words of the last speaker.

"We shall never get a peep at you at all," she said now.

And so it was gradually understood that things were to go on practically unchanged at "Haynesses" in spite of the discovery that Mr. Clifford Haynes was somebody else all the time.

Nevertheless, as we shall see, changes did come to these young people, in whom I hope you are already interested; serious changes, though gradual ones; for mental growth is rarely unaccompanied by change, and stress, and struggle.

(*To be continued*).

The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

II.—THE DIFFERENCES OF PLANT LIFE.

EVERY boy and girl knows that plants differ from one another. Some are lofty trees, with hard woody stems; some are tender herbs, with soft green stems; while others seem to have no stem at all.

Though plants now differ so greatly, we have reason to believe that at the beginning, like the different races of men, they sprung from one common stock. You may wonder how they came to be so diverse from each other in outward form and appearance; your wonder will increase if you examine them closely, for you will find that they differ as much in structure, or the way they grow, as they do in appearance.

The first plants, as previously stated, were probably tiny sea-weeds, single cells of living matter, capable of growth, which, when big enough, divided into two or more cells, each becoming a separate plant. A number of cells are often seen hanging together, like a number of tiny beads on a thread. They are too small to be noticed by the eye alone, but with the aid of a microscope they may be observed united end to end, forming a chain of cells, as we may see in the hair-like stems of some of the pond-weeds.

If a number of these chains grow together, side by side, forming a flat surface, they may become a leaf; if joined together in bundles they may be developed into a stem. In one or other of these ways we may see the *beginnings* of the differences of plant life, even if we cannot trace *all* the stages that have led to the development of the higher forms of plants. This, however, is not our intention; we wish to lead our boys and girls to see the differences that *now* exist.

All the plants in the world may be divided in two groups—(1) those which bear flowers, and (2) those which have none. Linnæus, the father of systematic botany, called the first group PHANEROGAMS, from two Greek words that mean *manifest marriage*, because the mode of producing seed can be traced in the flowers. The second group he called CRYPTOGAMS, from two Greek words that mean *hidden marriage*, because, having no flowers, the mode in which the young plants are produced is not manifest to a casual observer.

The cryptogams, to take the lower group first, may be divided in two classes. The first includes a great variety of forms which have no distinct stems, leaves or roots. They may consist of a single cell, or a mass of cells that lie side by side and end to end, in a loose kind of way, and forming what is termed *cellular tissue*.

All the plants of this type are called *Thallogens*, from two Greek words meaning to *grow* from a *sprout*. This class includes the following orders: *Algæ*, *Fungi*, and *Lichens*.

Algæ, or sea weeds, present a great variety of forms; some consist only of a single cell, others grow to a great length, and cover many of the rocks on the sea shore that lie between high and low water; others, again, spread over hundreds of square miles of the ocean's surface, as in the Sargasso Sea, in the North Atlantic.

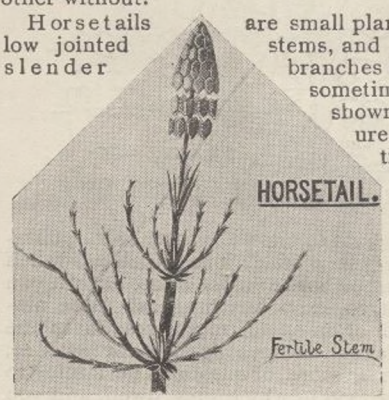
Fungi (pronounced fun-ji), include mushrooms, fairy-rings, toad-stools, mildew, etc. They are all devoid of chlorophyll, and can only grow by using up the material produced by other plants.

Lichens (pronounced lich-ens), are by some botanists included with the fungi, but they seem rather to be an intermediate order between them and the algæ. They mostly grow in exposed situations on rocks, walls, or trees. They are almost the only plants to be found on the higher parts of mountains, or in the polar regions. Reindeer moss, the food of the reindeer, is a lichen, and not a moss at all. The illustration shows one that grows on the bark of a decaying tree.

The second class includes a large number of plants which are found in damp or shady places. In addition to the loose cellular tissue of the thallogens, most of these have cells of woody fibre, or *vascular tissue*. From this are formed the vessels, or veins, which convey water from the roots to the leaves, and which make the plants more rigid and enduring.

They are called *Acrogens*, from two Greek words meaning to *grow* from the *top*. In this class may be found the following orders:—Mosses, Horsetails, and Ferns.

Mosses are small plants of a spreading habit; they have no roots, their place being supplied by root-hairs. The leaf-stems are slender and creeping, having very little woody fibre. The leaves are small and scale-like, without veins, and arranged in spirals along the stem. Little boxes, covered by a fringed cap (*calyptra*), are held aloft by a short leafless stem; these contain the spores from which the young plants are generated. Two are shown in the above illustration, one with the fringed cap and the other without.



Horsetails are small plants, with hollow jointed stems, and a number of slender branches at each joint, sometimes erect, as shown in the figure, and sometimes hanging downwards. The fertile stems bear spikes of spore cases at the upper end, the others end in a point. These are the remnants of an ancient vegetation that attained the

size of large trees, during what is called the coal period, ages before there were any flowering plants on the earth.

Ferns are the most perfectly developed order of the cryptogams, and show the greatest variety and beauty of form. Their leaves, or *fronds* as they are called, in structure closely resemble the leaves of the flowering plants, while they present more delicate compound forms.

The ribs, or veins, of ferns show a distinct peculiarity from other plants. Each vein in a frond is *bifurcated*, that is, divided in two equal viens, each of these into two others, and so on to the outside of the frond. (See the Adiantum frond in the illustration.)

The fronds of ferns, with the exception of one species, are all rolled up when in bud like a scroll, and present very pretty objects in the springtime as they slowly unfold themselves.

Ferns propagate their species by tiny spores, which grow in little cases on the edges or undersides of the fronds. (See the spots on the polypodium frond shown sbove.)

Though the word spore means a seed, yet spores are not true seeds, for they contain no embryo or germ. In a damp situation they develop a small leaf-like structure called a *prothallus*, which means *before a sprout*; upon this the seedling fern is generated and grows.

Three "Wiseacres."

By "Uncle Edward."

"IF you want to know anything ask a policeman" is a small joke which has fallen upon the ears of most of us, but "if you want to know anything ask three nippers" would often yield more results to the enquirer. Take three boys together, for instance, and ask them a score of questions pertaining to the neighbourhood in which they dwell, and you will not have to wait long for your answers. What one doesn't know will rapidly be made up for by the eagerly-vouchsafed information of the other two, and if by any possible chance the two are lacking, the remaining one will be sure to volunteer the necessary details. Surely there is no soil so prolific of exquisite fruit as "the ground of the heart" of a bright boy of seven, or a sweet girl of ten, or even of a mere infant whose toddling steps have only made music on the earth for four summers. Oh the exquisite simplicity of a guileless child! No prayer ever goes up to the Great I Am with the fragrance of a child's petition.

I once knew a dear little girl whose life opened in one of the great Homes in London, where destitute children are saved from the inhumanity of man. She grew into a fairy little body, fragile and gentle; and, under the earnest, godly training of a lady who was devoted to her, and who adopted her for love, she became a bright little Christian. The dear child will ever remain in my memory, because she was the author of the quaintest and yet the most truly real little prayer that ever fell from baby lips, so far at least as it has been my good fortune to know. The lady who "mothered" her had two pet animals, a dog whose name was Carlo, and a favourite cat called Tom, to which title there was usually the prefix of "Mister." Needless to say, little Ruth was fond of them both, and her home life was intertwined with real devotion to "Mister Tom" and "Carlo."

On one occasion little Ruth went out for a holiday with the lady who had rescued her from the ban of a "charity training," and the two pets were entrusted to the care of a friend near by. Naturally enough the little girl would gladly have taken them "on holiday" too, but that was impossible. During their absence from home the mind of little Ruth was often dwelling upon the absent pets, and upon the termination of the holiday one of her first impulses was to go without delay and see how they had got on in their new quarters. She found Carlo all right, but Mister Tom had got a bad eye, caused by some nocturnal conflicts with neighbouring grimalkins. *Poor* Mister Tom! It was altogether too dreadful to think of him thus disfigured, so she went home sad and thoughtful.

By-and-bye the time came for her to say her little evening prayer. She prayed it as usual, but on reaching the close it became quite evident that she had a further petition to make, and to the hardly controllable equanimity of her kindly "mother" she burst out, with extraordinary emphasis, "And thank you for taking care of Carlo, but I am *sorry* to say you have neglected Mister Tom." Of course it is needless to say that the estimable guardian of little Ruth impressed upon her that the responsibility rested entirely with Mister Tom himself, that he ought to have kept better hours, and not showed such pugilistic propensities. It was no use; Ruth was hopelessly difficult to convince. But *it was a real prayer.* Equally real was the prayer of the dear child of a friend of mine, who made a sudden pause in the middle of the Lord's Prayer and interpolated the words "and jam" after the petition for "daily bread."

One of my own little boys once put me to shame through the beautiful simplicity of his faith. He was a tiny mite, not more than three or four years old I think, and it was the day appointed for a special annual out-door fête. I was anxious for it to be a success, but the clouds were lowering. At my family devotions I prayed for a fine day. The dear little chap got up from his knees and went to look out to see whether the clouds had moved. It still looked stormy, and the rain was pitilessly pelting down. "Daddy," he said, "it rains yet, pray again." I reproved myself for my lack of faith, and prayed again, and soon the clouds rolled away and we had a beautiful day.

Ah yes! a bevy of youngsters will tell you a great deal of what you want to know about the world you live in, and if you are at a loss concerning the simple reception of the rudiments of Christianity—love, prayer, faith, trust—get into conversation with a trio of little children and they will "lighten your darkness."

Here! my Lad!

(See Pictorial Frontispiece).

I DON'T like a milk-sop, I can't bear a namby-pamby boy. I like one who is as roguish as he is high, full of fun and jollity—a lad who when he's at school learns well; when he's at work, works well; when he's at play, plays well.

The lad for me is just like you, one whose bright, laughing eyes, chubby cheeks, and hearty laugh show he is a lad and not somebody at whose birth a mistake had been made, and who ought to have been born a girl.

I don't care if he does sometimes get into mischief, get his clothes torn, and a bit or two of skin knocked off. I shouldn't like to see him always spotlessly dressed, with spotlessly clean hands and face. I laugh as heartily as anybody can when I see him smothered in dirt and as "black as the chimney back."

And I don't mind a bit if, as he grows older, and especially just when he's about to leave school, he turns up his cheeky face, dives his hands deep down into his trousers' pockets, and as large as life itself, struts defiantly up and down, every inch of him seeming to say to me, "I'm a man. I'm a man! Can't you see it?"

Of course I can see it. And I murmur to myself quietly, "Yes, you're a man in your heart at any rate, and I just hope you'll always be as big a man as you think you are, with nothing little about you, nothing unmanly, nothing mean, nothing shabby.

"Why, bless your heart, lad, I was just as big a man one day as you are now, and thought much as you do, and wanted much that you want. No! I don't blame you and say, 'You think too much of yourself. Remember you're only a boy yet.' "

No! no! I love a manly lad, and when I look into his bright, eager eyes I earnestly pray "God make you all every bit a man, for it's such as you are wanted to-day."

But when I see a bonnie faced lad, as I often do, slip round the corner where he thinks he is out of sight, and then, pulling a cigarette out of his pocket, proceed to light and smoke it, puffing away to his great delight, I just want to say to him that which is the truth:—

"My lad! Cigarette smoking is most unwise, most unhealthy. You want to be a man, full of inches, with keen eyesight, steady hand, and plenty of brain power?

"But you never will if you don't stop that smoking at once. Smoking stunts the growth. It weakens the will power. It blurs and dims the sight. It unsteadies the nerves, and dulls the brain.

"It seems fine fun to you, doesn't it?"

Of course, I know it does, and that he doesn't mean any harm by it. He only thinks he looks manly with his "cig." between his lips. And I know it's rare fun, too, to beg matches off the passer by, or if he can't do that, to stick his "cig." against some other fellow's, and thus get a light.

I know all that and more, and so I can't help saying to him: "My lad! it's just because you're such a fine fellow—whether you are the son of rich or poor people, whether you live in a villa or a court—that I want you to grow up a fine man, big in body, big in mind, big in heart, first in work, first in play.

"But do you know, so injurious are the effects of smoking, so unsteadying, that leading athletes, while in training, leading thinkers, leading workers, most carefully avoid it. When they most need keenness of eye, clearness of judgment, hardness of muscle, they leave it alone.

"They know by experience how foolish it would be to let 'the weed' endanger their strength, their usefulness. And so I want you to know it. It may *seem* manly, but then, as the brave defender of Mafeking, Major-General Baden Powell, has said, 'A youth who smokes because he thinks it is manly, is just as liable to drink or swear because he has known men do it.'

"No! my lad. I love you too well to deprive you of one real joy. I want you to have the best of everything—the best of fun, the best of sport, the best of health, the best of careers—and so I say 'More power to your elbow,' more sport in your games, play your cricket, football, run your races, get all the fun you can out of your life, learn all you can, grow all you can, and do whatever can be done to be the man you want to be.

"But I don't want you to do anything which will hinder you, and make you less fit. Both drinking and smoking do unfit and do hinder; are harmful, not helpful. Therefore, I say,

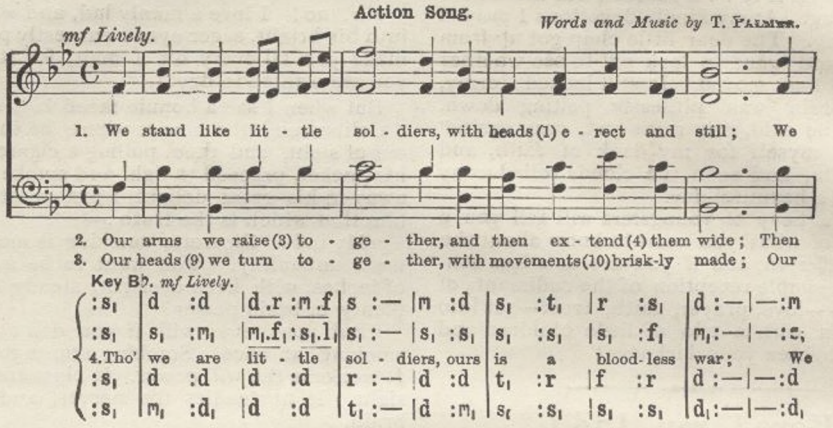
DON'T SMOKE! DON'T DRINK! BE A MAN."

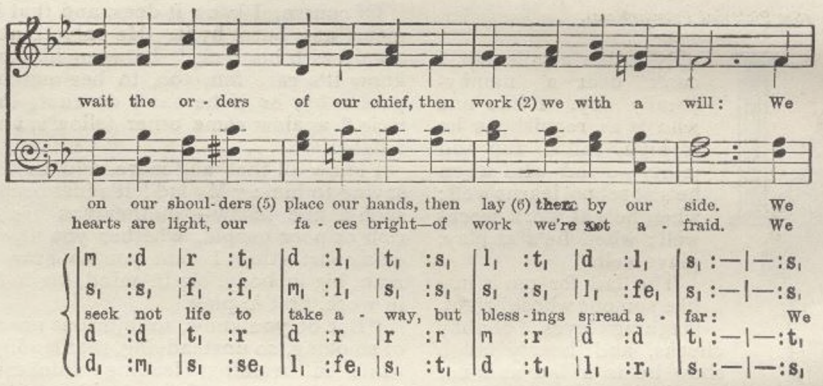
WE STAND LIKE LITTLE SOLDIERS

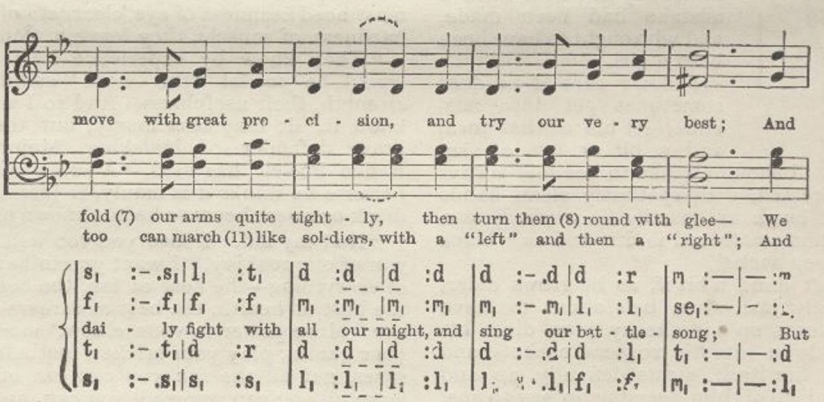
Action Song.

Words and Music by T. Palmer.

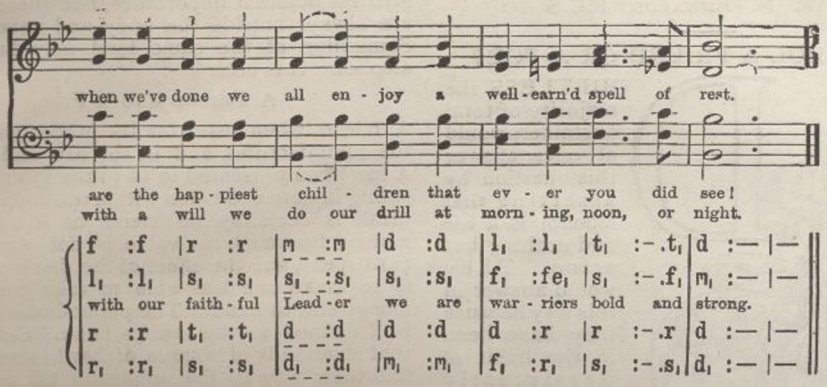
mf Lively.



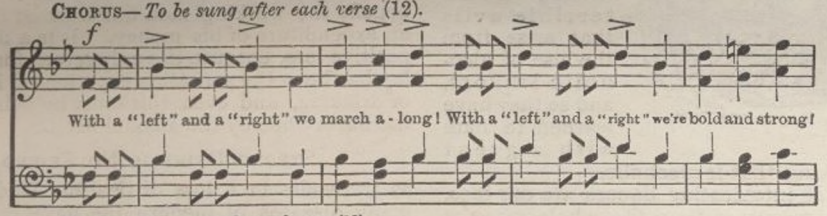




WE STAND LIKE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

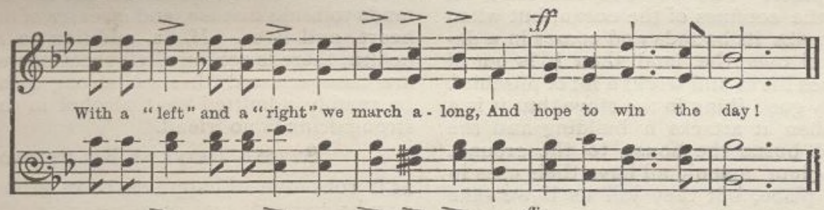


CHORUS—*To be sung after each verse* (12).



CHORUS – *To be sung after each verse* (12).

With a "left" and a "right" we march a - long! With a "left" and a "right" we're bold and strong!



With a "left" and a "right" we march a - long, And hope to win the day!

ACTIONS.—(1) Heads erect, with folded arms. (2) Hands to side. (3) Raise arms. (4) Arms extended. (5) Hands on shoulders. (6) Hands to side. (7) Fold arms. (8) Twisting arms. (9) Turn head sharply to right. (10) Turn face sharply to front. (11) March. (12) Step with "left" and "right" on words in Chorus.

Important Questions Answered.

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

IS ALCOHOL A FRIEND OR A FOE?

DOUBTLESS the majority of total abstainers would at once answer this question by asserting that alcohol is a foe and nothing but a foe. They would answer in this way because they have been in the habit of persistently looking at the terrible evils that arise from the use of alcoholic liquors, and so they have learned to hate with a great hatred anything that is alcoholic.

All kinds of intoxicating liquors are our foes, and if in a moment of time the whole mass of wine, ale and spirits and every other intoxicating liquor could be swept away, then the world would be the brighter, the happier, the richer by being rid of them.

An Important Thing

for us to learn is that matter is only wrong when it is out of place. The water in the sea is all right within the confines of the ocean, but when the water breaks its bounds and comes in a devastating flood over the land then it is out of place, and does harm and works a lot of mischief. Fire is a very good thing in the stove, but it is a bad thing when it attacks a building and the furniture, and burns the house to the ground. Strychnine, opium arsenic all have their uses in their proper place, but they kill us if we take them within our bodies. The same is true of alcohol as a substance, but it is not true of the various kinds of intoxicating liquor.

I Know of No Use

for wine and ale and spirits and other intoxicating drinks. They are both mischievous and hurtful. Many people suppose them to be good and use them accordingly, but, when the evil results of their use are examined, every impartial mind must come to the conclusion that they are bad in their influence and evil in their effects.

We Must Discriminate

between alcohol itself and alcoholic liquors. There are very many useful purposes to which alcohol is applied, and in a later chapter that subject will be fully dealt with. It is only when alcohol is used as a food or as a beverage that it becomes an evil. We might compare alcohol with sulphuric acid. Of all things in the commercial and manufacturing worlds sulphuric acid is one of the most wonderful and one of the most useful. Its services to mankind are of the greatest possible importance, but these services are always outside the body and never within. Something of the same kind may be said of alcohol. It is both

A Friend and a Foe.

A friend when used for its proper purposes in the manufactures and in the arts and sciences. A foe when presented to us in the form of intoxicating liquors and taken within the body. Strong drink is certainly no friend, as it robs one of money, inasmuch as value is not obtained for cash spent, and the effect of the drink purchased is to make one less able to take care of the money still in hand. The public-house has been well defined as the losings bank. Certain it is that thousands of pounds of hard-earned money find their way to the publican's till every day, and it would be difficult for anyone to say what benefit the working man has derived from such an expenditure of his money. It is a direct and positive loss, because the only return for the outlay has been the sensation experienced in the act of drinking, and even this must be debited with the harm done by the alcohol itself.

Strong Drink is No Friend,

as it results in a loss of health. Undoubtedly many diseases of modern life have their origin in the use of alcohol; and even where this is not the case disease is very often helped by the use of strong drink. Unfortunately the beginnings of disease are not noticeable, and too often when the disease is apparent the remedy is too late; hence a man, presumably in good health, may be suffering from the early stages of disease. Medical testimony shows that the use of alcohol tends to brain disease, and diseases of the nerves, heart, and liver. If, in addition to actual ill-health, there is reckoned all occasions when men are incapacitated through strong drink, it will be readily admitted that alcohol in the form of strong drink is no friend.

Strong Drink is No Friend

as it robs one of happiness; for although there may be some sensual pleasure in drinking, there is no greater incentive to discord, misery and general unhappiness than this potent evil. Can any other one thing be named that so incites anger, inflames passions, and creates general misery, not only on the drinker himself, but on all connected with him. The aching head, the heavy heart, the light pocket, the pinch of poverty, the barren home, the suffering wife and children, the loss of work and of character, are all indications of this mischief-working drink as it promises pleasure and gives the reverse.

Strong Drink is No Friend,

for it robs us of time, and this, with good health, constitutes the sole capital of the working man. Time lost in drinking, time lost as a result of drinking, time lost in getting drunk, time lost again in getting sober, and, unfortunately, one

man losing time often makes others lose time, and so the innocent and the guilty suffer alike. Dr. Bienfait, of Liege, whose name is well-known in continental circles, once answered all the following questions :—

Is alcohol a digestive ?
Is alcohol an appetiser ?
Is alcohol a food ?
Is alcohol heating ?
Is alcohol a stimulant ?
Is alcohol a protection against contagion ?
Is alcohol good for children ?
Does alcohol increase longevity ?

His answer in every case was "NO!"

Alcohol is our friend whilst we keep it in its proper place, but immediately we bring it into the body it is out of place and becomes our foe.

Whether it is a friend or a foe depends upon ourselves more than upon the stuff itself.

The Boy who Beat His Father.

BY
D. F. HANNIGAN.

MARK HALLIDAY was a widower with one son. The boy was an odd young fellow. He was the opposite in many ways of his father.

Mark was a jovial sort of fellow, liked by all his brother workmen, but scarcely respected by any of them. The reason why Mark was not respected was because he was the slave of drink.

Young Paul, who was not more than twelve, was a grave and almost stolid boy. He was regular in all his habits. When he was sent to school he earnestly tried to learn, and, to some extent, he succeeded. Mark on more than one occasion brought the lad with him when he was engaged on drinking excursions. Paul went into public-houses at the request of his father, but no persuasion would induce him to taste any spirituous liquors.

"Blest if the chap ain't a teetotaler by nature," Mark would say to himself. And he marvelled at the youth as if he were a sort of moral prodigy.

One day he said to his son,

"Look 'ere, you bloomin' young water-drinker, yer'll soon 'ave to work for yer livin'."

"I ask for nothin' better, father," was Paul's reply.

Mark swore, and said his son was only fit to join the Salvation Army.

Paul caught up the words.

"The Salvation Army does a lot of good, father," he remarked.

"Oh! Hallelujer!" exclaimed his father, shrugging his shoulders.

Paul, however, was a sturdy youth.

"Listen, father," he said, "you must not think I am going to do everything you do. You are a good workman, but you often drink too much."

Mark was indignant.

"Shut up, you impudent brat!" he said, "or I may be tempted to beat yer!"

"Oh, but suppose I beat you, father," suggested the daring boy.

Mark could scarcely believe his ears. He eyed Paul uneasily, and then took a mental note of the young fellow's size and muscular development. Paul was indeed a strongly-organised youth.

"Well, we won't fight yet anyhow," muttered Mark, after a long pause, "you're not my match."

Shortly afterwards, Paul was engaged in the very same works in which his father had constant employment. He noticed that on several occasions his foolish parent got somewhat tipsy during work hours. He learned from his father's own lips one Saturday that he had been threatened with dismissal for drinking.

"Why, then, do you drink, father?" asked the lad, with a steady glance.

"'Cos I can't 'elp it," replied Halliday senior, in some confusion.

"That won't wash, father."

"What won't wash? Blast——."

"Stop, father! No swearing."

"God-——."

"No, father! Don't take the name of God in in vain!"

"Oh, blow yer!"

"Well, father, that's a little milder, but it won't do."

Halliday senior glared furiously at Hallidav junior. He realised that the "kid," as he called him in conversation with his brother workmen, was leaping prematurely into manhood.

"Well, I'm blest——," he exclaimed. Then, clenching his fist, Mark shook it at his son threateningly.

"Take care, father," said Paul; "I, too, have a fist, and I may be tempted to beat you if you don't be good and control your temper."

Mark did not know whether to laugh or to get angrier than before. He contented himself with warning Paul that if he ever "talked to 'im in that way again he'd go for 'im, blest if he wouldn't."

Halliday junior, however, seemed to enjoy his parent's confusion. The situation was becoming quite unique. Paul was deliberately taking in hand the moral education of his father.

Singular to relate, Mark felt the influence of his son sufficiently to be afraid of drinking any longer in his presence. He now sneaked by himself to public-houses at the close of the day's work.

He chafed all the same at the youngster's calm assumption of authority. Now and then he turned on Paul rather savagely, but the fearless young fellow would say,

"Keep quiet, father, or I may have to beat you!"

"If yer dare——" But Halliday senior's menace would be interrupted by a half-mocking laugh from his son.

There were times when Mark had rather dangerous work to do. He had to manipulate certain machinery, and the work required a steady hand. One day he took "a drop too much" at dinner hour, and when he returned to the works he was not exactly in the right condition for handling machinery of any kind.

Paul, who was doing something at no great distance from his father, saw the latter stumble a little just as he was about to touch a delicate piece of mechanism with his hand. The young fellow left off his own work suddenly, and stealing up to his father's side grasped his arm firmly.

"Let me do it for you, father, for this time," he said, in his quiet way.

Mark, in his semi-intoxicated state, did not grasp the fact that his son had saved his life.

But, when the day's work was over, and they were returning home together, Paul said,

"Do you know, father, that you were near meeting with a bad accident to-day?"

Mark looked inquiringly at his son.

"Was I?" he asked.

"Yes, father; and now promise me to give up drink after this, or else something worse may happen!"

"Wot worse may 'appen, you bloomin' kid?"

"I may have to beat you."

"Blast yer——"

"No, father, give up swearing and give up drinking, and we'll both be friends, and good workmen. I have been trying to beat you I admit, but only in one way. I wanted to make you change, to make you a sober man."

Mark was genuinely affected.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed; and there was a moisture in his eyes which he hastily wiped away with his coat-sleeve. "Well, my boy, say no more, I'm beaten—I'm done with drink. There's my hand on it, Paul, my son!"

That hand-clasp sealed the compact, and Paul's heart leaped up with joy at the thought that he had conquered his father.

The Latest Portrait of

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Bart.

Photo by *A. & G. Taylor, Manchester.*

Cabinet Copies of the above reduced copy, also Lantern Slides, 1/- each, can be obtained from the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on!

—*Henry Burton.*

AFTER a quarrel with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he were dead, an Irishman said: "Oh, it's a widow you're wanting to be, is it? Bedad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live."

A MAN went to a physician to be treated for insomnia. The doctor asked him how much sleep he lost at night.

"Oh, I sleep well enough at night, but I can't sleep in the daytime!" he answered.

Attention! Prepare!!

SAVE THE CHILD.

JUNE 20th 1900, brought great disappointment to hundreds of thousands of Britain's best and most earnest citizens; for on that date, largely we believe at the instigation of "The Trade," an earnestly-desired measure of child protection, the Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children, (No. 2, 1900),

WAS TALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

and shortly after its fate finally sealed for that Parliament by the refusal of the Government of the day to afford facilities for its discussion.

And this, notwithstanding that the measure had

PASSED ITS SECOND READING

at a largely attended sitting, and despite the fact that it was backed by men of all parties and creeds under the leadership of

MR. ROBINSON SOUTTAR

and supported by a volume of public opinion which, according to an old Parliamentarian, far exceeded that accorded to any popularly demanded Bill of recent times.

But if June 20th, 1900, brought disappointment it did not bring dismay. The strength of public opinion in favour of the measure, the earnest support of hundreds of public bodies including great town councils like those of Manchester, Liverpool, Scottish Burghs; great school boards such as those of London, Birmingham, Leeds, and the many Boards of Guardians which petitioned in favour of the Bill; the

ALMOST UNANIMOUS DEMAND

for it on the part of all sections of the Church and philanthropy proved beyond contradiction both the pressing need and the earnestness of the demand for this little but important legislation for the children's sake.

The promoters were disappointed at the immediate loss, but their failure, instead of discouraging, only served to nerve them for future strenuousness, and to a determination to prosecute the agitation with greater vigour, and not to cease therefrom until the young of the human kind received the same protection from the drink net now accorded to the off-spring of birds and fishes.

Almost immediately, however, the General Election came. Other issues obscured the National horizon, but the Children's Bill was not lost sight of. In the changes brought about Mr. Robinson Souttar and other warm supporters of the measure lost their seats.

But if these went under, other friends entered the House, and to-day, judging from the number of its M.P. supporters, the

PROSPECTS OF THE CHILDREN'S BILL ARE BRIGHTER THAN EVER.

Sir Joseph Francis Leese,

Recorder of Manchester, M.P. for the Accrington Division of Lancashire, has undertaken to re-introduce the Bill in the fast-approaching session of Parliament and to do all in his power to carry it to a successful issue. In his endeavours he will receive whole-hearted support in all parts of the House. The Bill, however, will not be got through without strong efforts and overwhelming public support. The "Trade," disquieted by the ever-accumulating Temperance public opinion, and shaken by the distrust which the "poisoned beer" scare has created, will be sure to bitterly oppose it.

Friends and supporters must therefore be ready, be alert, be systematic and thorough. They must show their determination not to be satisfied with any magisterial requests, good as these are, nor with anything short of the Bill itself. For this alone, by *preventing* the sale of drink to children, shall make impossible the cases of which the following that occurred in a city where the magisterial request has been publicly approved is an awful sample:—

A middle-aged woman named Elizabeth Rowlands, wife of John Rowlands, a fireman, living at 20, Broadie-street, Ardwick, died on Friday in the Ancoats Hospital from the effects of severe burns, and inquiries showed that she had come by her injuries whilst under the influence of drink.

The deceased's son, a sharp little lad of ten years, told the jury that on the 3rd December his mother sent him soon after daybreak with his father's Sunday clothes to the pawnshop. He got 9s. on the clothes, and with the money his mother sent him about eight times for whisky, he could not say how many times he went, but every time except one he brought sixpennyworth. He got the whisky from the Corporation Inn. He usually went often on Saturdays and Mondays. His mother, on the day in question, drank all the whisky herself, and when he went out to play she was sitting before the fire, asleep and drunk.

As we said in 1900 so we now repeat. If the Bill fails to become a statute it will be because the Churches, the schools, and more especially the Temperance workers (and the Band of Hope workers in particular), have not undeniably proved that the Bill is needed, and that the working man and the working woman—to whom the well-being of their children is as dear as that of any princelings to princes—are not only in favour of it but also earnestly demand it.

Of the righteousness of the cause, and of the opportuneness of the time, there can be no doubt. Without, however, the strenuousness of our workers these cannot be effectual.—*W.C.W.*

Pancakes.

By Rosalie Gray.

MR. LORIMER was going to take tea with one of his parishioners, who lived a few miles out in the country, and his wife decided to go with him, and leave Charlie and Ernie to keep house.

"I have left your supper on the table for you," said she to the little boys, "and you may invite Henry Walton to come in and stay with you until we return."

"What did you leave us, mamma?" asked Ernie.

"Bread and milk and apple sauce and cake," was the reply.

"Oh, mamma," put in Charlie, "if you had only left us pancakes it would have been splendid! for Henry can fry pancakes beautifully, and so can I."

Mrs. Lorimer turned to her husband, smiling, and remarked, "Why not gratify them when such a little thing can secure their happiness?"

Soon the pancakes were mixed—a liberal supply—and Charley was instructed how to add the soda just before frying them.

Harry Walton was invited in from the next house, and the three little boys amused themselves with pictures and games until it was time to get supper. First Charlie fried a griddle full of cakes, then Harry, and thus they took turns.

"Ain't they splendid?" exclaimed Charlie, lifting a piece of pancake dripping with syrup to his mouth.

"The very best I ever ate," replied Harry, buttering a fresh supply.

"There's Nannie," said Ernie, looking up, and seeing a little pale, pinched face pressed against the window-pane, "let's bring her in and feed her; papa says we must be generous to the poor." The three boys rushed to the door, and Nannie, frightened, started to run away. Ernie was too quick for her, however; catching her by her dress he asked,

"Don't you want some pancakes?"

"Pancakes?" repeated the child, not more than half comprehending.

"Yes, pancakes," replied Ernie; "with plenty of butter and syrup. We boys are having supper all by ourselves, come in, and we will give you some. I tell you they're fine."

Nannie was very timid, but promise of a warm supper to the poor little girl who had lived all her life on uncertain supplies of cold, broken bits, because her drunken mother could do no better for her, proved an irresistible temptation, and she was soon seated at the table, while the boys waited upon her as though she had been a distinguished guest. To Nannie this unexpected happiness seemed like fairy work, and she wondered if good people always had pancakes for supper.

"There goes ragged Joe," said Charlie, "who used to steal my apples and tear my books when I was at school; mamma says we must return good for evil," and throwing up the window he called: "Joe, Joe! don't you want some pancakes? we are taking supper all alone!"

"I'm the chap you re looking for," replied Joe, who was always in a chronic state of hunger, and never allowed an opportunity for satisfying it to slip by unimproved.

A chair was placed at the table for Joe, and he was supplied with plate, knife and fork, which he proceeded to use without loss of time.

"This is jolly fun," said Joe, removing the entire pile of pancakes to his own plate. "Do you often get your supper alone so?" He was making calculations for the future.

"No," said Ernie, looking somewhat dismayed as he found his intention to help Nannie baffled by this new arrival, "we never did before."

"There's lame Steve, he's dreadfully poor, and never has enough to eat at home, Charlie, let's have him in," said Harry.

The three boys rushed to the door, while Joe seized the opportunity to help himself to the hot cakes which had just been pla_ed on the table.

"Now, Joe, you just hold on," said Harry, "until Steve and Nannie get some cakes; you've eaten all that have been fried since you came in."

Joe responded to this invitation with a grin; but as Charlie and Harry had the cakes in their own hands, they took pains to supply their other visitors, and Joe was obliged to submit.

Finally, all the pancakes were demolished, and each child seemed satisfied, excepting Joe, who was licking his plate that not a crumb might be lost.

"There comes the parson," exclaimed Joe, as Mr. Lorimer drove up to the door, and assisted his wife to alight; and, without standing on ceremony, he dropped his plate on the floor, and made his exit through the window.

Mrs. Lorimer was somewhat bewildered when she entered the dining room, and saw, through a cloud of dense smoke, such a bevy of little ones surrounding the table. Harry, having been the last one to officiate as cook, was leaning on the pancake turner; Charlie was pouring out a glass of milk for Nannie, and Ernie was helping Steve to some apple sauce.

The two little strangers felt a hand laid upon their shoulders, and, looking up, they saw a kind smile on Mrs. Lorimer's lips.

"Did you have a good supper?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply, "so good! we had syrup to eat with our cakes!"

"Wait a moment," she said, as they turned towards the door; and she filled a basket with good things for Steve to take to his sick mother. Then, putting a warm comfortable hood over Nannie's tangled hair, she told the little girl to come to her whenever she was hungry.

"Your guests evidently thought eating was the entire object of their visit," said Mr. Lorimer, with an amused smile, as he just then entered the room; "one was taking a flying leap through the window when I drove up, and I have just met the other two walking off in a more orderly manner."

"Oh, papa! we have had a splendid time!" exclaimed Charlie and Ernie.

"Why was it splendid?" asked Mr. Lorimer, "was it because the pancakes were so good?"

"They were the best we have ever had," said Ernie, "but then I think we enjoyed them too because the others liked them so much."

"I have no doubt that was it," replied their father, "we cannot give pleasure to others without feeling it, in double measure, within our own hearts."

As this story of the pancakes is strictly true, I am pleased to give it to the boys and girls.—*The Banner.*

Alcohol and Mental Work.

By Alfred F. Edwards.

Mr. Alfred F. Edwards.

THE change which has taken place in relation to the use of alcoholic beverages is perhaps nowhere more marked than in mental work. True, Dr. Johnson, in his riper years, became a total abstainer, and recommended this course from his personal experience, and that at a time when two and

3 BOTTLE MEN WERE COMMON!

To-day, we have Dr. J. A. H. Murray, a life abstainer, in full vigour, hard at work at his great Dictionary, and so improving on Dr. Johnson, not only in his life-work, but in his mode of life, too.

Thinking over the question, one could hardly help wondering how far intoxicants were used by those who have scored recent successes in learning. The Honours School of Chemistry in the Victoria University first drew my attention. Last year, the three first classes in Honours were all abstainers, Mr. C. Walker (awarded the University Fellowship), Mr. F. W. Rixon, the Mercer Scholar, and Mr. John Taylor—

ALL LIFE ABSTAINERS.

The Mercer Scholar of the year before, who has now been awarded an 1851 Exhibition, Mr. Norman Smith, is another; also Mr. J. W. Mellor, the 1851 Exhibitioner from New Zealand; and so is the top man this year, Mr. Trevor Jones. In fact, in looking back for several years, one cannot but be struck by the great preponderance of abstainers over non-abstainers. And even in the case of some, not altogether abstainers, the rule of total abstinence is adopted during the time of preparation for the examination.

Speaking on this point to an Oxford undergraduate, now in his last year, he said it was most noticeable the training men went into now, in view of the "schools" as much as in athletics, either knocking off intoxicants altogether, or being extremely cautious how much was taken. This has also been the case at Owens College, as for instance, in the School of Engineering, the Honours men have nearly all, during the time of preparation, if not already abstainers, became such for the time being. In conversation with Mr. Grindley, one of the demonstrators in the Owens College, he remarked that for the last few years it was most noticeable how few men took any intoxicants during their last year. Many were abstainers altogether, but of those who were not, they almost invariably gave up its use entirely until after the examination. Mr. E. H. Lamb, B. Sc., writing on the subject, remarks:—

"*I noticed particularly when at college that men who took alcoholic drinks at lunch were invariably less inclined for work in the afternoon than those who did not. I am sure that, in 99 cases out of 100, the taste for drinks of that nature is an acquired taste, and that those who indulge it would never have done it had they not deliberately taken the pains to encourage in themselves the taste for such things when young.*"

Similarly, Miss E. Speakman, who gained 1st in history, says: "Being a total abstainer, I have certainly not found it necessary to use stimulants. As to how far they are desirable I cannot therefore speak from experience, but am none the less convinced that they cannot be conducive to healthy mental effort."

Miss Josephine Laidler, who obtained a 1st in English language and literature, writes in a similar strain, being also a total abstainer.

If we turn to Cambridge, the Senior Wrangler, Mr. J. E. Wright, of Trinity College, has very kindly written:—"Whilst not strictly teetotal, I can say freely that alcoholic drinks did not form part of my usual diet in the course of preparation for my exam., and I do not remember anyone I have ever come in contact with who has claimed that such beverages are helpful. I have no doubt that among those who have taken other Triposes at Cambridge, there are a large proportion of teetotalers."

Mr. A. Cyril Aldis, the Second Wrangler, is both a

TEETOTALER AND A NON-SMOKER,

whilst Miss Hudson, of Newnham, the first lady on the list, has never tasted intoxicants of any kind—not caring even for coffee, and drinking her tea weak, has been practically a water drinker always.

Doubtless, such evidence could be multiplied. It points very conclusively to this: that for

SUSTAINED MENTAL WORK

of a severe kind, alcohol is best left severely alone. We do not rely for this statement on any isolated case; it is so generally found to be beneficial to abstain, that we can only hope the experience of those earlier years may conduce to a life-long abstinence on the part of those who have proved so well that "water is best."

THE Bishop of Ripon tells the following deliciously humorous story. Once a hot-tempered, somewhat grumbling vicar had occasion—or thought he had—to rebuke his curate for some mistake. The curate attempted to explain the matter, when the vicar cut him short by exclaiming:

"Look here, sir. Are you the vicar, or am I?"

"Well I'm not," said the curate.

"Then if you're not the vicar," said the enraged cleric very emphatically, "why are you speaking like an idiot?"

My friend, your golden age has gone,
But good men still can bring it back again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age, of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On earth one whit more than it is to-day;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so
As all good men can bring it back to-morrow.

—*Goethe.*

Our Calendar.

1901.

Feb. 1st is the anniversary of the death of Geo. Cruikshank, the celebrated Temperance artist.

„ **4th** is the seventieth anniversary of the foundation of the Bradford Temperance Society.

„ **7th**—Charles Dickens was born on this day, 1812.

„ **17th**—Frances E. Willard died, 1898.

„ **21st**—The first English Temperance Society was established on this date in 1830.

„ **26th**—The *Birkenhead* was lost, 1852, with 600 men, who went to their doom as calmly as if on parade.

WOULD you do much good? Then keep on doing a little.

Think that the whole human race is in danger, and that what you do and make of yourself will help to save it. You are responsible for the brotherhood of man to which you belong.

SPEECH.

TALK happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by the continuous strain
Of human discontent, and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord—disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Juvenile Smoking.

THE British Anti-Tobacco League in its recent manifesto, "Save the children," points out how greatly the conscience of the nation is being aroused to the evils of this pernicious habit, which medical men, educationalists and employers of labour unite in condemning. Several large school boards, with a view to discouraging the practice, have issued special circulars on the matter, and are petitioning Parliament against it.

For their action they have ample justification in the serious warnings of Dr. Andrew Wilson and others, and notably of the *Lancet*, which concluded a recent editorial by declaring: "We have no hesitation in asserting once more our conviction that it is incumbent upon the legislature in view of its known pernicious effect upon mind and body during boyhood, to restrict this habit by an age limit which will fall outside this period."

The League is sanguine. It asserts: "It should not be difficult even to secure the early passage of a Bill making it the law of the land to prohibit the use of tobacco by any under (at least) 16 years of age . . . . if all interested will put forth earnest and special effort to attain this end." Of the desirability of such a measure we have no doubt, but after the experience of the Bill (No. 2, 1900) to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children, referred to elsewhere, we may be forgiven if, while wishing well to the League in its propaganda, we are somewhat sceptical as to the ease with which such a measure could be secured.

The Queen is Dead! Long Live the King!

"GOD save the King. Long live the King!" The oft-repeated proclamation has not yet lost its strangeness. The words, which at first our mouths almost refused to utter, still break on our ears with a peculiar harshness. It is not that we are disloyal, but we had grown so used to saying, singing, praying "God save the Queen" that the new order of things finds us a little awkward. And no wonder. A reigning monarch before many of us were born, we acted, even if we did not think so, as if the inevitable Death coming alike to monarch and menial would make an exception in the case of our revered Queen Victoria.

Nature never fails. The end came; and on Jan. 22, 1901, muffled bells, subdued whisperings, and a weird quietening the like of which this country had never known before, told the close of the earthly career of probably the best beloved sovereign that ever ruled this or any empire, the Sovereign of whom in *the* Laureate's famous word it could be truly said—not with the flattery of a courtier, but in literal sincerity—

> She wrought her people lasting good,
> Her Court was pure, her life serene.
> . . . . . .
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as mother, wife and Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1837.

In 1837, when Victoria, a girl of eighteen summers, ascended the throne, it was amid the acclamations of the noble and courtly classes, but with little more than ceremonious respect from her people. Wearied of the Georges, disgusted by the viciousness of the "first gentleman of Europe," George IV. and contemptuous of the inanities of the sailor King, William, the populace had no great regard for regal power, and would have thought as little then of assisting the overthrow of the monarchy as now they would of establishing a republic.

When she ascended the throne the nation was only just recovering from the Thirty Years War. The bulk of the people lived next door to starvation; the necessaries of life were dear, and many things now considered common requisites were then luxuries only accessible to the rich. The people for the most part were uneducated and grossly neglected. Trivial offences were visited with death or penal servitude, and many thousands were convicts. The right to vote was the possession of a very limited number, notwithstanding the great reform agitation of 1830, and, not without some justification, the governing classes were looked upon as being despotically hostile to the people, an antagonism which the Crown itself was believed to share.

But the young girl, who with natural trepidation had taken up the sovereignty of an empire then great but yet small in comparison with that over which she reigned in later years, and to the throne of which her son has now succeeded, lived to see this all changed, and from the sullenly tolerated to become the beloved Queen-Mother of all her people.

Not that her reign had been without its severe public and private trials.

Immediately following her accession she encountered difficulty in the foul atmosphere of courtly circles. But, by her own innate purity, by the severity with which she viewed misconduct, by the perfect fidelity of her own life she changed all this, and the Court of England, which in the reigns of her immediate predecessors had been noted for shamelessness, became as famous for its sweetness and light—a pattern home for the great country over which she ruled. In effecting this she was undoubtedly greatly helped by him, her Royal Consort, who, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," was

> . . . A prize indeed,
> Beyond all titles, and a household name
> Hereafter through all times, Albert the Good,

the loss of whom, in 1861, was the great sorrow of her life, remaining with her through the nearly forty years of widowhood that followed, until in death she was re-united to him whose counsel, affection and support had been so fraught with blessing to her.

War—cruel, bitter, devastating—more than once during her long reign disturbed its peaceful serenity, and plunged Queen and people into deep distress.

True, no foe invaded her island home, but in the wars with China, with Afghanistan, with the terrible and (as it now seems to us) useless Crimean Campaign, in the black murder of the Indian Mutiny, in the numerous tribal wars, and especially in the awful struggle in South Africa, which marred and distressed her closing days, she with the nation again and again felt "the death angel at the door" and heard "the fluttering of his wings!"

More than once the assassin dogged her steps and threatened her with the fate which always shadows the Monarch's steps. Sovereigns there have been whose escape has evoked a scarcely dissembled regret—so great were they hated by their people; but in her case every miscreant's attempt only served to open wider the nation's heart, and to establish her the more securely therein.

More than once other kingdoms were shaken to their foundations, toppled and fell, mighty kings were compelled to flee from the wrath of the people they governed, but the throne of this woman became the firmer founded in the stable foundations of her people's love and esteem. For it was in these, more than in any other respect, her rule was made secure.

True, the progressive democratisation of the government had done much, for the people had thus become part of the governing body. But if report be true, this development was not always to Her Majesty's liking.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1898.

True, she had been guided by prescient, sagacious statesmen, chief among them Peel, Melbourne, Beaconsfield, Gladstone and Salisbury. The means of living had been increased. Schools were caused to abound for the poor as well as the rich. The Press became the country's pride. The penal laws underwent constant modifications. Religious and civil disabilities were steadily removed. The franchise passed to the poorest. Yet even these things, plenitude of means, comfort, freedom, possession of franchises, do not *per se* make a people happier, nor do they win for the sovereign ruler under whom they are realised that love of the subject which is the brightest gem in any monarch's crown.

Yet it was this Victoria had—this which made the mourning for her death almost universal. This which thrilled the hearts of the very humblest of her subjects, and made hundreds of thousands who had never seen her, feel, as the fateful news sped round "The Queen is dead," as if they had lost a friend—some part of themselves.

How she had won the national love would take long to tell. It was not due to any commanding genius—genius is startling; nor to any great acquirements—brilliance amazes and awes; nor to her regality—this means pomp, and pomp and affection are ever separate. It was to the sweet purity of her life, to that real womanliness, which made her more than a Queen, a mother of her people; but above all to that simple sympathy which all felt she had for her subjects, and which, when any sorrow pressed on the nation, was so quick to manifest itself in the most touching and affectionate manner, that this great love was due.

The nation had rejoiced in the fidelity of her married life, and had learnt, as John Bright put it, "A woman, be she the Queen of a great realm or the wife of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection is not likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy for you." Many, many times it had seen her comforting the widow and the fatherless, and by unostentatious acts of real affection showing indubitably the woman's heart within her. So her sympathy begot sympathy, and when, in a ripe old age, monarch of the greatest empire the world has seen, she passed away to the King of Kings, her people called her blessed, and mourned with a deep lamentation as they who have lost their beloved.

And now! Edward VII., with his gracious Consort, the Queen Alexandra, reigns in her stead. He has ascended a glorious throne, rich in the wealth, extent and greatness of his dominions, rich in their resources, intelligence and commanding power. With him it lies to endear himself and establish his kingdom in righteousness.

His ascent in 1901 is under far more beneficent conditions than those which surrounded his mother in 1837. He enters into a heritage made rich by her sovereignty. We hope, we believe, that as he has already shown a disposition to do, he will, 'forgetting the things that are behind,' so order his ruling as to become what the nation is anxious to make him—an honoured and beloved King.

He has much that will help to bring this about

His *bonhomie*, common sense, wide sympathy, extensive knowledge of men and things, have already, during his long career as Prince of Wales, been carefully observed and esteemed. He has a Consort whom the nation holds most dear.

The making of the future is largely in his own hands. Beyond the prime of life, stability, rectitude, a fearless administration of justice, a zealous regard for right, and a potent example may be expected of him.

The whole nation believes it will not be disappointed in him, and if sometimes doubts have been entertained, there will be found no justification for them, and that his name will enable hearts as well as voices to sing:

God save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

The illustrations, except that of the King, are from 'Victoria, the well-beloved,' by W. F. Aitken, by permission of S. W. Partridge and Co., London.

KING EDWARD VII.

Wiggins's Dog.

By D. F. Hannigan.

WIGGINS would have been an utterly insignificant being but for two things—his eccentricity and his dog.

Wiggins's eccentricity consisted in his habit of paying visits to the village ale-house, with the invariable result that he walked home every night in a zig-zag fashion.

The dog, whose name was Job, was a patient, plodding animal, in every way the antithesis of Wiggins. He always accompanied his eccentric master, and frequently brought him home. Were it not for the devoted attention of Job, Wiggins would often have lain down in the gutter, and fallen asleep there, until a policeman "moved him on."

And yet poor Job was frequently kicked and otherwise ill-treated by his capricious and ungrateful owner.

As a rule, Job accepted kicks without uttering the faintest echo of a bark. He appeared to realise that Wiggins was a short-tempered person, and that his shortness of temper was aggravated by artificial means.

Job was right. Wiggins, who only worked at his trade as a mason when starvation stared him in the face, stimulated his anger by copious draughts of ale. When he could afford it, he even drank brandy or rum. Sometimes Job sat staring at Wiggins in the village ale-house as that worthy swallowed glass after glass of ale. As the night advanced, the dog would come close to his master, and whine gently. Thereupon Wiggins's hob-nailed boot would come into violent contact with Job's ribs, and the poor brute would retire into a corner disconsolately.

Even the landlord of the ale-house was forced once or twice to remonstrate with Wiggins for his cruelty to Job.

Wiggins's reply was despotic and, in his own opinion, conclusive:

"Mister Jones, he's my dog, and can't a man do what he likes with his own?"

Mr. Jones laughed half contemptuously, and went to serve some other customer.

Wiggins was, to some extent, a privileged person as long as he had any money in his pocket. But he was gradually going from bad to worse; and the time came when he had neither work to do nor money to pay for drink.

He had arrived at this stage one night, after having spent his last remaining sixpence. He had been ejected from the village ale-house. He was staggering along by the little river which ran close beside the village. This was not his way home, but he was either too drunk or too desperate to care where he was going.

But the faithful Job was not far away; he watched his master's movements. But on this occasion he received even more kicks than usual.

Suddenly Wiggins's boot knocked against a stone, and he fell with a splash into the river.

Job saw what had happened, and without a moment's delay he had plunged into the water. Job could swim, and, though the water was not very deep, it was quite deep enough to drown Wiggins but for the good dog's diving and natatory capacity. Wiggins was landed quite dripping and thorougly soberised.

Job has not got the Humane Society's medal, but he has cured his master of the habit of drinking. Wiggins works regularly now, and never visits the village ale-house.

SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

CHAPTER III.—Breaking Cover.

SYNOPSIS.—Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter had told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before.

"The way to do a thing is—to do it."
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

ONE of the first persons to call upon Clifford Haynes — Blackerton people were not quick at altering the name they had known him by—was Mr. Trevor, the clergyman. And to him Clifford unfolded the state of his mind with regard to the Temperance question.

"Feeling as you do on the point, there is nothing for you to do but to follow your convictions, and throw in your lot with us," Mr. Trevor said.

He was a young man of a simple directness of mind and of purpose, and Clifford was already greatly attracted by his forceful personality.

"I will do what I can," he answered quietly. "But, though I have never taken any intoxicating drink, or rarely any, I suppose the first thing is to sign the pledge. You administer it at your Thursday night meetings, do you not?"

"Yes," the clergyman said thoughtfully. "A number of young people take it after the address, and sometimes an odd drunkard who has been convinced—sometimes it is only temporarily convinced—that it is time that he 'swore off.' But you would doubtless prefer to sign privately?"

There was a moment's silence. To Clifford's naturally fastidious temper it did, for the moment, seem desirable that he should merely attend the meeting as an onlooker, having previously signed the pledge in the friendly seclusion of his own room.

Many of the Blackerton notabilities had, on the first wave of the movement, attended one of the modest Temperance gatherings; but merely as a matter of curiosity, and with not the least idea of any benefit to themselves. Their attitude had been not unlike that of certain Jews, as an old writer satirises them: "Who indeed came to Bethany, but rather to see Lazarus who had been raised from the dead, than to adore the Lord." Even the great Mr. Joakim himself had driven there on one eventful Thursday night, and had graciously intimated to Mr. Trevor that "he did not see any harm in such meetings, but quite the contrary. There was indeed a sad lack of control, and, as a result, too much drinking among the operatives of the place."

"There will be, I fear, too much drinking as long as there are too many drinking shops," Mr. Trevor said, with a funny little tightening of his whole face, which was not lost on the thoughtful looking girl who accompanied the rich brewer. "Joakims, Limited," she knew, owned nearly all the licensed places in Blackerton, and were very anxious indeed to own them all.

The next Thursday there had been a very full attendance in the Hall, but Mr. Joakim did not put in an appearance again, though his daughter came now and then, with long intervals between her visits.

But to come back to Clifford. After the momentary silence he said slowly:

"No, I will sign the pledge openly, and then there will be no mistake as to where I stand." He smiled suddenly. "Do walls make Christians?" he said; "You know the story!"

"No; I am afraid I don't quite follow you," Mr. Trevor said.

"I was thinking of Victorinus," Clifford answered; and, reaching out his hand, he took a small leather book from the low shelf beside him, the immortal outpouring of that wonderful penitent, who was Bishop of Hippo in the year 400.

"The story has always had an attraction for me," he went on; "I suppose because I, too, am naturally averse to publicity. He is writing of the time when it cost something for a man to declare himself a Christian. I will read the passage to you:

"The aged Victorinus . . . used to read the Holy Scripture, and to most studiously examine the Christian writings, and would say to Simplicianus—not openly, but privately—'Understand that I am already a Christian.' And he would answer, 'I will not believe it, nor will I reckon you among Christians unless I see you in the Church of Christ.' The other would laughingly reply, 'Do walls, then, make Christians?'

"And thus he often said that he was already a Christian, and Simplicianus often made the same answer, and the jest of the 'walls' was by the other often renewed. For he feared to offend his friends, proud demon-worshippers, . . from whom he supposed the weight of enmity would rush down upon him. But after that, by reading and earnest thought, he had gathered firmness. He grew ashamed of Vanity, and was shamed by Truth; and suddenly and unexpectedly said to Simplicianus: 'Let us go to the Church; I wish to be made a Christian.'

"And when the hour was come for making profession, which is done from an elevated place in sight of all, the presbyters offered to Victorinus to make his profession more privately. But he chose rather to profess his salvation in the presence of all that holy multitude; 'for,' said he, 'it was not salvation that he taught in rhetoric, and yet *that* he publicly professed, how much less, then, ought he, when pronouncing Thy Word, to dread Thy meek flock, who, when deliverering his own word, had not feared multitudes?'

"When, then, he went up, all as they knew him —and who there knew him not?—uttered his name with congratulations: 'Victorinus! Victorinus!' Sudden was the exultation when they saw him; sudden was the silence of attention that they might hear him. He pronounced the words with an excellent boldness, and all wished to draw him to their hearts; yea, by their love and joy, they indeed drew him thither."

The reader laid the book down.

"The parallel is insufficient," he said, "But, such as I am here in Blackerton, I will make the insignificant declaration of myself as a pledged abstainer openly, on Thursday night."

Putting out his hand, Mr. Trevor rose to go. "You are beginning well," he said, "and God blesses those who are of good will."

"I am beginning," Clifford said rather sadly, "when I know, and when everybody else knows, that I am the son of a drunkard. I wish now that I had taken the matter up early. You, for instance, are working from purely philanthropic motives. You have no personal reason for being interested in Temperance matters, except the all-sufficient one that 'Drink bars the way of all Christian and social reform.'"

"Have I not?" Mr. Trevor asked. He came back into the little room, and closed the door. Then, after a moment's hesitation, said, "When I was a year old, my father died, and an old friend of his took complete charge of me, for my poor mother was drinking heavily—and she was but twenty-five years old. I—I never knew but that she was dead until my adopted father—whose name I have borne all my life—lay dying, and then he told me that, as far as he knew, my mother was still alive. Since then—I was a grown youth at the time—I have devoted all my energy to fighting this evil that devastates the land. And, some day—I hope and pray always that some day—I may meet my poor mother, that God will let us be together for a while, even in this world."

"And He will; you will see that He will," Clifford said, with quick earnestness.

Mr. Trevor smiled; a sudden smile that wrinkled up his strenuous, irregular features.

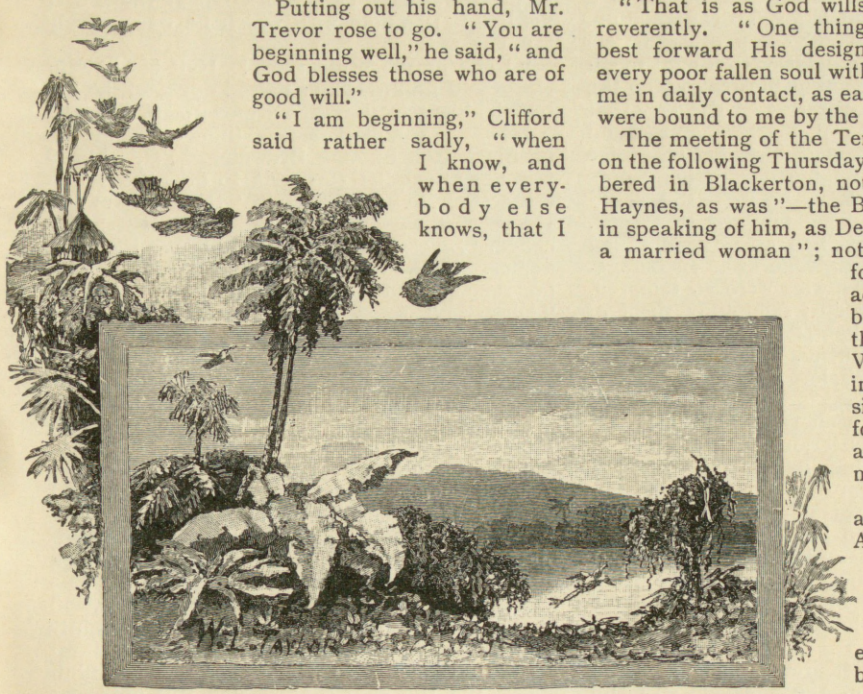
"You speak positively," was all he said.

And then Clifford smiled, too.

"I have been talking to Rachel Parkinson—she and I were always good friends—about my mother. She tells me that she came of a Highland family, who were credited with the ability, in moments of inspiration, to 'see.' And, as you spoke, a strange conviction came over me that you and your mother would yet have 'good days' together."

"That is as God wills," the clergyman said, reverently. "One thing I know—that I can best forward His design by striving to raise every poor fallen soul with whom my duties bring me in daily contact, as earnestly as though each were bound to me by the dearest tie."

The meeting of the Temperance Society, held on the following Thursday night, was long remembered in Blackerton, not only of "Mr. Clifford Haynes, as was"—the Blackertonians persisted in speaking of him, as Denzil said, "as if he were a married woman"; not only because of Clifford's giving in his open adherence to the cause, but also because of the redoubtable Anne Wetherall's also choosing the same evening to sign the pledge, "only for the fifteenth time," as somebody drily remarked.



Anne Wetherall was a woman with a history. Anyone could see that by looking at her; everybody, even those in the place who had never to their knowledge set eyes on her, knew her by reputation, and were

quite accustomed to frequent notices of her escapades in the "drunk and disorderly" column of the "Blackerton Observer," "Anne Wetherall again," or "Anne Wetherall's one hundredth appearance."

Nevertheless, Clifford was rather astonished when, in his corner at the top of the Hall, he heard a hasty whisper go round the little gathering, "Here's Anne Wetherall! now there'll be fun. Sandy MacKinnon has taken her in hand."

"He really thinks he can get her to stick in, sooner or later," said another.

"'E's a hopeful chap, is Sandy." Clifford recognised old Abram Moss's deep bass.

But he was very much surprised when, on looking round, he saw the cause of all the commotion, who made her way up the hall, accompanied by a young girl, and took her seat directly behind him.

He was prepared to see a coarse virago, having the remembrance of the many wars of words which the notorious old lady was constantly having with the magistrate before whom she was regularly brought.

Instead, he saw a small, white-haired woman, with pinched, delicately-cut features, and a look of haunting tragedy in her eyes that he remembered for many a day. She was one of the many victims of drink whose temperament, naturally melancholy when sober, was changed to a mad, unseemly merriment after she had partaken of a small quantity of the whisky that was her special temptation. But Clifford rightly opined that some terrible trouble had first driven her to drinking, and sighed to himself, as he bethought himself of a favourite French proverb, "To understand everything, is to pardon everything."

The proceedings opened with the singing of a stirring hymn, after which Mr. Trevor stood up, and delivered a short and eminently practical address. When he had dealt, with a light touch and more than one humorous illustration, on the common sense view of the matter, the fact that drink was a growing evil in their midst, and Temperance an undoubted blessing, his voice took a graver tone, and his concluding words touched a higher note, as he earnestly asked those who had never been tempted to exceed, those whose moderation had never been called into question, to sign the pledge, as an encouragement to the weaker ones, who were so tempted, who could not be moderate; reminding them of the noble words of St. Paul, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

His words touched a chord of "enthusiasm" in his hearers - that mysterious quality latent in every human breast, which has been described as "something that will present motives in an entire absence of high prizes, something that will give patience and feed human love when the limbs ache with weariness, and human looks are hard upon us—something clearly that lies outside personal desires, that includes resignation for ourselves, and active love for what is not ourselves."

Some few among his hearers, touched by the simple, direct words of the speaker, and the under-current of human tenderness and brotherliness that sounded in his nervous voice, advanced to sign the pledge, although they had, on entering the Hall, no notion of doing so. How many were, alas! in the same state of mind as he who declared, "Almost thou persuadest me," will never be known until the day that shall bring to light all those "neglected opportunities" for which each human soul will have to give an account.

There was an interested stir in the audience when Clifford advanced to the table. The seriousness of the business on which he was bent showed clearly in his face, which wore an earnest expression at all times. He had come there, as we know, determined to do what he was now doing, and Mr. Trevor's words furnished but one reason the more for his action.

Still, he was surprised to find how nervous he was at the critical moment. He hated publicity, and he rubbed his right hand irritably through his thick, dark hair a hundred times while the little crowd pressed forward, intent on signing the pledge.

Denzil would have understood the significance of this. "When you see old Cliff's wool ruffled, you know he's thinking out some fresh scheme for lifting this old wagon of a world out of the rut into which it has fallen, and that the pull is too much for him!" Denzil used to say.

But somebody else noticed it, too; for, the name signed, Clifford was making his way back to his seat, when he found he had clumsily knocked the hymn book out of the hand of the person behind him.

To stoop and find it—beneath the closely-packed benches—was the work of an instant. As he groped around, he heard a finical voice, that yet had in it a note with which he was vaguely familiar, say,

"Look at the bridegroom! Half his hair in storm and half in calm; patted down on the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it!"

Now, it was a most unusual thing to find people in Blackerton quoting Browning. Yet, Clifford was not altogether surprised to find the words came from Anne Wetherall, "the wreck of the Hesperus," as she was sometimes scornfully called. Blackerton was a great place for nicknames. He was not greatly surprised, although he remembered reading only in last week's "Observer" some choice flowers of rhetoric which the lady in question had hurled at the policeman, who deposed to her "disorderliness"—words which would not have discredited the reputation of the worst ruffian in Seven Dials.

But his eyes leapt past the notorious old lady. They rested on the face of the owner of the book, as he restored it to her; they rested there a full moment longer, after she had taken it, and spoken a pleasant word of thanks.

It was the face of a young girl; a pale, thoughtful face, from which the thick, soft hair, of a faint reddish hue, was drawn loosely back. The nose, though small, was heroic in its outline, and the mouth, while beautifully curved, was tightly shut, and gave evidence of that peculiar "hardness" that belongs to a conscientious youthfulness. But the eyes contradicted this apparent

hardness even now. They were full of comprehension, of tenderness, and a delightful "understandableness." Perhaps he idealised her already. He thought, "she is hard to herself, to others she would be divinely kind."

Anne Wetherall had already signed "for the fifteenth time" when he went up to do so. Another spell of singing, and the proceedings were over.

But it was characteristic of our hero that, so full was he of the events of the evening, in which the charm of the face behind him had its full meed of significance, that he let the owner of it leave the Public Hall without knowing when she did so. On his raising his head from the reverie into which he had fallen, both she and the older woman had disappeared.

Clifford's face clouded a little, when, on reaching the mill house, he found Fred Higginbottom there, and saw by the flush on Margaret's face that his presence was not unwelcome. Nevertheless, he was not aware that Margaret had promised to marry him, as soon as the time of mourning for her father was over. This was not communicated to him until the next morning, though, even now, on this eventful evening, he felt his heart vaguely stirred by the intuitive knowledge of the drama of hope and of love that was being enacted so near to him.

He threw up the window of his study when alone there, and stood awhile gazing on the beauty of the night. This faded from his sight after awhile, and he only saw the sweet face that had chained his fancy, as no face had ever done before. A line of Tennyson's recurred to his mind. He repeated it aloud as he looked out on the night:

"Here, by God's grace, is the one maid for me!"

(*To be continued*).

Practical Joking.

By "Uncle Edward."

I THINK I like a joke as much as any man living, providing it is a crisp, clean, smart shaft of humour with no shade, however remote, of an inclination to a jest which has wrapped up in it an unseemly double *entendre*, or a cutting inner meaning, involving reflections upon the character, and criticism of the personal defects of others; or the holding up to ridicule the Holy Scripture or sacred things generally. But there is a species of joking which, though often very amusing and even side-splitting, must be guarded with the greatest care, lest the "harmless" gradually merges into the "dangerous," and the result is very different from what the joker contemplated.

I remember perpetrating a little joke which terminated in a way I little expected. I had arranged a hassock on the top of a partially-open door, so that when the next person pushed through it would descend upon his head. I had not considered who might be the next comer, and, alas! it happened to be a maid servant with a tray covered with crockery. The hassock left its perch as intended, but it landed with a terrific crash in the middle of the crockery, with a result better imagined than described.

Who has not seen an instance of the little joke illustrated in the picture being perpetrated, when an unduly fat acquaintance has been ignominiously allowed to "flop" on the floor, through having the chair upon which he was about to sit suddenly pulled from under him? To say the least of it, our fat fellow mortals are justified in hitting out straight from the shoulder, metaphorically, if not practically, by way of expostulation, when they are subjected to such treatment, for a broken rib, or a strained back, or a contused head, often tell the story of joking—not wisely, but too well—when the perpetrator of the joke has long forgotten all about it.

But the cruelty of the practical joker becomes more painfully evident when the victim he chooses lacks the power or ability to defend himself. Some time ago a poor fellow who had the misfortune to lose his leg, and thus (as a little nephew of mine put it) had a wooden leg instead of a *meat* one, stayed too long at the "Green Man," and returned home in a condition of drunkenness. He sat down in a chair by the fire, with his wooden leg stretched out in front of him; some of his mates seeing him snoring there moved the chair nearer the fire, and, raising his wooden leg, pushed it in between the bars. Fortunately he escaped with his life, although he was in imminent danger of being burnt to death. Another poor fellow "in his cups" woke up to find half his beard shaved off, and himself the centre of uncontrollable hilarity of his tormentors.

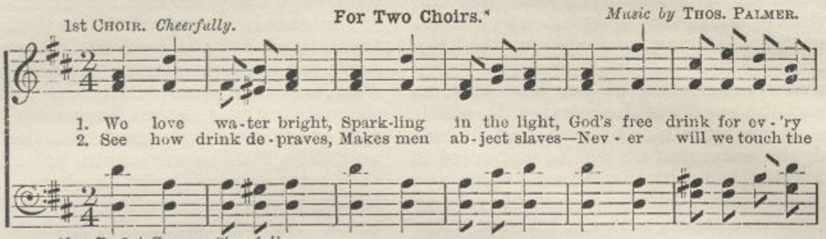
A favourite small joke of country labourers, if they find a brother yokel fast asleep, is to pin him down, arms, legs, and neck, with two-pronged hay-forks. Needless to say, the unsuspecting rustic on awaking finds considerable difficulty in freeing himself, and there is some danger that he may damage his throat in the process.

Taking it all together, practical joking is a time-honoured custom prevalent especially among the "young and lively," which is more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.—*Thomas Arnold.*

WE LOVE WATER BRIGHT.

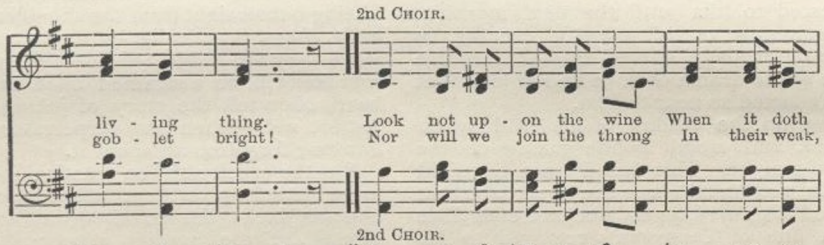
1st Choir. *Cheerfully.* For Two Choirs.* *Music by* Thos. Palmer.



Key D. 1st Choir. *Cheerfully.*

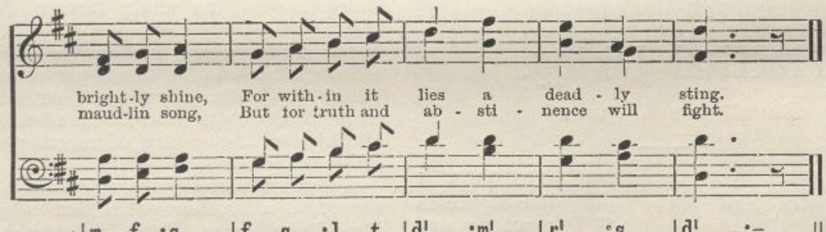
s	:d'	m .l	:s	s	:d'	m .l	:s	s	:m'	t .r'	:d' .l		
m	:m	m .re	:m	m	:m	d .f	:m	m	:m	m .m	:m .f		
3.Thus shall		we be	free	From	Drink's	sla-ve-ry,		And	a	hymn of	thanks and		
d'	:s	s .fe	:s	d'	:s	s .t	:d'	d'	:s	se .se	:l .d'		
d	:d	d .d	:d	d	:d	d .d	:d	d	:d	m .m	:l .f		

2nd Choir.



2nd Choir.

s	:f	m	:- .	r	:r .de	r .m	:f	m	:m .re				
m	:r	d	:- .	t_1	:l_1 .l_1	l_1 .l_1	:r .t_1	d	:d .t_1				
praise will		sing;		And	we will	with you join,		Glad	heart and				
d'	:t	d'	:- .	s	:l .s	f .l	:l .s	s	:s .s				
s	:s_1	d	:- .	s_1	:f .m	r .de	:r .s_1	d	:d .s_1				

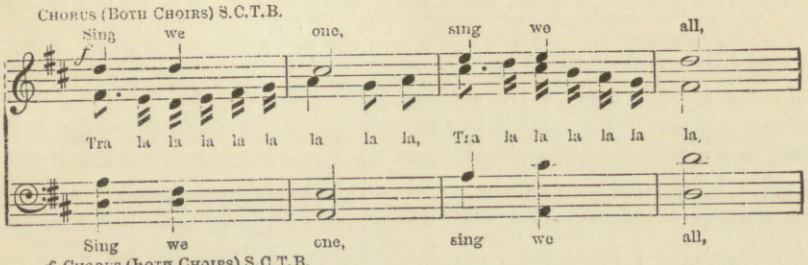


m .f	:s	f .s	:l .t	d'	:m'	r'	:s	d'	:- .				
d .d	:d	f .s	:l .t	d'	:l	l	:f	m	:- .				
voice com-bine,		Mak-ing	ev-'ry	hill	and	val-ley		ring.					
s .s	:s	f .s	:l .t	d'	:d'	d'	:t	d'	:- .				
d .r	:m	f .s	:l .t	d'	:l	f	:s	d	:- .				

* The Choir may be divided into two parts, one part taking 1st Choir, and the other part 2nd Choir. The whole taking the Chorus.

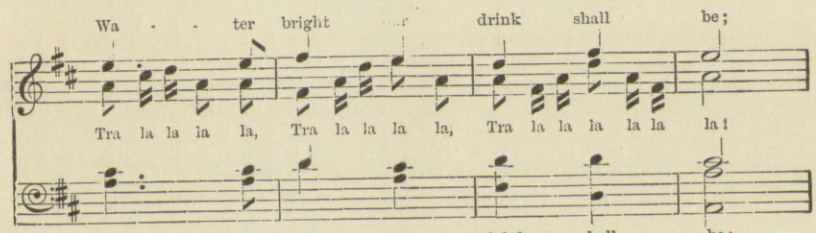
WE LOVE WATER BRIGHT.

CHORUS (BOTH CHOIRS) S.C.T.B.

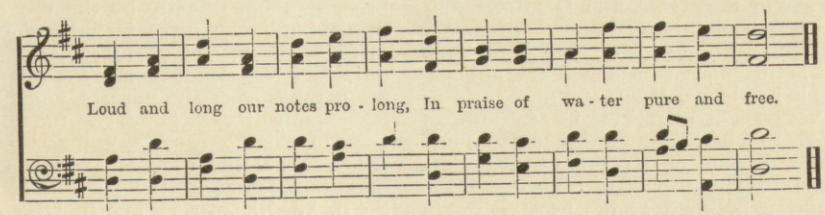


f CHORUS (BOTH CHOIRS) S.C.T.B.

d'	:d'	t	:—	r'	:r'	d'	:—				
Sing	we	one,		sing	we	all,					
m	,r :d ,r ,m ,f	s	:f .s	t	,d' :t ,l .s ,f	m	:—				
Tra	la la la la la	la	la la,	Tra	la la la la la	la,					
s	:m	r	:—	s	:t	d'	:—				
Sing	we	one,		sing	we	all,					
d	:d	s,	:—	s	:s,	d	:—				



r'	:- .r'	m'	:r'	d'	:m'	r'	:—				
Wa	- - ter	bright	our	drink	shall	be;					
s	.t ,d' :s .s	m	.s ,d' :r' .s	s	.m ,s :d' .s ,m	s	:—				
Tra	la la la la,	Tra	la la la la,	Tra	la la la la la	la!					
t	:- .t	d'	:t	d'	:d'	t	:—				
Wa	- - ter	bright	our	drink	shall	be;					
s	:- .s	d'	:s	m	:d	s,	:—				



m	:s	d'	:s	d'	:r'	m'	:d'	l	:l	s	:m'	m'	:r'	d'	:—				
d	:m	s	:m	s	:s	s	:m	f	:f	s	:s	s	:f	m	:—				
Loud and		long	our	notes	pro-	long,	In	praise	of	wa -	ter	pure	and	free.					
s	:d'	s	:d'	d'	:t	d'	:d'	d'	:t	d'	:d'	d'.l	:t	d'	:—				
d	:d	m	:d	m	:s	d'	:d	f	:r	m	:d	s	:s,	d	:—				

Important Questions Answered.

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

. . . IS ALCOHOL A FOOD? . . .

A GREAT many people believe that it is, and that is one reason why there are such large numbers who use it. The common beverages that contain it, such as ale, stout, wine and spirits, are called strong drink, and there are very many people, especially among the working classes, who think that this means strengthening drink.

Good foods will build up the body, and keep it in good repair. They will maintain its health and vitality. The question is, can alcohol do these good things for us?

If we answer "No," then we must be prepared with our reasons. All boys and girls know that they possess strength. They can run about, do work, play games, lift weights, etc. It is certain that they have strength to enable them to do these things. Such strength is known as muscular strength, and good food is required to maintain this.

Can Alcohol Supply Muscle Food?

The answer is "No!" A knowledge of the constituents of strong drink will help us to see this very clearly. It is well-known that foods which supply muscle tissue, and which thus maintain the physical strength of the body, must contain as one of their constituents nitrogenous substances. Indeed this substance is necessary for the life and growth of every kind of tissue of the body. Nitrogenous substances are not contained at all in alcohol itself, and they are only present in very small quantities in any form of strong drink. In a half-pound of bread we should have about 286 grains of nitrogenous substances present, and in a half-pint of milk about 176 grains, whilst a half-pint of the best ale would only contain about 20 grains, and a half-pint of port wine or sherry still less, whilst in spirits there would be none at all. A whole barrel of the best Burton ale, costing £3, would contain 144 quarts, made up as follows:—130 quarts of water, 7½ quarts of alcohol, 3½ quarts of extractive, 2 quarts of sugar, and 1 quart of nitrogenous matter. It will be clearly seen that 1 quart of muscle-forming material added to 143 quarts of other substances, which are not of themselves muscle formers, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a strengthening food.

Other Foods are Required

besides those that form muscle. We must have something for brain and nerves, something for the bones and sinews, and something to keep us warm. We must therefore have a variety of food because there is a variety of work to be done. As a matter of fact, the different parts of the body require that fourteen of the chemical elements should be present in the various foods we consume, in order that the body may be properly nourished and sustained. These are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine, fluorine, calcium, potassium, sodium, magnesium, iron, carbon, phosphorus, sulphur and silicon. Nothing can be more definite than the fact that alcohol from its composition must be incapable of furnishing more than three of these, viz.: carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. It is certain that alcohol cannot build up any tissue of the body.

A Mistaken Notion.

It is supposed by some people that alcohol must be a food because its use often results in an increase of weight. But this increase is not due to any food quality, but depends entirely on two other things. The first is, that waste material is not so readily disposed of by the body when alcohol is present. This retardation of waste is, however, by no means the same as building up new material; and, secondly, that the nerve control which governs the growth of fat cells is to some extent lost, and consequently not only does fat grow in its natural proportion, but it increases too much, and insinuates itself into the tissues of various organs, setting up fatty degeneration, greatly to the injury of the body. Hence we may find fatty degeneration of the heart, of the kidneys, or of the liver, as a result of the use of alcohol.

Does Alcohol Give Vital Strength?

The facts of the case will again help us to a decision which once more will be in the negative. Vital strength has relation to resistance to disease, a vigorous and healthy body, and a long life. There is a general consensus of opinion that strong drink is responsible for a tremendous amount of sickness and disease. Much of this is brought about directly by the use of alcoholic drink, but much more is induced by the want of food, insufficient clothing, bad sanitary conditions, and improper surroundings, that are inseparable from the poverty and distress that accompany those addicted to intemperance. Beyond this there are well-ascertained facts proving that the use of alcoholic liquors is an important factor in the shortening of life. As Sir B. W. Richardson put it, "Short life, less work, worse work, that is the output of alcohol."

A study of the mortality tables prepared by the Registrar General of Births and Deaths shows that publicans and innkeepers live the shortest lives of the community. The insurance companies that keep separate tables for abstainers and non-abstainers have brought to light the important fact that on the average the abstainer has a longer life than the moderate drinker. If alcohol were a good food the testimony should be the other way about.

Does Alcohol Give Warmth?

Again the answer is "No!" Alcohol so acts upon the system that those who use it are the

least able to judge precisely of its effects. For instance, a person taking a glass of hot whisky and water on a cold day feels a glow of warmth, and would assert that he was warmer than before, on the ground that he could feel it. The truth, however, is that he would feel warm because of a more rapid escape of heat from the surface of the body giving rise to that sensation. There is certainly not an increase of heat, there is really a reduction of temperature. A person on taking a small pellet of opium would find the sensation of hunger allayed, and might therefore argue that opium was a food because he no longer felt hungry. The drug supplied no food, but simply paralysed the nerves, and thus prevented the sensation being felt.

Alcohol is a narcotiser, and whilst as a result of its use certain sensations are experienced, and certain other sensations allayed, these feelings must not be relied upon as showing exactly what is taking place.

Alcohol is of such a character that while it makes the user think that good is being accomplished, harm is being done.

The Peel Report.

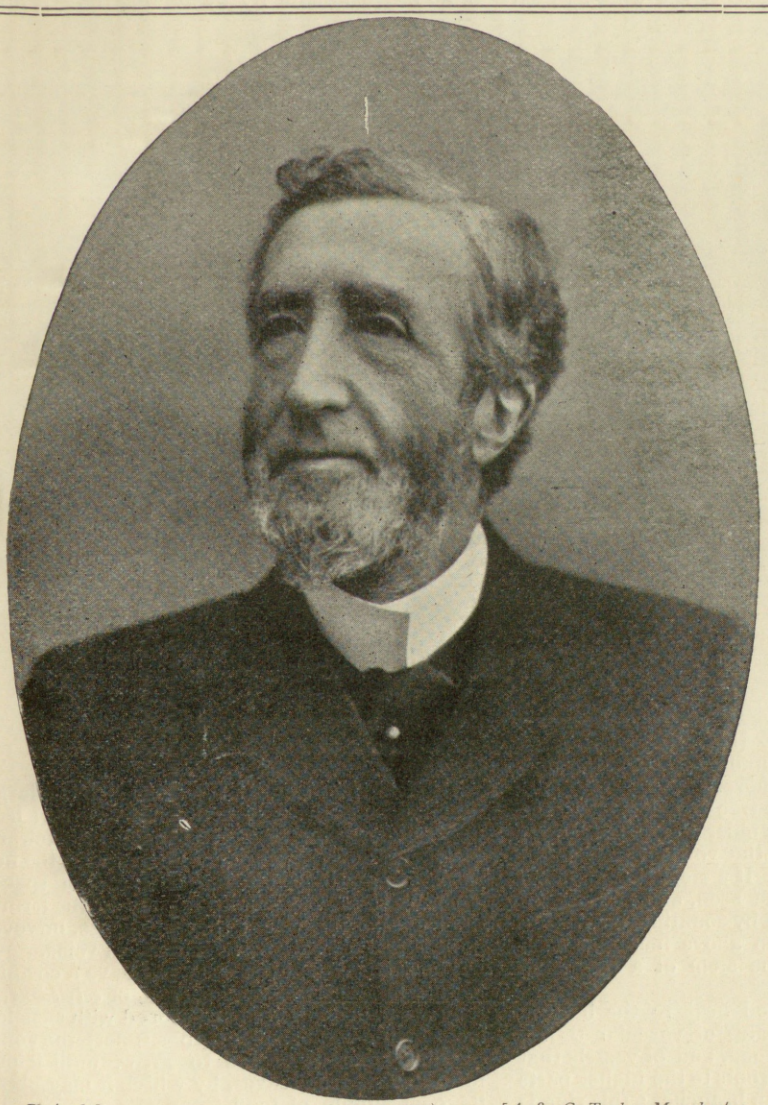


Photo. by] COPYRIGHT.) *[A. & G. Taylor, Manchester.*

VISCOUNT PEEL.

THE Great National Conferences, held at Manchester, Feb. 12th 1901, to consider and take action upon the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on Licensing, was one of the largest and most representative Temperance gatherings yet held, and in a remarkable degree demonstrated the fundamental unity of the Temperance forces.

Lord Peel, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and Chairman of the Royal Commission, was the chief speaker. He not only showed, as might have been expected, extensive knowledge of his subject, but a very warm sympathy for the efforts of the Temperance party, and a keen appreciation of the forces arrayed against them.

We look to the intensifying of the unity which prevailed, and as an outcome to the accomplishment of some of the minor reforms mentioned in the Report, notably the Stopping of the Sale of Drink to Children, and to early legistation on the general lines thereof.

The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

. . . *III.—THE DIFFERENCES OF PLANT LIFE—Continued.* . . .

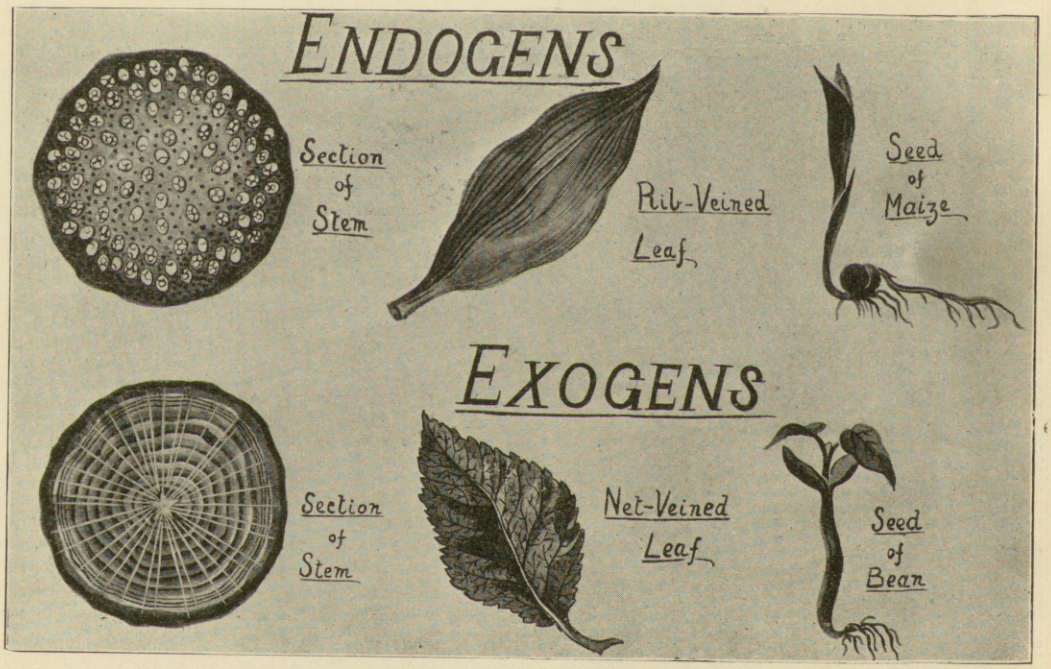
THE differences of plant life are so many and so varied, that it was impossible to describe them, even briefly, in a single article. Last month the chief differences of plants that do *not* bear flowers were pointed out; now let us look at the main differences of those that *do* bear flowers.

This group, or sub-kingdom, which Linnæus called Phanerogams, may be divided into two classes. Most of the trees and plants bearing flowers are included in the first class, and are called Exogens, from two Greek words which mean to *produce* from *without*, because the stems increase in thickness by the addition of fresh layers of vascular tissue under the bark, but outside the existing woody fibre.

In all the shrubs and trees of this class the wood grows in rings, the older and harder parts being near the centre, the younger and softer rings on the outer side. If a stem be cut clean across, these rings will be seen, and the age of the tree can be found out by counting them. The section in the illustration above has nine such rings, and represents the stem of a tree nine years old.

The outer ring of wood next to the bark is made up of separate bundles of vascular tissue, which form the future wood, and of vessels that convey the sap from the roots to the higher parts of the stem, and to all the branches; this ring is frequently called *sap-wood*. The stems that only live one year are made of softer materials, more loosely compacted, than the woody stems of shrubs and trees. The bark is thin, often little more than a skin, and the centre is filled with cellular tissue, which is called *pith*. If such stems grow to much size they often become hollow through the disappearance of the pith.

The leaves of all the Exogens have veins, which seem to cross each other in almost every direction, and form a sort of network pattern, which may often be seen distinctly by holding the leaf up to the light; hence they are called net-veined leaves, and form one of the distinctive features of this class.



The leaf shown in the illustration has a larger vein, known as the midrib, down the centre; from this, smaller veins branch on each side towards the edges, and these are connected with the network veins which fill the intervening spaces. There is an almost infinite variety in the form of the leaves of this class; they all agree, however, in having a network arrangement of veins.

The seeds also of the Exogens have a common feature in their two seed leaves, or *cotylédons*, as they are called These are stored with sufficient food, by the mother-plant, to support the young seedling when it begins to grow, until it puts forth its first true leaves, by which it may obtain its own supply of food from the air. In the figure of the bean seed given above, the

cotyledons are shown below the true leaves, on the upper part of the stem.

From the fact that all the plants of this class, except the pine family, grow from an embryo, or germ, which has two seed leaves, some botanists call them DICOTYLEDONS. This name takes into account the first stages of the plant's life, which governs all the rest, and so they consider it a better term than Exogens, which represents the later forms of growth. Both terms are found in some text books, and our young friends are therefore at liberty to choose either.

It will be impossible within the limits of this article to describe the many natural orders that are included in this class. These are based upon some features in the flowers which are common to all the plants in each order. For instance, the flowers of the cruciform order have invariably four petals placed crosswise, and six stamens. There are more than 200 orders of Exogens in different parts of the world; and even in the limited area of Great Britain there are about eighty orders belonging to this class.

The second class of Phanerogams includes palms, bamboo and sugar canes, orchids, lilies, grasses, etc. Such trees and plants are called ENDOGENS, from two Greek words which mean to *produce* from *within*.

The stems have no true bark nor pith; when once they are formed they do not grow much larger, and sometimes the upper part of the stem is thicker than the lower part. They increase in density or hardness by the newer portion, which grows near the centre, pressing the outer parts closer together, so that the softer parts are inside, while the older and harder wood lies on the outside of the stem. They have no rings like the Exogens, but are made up of separate bundles of vascular tissue, or woody fibre, arranged in no particular order nor pattern. This may be noticed in the stem section given in the illustration. It will be seen that all the features mentioned here show that the stems of this class are quite distinct from those of the Exogens.

The veins in the leaves of the Endogens, with few exceptions, all run side by side, from one end of the leaf to the other; from this fact they are said to be parallel-veined leaves. In some of the broader leaves of this class there is often one stronger vein down the centre, and those on either side form a series of curves which stretch from end to end of the leaf. This is faintly shown on the leaf given in the illustration.

There is nothing like the variety in the form of the leaves of this class that are to be found in the Exogens; they are mostly long and narrow, and nearly all of them have smooth or entire edges.

The seeds of the Endogens have only *one* cotyledon, and only *one* seed-leaf appears when the young plant begins to grow. From this distinctive feature some botanists call the plants of this class MONOCOTYLEDONS. It is not so large or important a class as the Exogens, there being less than forty orders throughout the globe, and only about sixteen in the British Islands.

From the facts here stated it will be seen that the differences between the two classes of Phanerogams are very distinct and real. The seeds, the stems, the leaves, the flowers, and the fruits of each class present very distinctive features of structure and modes of growth, as well as of outward form and appearance.

What "Punch" Said

when the Government in 1900 refused facilities for the Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children.

OH, whither are you toddling,
Little man, little man;
Oh, whither are you toddling
With your can?
By your haste and looks intent
On some errand you are sent;
'Tis on business you are bent,
Little man.

Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle,
Little man, little man;
Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle
You began;
You are three, perhaps—not more,
Yet you've often been before
To the jug and bottle door,
Little man.

True, babies had their bottles,
Little man, little man;
True, babies had their bottles,
Ere they ran;
But the bottles that you know
Do not very often flow
With mere milk and water—no,
Little man.

You are learning many lessons,
Little man, little man;
You are learning many lessons
With your can;
And the Government—the friend
Of the brewers—don't intend
They should prematurely end,
Little man.

Temperance Workers,

and Band of Hope workers in particular, will be encouraged to know that King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, took a part in public functions connected with the Band of Hope and strongly commended its aims and objects to the sympathy and support of the public. In this respect he followed the example of his mother, the late Queen, who was Patroness of the Band of Hope Jubilee movement in 1897.

Alcohol.

By F. G. Haworth, M.B., C.M., D.PH.

I HAD not dwelt upon the subject in any of my last year's papers, except in a casual sort of way, touching upon it lightly in illustration of some particular point, which is not enough in dealing with a subject of such vital importance in our social, domestic, municipal, and imperial lives.

One of the most degrading elements in our patriotic zeal in the furtherance of the South African War was the manner of our send-off of some of the regulars and volunteers to the front.

To see the men, who, perhaps, a few hours before had said, in some instances, their last farewells to the home circle, escorted to the station by swaying mobs of incoherent humanity, shrieking their "good-byes" to the accompaniment of hiccoughs; and, worse still, the men themselves who in their sober moments had volunteered their services to Queen and country, commenced their journey in a state of maudling sentimentality, was sickening indeed.

In marked contrast to this scene comes the news of heroic work done, and the noble request of

THE GRAND OLD CHIEF

that at any rate to prevent a repetition of this there should be no treating and no falling back to stimulants to mar the return of the victors.

One of the banes of our social existence is this unhappy custom of "treating," by which many a promising life has been blasted in the endeavour to appear generous in the eyes of his companions. As we would wish to see England recovered from her national disgrace, any means, however little, should be welcomed and encouraged to bring this about, even though the process be slow and dangerous.

To those who have no taste for liquor, it may seem suicidal and childish to have recourse to that which steals the brains and wrecks the constitution. Yet let us withal be charitable, and instead of jeering at the frailties of our fellow-creatures try to encourage them with words of consolation and hope to a better life. Where there is no temptation there can be no virtue in abstinence. I am not pleading for too much leniency for our weaker brethren, but for help in the time of temptation.

The aching head and the anguished mind which follow a night of debauch are not easy to bear, and then it is that the desire for that which will bring relief and exhilaration comes on. When this craving is met with taunts from those about us it always fails in its purpose to keep the suffering one from his evil ways, and sends him back to the public-house for more congenial company and into further excesses to drown his remorse.

HELPFUL AND CHEERING WORDS

might prevail upon him to put a bold front on against his worst enemy.

Alcohol in its action and effects is as insidious as disease. In fact I am led to think that the thirst for it is a disease, not to be cured so much by legal enactment or drastic measures as by a more wholesome method of treatment of a moral kind.

I have seen it stated somewhere that "He who drinks because he likes it drinks in moderation, whilst he who takes it for the effects it produces is a confirmed drunkard," and there is a good deal of truth in it.

This means that the one who seeks it for its exhilarating effects has always an appetite for it, and begins early in the day to counteract the depression, and goes on "nip" after "nip" until bedtime closes the day. The result is that the system becomes saturated to such an extent that the dose is being constantly increased to bring about the same results, and thus there is no interval in which to get all the alcohol eliminated, and should sickness come on the constitution is undermined and a fatal issue is inevitable.

Another person may drink as much as this one, but taking it in wholesale quantities at the week-end gives his organs time to do their work of elimination, and the effects do not seem so slow and disastrous. Mark you, I am not pleading for this method of intoxication, but just comparing the two.

From a medical point of view this is only the lesser of the two evils.

IT IS AN EVIL ALL THE SAME,

and when I consider the responsibility of a medical man in prescribing alcohol in moderate doses, I shudder and think, would it not be better to banish it altogether from our pharmacopœia than risk the future of even one unfortunate person, who perhaps may not have the courage to pull up in time.

The craving is more easily engendered than resisted when it receives the doctor's sanction.

If it is such an evil, then why do we drink? The answers are very contradictory.

The negro, sweltering under a tropical sun, drinks to cool himself; the cabman shivering at his stand on a wintry morning drinks to warm himself; the weary traveller drinks to strengthen his flagging muscles; the literary man drinks to give subtlety to his intellect; the overworked man of business drinks to rouse him from his apathy; the gamester quivering with excitement drinks to steady his trembling hand; the man or woman broken down by misfortune and weary of life drinks to drown care in temporary oblivion. One person will drink to rouse his appetite and another suffering from dyspepsia will do so to assist his wearied stomach to digest its food. It is easy to find excuses for what we like, and no doubt all these reasons appear sound and reasonable to the one who pleads its necessity, but

AT WHAT A COST ARE THESE RESULTS OBTAINED?

The cost of an unsatisfied desire, a feeling of coolness or warmth as the case may be, of transitory feeling of strength, of an evanescent brightening of the intellect, of an apparent restoration to vigour, of a temporary steadying of the hitherto trembling hands, and of an oblivion which soon passes away and is replaced by a deeper depression.

We have all read of feats of endurance and gigantic engineering work being done without the aid of this stimulant. Let me give an illustration for which I have the highest authority.

A party of Americans crossing the Sierra Nevada encamped at a spot above the snow line, and in an exposed situation.

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 good deal did not get up at all, they had perished from cold during the night.

Those who took no alcohol kept their heart 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.

It used to be the custom

IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE AND NAVY

as well to give out daily rations of rum, and in rough weather an extra dose was allowed under the impression that it was necessary for the work and exposure. Now-a-days this is not so, for hot coffee has taken the place of rum, and to the advantage of the men and to a saving to the shipowners. The narrative just quoted goes to prove the correctness of our present day method and the dangers of what our forefathers used to do.

Suppose a person is going out in the cold and is persuaded to take a nip to keep himself warm. Let us see how this acts. The heart is stimulated to increased action. The blood is sent rushing through the vessels of the skin, these vessels being meanwhile dilated to allow of the extra demand made upon them, the blood in its passage is cooled down by the action of the air until it reaches the internal organs. There on account of its temporary coolness it prevents these organs from doing their work thoroughly until the blood has acquired its normal temperature, and thus the economy of the body is delayed and put out of gear, whereas if the alcohol had not been taken the feeling of chilliness would only have been of a temporary character, and more easily overcome by the exertions of a rapid walk.

A poor appetite may be stimulated by a drink, but it is only an artificial creation and is consequently dangerous, because when once begun it must be kept going by increased quantities, which, in the end, will destroy the efficient action of the stomach.

Physiologically I believe alcohol to be a greater danger than a blessing. I do not speak of it in its economic aspect. We see around us every day the sad results which are brought about by its use, not to say its abuse, and *I have no patience with those who say that the evil only lies in its abuse. They are generally those who have a liking for it, and claim a credit for it on that account, or else as a reason for making use of it.*

How much brighter would be our homes by its banishment, and at what a low value do we put on our wits when they must needs be stimulated by it!

It Settled Him.

A PROFESSIONAL gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and, going up to the bar, called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said,

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good family as you are, have just as good education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to whisky, and it will bring you to just the same place as I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

Then: "Was it drink that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass he poured its contents on the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

Men Wanted.

WILL you help in this great fight,
Help us battle for the right?
You can help us if you will,
Help us close the vat and still.

You may help us if you chose,
Surely, you will not refuse?
'Tis for God and homes we fight,
Help us struggle for the right.

Help us, brothers, still be brave,
Sisters, help us, souls to save;
High or low, rich or poor,
Help us close the gin-shop door.

By our darlings whom we love,
By those comrades gone above,
By that God, whose sons we are,
We'll be victors in this war.

—*G. W. Johnson.*

"IT is capable of proof beyond all possibility of question that alcohol in ordinary circumstances does not help work, but is a serious hinderer of work."—*Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., F.R.C.P.*

STRONG DRINK is midnight darkness; total abstinence is noonday light.

THINK that your city is in danger, and that it rests with you to save it from all the demoralising tendencies which threaten it.

Think that your country is in danger, that it might perish for want of true citizens. Be a citizen yourself, with all that the word applies, and then your country will be safe.

ALCOHOL AND BRAIN WORK.

The very first effect of drinking alcoholic liquor is a perverted action of the mental faculties. Its inroading effects upon mind are not restricted to the employment of excessive quantities; they follow from its common use.—PROFESSOR YOUMANS.

Our Calendar.

1901.

March 2nd is the anniversary of the death of Saint John Wesley (1791).

„ **5th**—On this date, 107 years ago, the founder of the English Temperance Movement, Joseph Livesey, was born.

„ **15th**—Frederick R. Lees, the Philosopher of the Movement, was born, 1815.

„ **19th**—Great Missionary Traveller, Dr. Livingstone, was born, 1813.

„ **23rd**—Preston Temperance Society adopted "Teetotal," 1823.

„ **26th**—Many Happy Returns to our valiant champion, W. S. Caine, M.P., born 1842.

THE only trade that deforms, degrades, and unmakes a man is the strong drink trade.

While four persons in every hundred die from the immediate effects of drink, fourteen die from indirect effects of it.—DR. SYMES THOMPSON.

THE key to sobriety—the pledge.

"THINK no evil," and keep outside the public-house.

IF strong drink is forced out, common sense walks in.

MEN, not drink sellers and strong drink, make a city.

WHOSO would be a man must steer clear of the dram-shop.

IF thou would'st be true to thyself, avoid vice and strong drink.

CHEERFULNESS is the bright weather of the heart; strong drink withers it.

DOING right and resisting strong drink may be costly, but the interest is golden.

NEVER withhold your hand from any good work, nor let it touch the intoxicating cup.

UNLESS the liquor traffic be destroyed, virtue will die.

UNLESS the liquor traffic be destroyed, the home will die.

UNLESS the liquor traffic be destroyed, the Church will die.

UNLESS the liquor traffic be destroyed, this nation will die.

THE suppression of the liquor traffic is still the paramount issue.

BAD SEED.—"What could be the use of sowing a little seed here, and plucking up a weed there, if these beershops are to be continued to sow the seeds of immorality broadcast over the land, germinating the most frightful produce that ever has been allowed to grow up in a civilised country, and, he was ashamed to add, under the fostering care of Parliament?"—*Lord Brougham.*

THE POWER OF HABIT.

HAVE you ever dreamed of being bound by a thousand little threads, so that though you want to escape and go in one direction, you cannot? Well, habitual sins become little threads, binding us so that we cannot break away and be free to do what is right, what we know very well is right, and what we know we ought to do. Do you remember how, in "Gulliver's Travels," we are told of his bondage in Lilliput by the tiny people there? They were so small that he could have killed any number of them with ease, but they took advantage of his being asleep to fasten him to the ground by thousands of little strings and threads fastened to his hair, so that when he wanted to rise he could not, he was a prisoner. That is exactly what habitual sin does for us; it binds us so fast that the will and power to break away go from us.—*Rev. S. Baring Gould.*

THE NEAREST WAY HOME.

SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

CHAPTER IV.—Two Conversations.

SYNOPSIS.—Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face.

"Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth
To steal away his brains!"
—*Shakespeare.*

THE first conversation took place in the breakfast-room at "Moorlands"—Mr. Joakim's place just outside of Blackerton.

"Papa," said his daughter, who was pouring out his coffee, "I went to the Temperance meeting again last night. You told me that I could go whenever I liked, did you not?"

"Certainly, my pet. And what did our friend, the enemy, say?"

"He said—well, he said nothing that I did not agree with, papa."

Her father looked keenly at her. This girl, the child of his old age, was very dear to him.

"What, that drink was devilish, and brewers were the very devil?"

"No, papa; he only said that drink was devilish, and—I think he proved it."

"Hm! what is he like, this Trevor fellow? Is he very immoderate in his language? He certainly goes to extremes in his actions. Confound him, he has had the impertinence to return the cheque I sent him towards the fund for improving the condition of the poor in Blackerton. Says he cannot conscientiously take money for the poor that has been made by the cause of their degradation and poverty."

"Don't you think that that is—well, very honest on his part, papa?"

"Maybe, but I know it's confoundedly unbusiness like!"

The old man gave a harsh laugh.

"But I was nearly forgetting to tell you, papa," the girl said; "I had quite an adventure last night. I was going up the steps to the big room when a very peculiar old body asked me if she might go up with me, if I did not mind her staying beside me in the hall. Of course I did not mind in the least; I was rather glad to have somebody to talk to. I have always taken Susan before, but her neuralgia was so bad last night. Well, who on earth do you think she turned out to be?"

"I am sure I can't guess, Adela; so I give it up."

"No less a person than Anne Wetherall; I never was so astonished in my life."

"The notorious Anne Wetherall! Really, my dear, originality is the fashion among women just now, but—I must draw the line at your striking up an acquaintance with Anne Wetherall!"

"I should have shuddered at the idea, papa, had anyone ever suggested such a thing. But Anne Wetherall sober is so different to the same person drunk. One thing I can assure you of, papa, she is—perhaps I should say has been—a lady, of that I am certain, and highly educated. I have been wondering ever since what terrible circumstance could account for the low state to which she has fallen."

"And did she take the pledge? Was that what drew her to listen to the eloquence of the Temperance meeting? I am told she does swear off every now and then."

"Yes, papa. I do wish you could see her. She would upset all your preconceived notions of the 'notorious Anne Wetherall.' She has the most refined face, and a heap of white hair. Still she is certainly eccentric, even while sober, and would insist on talking to me during the whole of the proceedings. I think her mind is just the least bit affected. I could not help thinking of a line I read a while ago, while she was chattering:

'The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul.'

It is the want of this depth that has made it easier for her to go under," Adela said, with that tone of finality that often distinguishes the summing up of the young. Older folks realise more fully that "we know not anything," and are less certain of the truth of their impressions. "I

do wish you could see her," Miss Joakim concluded.

"It looks as if I shall not have an opportunity, unless she breaks out again, then she might be brought before me on the Bench."

"Papa! then they have made you a magistrate; why did you not tell me?"

"Well, that is good! when I could not get a word in edgeways," the old man laughed, and then continued, "Yes, the nomination came yesterday. It is an honour, and we like honours when we are very young or very old, Adela."

She contradicted him with loving insistence; but still she could not but notice, as he went down the long drive that led to the house, that he stooped more and more, and that the fresh north wind was too strong for his enjoyment. And she sighed as she saw it, and was dismally conscious of the fact that "the whole creation groaneth;" for since the previous evening she had often found herself wishing most devoutly that the money that provided all the luxurious comfort to which she had been accustomed during her life came from any other source than the one it did come from.

The reader will have observed that she did not mention the fact of Mr. Clifford Haynes having taken the pledge too last night. Probably she thought the more.

She had had a slight acquaintance with Margaret Haynes in their childhood; but, somehow, when both went away to different schools, the friendship had lapsed. If Adela lately wondered in what way this old-time acquaintanceship could be easiest renewed—Well! the mind of woman is proverbially subtle, as everybody knows.

Meanwhile a conversation at "Haynes-ses" will show that things were not exactly rose-coloured there.

In truth Clifford was, at this time, "fair moidthered," as the Blackertonians would have put it.

"Denzil, old man, I must speak," he said, as Denzil came into the counting house one morning, for what he called "the usual look-round."

"Oh, fire away. Pile on the agony! This darkey ain't gwine ter squirm!"

"It's—it's the machinery, Denzil."

"What do you mean?"

"Will you hear me out? I must tell you," Clifford said.

"Fire away, then. Didn't I say so?'

Nevertheless Denzil did look uncomfortable.

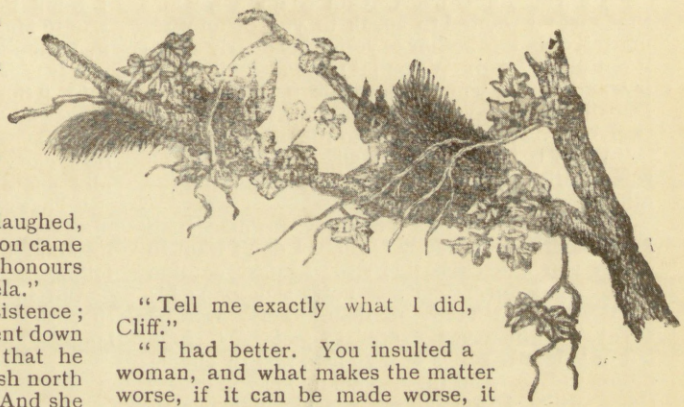
"You came into the mill at four o'clock yesterday. You—you promised me that you would not again—when—you had been to Canchester with Fred Higginbottom!"

"Say it out, Cliff! I suppose I was in the sun?"

"Is that the latest expression?" Clifford asked dryly. "You were drunk."

Denzil winced. Clifford was rarely so unpleasantly out-spoken as this.

"It is not only that," he went on, "it is the machinery. You might be drunk—and—and only disgrace yourself, anywhere else. Here you endanger the lives of others!"



"Tell me exactly what I did, Cliff."

"I had better. You insulted a woman, and what makes the matter worse, if it can be made worse, it was a woman who was earning her living in your—in our employment."

There was no mistaking the horror in Denzil Haynes' face as his mentor spoke thus. Clifford was right indeed in saying that he had done, under the influence of drink, what he never would have done if sober.

"I only came into the place as it was all over, and Job Tetlow was taking you over to the mill house. But from one and another, I gathered what had happened. A girl, Jessie Mackinnon, was working at the loom at the left end, and you said something unpleasantly familiar to her. I can't find out exactly what it was, as the two or three folks report it differently; but the girl—she is but a child, and has only been in our employ a few months—was naturally startled, and in her dismay stepped backward to avoid you, and if Job had not seen it all, and had his wits about him, too, she would have probably lost her life. As I say, Job saw it all; he made a big spring forward, pushed you aside, and stopped the wheel. After that, as you perhaps know, he took you home."

"I did not even know that," Denzil said contritely. "It is horrible, Cliff; I had no idea."

"I know you had not. But the question is: How are we to avoid the thing happening again?"

Denzil hung his head in shame. Clifford was so rarely in this cold, angry mood, and his incisive words certainly told.

"The girl has not been to the mill since. Her father, you know, Sandy Mackinnon, who has the cobbler's shop at the corner of Smithy Lane, a most respectable man, is what you would call an 'extreme teetotaler.' Well, this matter won't make him less extreme, will it?"

There was a rather longish pause. Then Denzil said, bravely:

"I'll go and see him, Cliff. It is inexcusable that a girl should be hindered from earning her living through *my* brutishness. I'll tell him the whole 'boiling,' and that it shan't happen again."

Nevertheless, he looked as if he would give a good deal to avoid the unpalatable duty.

Clifford's voice was more cordial. "That's the next best thing you can do. You know how anxious father always was for Haynes' to be on good terms with their workpeople. And I know you wish the same, as well as your manager."

"Now, Cliff, don't be so beastly stiff. You know,

you are quite as much a part of 'Haynes-ses' as I am, and a lot more."

"I have it in my heart," Clifford quoted, "and that's why I wanted to speak to you of another matter, only this bother of yesterday nearly drove it out of my head. We—that is, *you*—really must try and throw yourself into the business more, Denzil. It will want all our energy in the next twelve months to keep it up to the mark."

"Why, it isn't shaky at all, is it?" Denzil was faintly alarmed at the serious tone of the other.

"No, I can't say that it is shaky, any more than I can say that it is really 'firm.' I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily; still, I must caution you. You know, father was not a rich man; his hand was ever ready to help others, and he always said he never wanted to make a fortune out of 'Haynes-ses'; only to live, and to enable others to live. And then—I am telling you everything while I am about it—this unexpected demand of Fred Higginbottom's will be a pull; there is no doubt about that."

"Tell me exactly where we stand, Cliff."

"Yes, you referred him to me about Margaret's money, you know."

"Yes, I told him that you were one of the executors, and that you knew more about everything than I did."

"He told me what you had said, and, naturally, he did not like it," Clifford said, dryly. "He seemed very anxious to remind me that Margaret was no relation of mine *now*, as he put it."

Denzil laughed; he saw the humour of the thing, and also recognised the pain in Clifford's voice. Denzil knew how fond Clifford was of his adopted sister.

"So I could only confine myself to business matters; I could not try and make things easier for Margaret. You must try and do that, Denzil. The outlook is not a pleasant one for her, poor girl, with Higginbottom acting as he is doing. But that is not what I wanted to tell you. He insists on receiving the full amount of Margaret's fortune on the day of her wedding; and they have decided that they will not wait any longer than the end of the year of mourning for father."

"But that will cripple us awfully, Cliff," Denzil said.

"Yes, it will be a pull," said the other. "Father never contemplated either that Margaret would marry the year she reached her majority, or that he would be dead before then. If he were alive, you see, there would be no question of Margaret's money being all drawn out of the firm, though he would certainly have given her something. On the other hand, I need not point out to you that Higginbottom is acting quite within his rights."

"Confound his rights!" Denzil muttered; "I call it playing it very low down, his serving us such a trick. And he pretends to be so beastly fond of me too."

"He doesn't of *me*," Clifford said, "And—it sounds priggish perhaps, but I *should* like to remind you that the fondness of a man who drinks with you is not——"

"Not warranted to wash," Denzil said with a short laugh; "evidently not! Well, I'm awfully obliged to you Cliff. for—everything. And I'm a rotten egg—I think I said that before. But, my heart's sinking into my boots at the prospect, so I think I'd better go and 'eat humble pie' to Sandy Mackinnon; it's—there's no getting out of it, I suppose."

"It is certainly the right thing to do," Clifford said, "the only thing to do, now, father would have said."

His eyes beamed kindly on the younger man as he spoke. He was very fond of Denzil in spite of all his follies.

"That settles it!" the latter said. "And if he does cut up rough, I deserve it. Only I do hope he won't knock me down, and then kick me for falling."

And in spite of the thousand and one things that were bothering Clifford at the time, he laughed aloud as he cried, "I hope not, indeed."

(To be continued).

Important Questions Answered.

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

IS ALCOHOL A DIGESTIVE?

THE most common of all the minor ailments of the human body is indigestion. In its acute forms it is no longer a minor ailment, but may have very serious and indeed fatal results. It arises from many causes, and may show itself in a variety of ways. There are two chief causes—injudicious diet and want of active exercise. The ordinarily healthy man, with plain wholesome food and not too much of it, and with a fair amount of exercise, will not be troubled much with indigestion. It would probably be within the mark to say that the great majority of people eat too much It is more often a question of pleasing the palate than of satisfying the requirements of the body. Food is prepared in such attractive forms, and with such appeals to taste and palate, and the pleasure and art of eating have been so cultivated, that so long as the eye and the palate are satisfied it is often the case that very little regard is paid to the digestibility of food and its action on the digestive organs.

The Question of Quantity

is of vast importance, and is a most frequent cause of indigestion. Let us imagine a fairly

hearty meal being taken into the stomach. Now, by the muscular contractions of the stomach this mass of food must be moved about and brought into contact with all parts of the interior of the stomach, exciting a flow of gastric juice. If the meal is a light one this is easily accomplished, and the effect is that stomach digestion gets completed and the muscles of the stomach get their period of rest. If, however, the meal has been a heavy one stomach digestion is not completed, owing to the muscles having become fatigued and the supply of gastric juice partially exhausted. It follows, therefore, that before one meal has been properly dealt with another meal is introduced into the stomach, and again this organ makes an effort to deal with it, but again the muscles are exhausted before this can be accomplished. The result is that the stomach is practically in a state of exhaustion before any meal can be got rid of because too much work has been imposed on it. Less food taken and more exercise accomplished would bring many a body into tone, and would cure many a man and woman of their dyspepsia.

Other Causes

that commonly produce indigestion are want of proper mastication, eating in too great a hurry, or whilst the mind is occupied with other matters, drinking large quantities of liquid, the drinking of strong tea, and the eating of unsuitable food. Starchy foods give rise to severe forms of indigestion where mastication is imperfectly done, owing to the insufficiency of saliva that is produced. The golden rule to follow is to eat little, and to eat that little slowly. The result is good mastication and an easy task for the stomach to perform.

What Should be Done

when pain occurs? Let it be remembered that any pain that we experience is simply the voice of nature telling us that something is wrong. If we use judgment and common sense we shall try to find out what is the cause of the evil and forthwith to remove that cause. The plan adopted by many people, however, is to totally neglect this plan and to follow another that in many cases is disastrous. "Let us get rid of the pain" they say, and so there is recourse to drugs, such as morphia, chloral, chlorodyne, laudanum, cocaine, kola, alcohol, and others. These all act as nerve paralysers and therefore lessen the capability of sensation, and therefore to some extent they kill pain. They contribute no iota of restorative quality; they afford no nourishment; they do nothing whatever in the way of removing the cause of the pain. There is one thing, and one thing only, that they accomplish, and that is to render the user less capable of both feeling and of judgment.

One of the Great Arguments

in favour of alcohol being a digestive agent is the fact that it relieves the pain of indigestion. The reason has already been given. It neither removes the cause of indigestion nor does it hasten the process of digestion. It has given a sense of comfort and satisfaction, but the ill that caused the pain is as much in existence as before. Elaborate experiments by many investigators show that alcohol whilst it is present in the stomach instead of helping digestion does a great deal towards retarding it, and it thus becomes instead of a cure for indigestion one of the causes of the complaint. To quote the words of the late Sir B. W. Richardson—"The dyspepsia from alcohol is one of the first indications of its baneful action."

Many Kinds of Evidence

may be given in support of the view that alcohol is not a digestive. First, there is the fact that alcohol itself can do nothing in the way of breaking down food. Its property is to harden and to preserve all kinds of food stuff, and it therefore to this extent renders the work of the digestive juices all the more difficult. It has been shown by the experiments of Dr. Munro, of Hull, in an artificial apparatus, and by the experiments of Dr. Percy and Dr. Beddows on living animals, that in all cases where alcohol, even in comparatively small quantities is present, retardation of natural processes always occurred. The investigations of Dr. Beaumont proved beyond any doubt that alcohol resulted in the lining of the stomach becoming inflamed and that digestion was invariably retarded. His servant, Alexis St. Martin, had been shot in the stomach. Although the wound healed, an aperture was left, and through this Dr. Beaumont was able to watch the changes that occurred when food or other substances were passed into the stomach.

Some Wrong Conclusions

have been formed because observers have noted one action of alcohol only and based their conclusions on that. For instance, it is well known that alcohol in the stomach makes the gastric juice flow more quickly for a short time, and it is therefore argued that with more gastric juice there must be better digestion, but in coming to this conclusion the fact is altogether overlooked that the active agent of the gastric juice—pepsin—is precipitated by alcohol, and that, therefore, although there may be more in quantity it is less in quality, and the work done as a result is less effective. Another argument that is fallacious is that which asserts that alcohol results in an increase of weight, and that therefore more food material was obtained owing to its presence. The fact is, that just as alcohol retards the digestion of food so also it retards the removal of waste and effete matter, and this useless material is stored up in the body as an accumulation of fat, that has to be carried, warmed, and nourished, and thus becomes a tax and a drain upon the body.

Alcohol can give a sense of comfort and satisfaction and thus deludes the drinker. It can neither build nor repair the body itself, and it does a great deal to prevent other things from doing this useful work.

"The Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform." *Richard Cobden.*

By John Dale.

IV.—THE GROWTH OF SEED.

IT has been well said that, "Nature, the dear old nurse, keeps a school which is open to all.' Many charming stories does she tell those willing to listen; many delightful lessons does she teach, as she spreads her beautiful pictures before her pupils, and reveals fresh pages from "the manuscript of God.'

If we listen to the stories she can tell of plant, and shrub, and tree, we shall find they are more wonderful than any fairy-tale or story-book that ever was written; and we may be quite sure that they are all true and real. They will bring us sweet and pleasant thoughts, which, rightly used, will lead our minds to dwell upon the skill and power of the Great Creator.

One of our poets sings most fitly:—

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each tree a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.

"'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that ringeth,
And tells its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever bringeth
A call to prayer."

With these thoughts before us, let us listen to the story of the growth of seed. We will first take one of the larger seeds, a broad bean, because we can see the different parts without the aid of a magnifying glass. We notice that it is flat, of an irregular oval shape, and that at one end there is a broad black line, where the bean was attached when growing in the pod; this is called the *hilum*, or eye of the seed. At one end of it there is a very small hole, which can readily be found if we soak the bean in water for a few hours; on squeezing the seed gently a drop of water will come out of that little hole, which is called the *micropyle* or little gate. It is through this that the water from the soil gets to the inner part of the seed and loosens the outer coat, or the *spermoderm*, a strange looking word which means the *seed-skin*.

If we cut this carefully down one edge with a sharp penknife it will easily peel off, leaving a whitish, fleshy mass, which forms the embryo of the future plant. This consists of three parts, viz., the two cotyledons, and a sort of hinge at one side, which holds them together; this hinge is called the *radicle*, its pointed end will grow downwards into the soil and form the root. The opposite end is turned inwards; it is something like a leaf-bud, or a little plume, and therefore called the *plumule*. This will push itself upwards into the light, and give birth to the stem and leaves of the growing plant.

Let us examine a seed of Indian corn, after soaking it in water for a time, and we find that there is only one cotyledon, not two, as in the bean. In addition to the embryo, however, seeds of this class contain a food store for the use of the young plant in its earlier stages; it also forms the staple of our food, being the material from which bread, etc., is made. It is called the *endosperm*, which means *within a seed*. When the young plant begins to grow it is changed into a kind of sugar. This fact, which is a provision of nature, is applied in the preparation of barley for the brewer. The maltster steeps the barley in a tank half full of water for about fifty hours, so that each grain is soaked to its centre. It is then placed in a heap on the floor, where it begins to grow, the grain swells, and in fourteen days a little root, about half-an-inch long, has come from within the barleycorn. The further growth of the young plant is then stopped, by a drying process, over a slow fire in the malt kiln; the barley is now changed into malt, from which the brewer can make beer, though very often something else is used instead of malt.

We do not wish, however, to go to the malt-house to watch the growth of seed, it is better to do this in the bright sunshine in the garden. There we can listen with delight to the stories that "the dear old nurse" can tell, and note the different stages of growth in the beans, peas, cabbage, onions, etc., that may be sown there.

If we have not a garden we may plant a few seeds in a box, filled with damp soil or sawdust. When they begin to grow we can look at them from day to day, and note the changes that occur. If we sow several kinds of seed we can trace the differences of growth between them, and the longer time that some require to produce their

first leaves. The seeds of the bean, pea, mustard, onion, Indian corn, and oats or barley, will be suitable for such an interesting experiment.

We may easily procure a box at the grocery stores, about ten or twelve inches long, seven or eight inches wide, and three or four inches deep, which will do admirably. After boring a few holes through the bottom we fill it nearly to the top with soil or sawdust. This should be well watered, and allowed to stand awhile to drain. Then we plant the seeds in rows across the box, the beans, peas, and Indian corn about an inch apart and half-an-inch deep. The smaller seeds may be sown closer together, but not so deep in the soil.

We ought to fix the name to each kind of seed, or place a number on the front of the box, opposite each row, so that we may recognise the different seeds as they appear above the soil. We prepare a small note-book, with an opening for each kind of seed; enter in this the time of sowing, and the number of days before the first cotyledon appears; we note whether it rises clear out of the soil or not; we enter the differences in the number and shape of the cotyledons, and the *true* leaves that grow above them. Some seeds will show themselves much sooner than others, probably mustard will be the first of those selected, and show two roundish thin seed leaves. Beans and peas will come up later, with thick, fleshy cotyledons. Indian corn and barley will thrust upwards a single grass-like blade; the onion will show a tiny rush-like cotyledon. These latter are recognised as MONOCOTYLEDONOUS seeds, and the three former as DICOTYLEDONOUS seeds.

All these particulars are very interesting, and such a method of observation will teach us more about the growth of seed than we could possibly learn by much reading.

. . Who Was He? . .

A TRUE STORY.

THE household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction, and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a square grand piano, and as he opened it he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was £300. Then he invited anyone present to try the instrument, so all might hear its tone.

"Please come forward and play something, someone—anyone," he urged, noticing nobody seemed inclined to accept the invitation.

At this second call there was a stir near the door, and then a man advanced—a man who seemed strangely out of place among the elegantly attired people assembled in that grand room. It was a ragged, soiled tramp, on whose face hardship and dissipation had left their imprints.

A murmur of astonishment and disgust ran around the room. How came such a creature there? What right had he in that room with decent people? How did he gain admittance?

The faultlessly attired men fell back as the tramp approached, and the women drew aside their skirts as if the touch of such a being were contamination. Some looked around for the auctioneer's assistants, and one man half lifted his cane as if to strike the vagabond.

"Put him out!"

The words were uttered by more than one pair of lips.

Heedless of the looks or words of those around, the tramp walked, or rather staggered, towards the piano. His step was that of a drunken man, but his cheeks were sunken and pallid, as if hunger gnawed at his vitals, and his eyes gleamed with a wild unnatural light—a light which caused the auctioneer to shiver and fall back with a hand half upraised.

Without a word the vagrant seated himself at the piano, and his fingers touched the ivory keys. For a single moment he seemed to hesitate, his fingers wandering aimlessly, yet producing a few soft and harmonious notes. Then of a sudden a burst of melody came from the piano—a flood of music that thrilled the souls of all who heard. It was Beethoven's grandest march, and it was rendered by a master musician. Never before in that magnificent house was such music heard. Could it be the ragged tramp who was playing?

Amazed, stricken dumb and motionless by what they saw and heard, the people who had gathered there stared and listened, holding their breath while their ears drank in the soul-intoxicating strains conjured from the faultless instrument by the wizard musician in rags. The march ended, but the flood of music still poured from the piano, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Liszt, the strange man knew them all, and their best work he rendered with a master's touch.

"Wonderful! Amazing!"

The enthralled listeners looked into each other's faces and whispered the words:

"Who is he?"

No one could answer, but one thought he must be some great musician masquerading.

Listen! He is improvising now. How sweet is the strain! Soft and low, yet full of joy and sunshine, it flows on and on like a laughing, dancing brook. Slowly a touch of sadness creeps into the melody. It is like the gentle fall of summer rain on a new made grave—it is like the faintly heard sobbing of a mother as she bends over the dead face of her first-born. It moves the heart of many a woman as she listens, and more than one pair of eyes are dim with unbidden tears.

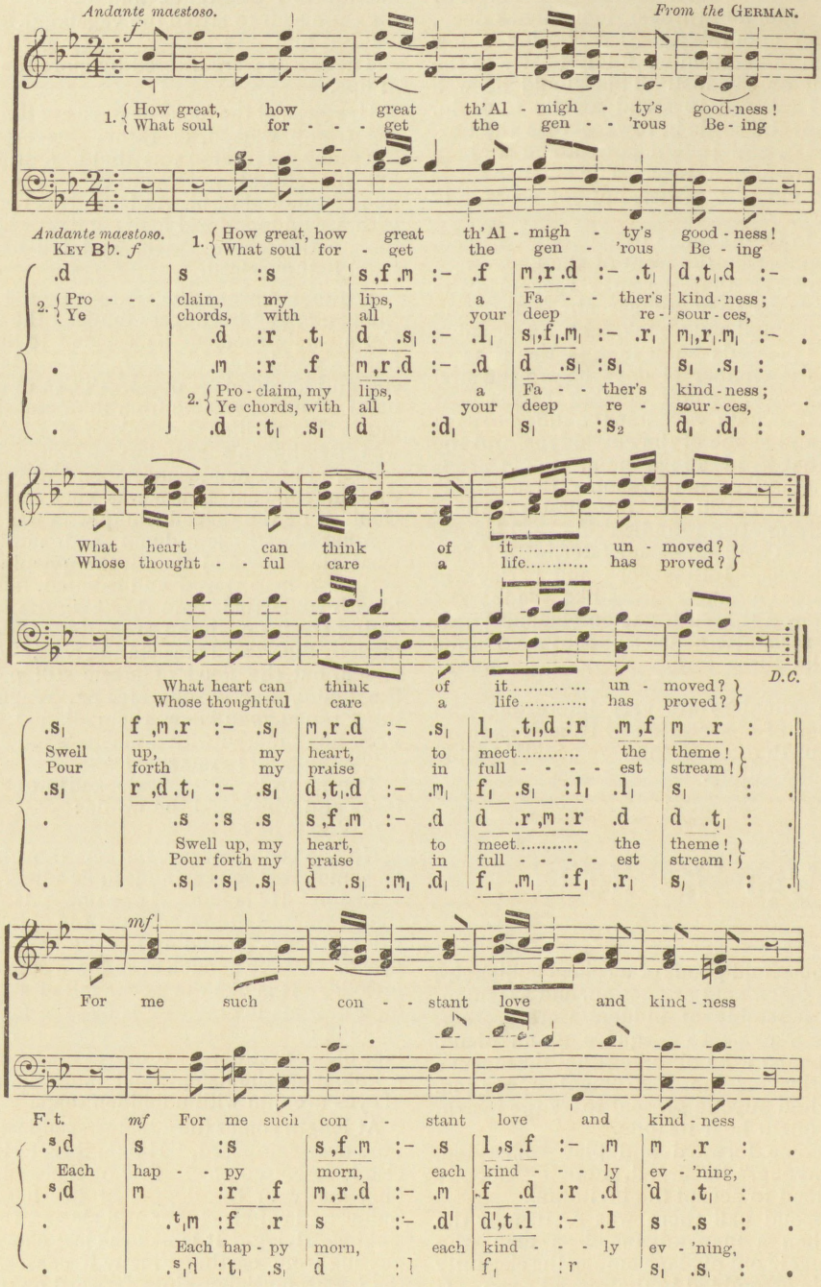
At length comes the sweetest, saddest, grandest tune ever composed, "Home, Sweet Home." All else is forgotten now. One of the women is sobbing softly in the depths of her handkerchief. Softer and softer, slower and slower, the strain is sinking—dying. It is like the last effort of a soul passing from earth. Finally it ceases, and then the tramp musician sinks forward on the instrument and remains motionless.

A sigh runs round the room. The auctioneer touches the tramp on the shoulder. The vagabond does not stir. They lift his nerveless body and look into his face.

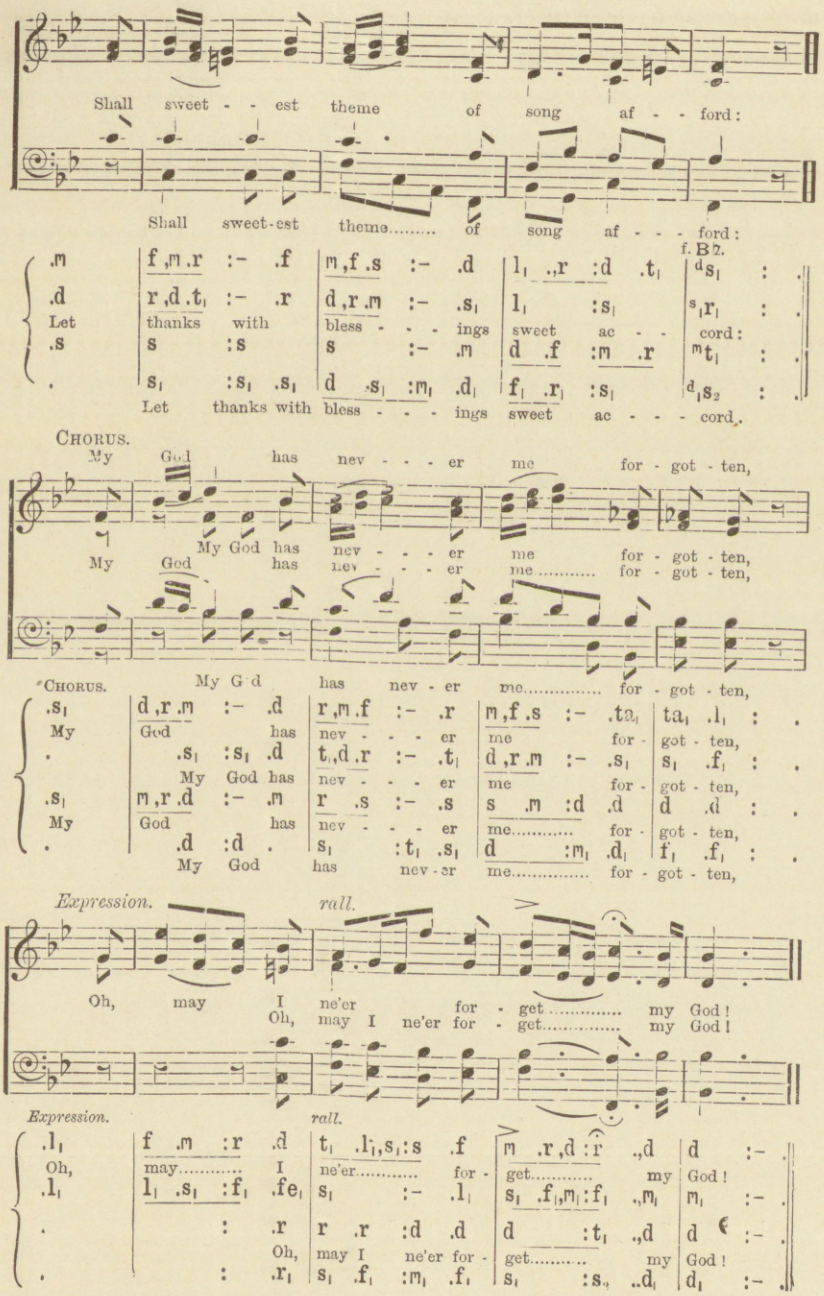
He has gone home. - *Mothers and Daughters.*

HOW GREAT TH'ALMIGHTY'S GOODNESS!

Andante maestoso. *From the* GERMAN.



HOW GREAT TH'ALMIGHTY'S GOODNESS!



Interesting Developments.

IT has long been charged against Temperance people generally that their policy in regard to the drink question has been purely negative—that they have concerned themselves more with seeking to break down, than with endeavouring to counteract, temptations. There is a good deal of truth in the statement. The work of the Temperance public primarily is not to cater for public need, nor merely to correct appetite, but it is to overcome the strong allurements of intemperance, and to secure the

BANISHMENT OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS

from general use by the community.

The statement, however, that the policy has been purely negative, is not literally true. Upon examination, it will be found that those who have most recently interested themselves in providing counter attractions to the public-house and other licensed premises, have generally either been ardent Temperance workers or people of means, who have been influenced to taking up the matter at the promptings of Temperance workers. On inquiry, you will find that the great coffee-house movement and the different collateral movements are the outcome of Temperance efforts.

In addition, by the provision of Temperance halls and other centres of education and amusement, the Temperance party has done

MUCH OF A CONSTRUCTIVE CHARACTER.

In recent years considerable developments have been fostered in this direction. Among notable examples may be quoted the efforts of the Irish Temperance League and of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, which has recently arranged for the conversion of a public-house into Band of Hope Offices.

The Band of Hope Union for the town in which the Temperance movement originated, so far as this country was concerned, viz, the Preston Band of Hope Union, has just taken a step which will commend itself, surely, to all who are anxious to see the amusement of the people greatly contributed to in enjoyment, but freed from the presence of drink. The Union has acquired the old Golf Pavilion at Fairhaven, on the Lancashire coast, between Lytham and St. Annes, and has arranged thereat to provide for picnic and other parties, on a scale which will undoubtedly be of very great service, especially to the large number of trippers who frequent the Fylde district on holiday occasions. Parties arranging for Band of Hope, Sunday School, and similar outings, should put themselves into communication

THE PRESTON BAND OF HOPE UNION SEASIDE CAFE.

with the Secretary of that Union, 80, Fishergate, Preston, in order to ascertain the conditions under which the Pavilion may be engaged. The building is situate in a residential district, and stands on the banks of the Marine Lake, an admirable and safe boating place. Immediately adjacent to the Pavilion, which includes ladies' and gentlemen's rooms, retiring rooms, and a large public room, are sand hills, golf links, and a large lawn. In every way its situation is admirable, the facilities it affords are great, and it should occupy a prominent place in Whitsuntide, summer, and other engagements. In the winter months, the building will be used as a café, with recreation and reading rooms.

This same Union has also arranged to charter a steamer from Liverpool to the Menai Straits and back, on Whit Tuesday, and to do what is rarely done on board excursion steamers, viz., close the bars against the sale of intoxicants. The undertaking is a great one, and will, we hope, be thoroughly successful. We shall be glad to hear that many other centres have joined the trip, particulars of which can also be got from the Secretary.

It has always struck us as peculiar that the shortest experience on board a pleasure steamer cannot be enjoyed without the constant presence of intoxicants. Indeed, it is well-known that many steamboat excursions are nothing more nor less than huge drinking parties, productive of scenes, which, if connected with the public-house, would bring down the very severest censure.

We are delighted at the Preston Union efforts and hope to find them crowned with success.

A Bottle of Whisky.

By D. F. Hannigan.

PRIVATE John Colvin was about to part with his sweetheart at Waterloo Station. War had broken out, and a number of strapping fellows were going to the front. The station was crowded; soldiers hurried up and down eagerly. Many of them had unfortunately taken more drink than was good for them.

Susie Larkin noticed with pain that John, or "Johnny," as she affectionately called him, was more than half drunk.

The warrior's mother was there to see him off. She knew that a weakness for the bottle was one of her son's failings.

"His father afore 'im was the same," explained the widow to Susie, in whom she reposed the most complete confidence, as the future bride of this "bold soldier boy."

"I wish he went out quite sober," sobbed poor Susie. "He should think of me, shouldn't he?"

"O' course 'e should, an' o' me, too, his pore old mother as nursed 'im when 'e was a babby."

Private John Colvin came up to them, attired in khaki, and with his face unnaturally flushed.

"We're a-goin' to hang Krooger on a sour happle-tree; eh, Susie? eh, mother?"

And the warrior hiccoughed in a way which betokened the approaching collapse of his centre of gravity.

Susie's tears began to flow. Mrs. Colvin drew her aside, and kissed her, murmuring some words of consolation.

"Wot's hup?" asked Private John Colvin.

"Oh! Johnny, Johnny," said the girl, and fell into his arms.

"' Old 'ard, my gurl," said the soldier; "ye're not so light at all, ten stone hanyways."

The bell rang to summon passengers into the train.

"Hello!" cried Private Colvin, excitedly. "Dooty calls, and we must obey. I'm hoff, Susie. A kiss for yer and mother."

Susie was now sobbing more violently than before.

"See 'ere, my gurl," said her lover, "yer may make yer mind easy. I'm a-goin' to fight the Boers, and I'll fight like a man; but I'm not a-goin' to forget my beer in South Hafrica, not for Joe! I'll be there by Christmas Day, an' don't yer forget to send me by parcel post a slice o' plum puddin' mother'll make, an' a bottle o' whisky."

"Take care, Johnny!" cried the girl. "It's not good to take drink in a hot climate. God bless you! Remember!"

He kissed her, and then his mother. Then he rushed madly into the nearest railway carriage. There was a shrill whistle, and the train steamed out of the station.

Susie gazed wistfully after the departing train. She could see the face of her half-tipsy lover thrust out through a carriage window.

Did he see her? Perhaps not; his brain was not clear. Perhaps he had already forgotten her. Perhaps in the wild whirl of the war, he would soon cease to think of her as his future wife. And what had been his last thought before starting? That she should send him a slice of plum pudding and a bottle of whisky for Christmas Day!

In her sad reverie, she had lost consciousness of the proximity of Mrs. Colvin.

"Wot are yer thinkin' of, my honey?" asked that worthy matron.

"Oh, nothing," said poor Susie, in a choking voice, and, turning her face away, she freely gave way to her grief.

Mrs. Colvin suggested that they should "go and take something" to keep up their spirits.

"No, not now. I will not touch any kind of drink till he comes back to me. But he'll have his bottle o' whisky." The girl uttered the last words rather sarcastically.

Mrs. Colvin was a little ruffled at Susie's half-contemptuous tones.

"My son is a good boy, in spite of 'is faults," muttered the matron. "It's a good man's case to get drunk."

"Ay, an' a bad man's, too."

"Hoity toity! how 'ard some folks are to please!" And Mrs. Colvin almost grew angry. They left the station in silence.

The days flew by, and Susie was trying to drown her apprehensions of her lover's future in unusually hard work. She was a housemaid in Camberwell, and never had she been more assiduous in the performance of her duties than

now. She sometimes called to see Mrs. Colvin, and that touchy matron exhibited a disposition to sneer at the girl's melancholy face.

"Why should yer look so glum," she said, "'cos a fine chap is fightin' like a nigger for 'is bloomin country?"

"I don't mind his fighting," said Susie, "but I hope he is not drinking."

"Never mind. 'Is father drank afore 'im, and 'e was a good man to me when 'e was sober."

This repetition of a music-hall catch irritated Susie.

"Oh! stop that talk!" she cried. "It is such silly notions that make young men fools. I hate the thought now of that bottle o' whisky. It has got on my nerves!"

Mrs. Colvin laughed discordantly. "'E must 'ave 'is bottle of whisky all the same," she said, "'e'll want it out there!"

So before Christmas Day came round, a small tin case containing some plum pudding and a bottle of Scotch whisky was directed to

"PRIVATE JOHN COLVIN,
RIFLE BRIGADE,
FIELD FORCE,
SOUTH AFRICA,"

and was duly posted by Susie in Camberwell.

The poor girl read the newspapers eagerly. She shuddered at the reports of battles, in which the British troops suffered severe losses. She even looked out for "Johnny's" name in the list of killed and wounded. She murmured a heartfelt "Thank God!" when she found that his loved name was absent from the list.

But no letter came from her soldier lover. Evidently, he was too much engaged in hard fighting to find time for any such trifling relaxation as the writing of love letters.

In the course of a few months, some soldiers were sent invalided home, and amongst the number was Private John Colvin. One morning, Susie received a communication, telling her to come immediately to Netley Hospital to see the invalid.

She found him pale and weak, with a bandage round his head, a living embodiment of "The Absent-minded Beggar." She bent over him, and kissed him tenderly. "Poor Johnny!" was all she could say.

He gazed at her half sadly, half comically, "Ha! Ha! Susie, yer never sent me that 'ere bottle o' whisky!"

"Yes, yes, I did; I sent it before Christmas."

"Well, it never came, my gurl; an', listen, darlin'! it don't matter a hang, for, since I got out to Cape Town, I've became a teetotaler.

The girl was certainly puzzled.

"Yes, Susie, fightin' makes a feller give up that bloomin' grog. It shakes 'is nerves, and destroys 'is haim. So I swore hoff, blest if I didn't."

When Mrs. Colvin arrived on the scene soon afterwards, she was astonished at her son's conversion to total abstinence.

"Well, wonders 'll never cease," she murmured. "Who 'd 'a' thought it of his father's son?"

The most extraordinary part of the story was that before Private Colvin had left Netley, the tin case came back to Susie's address in Camberwell, after having travelled all round Natal, and back again to Old England.

The future husband of Susie Larkin has gone back to South Africa, and may possibly win the Victoria Cross before they are wedded. But Susie thinks that his greatest victory was gained when he gave up whisky for ever.

Don't Judge by Appearances.

BY UNCLE EDWARD.

"MAMMA, dear, come to the window; oh *do* make haste, there are two of the most *extraordinary* creatures going past that ever you saw. One is a funny lank woman; I believe she is a lady, but she looks so long and lean I feel as if I *must* scream with laughter when I look at her. Her mantle droops over her just like a wreath of muslin round a lamp-post, and she has got one of those old coal-scuttle bonnets on and a little parasol with a long handle; oh *do* make haste, mamma, or she will have gone past. There is a little girl with her *quite* as funny as the lady, she has got a stiff old-fashioned dress on; it looks like a bee-hive, and her hat is a quaint bundled up bit of felt with a bunch of roses stuck in front. I never *did* see two such guys."

Mrs. Elderwood quietly moved towards the window; she was too accustomed to her voluble little daughter's "alarms" to be "worked up" by any of her frequent stretches of imagination.

"Well, Ella, dear," she remarked, after taking stock of the two passers by for a few seconds, "they are certainly *very* unusual looking. Do you know them?"

Ella gave an amused shriek, in which might be detected a vein of sarcasm. "*Know* them, mamma, I should think *not;* I wouldn't know people like that *for the world.* Just fancy walking along the street with them and everybody turning

round and giggling. I would rather not have a single friend than people who dressed like that."

"After all, Ella, dear," said Mrs. Elderwood, "it isn't the tailor who makes the *manly* man, or the milliner who makes the womanly woman, is it?"

"No, mamma, certainly not, but people can't *quite* ignore their tailors and their dressmakers can they? If everybody went about with things that their grandmothers left in their boxes, and which ought to have been sold for old rags twenty years ago, the tradespeople would all starve, you see, mamma."

"Ella, my child," replied Mrs. Elderwood, "if *all* paid their tradespeople as *that* lady does there would be fewer bankrupts."

"Oh, mamma, you don't really know her, do you?"

"Indeed I do, my child; she is enshrined in my heart as one of the best and noblest characters I ever knew, although in the sense of being on terms of friendship with her I have not the privilege."

"Who is she then, mamma?"

"Well, dear, all I know of her is this. She is the only daughter of an old tea merchant, who lived in this town for more than 60 years, and whose gentleness and humility endeared him to all the neighbourhood. He failed in business at the age of 72, but by his special request everything was sold, even to the very arm-chair he sat in, so that every creditor should receive payment in full. When his will was proved it was found that, although many of his would-be calumniators continually declared that he would be found to have left something at the last, there was not a shilling over for his only child, but just a few words in a small despatch box, written on half a sheet of note paper—By my daughter's special request I have paid all my tradesmen's bills, and I have nothing to leave her but the remembrance that her father strove to follow the Divine injunction to 'owe no man anything, but to love one another.'"

"Oh, mamma," said Ella, "what a good old man he must have been, and then I suppose his daughter got married, and is this her only little girl?"

"She is not married, dear; she had several offers years ago but she declined them all."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because, dear, she had decided to remain single and devote herself to the care of three little orphan children, two little girls and a boy, whose father and mother were both burnt to death in a terrible fire which happened just about the time of her father's death. The little mites were saved by the merest chance, as people say. They were but three years, two years, and one year old respectively, and had managed to creep out on the landing and were rescued from the blinding smoke whilst their parents perished. She devoted herself to them and brought them up to manhood and womanhood by dint of continued struggling against poverty, with the occasional help of a few pounds from a benevolent society."

"Then I want to know, mamma, who the little girl is she has with her now."

"She is one, dear, of a succession of little friendless folk whom she has befriended in one continual stream ever since the first little trio were fortunate enough to find a friend in her. She is a quaint old lady; rather eccentric perhaps. I am told that she often has nothing but dry bread herself so that she may be able to pay her way, and she slaves away at needlework from five o'clock to eight every morning in order to be able to help others. She has a little sum of money sent to her I am told each month by some unknown person, which keeps her from deep poverty; but she *lives wholly for others*, my dear Ella, and *that*, after all, is a higher virtue than wearing the last shape in mantles, isn't it?"

Ella blushed, and as the thought of her own selfishness rose to her mental vision she forgot the queerness of the pair of oddities she had called her mother to see from the window, and she said to herself in an audible whisper—

"I wouldn't mind wearing a coal sack to be like *her* after all. I wonder, mamma, *who* the unknown person is who sends her that little bit of money every month."

"Will you promise me, my Ella, that you will keep it a secret if I tell you?"

"Yes, mamma, indeed I will."

"Well, darling, it is *your mother* who sends it, and there is no payment that I ever make from year's end to year's end which gives me greater pleasure."

"Mamma," said Ella, with her eyes wet with tears, "I will always remember for the future that 'fine feathers don't always make fine birds.' I shall *never* see that dear old lady again without feeling ashamed of myself."

"Remember your promise, Ella, you will tell *no one* what I have just told you."

"*Never*, mamma, and I promise, too, that I will try for the future to remember the good Old Book's words—'Judge not that ye be not judged.'"

The Children's Bill:

DUE FOR SECOND READING, MARCH 20, 1901.

WE go to press before the 20th of March, the date set down for the Second Reading of the Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children under sixteen years of age. What its fate will be we know not.

This, however, we do know: That No Bill is more desired by the public generally; and that public bodies, churches, philanthropic societies, Temperance organisations, and working people in particular, are loud in approval of the Bill, and in demanding its enactment.

It will be a disgrace to us as a nation if the Bill does not become law this session of Parliament.

The International Congress on Alcohol

will this year assemble at Vienna in the month of April. Whether in anticipation thereof or not we are unaware, but the Austrian Home Office has recently issued the following questions to Austrian Medical Officers of Health. The replies should produce most valuable information, and greatly advance Austrian Temperance work. Why doesn't the English Home Office copy?

1. What alcoholic beverages are generally used in your district?

2. Are certain alcoholic beverages especially preferred by a certain portion of the population, classified either by occupation or income?

3. Are alcoholic beverages only taken occasionally, on holidays, or is the use of such a daily habit of the population?

4. Is the daily use of alcoholic beverages connected with frequenting the public-house, or is it a domestic habit? Are different beverages used outside the house to those at home?

5. Are alcoholic beverages taken during work (agricultural, mechical, industrial), and which? Are there certain trades which induce the use of alcoholic beverages?

6. Are only men, or also women, subject to drinking habits? Do women also frequent the public-houses, or only drink at home?

7. Do young persons (who have just left school) also participate in the drinking customs? and when? at home, or in the public-house?

8. Does the custom exist to give children also alcoholic beverages, and which particular one?

9. Is excessive drinking only caused by frequenting the public-house, or does it also occur in the homes and families?

10. Does the use of alcohol in the population stand in open connection with the number of opportunities given to procure alcoholic drinks, for instance, with the number of public-houses, spirit vaults, canteens, and also the number of shops in which alcoholic drinks are sold only to be drunk off the premises?

11. Are there drunken carouses of any considerable number, in or outside the public-houses, which are the cause of scuffles terminating in serious injury?

12. Does there exist a recognisable connection between the use of alcohol and accidents during work (agricultural and industrial), such accidents occurring on Mondays, or on such days which follow holidays?

13. Is there in your district a large number of notorious "drunkards; that is, such persons who, according to the judgment of the people, deserve this name?

14. Out of which class of the population (according to income and occupation) do these come? Are these only men, or women also? Which drinks do these "drunkards" chiefly favour?

15. Without counting these "drunkards," is there any apparent reduction of physical and mental capacity produced in a greater number of persons, on whom (after thorough medical observation) the use of alcoholic drinks is endangering their health? From which special class are these persons drawn?

16. What illnesses, caused through the use of alcoholic drinks, are generally observed? Chronic alcoholism, delirium tremens, alcoholic epilepsy, neuritus, livercirrhose, miocarditus and idiopathic enlargement of the heart, among young men? (Bierherz.) Nefritus of beerdrinkers?

17. Are symptoms of a degenerating nature to be as much observed among the people in general, as in the families, who are especially subject to the use of alcoholic drinks, and is an inferior progeny the result? That is to say, are there in these families, idiotic, epileptic, insane, or necropathic and backward children?

—From the *Temperance Record*.

The Duke and the Boy.

DRIAULT, a correspondent of "M.A.P.," tells a story of the Duke of York. When on the golf links at Anglesey, near Gosport, the Duke usually employs one particular lad as caddie. One day, when Duke and caddie paused for a little well-earned refreshment, the Duke, after mopping his brow, pulled a flask from his pocket, and offered the youngster a drink. The boy, with a moral courage that does him infinite credit, declined the offer with thanks, saying that he was a teetotaler. The Duke warmly commended the lad for this, and thereupon offered him something more substantial—a ham sandwich. The caddie took it eagerly, the Duke took another, and the simple meal was shared by the oddly-assorted pair with that healthy hunger which is the common heritage of prince and peasant alike.

The Fruits of Drink.

BY E. P. H. KING.

DRINK fills our gaols and pauper wards,
And makes men beggars who were lords;
It takes the shoes off children's feet,
And drives them homeless on the street.

It bids prosperity depart,
It ruins lives with subtle art;
It forges passion's galling chain,
And leaves a heritage of pain.

It robs the cheek of healthful bloom,
And reaps a harvest for the tomb;
The reign of love it overthrows,
And turns close friends to bitter foes.

It starts the young on paths of shame,
Incites to crimes we cannot name,
Deprives poor children of their bread,
And seals the living for the dead.

But who can tell what drink has done
"Beneath the circuit of the sun?"
The record of the havoc wrought
Surpasses far all speech or thought.

The volume that would hold the tale
Has never yet been put on sale;
For not a tithe has yet been told
Of drink's dark wrongs 'gainst young and old

The One Foe that is Hardest to deal with.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"THERE is one foe that is harder to deal with than any other. There is one foe which it seems to me we are dealing with more slowly than with any other, and that is

THE INDIFFERENCE OF MEN TO ONE ANOTHER'S WELFARE.

"It is terrible to me to think that whilst we have all this overpowering evidence of the mischief done by the present consumption of intoxicating liquors, there is such a very large proportion of our fellow-creatures who quietly put the question by and assume that it is not their business to have anything to say to it or to do with it. It is astonishing to me—and I am sure it must be astonishing to all those who look carefully into the facts of the case—that there should be any, especially among those who call themselves Christians, who are prepared to say,

"'I DO NOT SEE WHAT I HAVE TO DO WITH IT. 'I do not indulge in intemperance myself. I do not do anything that I know of to encourage intemperance. I do not see why I am to be in any way restrained in my full and perfect liberty to manage my own life, because the life that I am living might perhaps be in some degree an inducement to others to live by different and better rules. I do not see why I am to consider the temptations of other people, for I have temptations enough of my own, and these I must face with all the strength that God gives me. But let every man fight his own battle. Let every man do the work that God has given him to do in the discipline of his own life. I disclaim all other responsibility altogether. I cannot allow that I am in the slightest degree to be touched by all the misery that you speak of, by all the terrible disasters, by all the fearful curse that comes upon nations as well as upon individuals from the ordinary use of intoxicating liquors now.'

"It is terrible to me to think that there are so many who talk like this. I know, too, that there are among them many who are really good men. There are many who stand aloof simply because

THEIR EYES HAVE NOT BEEN OPENED;

because they cannot see what is so plain to us; because they are, as it were, altogether shut up within their own personal experience. They avoid coming in contact with those who have given way to intemperance; they avoid having anything whatever to do with them in ordinary life, and they do not think that it lies upon them to do anything more on their behalf. If this were pleaded by Mohammedans, I could understand it; if this were pleaded even by Jews, I could understand it; but that it should be pleaded by Christians, the example of whose life is the example of self-sacrifice for the sake of others, by Christians who, if they are to follow the steps of our blessed Lord, whom they profess to revere, whom they profess to look on with the deepest gratitude—that Christians, if they are to follow such an example as this, should, nevertheless, still go on disregarding the very substance, and, as it were, the very spirit of His teaching, and say:

"'WHAT IS THE MISERY OF MY BROTHER TO ME? 'He himself has brought it on himself; let him look to it.' This fills me with ever-increasing amazement. I say that we have the task before us of rousing the whole world upon this matter.

"WE HAVE TO MAKE MEN FEEL THAT IF THEY CLAIM THE CHRISTIAN NAME, IF THEY CLAIM ANY SENSE OF THEIR DUTY TO HUMANITY, WE HAVE THE TASK OF MAKING THEM FEEL THAT THEY CANNOT NEGLECT SUCH TERRIBLE MISCHIEF AS IS NOW BEFORE THEIR EYES.

"We know by experience that the great remedy for all the evil is on the one side to surround the victims of the evil by the sympathy of those who long to rescue them, and on the other side to remove as far as we possibly can the enormous mass of temptations by which they are now surrounded. As a minister of the Gospel, I proclaim that these two things are the imperative duty of all who call themselves Christians—and I go further and say that it is the imperative duty of all who have the right to call themselves men."—*From Presidential Address, World's Temperance Congress.*

Thoughts on the Sale of Drink to Children.

1. By the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Serving children with intoxicating liquor is, in my judgment, a very dangerous and mischievous practice. To some children who have inherited weakness on that side it is a fatal temptation. To all children it is a serious risk."

2. By the Dean of Canterbury.

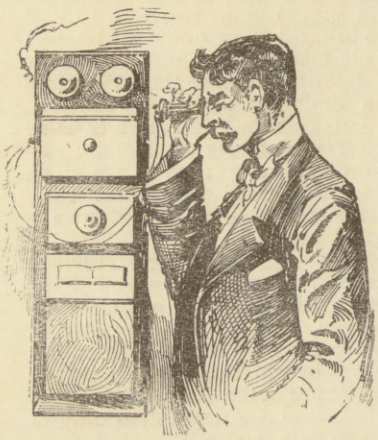
"I do think if I were a working man, as in one sense I am, and if I had sweet little children of my own, who were being trained to be sober, righteous, and Godly in their lives, I declare to you, knowing as I do the sort of language which those children are certain to hear in some of the public-houses from some of the characters they are certain to meet there, and how liable they are to have drink offered to them, and the way in which they may acquire that fatal taste—I declare to you, *if I were a working man, I would rather cut off my right hand than save myself the trouble of fetching my own beer by sending my little son or daughter for it.*"

3. By one Publican.

"Having been connected with the sale of drink for many years, it has long been clear to me that children should not be sent for intoxicating drink. My experience is that a child of any age is likely to taste a little on the way." ("Licensee" in the *Manchester Guardian*).

4. By another Publican.

"That's the way drunkards are made," said a publican to me the other day, as a child of eight or nine tottered out of a bar with a pint jug full, that his mother had sent him to fetch. "I had dropped in," writes a *Westminster Gazette* representative, "to find out his opinion about serving children with liquor, and he quite agreed that it was a sin and a shame. 'But what are we to do?' he added; 'we can't afford to lose our custom.'"



What - do - - you - - think?

The Chief Constable of Manchester deserves the thanks of every right-thinking man and woman for his courageous protest against the attempts made by certain Justices to unduly influence Licensing cases. His action will give backbone to many other Chief Constables, for the evil to which he objected is, if report speak true, not confined to one or even a few towns.

Of all good wishes it is the best—
Best use for life, and best cure for pain—
That thy hands should toil for another's rest,
And plant for another's gain.

Most men are like eggs; too full of themselves to hold anything else.

SATAN is Satan still, however much of a gentleman he appears to be, and however many pretty pictures and writing materials and sweet words to the children he scatters about.

Our Calendar.

1901.

April 6th is the Anniversary of the formation of the Sons of Temperance, Great Britain, 1855.

„ **10th**—Father Mathew signed the pledge in 1838.

„ **19th**—Preston Youths' Total Abstinence Society formed, 1834.

„ **21st** is the 25th Anniversary of the establishment of the British Women's Temperance Association.

„ **26th**—The British Medical Temperance Society was founded in 1876.

„ **30th** is the Anniversary of the foundation of the Young Abstainers' Union in 1880.

TEACHER: "The sentence in the lesson is, 'He went there out of idle curiosity.' How would you define 'idle curiosity'? Give an instance, if one occurs to you." Bad boy: "Well, I think a mummy is about as idle a curiosity as any I know of, ma'am."

Professor Victor Horsley dealt a severe blow to the moderate drinker at the London Institution last month, when, in a lecture on the effect which alcohol exerts on the brain, he declared finally that "alcohol, when administered in small doses, is not unaccompanied by change of the brain's structure, and by a change which cannot be considered a beneficial one."

IDEALS.

THERE never was an artist,
Though cunning was his hand,
Who spread upon the canvas
The picture that he planned;
But fairer was his dreaming
Than any work he wrought,
And grander was his vision
Than what the canvas caught.

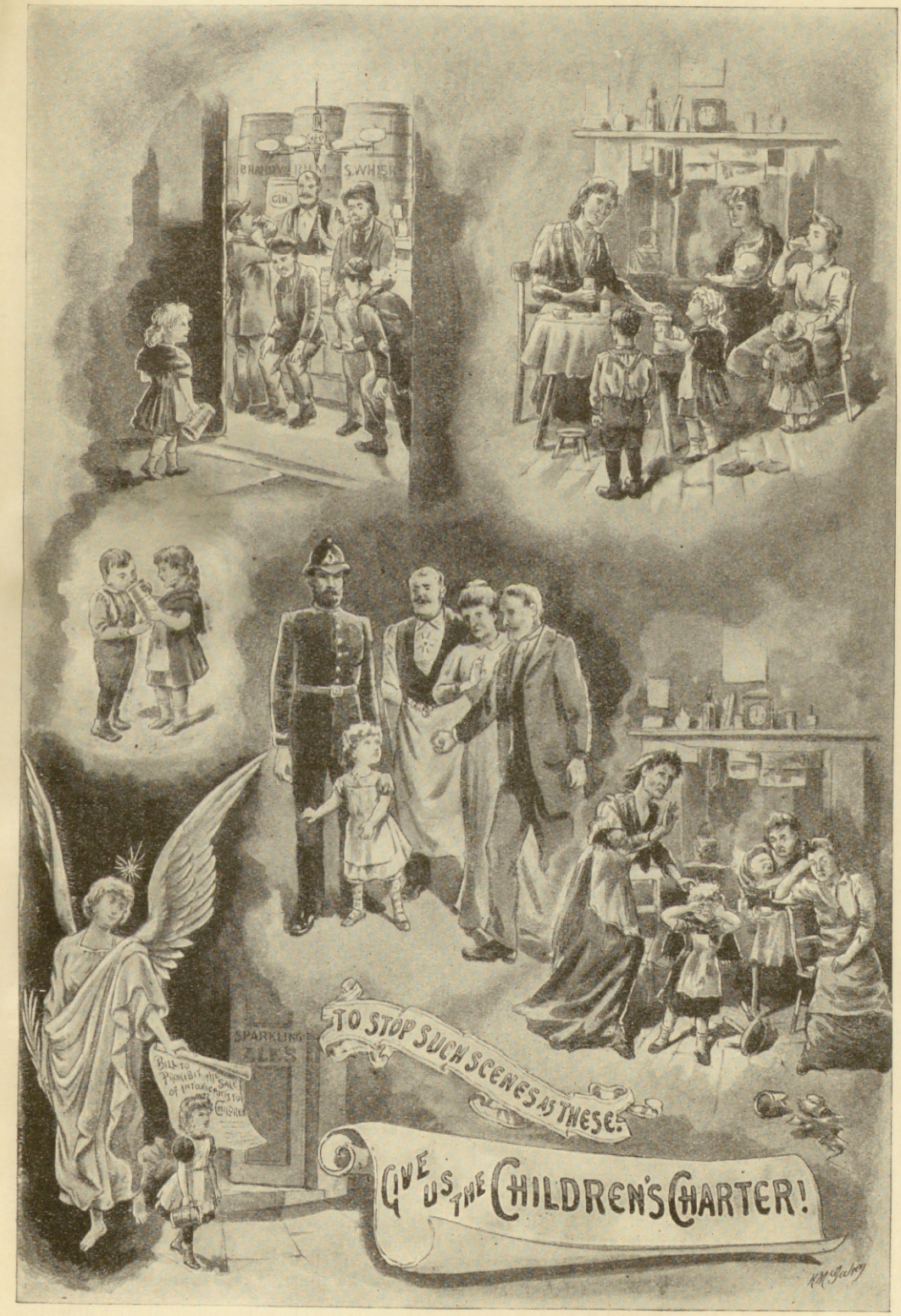
And never did a singer
Express in earnest word,
Or strike on ringing harp-strings
The song his soul had heard,
But notes from voice celestial
E'er chiselled in his heart—
He heard and wept, for never
Could he that song impart.

And never was a life lived
As nobly as its plan,
By him who sought to live it
For God and fellow-man,
But ever on the mountains,
Ideals like angels stand,
And bid us climb to win them,
With earnest heart and hand.

Perhaps in realms eternal,
When halts the stroke of time,
The soul shall paint a picture
Than its vision more sublime,
Shall wake the lyre to raptures
Which only angels feel,
And walk with God in regions far
Beyond each fond ideal.

MIND yer P's and Q's, and the cause'll take care of itself.—*Dooley.*

THE Chief-Constable of Liverpool, in his annual report, shows that since 1895 there has been a steady decrease in drunkenness in the city. There were 5,305 cases in 1895, and only 4,180 in 1900. There were 4,107 arrests for drunkenness during 1900, 233 being effected on Sundays, 635 on Mondays, 548 on Tuesdays, 475 on Wednesdays, 383 on Thursdays, 448 on Fridays, and 1,385 on Saturdays. The ages of the persons were as follows: 2 under 16 years, 186 from 16 to 21, 1,191 from 21 to 30, 1,230 from 30 to 40, 833 from 40 to 50, 379 from 50 to 60, and 286 above 60.



SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person.

CHAPTER V.—Denzil Eats Humble Pie.

"The stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern
And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow."
—*Lara.*

DENZIL made his way to the cobbler's at the corner of Smithy Lane in no enviable frame of mind. What Clifford had told him as to his proceedings while under the influence of drink had in truth offended all the natural instincts of his nature, which were essentially those of a gentleman, and such as befitted the son of his father.

Still, he did not once think of turning back, any more than he thought of what he should say when he got there. All that was clear to his mind was that he was going to tell Sandy Mackinnon that he was sorry that he had insulted his daughter.

It was not a pleasant errand he was bound on, nevertheless it must be done; so he faced it bravely. John Haynes had always prayed that his children might be brave and pure, irrespective of their sex, being mindful of the words written several hundreds of years ago by a wise man, to the effect that "good men pray that their sons should be brave, and their daughters pure; whereas, such being generally the case, it would therefore seem more desirable that they should pray that their sons should be pure and their daughters brave, since these virtues are the ones they respectively lack." On presenting himself at the door Denzil found a small, elderly, white-haired woman confronting him, and wondered who she was, as he had an idea that Mackinnon was a widower, which was indeed the fact.

"Is Mr. Mackinnon in?" he asked, and thereby showed the serious nature of his coming, for nobody in Smithy Lane was ever addressed as "Mister," except on a very solemn occasion such as a "buryin'" or a tremendous quarrel.

"No," said the old lady, "he has gone to Canchester for some leather and will not be home till tea time."

Denzil looked the consternation he felt. Such a possibility had never occurred to him. How on earth could he apologise to a man who would not be in till tea time?

"But I will call his eldest daughter, she will be quite able to arrange anything with you, I am sure."

Denzil was about to say, "Please, please don't," in an agonised tone, but the old lady had darted through the little house-place and into the yard beyond, where he could see a thick-set girl bending over a chicken coop.

Even in the midst of his turmoil of mind he could not help wondering again who this white-haired woman was, whose voice bore such evidence of cultured refinement. Not a Blackertonian that was certain, nor yet a Scotch woman, to judge by her accent.

But the girl had advanced to the door; he saw that she was short, and had a pleasant, capable dark face, with very intent brown eyes. When she realised who the visitor was, however, her expression was anything but a pleasant one. Denzil was, of course, well-known to everyone in Blackerton.

"Well?" she said, holding the door in her hand with unprepossessing suggestion in her attitude.

Denzil found himself tongue-tied to an altogether unusual extent by the active dislike shown in her

expressive face. It was the breath of life to him to be approved, to be liked by people, as indeed he generally was, if only for his sunny nature.

"I—I wanted to see Mr. Mackinnon," he faltered.

"He is not in," she said, shortly.

It was twelve o'clock by now, and young Blackerton was hurrying home from school to dinner, in rather a hungry state. Not so hungry either but that it could spare time to stand, some of it, in open-mouthed amazement at the sight of Mr. Denzil Haynes standing, with a very red face, at Mackinnon's door, and Ruth Mackinnon looking—as young Blackerton did not fail to report to its maternal parents—"as if she'd fair snap his nose off."

Mrs. Joe Higgins happened to pass at the moment too; she was nursing the ubiquitous baby, and slackened her steps perceptibly in order to hear as much as she could. She nodded in to Mackinnon's with friendly curiosity.

"Au'm waitin' for eaur Joe to come fra' t' mill," she said. "'E's not often late when it's for summat t' eight."

But the girl did not answer. She was waiting for Denzil either to speak or go away.

Anne Wetherall came to the rescue. She came up behind Mackinnon's daughter and said, glancing at the curious little group outside,

"Had you not better ask the gentleman inside for a minute, Ruth? There will be quite a gathering directly."

Whereupon, seeing he made no move to go, she said,

"Will you come inside—if you have anything to say?" which was certainly disconcerting.

Denzil was almost too abashed to reply "Thank you," as he removed his hat and entered the square stone-flagged room. The cobbler's bench stood in the corner, with all the appurtenances of the craft about it. A plump, dark-eyed baby, of two years old, was playing with a kitten on the hearthrug, and a little boy, a year older, stood beside her looking shyly at the stranger. Directly he had entered, two fine boys, of ten and twelve respectively, came in at the yard door with satchels slung on their shoulders, and regarded him with much interest.

Denzil remembered now that the cobbler's wife had died some little time ago, and that his eldest daughter had "mothered" the little family of orphans in the most exemplary manner since her death. Everybody knew everybody else's business in Blackerton. But at last he found voice to speak.

"I came to tell your father how sorry I am for—what happened at the mill yesterday."

"Yes?"

The monosyllable was not helpful. A sudden fear took possession of him. Was this the girl he had frightened with his undesired compliments? But no. Even if he were drunk he should remember her. He was confident that he had never met this girl, with her sturdy figure, her reliable face, and her intent eyes, before. He would know her anywhere, he was sure. Nevertheless, he said in a tone of dismay,

"Oh, Miss Mackinnon, it wasn't *you*?"

For the first time her features changed. A rather scornful smile broke over her face as she said,

"No! my sister Jessie. You could not frighten *me*; she is younger than I am."

"If you only would believe me how very sorry I am. Will you tell your father so? And if you would use your influence with him that she should return to her loom such a thing would never occur again, I can assure you."

"She can't return; she is going to learn shoe-binding. Father is asking all about it to-day while he is in Canchester," said the girl, not at all mollified as yet.

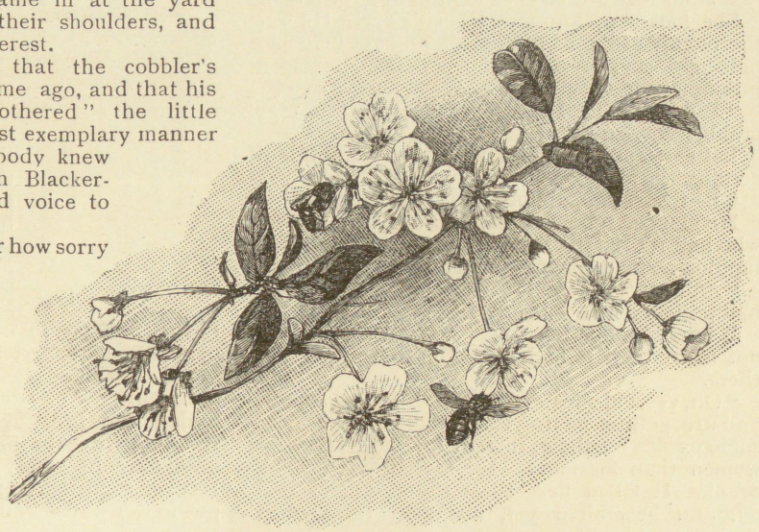
"If you would believe me, how very much I regret it," Denzil repeated. "My brother, Clifford—he is worth a thousand of me," he protested boyishly—"he is most anxious that your sister should return—that you father would overlook what happened."

Now Anne Wetherall had been standing by the little kitchen table all this time, her hands fidgetting nervously with the edge of the cloth. She was evidently very uncomfortably conscious of the discourteousness of Ruth's attitude. At last she spoke.

"I think, my dear," she said, in the tense finical voice that had startled Clifford so at the Temperance gathering, "I think that you might accept the gentleman's apologies more kindly; but,"—she turned to Denzil with an explanatory eagerness—"the young are so very hard; they never understand."

"I am much obliged to you, ma'am," he said, with a faint shadow of his usual bright manner, "for putting in a good word for me, though I am quite a stranger to you."

"I daresay you know my name, though not my person," the old lady said, with a rather malicious enjoyment of his consternation when



she had made her announcement—"I am Anne Wetherall!"

"Anne Wetherall? Yes the name is certainly familiar to me."

Denzil could not say any more, but he could not help thinking that Anne Wetherall's plea for his forgiveness was not likely to have much weight with this grave-eyed young Puritan, whose anger he was so anxious to appease.

"Yes, and I—as you may guess—can feel sorry for anyone who—who has been led into excess in the matter of drink."

Poor Denzil! his "excess" took quite a criminal colouring as he heard this poor wreck trying to condone it.

"I took the pledge," she continued, "at that same Temperance meeting at which your adopted brother also signed. How long I may be able to keep it"—the finical voice had a mocking cadence in it now—"I do not know. I have given up expecting much from myself now. But Mr. Mackinnon has been very kind to me, and if anything can keep me longer from drink it is the kindness and influence of this good family."

The baby now created a diversion. She suddenly cried out aloud, for the long-suffering kitten had scratched her fat little hands. Ruth drew her towards her breast as she took her in her arms and hushed her with a quiet motherliness that was very attractive. The older baby—he was little more—now stole up to her and, plucking at her dress, gazed with open eyes at Denzil.

"Ruth," he said.

"Yes, Benny?"

"Is this the drunk gentleman that made Jessie cry?"

"Hush-sh; you must not say that." The girl's pale face flushed a rosy pink.

"No, but, Ruth, is it?"

Again she said "Hush," and one of the older boys said, "Yes, that's him."

"He isn't drunk now, Ruth, is he?"

"No, no—hush, Benny!"

"Then why are you crabby to him, Ruth?"

She looked up and met Denzil's eye. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and yet he could not help saying, as he fancied he detected a lurking gleam of fun in the hitherto grave eyes,

"I deserve it, I know; but—you are very crabby, you know."

But she answered him with the same intent seriousness as before.

"I—I have no patience with drunken folks."

He glanced quickly towards the elderly woman who had retired to the fireplace, and now stood tapping a small shapely foot on the bright fender.

"And yet," he said in a lower tone, "you have had patience with—drunken folks."

It hurt him horribly to say the last words, but not more than it had hurt him to hear her say them.

"Oh, yes, old ones—when folk have had trouble and are getting on in years—there is sometimes some excuse for them, though I'm more sorry for women than for men. My mother's father, he drank. It killed her at last the way he carried on, and he's alive yet, no good to anyone. But"—she pulled herself up after what was, for her, quite a long speech—"there's no excuse for such as you," she concluded.

His lower lip quivered a moment, boyishly. He could not have believed that the hard truthful words of a girl he had never to his knowledge seen before to-day could have cut his self-love so deeply.

"I—I hope I shall not need to ask for excuse again," he said, as he turned to take his leave.

He guessed rightly, that mere words, were they never so earnest, would have very little weight with Ruth Mackinnon. She relented the merest trifle as she saw his troubled penitence.

"I'll tell my father you came," she said, "and what you said. It was well meant, and he'll take it in the spirit you intended, will father."

"Thank you!" Denzil said, simply.

"My dear Ruth," Anne Wetherall said when, the visitor gone, both women flew round to get the boys their dinner, "do you quite know how very hard and unrelenting your words sounded?"

Her voice was less decided as she repeated her former opinion,

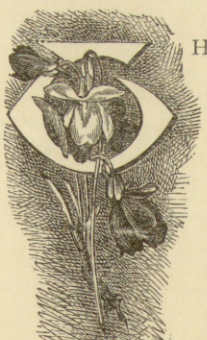
"I have no patience with drunken folks."

(To be continued).

Important Questions Answered.

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

IS ALCOHOL A HEAT-GIVER?



THE popular and general answer to this question would be an emphatic "Yes." There are so many who would say, "We know that alcohol can supply warmth, for after using it we feel warmer than before." Such persons would affirm that the evidence of their feelings was the best of evidence, but they would, nevertheless, be wrong. It is true that a sensation of warmth is experienced by the drinker, but that is not scientific evidence that alcohol is supplying heat to the body.

Delusive Feelings.

Let us first try to understand how it is that a person may experience feelings that are not founded on apparent facts. The following experiment may be tried: Let a person be blindfolded and brought to a table on which are standing three basins, one containing hot water, another cold water, and the third tepid water. Let the right hand of the blindfolded person be put in hot water, and the left hand in cold water,

and kept there for a few minutes. After a time let both hands be suddenly plunged into the basin of tepid water. The right hand will now appear to be in cold water and the left hand in hot water, if sensation alone be believed in, and it will be almost impossible for the person on whom the experiment is being tried to believe the contrary, until the bandage is removed, and he is then convinced that both hands are in the water that was really neither hot nor cold.

Sensations may therefore be delusive, and we must look for other evidence to find out whether alcohol is a heat-giver or not.

ANOTHER WRONG CONCLUSION

is often drawn from the fact that alcohol is composed of exactly the same kind of materials—though not in the same proportion—as the well-known heat-giving foods, such as the starches, sugars and fats. All these are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and when taken into the body in the form of food the carbon is burned into carbonic acid gas, and heat is evolved which goes to keep the body warm. The mere fact that alcohol contains carbon is in itself no evidence that it is a heat-giver in the human body. All organic substances contain carbon, but there is an immense number of them that would be very unsuitable as foods, and they would yield no heat to the human body.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE,

however, is the fact that alcohol is burned up in the body in somewhat the same way as food, and is converted into heat. It is generally believed by scientific men that, if anything, it is burned up too fast, and that it is so readily converted into carbonic acid gas that it too quickly abstracts oxygen from the blood in order that that may be done. In spite of this fact, and in spite of the apparent contradiction, there is abundant evidence to show that the body really loses heat instead of gaining it, as the result of the use of alcohol.

DR. BINZ, OF LIEGE,

has made many experiments on this point, and he accounts for the sensation of warmth in this way: Alcohol produces a feeling of comfort. It dilates the blood vessels of the stomach and the skin. This dilatation is perceived under the form of heat, and this is why alcohol is called "heating." Dr. Binz collected one hundred and twenty-six thermometrical observations. From these he found that very small quantities of alcohol exercised no influence on the temperature of the healthy adult. That medium quantities lowered the temperature from 0·3 to 0·6 degrees, and that large quantities produced a fall of several degrees during several hours.

Various observers, Davy, Lichtengees, Weckerling, Geppert, and others, have found that alcohol taken in ordinary quantities as a beverage causes a slight depression, generally less than half a degree in the temperature of healthy men. On the other hand, large doses may cause a fall of several degrees. Many of the lowest temperatures recorded in man have been observed in drunken persons exposed to the cold.

HOW THE DECEPTION OCCURS.

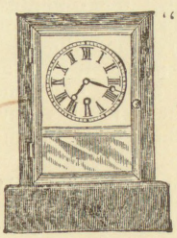
Dr. D. H. Mann, of Brooklyn, puts the case as follows: When alcohol mingles with the blood, in its passage to every minute point of the body, one of its first actions is manifested upon the various constituents of the vital fluid. After describing this deleterious action he goes on to show that the weakening of the blood vessels is consequent on the paralysing effect of alcohol upon the nerves accompanying them, thus permitting their undue distension, and causing an abnormal flow of blood, whereby the natural heat of the blood is brought to the surface in increased quantities and there set free, giving a feeling of increased temperature on the surface, while the warmth of the internal organs is lessened. Thus the seeming warmth produced by alcohol is not real, but is deceptive. As a matter of fact, more heat is lost under the influence of alcohol than is gained by its oxidation.

COMMON EXPERIENCE

supports scientific investigation as far as this matter is concerned. For instance, what substance could be of greater advantage to explorers in cold climates, whale and seal hunters, and others, than alcohol, if it is a heat-giver? It is very portable; it could be carried and drunk on sledge parties and hunting expeditions, and used in an immense variety of ways. The fact that alcohol is so strictly avoided by all who have to do with extreme cold is in itself the strongest possible testimony that alcohol is a heat-reducer and not a heat-gainer. Good food puts warmth into a man, alcohol allows the heat too readily to escape, and so the body loses the heat it should have retained. One only has to call to mind the awful calamity that occurred in Russia in the reign of Catherine the Great, when, on the occasion of some great festival, brandy was allowed to run almost free, with the terrible result that many thousands died of cold and exposure. We may be quite certain that, as far as the heat of the body is concerned, alcohol is always our foe and never our friend.

"Let Those Laugh Who Win."

BY UNCLE EDWARD.



"FRED," said Mr. Pennington to his bright boy of ten, "run upstairs and look at the clock, and tell me what time it is."

Little Fred's eyes dropped.

"Is it nearly time to go, father, do you think?"

"I don't know, my boy; do as I tell you."

Fred was an obedient child, but if there was one thing he wanted on this particular morning more than another, it was that the time would go very slowly, for at eight o'clock his father had arranged to start with him to that very useful, but very unwelcome, "friend in need"—the dentist. Fred had been before

and "he knew what it was like." Had it been any other errand, how joyfully he would have looked forward to the very pleasant trip into town, the 'bus rides, and the "twopenny tube," and the "nice things" at the "Ærated," but the grim thought of that most comfortable of chairs, and the cheery voice—almost worse than a good sound rating—of the sleek gentleman who stood by it, quite took away his appetite, and when he came down the stairs with an anxious face, and said with a tremor in his voice, "Seventeen minutes past seven, father," he added, without being asked, "I shan't want any breakfast."

"Oh, you had better have a little, my boy," said his father, "it is not a good thing to go out without any breakfast."

But Fred said he couldn't possibly eat anything, and it was no use trying to make him feel hungry.

"Ask Clara to clean your boots then," said Mr. Pennington; "we ought to leave here by eight o'clock, and you must take a biscuit in your pocket."

The boots had an extra polish, and when Fred had received his final "brush up" he looked a little chap that anybody might have been proud of, and his father was proud of him too. Excepting his "ivories," Fred was sound in mind and limb, but ever since he was able to toddle he had been a victim to toothache. Sometimes it would be like a pen-knife passing through his poor little gums, sometimes "jumping," sometimes a dull, heavy numbing agony, which almost distracted him, but scarcely a day passed without a troubled hour.

"There, cheer up, old chappy!" said Mr. Pennington, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "we will leave your head with Mr. Toothyman, and ask him to repair it inside and out and send it back by parcel post."

Fred smiled, but it was a feeble effort to "cheer up," and he said faintly,

"I wish I could have laughing gas, father."

"Oh, you funny boy, I think I would rather see you crying than laughing in the insane way in which I have seen some people laugh when under gas."

"Oh, *do* let me, father."

"Well, we'll see. Are you ready to start?"

"Yes, father.

"Come, then, and we will try and forget all about these precious old grinders."

Fred bravely struggled against his thoughts, but they *would* come back again and again, and by the time he and his father reached the dentist's, he looked as white as a ghost, and as haggard as an old miser. Before they had time to count their sorrows (the father's for his boy, and the boy's for himself), they were in the dentist's snug little parlour.

"Ah, I see," he remarked, "the boy must have gas, he has five or six to come out."

Fred looked a year younger, and his colour returned with a bound into his cheeks, flushing them unduly.

"Oh, that's just what I wanted my father to let me have."

In five minutes more he was under the influence of the strange anæsthetic, and the offending "achers" were lying in a row on the marble table. As he "came round" he realised that there was a gentle hand stroking his cheek, and all seemed like Heaven.

"Where am I?"

"Here, my boy, take this."

"What is it?"

"Just a tiny sip of brandy, it will do you good."

Fred had been to a Band of Hope meeting the night before, and the last words of the conductor were, "Keep the little public-house just underneath your nose shut against everything that intoxicates." He leaped out of the cushioned chair with a loud laugh, almost knocking the drug out of the hands of the watchful dentist. As he did so, still barely conscious, but with a dim feeling that "somebody wanted to poison him," his eyes fell on the dentist's clock. It had stopped, and the hands pointed to seventeen minutes past seven. From the clock his eyes fell upon his father's face.

"Is it time to go, father?"

The next instant his fast-awakening senses realised that the row of shining ivories were *his*. Then he laughed a natural boyish little peal, and it was a laugh that contained the old adage, "Let those laugh who win," for the BRANDY didn't get in, and the visit to the dentist was over.

Kiddy.

. . *A SKETCH FROM LIFE.* . .

BY D. F. HANNIGAN.

WHEN first I met Kiddy, he was a boy of apparently about ten, all in rags, and with a face which to a superstitious Irishwoman would suggest that he was "going with the fairies." He started up unexpectedly in one of those corners of Dublin where life mocks at the conventionalities and reverts to the savagery of primitive man.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Kiddy, sir."

"Have you any father or mother?"

"Never had a father or mother that I knows of, sir."

"How do you live?"

"Sellin' matches, sir." He held out a box of matches suppliantly.

"Here's sixpence, my boy, and keep your matches."

"A tanner!" exclaimed Kiddy with delight, as he thrust the coin into his tattered breeches' pocket.

He disappeared as suddenly as he had a few minutes before started up as if from the mud of the pavement.

I was destined to meet him soon again. My business as a journalist brought me everywhere. One day, coming from a political meeting, I found myself followed by a small boy. He tugged at my coat-tail.

I turned round abruptly. It was Kiddy.

"What do you want?" I asked impatiently.

"Don't you remember me, sir?" was the boy's Hibernian answer.

"Of course, I remember you. Why don't you get something to do!"

"I'm still sellin' matches, sir. Buy a box—do!"

"I don't smoke," I muttered.

"Never mind, sir, you did somethin' for me before."

"I did, but I can't be doing the same thing always."

This time Kiddy had to be contented with a few coppers.

His queer face haunted me. Sometimes I speculated as to his history. Who was his father? Was he really a child of the gutter?

The next place I met him was by the river's side, sitting on a balk of timber, starved-looking, the mere ghost of a boy.

When he saw me he sprang to his feet. Even his rags now scarcely covered his fleshless body.

"What, Kiddy! Has anything happened to you?"

"Yes, sir,"—he spoke now in a pitiful whine—"I was lagged since you saw me last."

"Lagged? You mean arrested."

"Yes, sir. A bobby caught me tryin' to sell lucifers an' waxes together, an' said 'twas ag'in the law. So he took me, an' brought me to the station, an' charged me next mornin' in the police-court, an' I was sent up for a week."

It seemed to me that to employ the machinery of the law to punish this poor waif for a technical offence was like crushing a fly with a Nasmyth hammer.

I gave Kiddy a shilling. The result was remarkable. It was a kind of resurrection. With a war-whoop, peculiar to himself, he rushed off into space.

Months passed before I saw his face again.

I was passing by the Boys' Home. I saw some miserable-looking specimens of the street urchin. Amongst them—and conspicuous by his spectral aspect—was Kiddy.

"Oh! sir, you won't refuse?"

"What is it?" I said, eyeing him sternly.

"Gi' me enough to get a bed for the night in the Boys' Home."

"How much is that?"

"A penny."

"You seem to be in low water now, Kiddy."

"Ah! sir—I'm like an old man now. I won't trouble you long."

The terrible pessimism of the poor friendless boy chilled me. I wished that I could arraign society for letting this child live and die in hopeless wretchedness.

"Tell me, Kiddy, have you any religion?"

"Yes, sir, I believe in God."

"Good. And you've never done anything worse than sell matches in the street?"

"No, sir."

"You are a sober boy—are you not?"

"Oh! sir, I wouldn't drink for all the world. And listen, sir. If ever I grew to be a man like you, I wouldn't drink a drop."

This was a new light on the little vagabond's life.

"Come, Kiddy! I think you have not told me all about yourself. Perhaps you have some reason for hating drink. Your father——"

"Did I spake o' my father, sir?"

"You told me you never knew your father or mother. Is that true?"

"No, sir. I was on'y kiddin' when I said it. You've been good to me, an' I'll tell you the truth now. My father was once well off, sir, but he was always drinkin' when I was a smaller kid than when you saw me first, an' he died in the horrors."

"And your mother?" Kiddy's pale cheeks were wet with tears.

"Oh! sir, she went away—she left me. Say nothin' about it to nobody, sir. Goodbye, sir. An' thank you, sir. An' God bless you!"

And this was the last I saw of "Kiddy."

Is he still living? I fear not, and perhaps it were better that Death should fold him to her cold, passionless bosom ere the vices of the slums withered all that was left to him of a child's soul.

To such poor castaways as "Kiddy," God is surely kinder than man.

Pity the Children.

THE London papers of April 11th report that at Southwark Police Court, on the day previous, a **little boy, three years old,** named Robert Kemp, was brought up by Inspector Ford to be dealt with under the Industrial Schools Act, he having been found living in a house used for improper purposes.

The inspector stated that he raided 18, Valentine Row, Blackfriars Road, on the night of the 2nd inst, and found the child asleep. **When awakened, the first thing the child asked for was some beer,** and while he had been in charge of the police he had repeatedly made the same request.

It also transpired that the child had threatened to "punch the eye" of the gaoler if he did not give him some beer.

Mr. Paul Taylor made an order that the child be kept in Dr. Stevenson's Industrial School until he reached the age of sixteen.

O God! Dos't Thou hear the children
Of this misnamed Christian land?
These little helpless victims
Of a tyrant's iron hand!
Oh, the awful, awful tortures
They suffer—and know not why—
While, in ignorance—or needlessness—
The world goes surging by!

The nation's curse—Oh, kill it!
This hundred-headed foe
No human power can banish.
In mercy heed our woe!

Not for the grown-up sufferers—
Though many, alas, they be—
For the little helpless children,
Oh, hear our earnest plea!

For a cruel demon's conquest, Lord,
Thy fainting people hear,
For the children burnt, and poisoned,
Starved, tortured, held in fear!
For these criminals in training,
From infancy depraved,
Knowing of naught *but* evil;
Oh, can they not be saved?

—*Mrs. Hadrian Evans*—"*Temperance Record.*"

* * *

Alcohol and Child Life.

PROFESSOR KASSOWITZ, lecturing at Vienna upon the influence of alcohol upon children, said: "The consumption of alcoholic drinks by children, even in minimum quantities, produces alcoholic mania, epilepsy, swelling liver, and other terrible results. Alcohol hinders the physical growth, and retards the mental development of young people. **It is a crime to give children alcohol in any quantity, under any pretext.**"

* * *

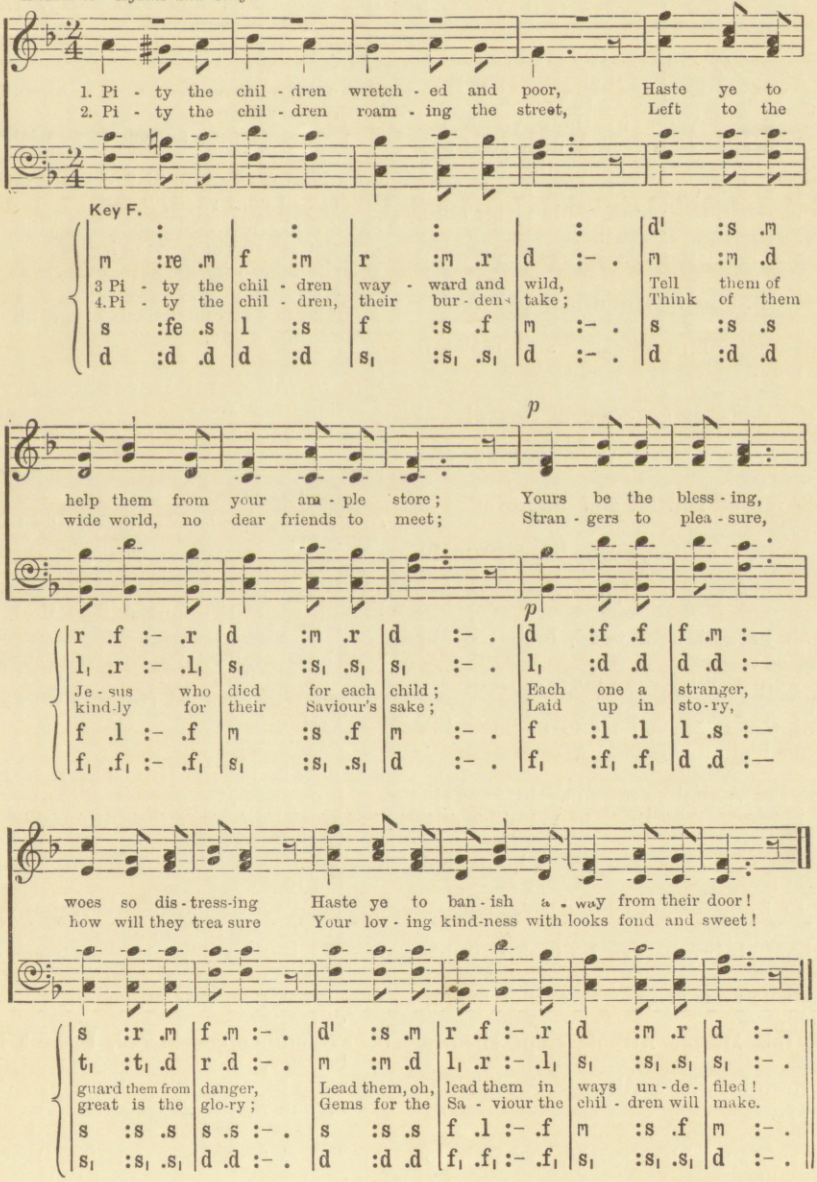
Thousands of Child Messengers for Drink sip the Alcoholic Liquors they purchase for others. How long will the Nation permit its Children to be the Victims of this Crime against Childhood?

PITY THE CHILDREN.

(From the popular Service of Song, "Our Joe," published at the *Onward* Publishing Office, 124, Port'and Street, Manchester.)

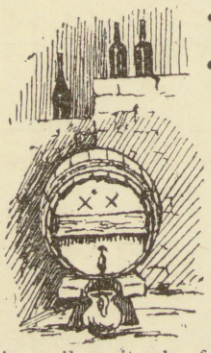
Words by W. Hoyle.
Author of "*Hymns and Songs.*"

Music by D. S. Hakes.



The Battle in the Beer-Barrel

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



I'LL tell you, little children, of a conflict fierce and strong,
That was waged, not very long ago, in the troubled land of Bung,
Between two evil brothers—by their names well-known to you—
Who in their youth got parted, as brothers sometimes do.
One, Master Alcohol by name, made up his mind to roam;
An evil sprite, he found the sphere too limited at home,
So he wandered to the land of drink, and trouble now began,
Here he determined to remain, and make it hot for man.

Too soon the reins of government this wicked spirit seized,
And grew so very powerful that he did just as he pleased;
His land was full of sorrow, and he revelled in the woe,
His empire was accursed, yet he strove to make it grow,
And in this he was successful, for it still grew on apace,
And, like an ill and ugly weed, took root in every place;
His victims were so numerous, no man, however skilled,
Could count the millions he had maimed, the thousands he had killed.

He had a brother, Arsenic, a most mischievous elf,
Who, like himself, grew tired of standing still upon the shelf;
For wider fields than druggists' shops, he panted more and more,
He longed to fly and leave behind the chemist's quiet store.
He heard about his brother, so he took it in his head
He'd follow soft and slyly where that bolder spirit led.
So one day this Master Arsenic crept silently away
To the barrel-world, where Alcohol was holding evil sway.

"This is the very spot," he thought, "wherein to work my will,
I'll make this world of alcohol blacker and blacker still;
I'll join my brother in his task of spreading woe and death;
I'll dim the eye, and blanch the cheek, and stay the fluttering breath;
I'll make the flesh to suffer while he makes the soul to sin,"
He whispered to the barrel, as he glided softly in.
Then he hastened through the river Beer, although it was in flood,
To embrace his long lost brother, as a long lost brother should.

But well-a-day, and lack-a-day, that king o' Bung's own nation
Evinced no signs of pleasure on beholding his relation;
But coldly he received him, while he said "What do you here?
You cannot find a residence within the land of beer!"
"And wherefore not?" cried Arsenic, "Am I not of your race?"
Is not my work the same as yours, then why not share your place?
We should work so well together—as we have one common prey,
Then be not so churlish, brother mine, and send me not away."

But to Alcohol this partnership did not so tempting seem,
For he saw a spice of danger in his brother's little scheme;
He pondered for a moment, then he slowly shook his head,
And softly, but determinedly, this to his brother said:
"I am afraid, dear Arsenic, you would work me endless harm,
You have so villainous a face that folks would take alarm;
Our natures may be similar, being children of one mother,
But in our outward features we so differ from each other.

You may be just as strong as I, and very smart indeed,
But you show your disposition far too quickly to succeed;
There is no one who would trust you, you have not tact enough,
You must confess, my brother, that you're rather coarse and rough;
While I, though quite as dangerous, conceal my nature so
That many people take me for a friend instead of foe.
So everything considered, I think it best, my brother,
That you begone, although we are the children of one mother."

But Arsenic's wrath was rising, though he tried to keep it down,
And he looked upon his brother with a very stormy frown,
While he cried "I may be rough, and coarse, and villainous of face,
But the telling of it comes from you with very little grace;

You may be better able to deceive poor foolish man,
But the mortal wise can easily in you the monster scan,
So I won't go at your bidding, for you must admit it's true,
That when all things are considered I've as much right here as you!"

After this the brothers quarrelled in a most uproarious way,
And which seemed to get the hottest would be difficult to say,
For they fought, and swore, and struggled, till this little beery nation
Was disturbed and grew quite frothy to behold the agitation.
Then cried Alcohol, "This quarrel is unseemly and absurd;
You're a very silly fellow, yes you are, upon my word,
In this little barrel country I have ruled for many a year,
And it isn't very likely that I'll let you interfere;

So you'd best take your departure in a quiet sort of way,
Or you'll have to be evicted, that is all I have to say."
And it has to be admitted, of the fact there is no doubt,
On that very day poor Arsenic was tumbled rudely out.
To his home upon the druggist's shelf he wandered sad and pale,
And his relatives were all agreed, when they had heard his tale,
That it mattered very little, if the honest truth be told,
Which of the brothers figured in that troubled barrel-world.

For both are far too dangerous to be allowed to roam,
And like the evil sprites they are, should be confined at home.
If the people who evicted Master Arsenic from the beer,
And viewed his presence there with indignation and with fear,
Had a real sort of wisdom, they would now complete their task,
And also chase his brother from each little beery cask;
For there never will be harmony among the human race,
Till Alcohol, like Arsenic, has found his proper place.

THE TEACHER WANTED.—"The Gospel of Thrift, if it is to have effect, must be preached to those who have to earn their daily bread. The real teacher of thrift will be the preacher who warns the working man away from the gin-shop, and instructs him how he may best invest his savings in banks and insurances, in friendly and benefit societies."—*Telegraph.*

The Story of Plant Life.

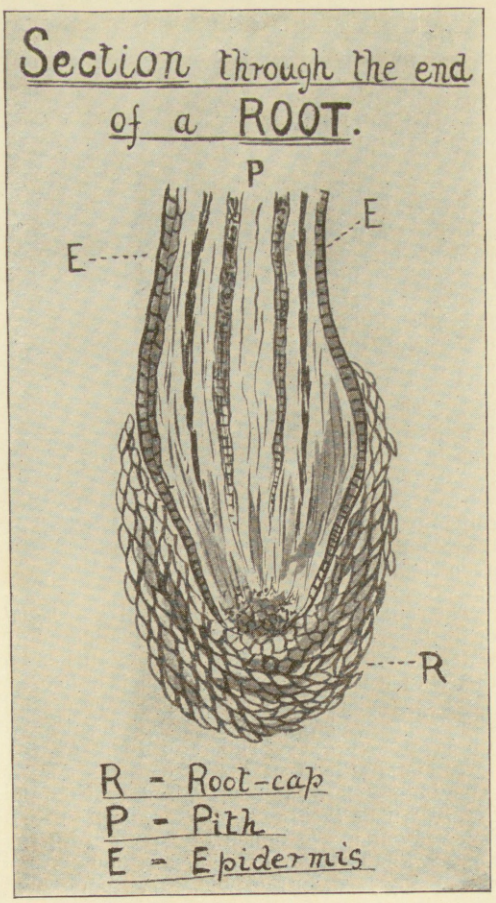
BY JOHN DALE.

. . . V.—THE ROOTS. . . .

THE roots of a plant or tree are not so well known to our young friends as the leaves or flowers are, because they cannot be seen, unless the plant is disturbed.

Roots, though unseen, are as essential as the leaves to the growth of the plant. Their development and functions are very interesting and wonderful, and the story of plant life would not be complete without some acquaintance with them.

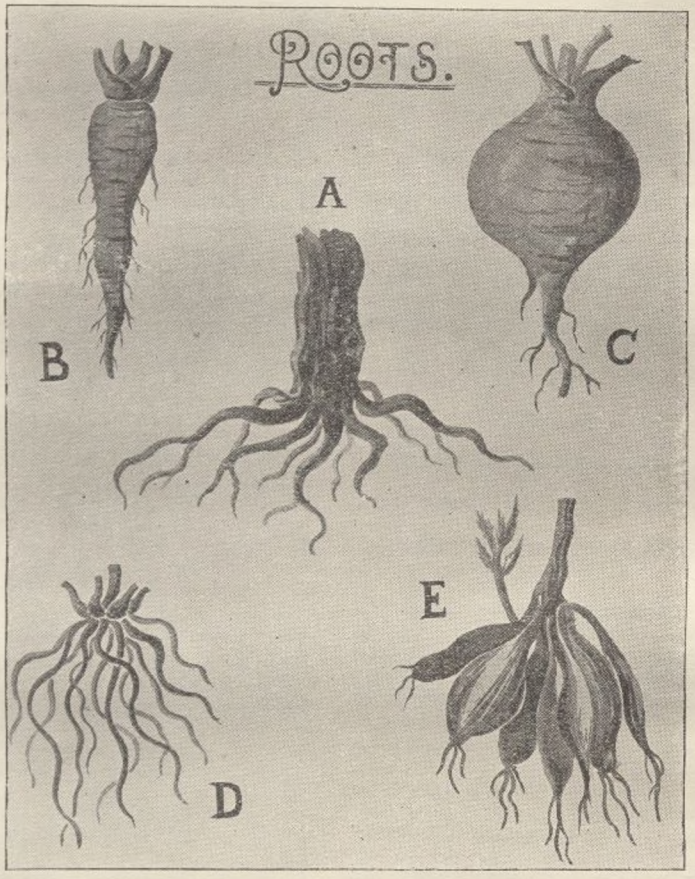
The first root of any plant or tree grows from the *radicle* in the seed, and is known as the *normal* root. This may grow to an indefinite length, and be divided into many branches, all of which are true roots. Any others that do not grow directly from the radicle are called *adventitious* roots, which means that they are not



essential to the growth of the plant; they may be developed later from the stem or branches, as in the ivy.

When the young root has commenced to grow, the tiny cells, of which the radicle is made up, change their shape and condition. Some of them become more or less flattened, and form an outer skin or *epidermis*. Some are formed into the more complicated *spiral vessels*, along which the sap may flow towards the stem. These vessels are enclosed in a mass of ground tissue, the central part of which is called the *pith*.

At the extremity of each root the cells are thickened, to form what is termed the *root-cap*, in order to protect the tender, growing part of the root. Just behind this there is new tissue constantly forming, by repeated sub-divisions of the cells during the periods of actual growth. Some of this tissue on the outer sides forms the epidermis, and also gives additions to the root-cap, to replace the portions rubbed off as it pushes its way through the soil; on the inner side the new tissue goes to lengthen the root. All these features are clearly shown in the figure, which represents the growing extremity of a root, laid open and magnified many times.



The root-cap was formerly called a *spongiole*, or little sponge, because it was supposed the water from the soil was sucked up by the end of the root; it is now known that this is not so.

Roots assume many forms and vary much in size; some are large and spreading like those of a great tree (Fig A). The roots of many trees spread in all directions, to even a greater distance than the branches extend. We once tried to find the length of the roots of a large ash tree, and followed one to a distance of forty yards; even there it was an inch in diameter, and probably went many yards further, but we were unable to follow it.

There are certain terms used to describe the different forms of roots, which it would be well for our young friends to learn and remember.

The main root, which often goes straight down to some depth, is called the *tap-root*; as in the dandelion, or many of the umbéllifers.

If the root is broad near the stem, and tapers downwards, like the carrot, it is said to be a *conical* root (Fig. B).

When it is somewhat globular, with a tapering extremity, like turnip or some varieties of radish, it is said to be *napiform* (Fig. C).

If it consists of a number of slender, thread-like branches, as in the daisy or the grasses, the root is *fibrous* (Fig. D).

When there are a number of thick fleshy branches arranged in a bunch, as in the dahlia, the root is said to be *fasciculated*, or tufted (Fig. E).

Some of our young friends may wish to know the uses or functions of the roots. Well, in the first place, they are necessary to fix the plant or tree firmly in the soil, or other situation in which it may be growing, so as to prevent it falling over or being torn up by the wind.

Just think of a large tree exposed to the force of a strong breeze, which would exert a pressure of many hundred pounds on the branches and leaves. We can readily understand that if there were not an equal force pulling in the opposite direction the tree would be blown over, and lie prostrate on the ground. That force is supplied by the roots having a firm grip of the ground; and we see that they need to be strong, and to extend in all directions in order to do this.

In the second place, the roots take up water from the damp soil, and also various mineral substances which are dissolved by the water; this is needful to supply the plant with sap.

How this is done is a rather difficult subject to make clear. The epidermis, or outer surface, of the root is entire, that is, there are no openings

in it; but the water, and the substances dissolved in it, must pass through this into the inside. This is accomplished by a natural process which scientific men call *osmosis*, which can be best explained by a simple experiment.

We take a small bladder and fill it nearly, but not quite, full of water in which sugar or salt has been freely dissolved; tie the mouth of the bladder with a piece of cord, not too tightly, and suspend it in a jar containing pure water; but we must take care to keep the mouth of the bladder above the water in the jar. In a short time the bladder will become *quite full*, and we shall find the water in the jar will taste of the sugar or salt that was in the bladder. How has this happened? The two liquids have really changed places, passing through the bladder.

The water inside the bladder was denser than that in the jar, because of the sugar or salt dissolved in it; and the law in all such cases is that the denser liquid flows more slowly than the other. As a result more water passes into the bladder than passes out of it, and it becomes full.

Now let us apply this process to the root. In the root cells there is the sap, a denser liquid than the water outside, separated by a membrane through which the law of osmosis acts, more of the water outside passing into the root than passes out. The sap is densest in the upper cells of the stem owing to the evaporation which is going on, and thus the flow is maintained from the soil to the root, and from the root to the stem.

The *flow is increased in the sunshine*, for then the evaporation is greater.

How beautiful, how simple, but yet how wonderful are the laws of nature, the laws which God appointed.

In the last place, in some cases the root becomes a storehouse for food. We see this in the cases of the beet-root, the carrot, and the turnip. These are used as food by man or animals; but nature intended them as reserves of food for the plants. They are biennial plants; in the first year they bear no flowers, but plenty of leaves to make the materials that are stored up in the root. The second year the plant flowers and produces seed; the first year's reserve of food is used up in that supreme effort of the plant, the root becomes exhausted and shrivelled, and the plant dies.

THE quality of the life of everyone is the same as the quality of his love.—*Swedenborg*.

* * *

A COLOURED man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped, and, looking towards the skies, said: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darkey am called to preach!" We wonder if this story has any application in temperance circles.

An Object Lesson.

PROFESSOR Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, is widely known as a student of social questions and a teacher and investigator. A short time ago he gave a series of addresses at the Ottawa (Kansas) Assembly. While there, according to his custom he proposed to make an investigation of local affairs.

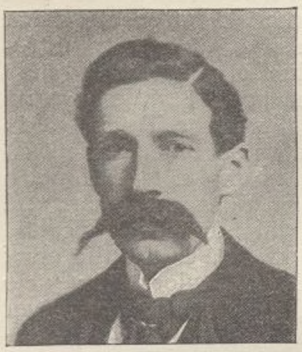
He asked a citizen of Ottawa to introduce him to the chief of police. The man replied: "Chief of police? We have no chief of police." Professor Taylor said: "Surely you have a police department?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we have a day watchman and a night watchman, and I suppose the day watchman, who is called the marshal, may also be called the chief of police." Professor Taylor said: "Do you mean to say that in this town of over 7,500 people, you have only two policemen?" "Yes, sir, that is all we have," was the reply. The professor then thought he would visit the jail. He went to the jail, but found it entirely empty. His amazement increased. Here he found a town of a little less than 8,000 people with two policemen and an empty jail, and during the twelve days of the Assembly, with crowds of people from different parts of the land, and some days considerable excitement, there was not a solitary arrest. The explanation is that Kansas is a Prohibition State, and at Ottawa the law is well enforced. Such a record as this would not be possible in any community where there are liquor saloons. Ottawa certainly furnishes a living illustration which he who runs may read.

The Children's Bill

THE BILL TO PROHIBIT THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS TO CHILDREN UNDER SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE

Passed its Second Reading

MARCH 20th, 1901.



MR. J. W. CROMBIE,
M. P. for Kincardineshire, who has charge of the Children's Bill, 1901.

For the Bill - 372
Against - - 54

Majority for **318**

What its fate will be we know not.

The principle of a Bill only is approved when the Second Reading is adopted.

The next stage—the Committee stage—is the most critical. Then every phrase and detail is considered, and unless the promoters and supporters are on the alert and thoroughly agreed, the Bill may be wrecked. Cases have been known where at the Committee stage Bills have been so altered that the promoters themselves have not been able to recognise in the Bill as finally adopted that which they had introduced.

Already there are unmistakeable signs that the

OPPONENTS OF THE CHILDREN'S BILL

are doing their utmost to stop any further progress. Set down for its Committee stage on April 16th, a date afterwards included in the Parliamentary holiday, the Bill depends entirely upon Government facilities for its future discussion. Whether these facilities will be granted is problematic, although the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, when approached by Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Bart, and Mr. C. E. Tritton, and appealed to on behalf of over 280 members of the House to give facilities, gave a very encouraging response.

It is evident, however, that such facilities must depend upon the time at the disposal of the Government, and the more contentious the Bill seems, the less likely are they to be granted, unless

PUBLIC OPINION EMPHATICALLY DEMANDS THE BILL.

With a view, doubtless, to influencing the Government to refuse opportunities for discussion, as well as to afford occasions for attack upon it should it come up for consideration, several members of Parliament are piling up pages of amendments against it.

And what is this Bill which is affording such scope to our legislators to exhibit their emendatory qualities? Its full text is as follows:—

A Bill to amend and extend the Law relating to the Prohibition of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children, and for other purposes connected therewith.

Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. The enactments contained in section seven of the Licensing Act, 1872, and in the Intoxicating Liquors (Sale to Children) Act, 1886, are hereby repealed

2. Every holder of a Licence who sells or delivers, or allows any person to sell or deliver any description of intoxicating liquor to any person apparently under the age of sixteen years for consumption either on or off the premises shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings for the first offence, and in the case of a second or any subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding five pounds.

3. For the purposes of all legal proceedings under this Act, this Act shall be construed in England, as one with the Licensing Act, 1872 to 1874; in Scotland as one with the Licensing (Scotland) Acts, 1828 to 1897; and in Ireland as one with the Licensing (Ireland) Acts, 1872 to 1874.

4. In Scotland, the forms of Certificates for Inns and Hotels, and for Public Houses, set forth in Schedule A of the Public Houses Acts Amendment (Scotland) Act, 1862, shall be amended as follows:—There shall be inserted in said Certificates in place of the words "girls or boys apparently under fourteen years of age" the words "girls or boys apparently under sixteen years of age."

5. This Act may be cited for all purposes as the Intoxicating Liquors (Sale to Children) Act, 1901.

6. This Act shall come into operation on the First day of January, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two.

The essential clause—all the others having reference to changes which will be necessary if it is adopted—is Clause II., and around this all the battle rages.

WHAT ARE THE AMENDMENTS - WHAT THEIR TENOUR?

Some want the word

"KNOWINGLY"

put before the word "sells" and the clause to read thus: "Every holder of a licence who *knowingly* sells, etc." If such amendment be adopted a conviction in case of breach will be practically impossible. A licence holder could then disclaim all responsibility for a barman's or barmaid's action, and, pleading personal ignorance, be exempt from the obligations which, as the responsible holder of the licence, should fall upon him. To-day, under the Licensing Laws, he is responsible for the conduct of his house and for the acts of his servants. To adopt the word "knowingly," as suggested would be to introduce an element into the licensing laws which could not but

Seriously Imperil their Proper Administration.

A second class desire to insert

"THEIR OWN"

between the words "for consumption," making the phrase read: "For their own consumption on or off the premises, etc." This proposal, if adopted,

WOULD KILL THE BILL,

whose object it is to put an end to the child-messenger system under which so many thousands

of children sip and acquire the fatal taste for alcoholic liquors while in entire ignorance of the risk they run. It is not the mere fetching we object to, evil as are the associations to which the children are thereby subjected, but it is to that

AWFUL TEMPTATION TO SURREPTITIOUS DRINKING

which has become so common among all classes of child-messengers. "Eh! Mary, thee sip," the writer overheard a seven-year-old girl-messenger say to her six-year-old companion as they came bearing their well-filled jug from a respectable public-house. Mary drank, and with such evident relish that the elder girl checked her with "Eh! stop it! They'll find us out and then we sha'n't get sent again!" These well-dressed children, evidently belonging to the respectable artizan class, were only samples of many thousands upon thousands of children who early in life are acquiring a taste which, did their parents suspect, they would be the first to seek to stop as the children know.

Very few children under 16 fetch for their own consumption. Those who propose the amendment know it. Their proposal, if adopted, would leave matters practically as they are, and thus allow

THE CHILD-MESSENGER EVIL TO CONTINUE UNCHECKED.

Several amendments are directed at the question of age. Some M.P.'s want the age to be fourteen, one wants it fourteen for boys and twenty for girls, another thirteen, and so on.

We are not against an alteration of the age if the House of Commons will make it greater than sixteen, but we must strenuously

RESIST ANY PROPOSAL TO LOWER THE AGE LIMIT.

That adopted is the minimum which obtains in most of the British colonies and dependencies where this question has been dealt with. It is the age which the Royal Commission unanimously adopted. It is the age which must be attained under the present law before any can purchase spirituous liquors and wines for their own consumption on the premises. Child messengers of all ages can, however, and do purchase spirits and wines for off consumption and sip of them as of beers and porters. Here is a case in point:

A girl of thirteen, living in Ancoats, Manchester, was brought up before the magistrates, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The girl said: "I was cold, and as I had sixpence I went into a public-house, bought sixpennyworth of whisky, and drank it on the doorstep." She had no recollection of being locked up.

Sixteen, too, is the age of consent under the Criminal Law Amendments Act.

Some opponents seem to fear that if the Bill be passed it will result in many just turned sixteen, girls in particular, being sent to places of contamination with "disastrous results," as Lord Salisbury once expressed it. If the statement be true (and as members of the Trade use it we cannot doubt the accuracy of their description) herein is stronger reason for refusing any lowered age, and even for demanding a greater. For surely it cannot be right to send lads of fourteen and fifteen and younger children into places which (according to their apologists) are morally pestilential to elder girls.

OUR MINIMUM MUST BE SIXTEEN.

Much controversy is raging round the penalty part of the clause. In the Bill before us only the seller is to be penalised. Some ask, and with apparent reasonableness, "Why not penalise sender as well as seller? Surely the one should be punished as well as the other."

At first sight this seems most reasonable, and not a few supporters of the Bill are attracted by it. Let us therefore examine two cases, which, if not strictly analogous, yet bear closely upon this. No pawnbroker may take a pledge from a child under twelve. Now, none would contend that the atmosphere of pawnshops—much as we dislike them—is as malarial as that of public-houses. Should, however, a pawnbroker or his assistant take a pledge from a child, he is liable to a conviction and penalty which he must bear and not the sender of the child, who may be called upon to give evidence against him. The sale of fireworks is in many districts forbidden to children under thirteen. In the event of breach of this law the seller and not the sender is convicted.

The law has realised that the one who takes the profit must take the risk. Further, that while the act on the part of the sender may be one of thoughtlessness or ignorance, on the part of the seller, who knows the conditions of sale, it cannot be. It has also realised that convictions for breach of the law would be almost impossible if sender and seller had both to be convicted and the guilt of the one determined by the guilt of the other.

Were this penalising sender as well as seller clause adopted children would be set against parents and guardians and we should have the painful spectacle of little ones urged on by the police opposed to their parents and the Trade, to whose mutual interest it would be

TO DECLARE THE CHILD A LIAR.

Such a proposal would nullify the Act, make it impracticable, and especially in the case of the off-spring of the dissolute classes, expose the children to risk of grave cruelty.

The seemingly reasonable proposal, too, would be useless in the thousands of cases where children act as messengers for those who are neither parents, guardians, nor relatives. In the only reported cases in which physical injury has been sustained by children while acting as child-messengers they had been purchasing for strangers.

The more we examine the Bill the more we are convinced of the care with which it has been drafted, of the reasonableness of its proposals, and of its workableness.

Doubtless it is these features which have won for the Bill the

ENORMOUS PUBLIC SUPPORT

from all sections of the community, all creeds and parties, and especially from the great democratically-elected public bodies such as County Councils, Town Councils, Urban District Councils, School Boards, Boards of Guardians, and the like, who have memorialised in its favour in a

way which has never been known in the case of any other Bill and which must surely have shown Parliament the

EARNEST PUBLIC DESIRE

for its enactment.

It is true the Trade and the opponents of the measure are doing their utmost to minimise the agitation and to negative its influence. Reviving the old parrot cries of "interference with parental liberty," "teetotal fanaticism," they are appealing to the worst passions and to the lowest sections of the community. By a noisy clamour they hope to frighten the House of Commons, and to secure the rejection of the Bill.

Thinking only of themselves, their Trade and their shekels, they are prepared to sacrifice the child! Such is the bald truth which underlies their pleas for the "tired working man," and the "poor washerwoman," they so glibly parade.

It depends upon those who desire the Bill to show the hollowness of "the Trade" clamour.

The time is critical. Public desire will not avail unless it is unmistakeably manifested to members of Parliament by resolutions and memorials to the House of Commons from public meetings, public bodies, churches, philanthropic organisations, and from Trades Unions in particular. What are wanted just now are:—

1. Thousands of memorials particularly of working people, in favour of the Bill as it is.

2. Shoals of personally-written letters, expressing full approval of the Bill, from constituents to local M.P.'s—especially to any would be mover of amendments or opponents—giving reasons for and urging them to support the Bill as it is.

3. Indignation meetings of protest against any whittling down proposals.

4. A vigorous press agitation dealing with the several amendments.

Parliament must be made to feel that

THE TRADE ONLY REPRESENTS ITSELF

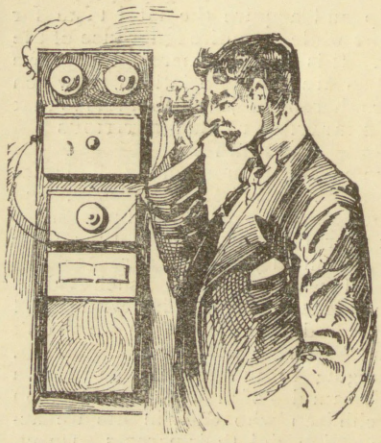
and a very limited section of the community, and that the bulk of the nation—apart altogether from party or creed—desire the enactment of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.

SUGGESTED FORM OF PETITION TO HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Humble Petition of ... ... showeth:

That your Petitioners regard the practice of permitting children to be served with intoxicating liquors in public-houses as one fraught with serious moral danger to the children thus served, and pray your Honourable House to pass in its present form the Bill now before your Honourable House wherein it is proposed that every holder of a Licence who sells, or delivers, or allows any person to sell or deliver any description of intoxicating liquor to any person apparently under the age of sixteen years for consumption either on or off the premises shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings for the first offence, and in the case of a second or any subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding five pounds.



What - do - - you - - think?

We can do little for our fellowmen. But, still it is good to know that we can be something for them; to know (and this we may know surely) that no man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A FAIR little face from the nursery stair
Looks down as the shadows fall—
A child's sweet face framed in golden hair,
And I hear the dear voice call:
"Good-night, mine papa: I frow you a kiss!
To-morrow day I'll be gooder than this."
O dear little Alice, so brave and wise,
Yours are words we all should say;
We will look to the morn with hopeful eyes,
And do better than we have to-day.
We will try to be good, more kind, more true
In all the work God gives us to do.

Our Calendar.

1901.

May 2nd is the Anniversary of the establishment of the C.E.T.S. in 1862.

„ **9th**—Women's Total Abstinence Union was formed in 1893.

„ **10th** Commemorates the outbreak of the terrible Indian Mutiny, 1857.

„ **13th** is the Birthday of the United, Kingdom Band of Hope Union formed 1855.

„ **20th**—Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, died 1506.

„ **29th** Dr. F. R. Lees, the philosopher of the Temperance movement, died 1897.

Serial Story.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks."

CHAPTER VI.—A HALF-HEARTED PROTEST.

"We strive to gain credit for the faults we are not willing to correct."—*La Rochefoucauld.*

FRED HIGGINBOTTOM would have been much astonished could he have heard Denzil's opinion of his conduct in insisting on the whole of Margaret's fortune being paid over on the day of her wedding. He would have accused his one-time boon companion of "rounding on him," had he done so.

Fred was very happy with Margaret just now; and when people are happy they are generally moral. He really was fond of his pretty sweetheart, and it is probable that there is little he would not have done to prove his fondness had Margaret insisted on what she knew in her heart to be really necessary.

Alas! Margaret was but one more example of the truth of the poet's words:

"Ah, wasteful woman ! she who might
On her sweet self set such high price
(Knowing man could not choose but give),
How hath she cheapened Paradise !

Nevertheless, Margaret would have protested she did speak to Fred; but she neglected to "on her sweet self set such high price," as we shall see.

"Fred," she said diffidently, interrupting him in the course of some foolish reviling of Mr. Trevor's "rabid notions," "I—I don't agree with you a bit; I do wish you—were not—that you did not——"

Need it be said how he answered her faltering indictment? He really was ashamed of himself, and fully resolved to amend. It was all very well, he owned, for a single man to overdo matters in the way of drinking when he went to Canchester on market day; other single young fellows did the same. Fred would even have tried to believe that all young fellows did the same, one time or another. To a weak character there is nothing more consoling than the trite reflection that he is neither better nor worse than his neighbours. But a married man—that was quite a different matter. Margaret should have no cause to complain; he really would pull up as soon as he was legally enrolled among the benedicts.

He lost sight of the fact that "a good son makes a good husband," and that the contrary may reasonably be expected to hold good. He did not remember that a young man who had lately often caused his mother and father to listen nervously for his returning steps in the small hours, and to breathe a sigh of relief when they crunched the gravel walk steadily and firmly, would hardly be likely to be more considerate to his wife, when once the novelty of the relationship had worn off.

Meanwhile the year of probation was drawing to a close, and Miss Moseley and Margaret found themselves actively engaged in the turmoil that inevitably precedes a wedding, even when the ceremony is announced as "going to be a very quiet one indeed." For, of course, the only daughter of "Haynes-ses" could not go off and get married without everyone in Blackerton being greatly interested in the happy event.

"Well, 'asto 'eard th' news, Sandy?" old Abram Moss said, putting in his head at the open window. "We're like to have a weddin' i' Blackerton afore lung, man."

"Are we?" Sandy asked, still getting on with his work, as was his wont. "Well, they will do it, neighbour, will the young folks, I suppose."

"Aye, so they will; though some of us 'ast' sense to stay as we are."

Abram was a confirmed bachelor, and, report said, a woman hater. He now put his head farther into Sandy's place, and, seeing a slender figure in the background, said,

"Hello, Mrs. Parkinson, is that yo'? An yo' 'eard what I were saying? Well, if a' t' women were as quiet as yo' are I'd 'a less to say agen 'em!"

"Eh, yo' do nobody no harm with your cackle, Abram," Rachael said indulgently. "And who is it as Miss Margaret's going to marry? She has na' been in to see me for two or three weeks or more."

"Young Higginbottom—'im as got too jolly at t'election, tha' knows."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Rachael said involuntarily.

"He's not as steady as you'd like that young lady's husband to be, Mrs. Parkinson?" Sandy queried, looking up from his work for a moment.

"Well, it's a real pity. I'd like no young lady to be married to a man who takes too much whenever there's a bit of pleasure making agate," Rachael said with a certain repressed note of pain in her voice. And picking up the shoe he handed to her, she left the place after paying for it. For Rachael was one of those people who, as Blackerton put it, "did not neighbour with her neighbours."

"Rachael tells me yo' know all about th' wedding as is coming off soon; she doesn't seem at a' glad about it; she ought to be, too, for they'll want 'er 'elp up at th' mill-house, and she'll pick up both money and pickings when th' stir is over."

It was young Mrs. Higgins who spoke. Wherever gossip was stirring this redoubtable little matron generally turned up.

"She knows what a poor boiling it is, marrying a drunken chap—and that's what young Measter Higginbottom 'll be if he goes on as 'e is doin'—"

"Oh, but she'll have to put her foot down," Mrs. Higgins broke in. "Why, when eaur Joe married me—"

"You mean when you married your Joe," said Abram laconically.

"Well it's just t'same, isn't it?" Young Mrs. Higgins was totally deficient in humour.

"Oh aye, just t'same, only quite different," said Abram.

But Mrs. Higgins did scent the irony in this.

"Of course, you know, Abram!" she said with fine scorn. "A'm told as what you don't know isn't worth knowin'."

"I believe yo'," Abram said dryly. "Ah've forgotten more than yo' ever remembered, Mrs. Higgins."

The dispute was threatening to assume serious proportions, in spite of Sandy Mackinnon's easy "Come, come, neighbours, it's too hot to wrangle about nothing."

Fortunately, Mrs. Higgins caught sight of "eawr Joe" coming up Smithy Lane with one of the village ne'er-do-weels, a man, moreover, whom she had expressly forbidden her usually obedient little husband to associate with.

"A woman like that 'ud drive me fair off it i' no time!" Abram growled, as she hurried off, on retribution bent. "Eh, I'd sooner live wi' 'er a week nor a fortneet, so I would."

Meanwhile, Rachael was taking her way to the mill-house, intent on an errand whose futility she guessed beforehand. Nevertheless, she could but try.

She found Margaret contemplating a very handsome set of cut-glass decanters, with silver fittings, that had just arrived with Mr. and Miss Joakim's best wishes for her happiness.

The wealthy brewer and his daughter had been bidden to the wedding reception, along with all the principal people in the little town. This had been ultimately decided upon. The wedding

itself was to be quiet in the extreme, but what Denzil called "a swagger crowd" was to bid the bride God-speed in the afternoon.

Rachael plunged into the business that had brought her.

"Oh, Miss Margaret! I'd give anything that it wasn't true—but I see it is!"

Margaret did not pretend to misunderstand her. Her pretty face flushed as she answered gently:

"Hush, Rachael! Yes, it is true, and—I am very happy. I was coming down to see you and to tell you in the morning."

The elder woman's loving eloquence was checked by the reserve in Margaret's voice. Still she tried bravely to say what she had come to say.

"I wouldn't presume to say a word to you, Miss Margaret, if it wasn't that I love you so, and everyone belonging to you. You've always been good to me, and I'd ill requite the kindness of him that's gone—your dear father, Miss Margaret, —if I let you go and get married to a man—who doesn't know when he has had enough—without a word of warning."

The hard, reticent, Lancashire nature was strangely stirred at the sight of this ignorant young thing thus rushing on to her fate.

Rachael, generally so stern and silent, hardly recognised herself in the woman who was pleading so hard with the child she had often nursed in her infancy—whom she was trying to save in her own despite.

"I've gone through it all, Miss Margaret, and it's useless your saying or thinking—you wouldn't say it—that gentlefolks are different. A wife is a wife, and only a wife knows the sick heart-ache of it all to see the man you've sworn to honour lying like a log where he falls. Oh, Miss Margaret, I can't speak, I can only think of what it all means—of all I went through, and of what you will suffer if you go on with it. Don't marry him, my dear Miss Margaret, unless he swears he'll never take any more. Don't marry him till you've proved him to keep his word!"

The tears stood in Margaret's bright eyes as she noted the wild haggard looks of poor Rachael as she thus laid her bruised heart bare. She felt she could not be angry—on the contrary she was deeply touched, as, kissing her humble friend, she tried to draw her to sit down beside her.

"Dear Rachael, I know what it costs you to say this, believe me. I am not ungrateful, nor foolish. He has promised me—my future husband —that he will never exceed again."

"Oh! my dear lamb," poor Rachael faltered, as she marked the proud loyalty in Margaret's expression—"if only—." But whatever she was going to say, she checked herself.

"It's a poor thing filling you with dismal forebodings, when nothing I can say will make you do different," she said in a voice which the late emotional strain she had been under had left limp and tired and flat.

Nor could anything that Margaret could say induce her to stay and chat awhile, as she had been accustomed to do when she came up to the mill-house. The tyranny of memory was upon her, and she wished to be alone.

And Margaret—she had been more stirred by Rachael's effort than she cared to own, and made one more attempt to induce her lover to make assurance sure.

Only a half-hearted attempt though; and it failed, as half-hearted things have a trick of doing.

The lovers were contemplating the handsome present sent by Mr. Joakim and his daughter.

"This *will* look well when we get back from our honeymoon, and gather our friends about us, eh, Margaret?"

She did not answer at once. After a pause, "Fred," she said, "Clifford is a teetotaler and nobody thinks a bit worse of him—and ever so many quite nice people, too. Don't you think it would be wise and—and safer, dear Fred, if—if you and I—decided that we would never touch alcohol—in any form?"

She was amazed to see the dark frown that fell over his face.

Amazed—but still—not warned. Oh! poor foolish Margaret!

"Now Margaret, once for all let us have this matter settled. Surely you trust me—if you love me—you must trust me?"

She capitulated at once beneath the foolish sophistry.

"You know I do; I do trust you," she said.

"Well, then, do it properly." Fred looked very virtuous indeed as he made this request. "I tell you that I shall certainly never exceed the small quantity of drink that I have always been accustomed to. Of course I *could* sign the pledge—and keep it to—just as well as Clifford or anybody else. But I do not care to tie myself. It—it always seems to me a sort of confession of self distrust."

"Oh! no, Fred," protested Margaret. "Mr. Trevor ——"

"Oh! it is his business to go to extremes. But I do think it is rather ungenerous of you, Margaret, to harp so often on this one string just because I have, foolishly, let you know of something happening once or twice, which certainly won't happen again. Now, we'll let the matter drop. But first, tell me plainly what you really want, and I'll think it over."

This long speech, with its mass of inconsistencies, reduced Margaret to order, as he intended it should. Nevertheless, a stronger woman could have moulded him to her will, even after being thus repulsed.

But Margaret was not a strong, although she was a very loving, woman. She clung to him as she said:

"You know best, Fred, I don't want anything —only you."

(To be continued.)

He who despises the great is condemned to honour the little; and he who is in love with trifles can have no taste for the great.—*Lavater.*

Agis, the Spartan king, said his countrymen never asked the number of the enemy, but only where they were.

Important Questions Answered.

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

IS ALCOHOL A STIMULANT?

MANY good people confuse the terms stimulant and food. They imagine that anything that stimulates to a transient and passing output of energy must be a food. The whip and the spur to the jaded horse stimulate him to greater expenditure of energy, and he springs from his slow jog trot to a gallop, but he has received no force-giving material; indeed, he is so much worse a horse for the extra spurt that was put on under the influence of the lash and the spur. A definition of a stimulant is "Something that produces a transient increase of vital energy and strength of action."

Alcohol appears to do this work, and is popularly credited with being able to accomplish it, but, if the whole truth be known, it will prove to be a deceiver in this respect as in many others.

Is a Stimulant a Good Thing?

There may be rare cases where it is a good and necessary thing. Our contention would be that in the ordinary way it is a bad thing. The human body does its best work in a regular and systematic way. Wholesome food, fresh air, exercise, rest, regular hours and regular habits are the things to keep the body in a good condition. The hurry and rush, the irregular methods of life, the periods of stimulation and consequent exhaustion, are all factors in the breaking down of health and the loss of tone and vigour that is so common. The healthy, regular worker needs no stimulant.

Why is Alcohol Regarded as a Stimulant?

It is a very common belief that alcohol is a kind of mental "pick-me-up," or brain reviver, and there is some reason for this in the physiological fact that alcohol, in causing the dilatation of the arteries and the consequent engorgement of the capillaries, causes for a short period an increased flow of blood to the brain; and where there is an increased blood supply there is, as a rule, a greater cell activity. This activity is extremely short-lived, and is followed by depression arising from the quickly-exerted narcotic power of alcohol. The fact that in advanced stages of drinking there is complete loss of sensation and perception leads to the conclusion that alcohol cannot act in a double capacity; that it cannot be doing the work of a reviving agent and that of a stupefying agent at the same time. Supposing that any given quantity of alcohol produces this total loss of perception, then it follows that every single drop must have contributed its quota to the whole. The effect produced is in proportion to the quantity taken. It is true that in the case of a very moderate user of alcohol there is constant effort at recuperation after the effect of the alcohol has passed away; but even then there is deterioration, however slight it may be, during the time that alcohol is present in the system.

Stimulants *v.* Narcotics.

A narcotic is something that is the opposite of a stimulant. In small quantities it is a sleep producer, and in large quantities may result in death. The sleep produced by it must not be confounded with natural sleep, nor is the effect of a narcotic at all of the same beneficial character. Natural sleep comes as the result of tired nature, resting and refreshing, and restoring nerve and muscle tissue, so that, day after day, the body is fitted for its round of work, and has really been stimulated by rest and refreshment. A narcotic, on the other hand, brings its stupefying effect into operation whether nature is tired or not, and has none of the restorative power that comes from sleep.

Morphia, chloral, cocaine, opium, nicotine and alcohol are all of the same kindred character. They have not all the same degree of power, nor do they all act at the same rate, but their effect is of the same kind. Morphia, chloral and cocaine are often used for the purpose of allaying pain. Now, pain can only be allayed by two methods, either the cause must be removed, or some means of producing insensibility to pain must be found. The first is legitimate, and is the humane object of the sciences of medicine and surgery; the second is only to be used in special and extreme cases, and then under the most guarded circumstances.

That which produces insensibility to pain, by paralysing and deadening the nerves, also lessens general perception, and, on its frequent repetition, so permanently deadens the nerves, and the keenness of perceptive quality, that the subject loses reasoning power and moral power. It is this fact—that perception is lessened, and so capability of feeling tired is to some degree lessened too—that gives rise to a false sense of refreshment and the idea that stimulation has been effected.

Alcohol a Narcotic.

One of the great reasons, if not the greatest reason, why so many people drink, is the fact just stated—that alcohol renders the perceptive

power less acute. The misery and poverty surrounding the drunken is not so apparent when alcohol is exerting its narcotic power. Life seems to wear a different aspect. Business cares and domestic troubles are forgotten; conscience is killed, and grief is drowned under its influence. There is a glamour produced that changes the aspect of everything while it lasts, something of the same kind that affects the opium smoker when he enters the "palace of delight" conjured up in his brain by the narcotic effects of the drug. In both cases the after-effect is what should be studied in order to get a real knowledge of the power of such narcotics. It must be remembered that at the same time that it entrances and delights by its delusive sensations it weakens the will and warps the judgment, so that, in spite of the knowledge that drink is dragging them down, the drinkers again and again seek the seductive cup. There is no restorative power in alcohol. Its chemical constituents show that it cannot supply material for nerve tissue. It does not give rest in the proper sense of the word, for, after drinking, there is generally an accession of pain and remorse, accompanied by mental anxiety and worry, that calls for more drink to allay and soothe it. The condition of complete intoxication shows a case of almost complete suspension of nerve power and sensation. When did this begin? It is evident the first drop of alcohol must have begun the work. The amount of depreciation with one glass may not be discernible, but it is there. Our contention is, that were alcohol a true stimulant that could be tolerated by the human body, this after-effect of exhaustion and intoxication could not occur.

STIMULANTS MAY BE NECESSARY

sometimes, but care should be taken that they are harmless in their after effects. Hot water, sipped slowly, is one of the best known stimulants for the heart and digestive organs. Tea and coffee, when properly made, are also stimulants of a mild character, but even these should be taken very moderately. The human body, when properly treated, needs no stimulants, and when in a healthy condition alcohol is never necessary, and is always injurious.

.. Alderman Crick's .. Fish Dinner.

BY UNCLE EDWARD.

"YOU are the most irritating woman, Julia, that ever lived," remarked Alderman Crick, as he quietly reached down his hat from a peg which had been privileged to support the weight of his weighty billycocks for nearly as many years as Mrs. Crick had lived on the earth. She was the second wife of the irate Alderman, and had never ceased to wish she had left the honour to another since the day she left her mother's roof. She was but a girl yet, and, as she looked at the fat heap whom she called "husband," she wondered more and more how she could have framed her lips for the word "Yes" when he asked the fatal question which sealed her doom. The fact was, the Alderman had heavy money bags, and their size entirely hid from her view his bulky proportions. The first week or two she "cried her eyes out" when he growled, but six months had passed by and she had got used to his expletives, and seemed to care but little whether he "blew up" or preserved grim silence, these being his only two "attitudes."

The crime she had committed on this occasion was simply the utterance of a mild remark concerning his little dog "Nip." She had just said, "May Nip stop and help me keep house?" *This* was the signal for the outburst at the commencement of our story.

"Yes, Julia, I repeat it, you are the most *unreasonable* woman it was ever my lot to live with. You know perfectly well that Nip has been my *constant* companion for years, and that I never went ten yards without him till I took you for better or for worse—so far as I can at present see *all* for the worse and *none* for the better, Julia, and yet you have the unkindness—I *could* call it by a much harder name, but I forbear—to wish to keep him at home with *you* whilst I take my solitary walk to the office without him. Is *this* the kind of treatment you expect your husband to endure patiently, Julia?"

Julia felt inclined to laugh, but she knew it wouldn't do, for although her plump Alderman boasted that "nobody loved a joke more than he did," yet all who knew him fully realised that it must be *his own joke*; to *take* a joke was not at all a weakness of his.

"All right, Cricky dear" (she *forced* the "dear" in at the end although she *longed* to stop at 'Cricky'), "it doesn't matter, I shall be all right; you will give him some dinner when you have yours, won't you? He is very fond of fish, so if you have a fish dinner you won't forget him."

The Alderman gave a withering look at his patient little partner in life, and remarked, "I don't treat even *myself* to fish dinners, Julia; it was a *great* mistake for me, I fear, to ever tie myself up to one so extravagant as you appear to be."

The poor little wife dropped her eyes and said nothing, for she had a keen suspicion that Alderman Crick had a weakness for a good dinner and another weakness for posing as a martyr when he returned from his gastronomic functions. It was only his violent love for those money bags which slew Julia, that prevented him from digging his grave with his teeth with even greater speed than it was perfectly evident he was doing. To pay the bill after his clandestine gorges was one of the great trials of his existence, and on this particular occasion the rustle of the £5 note, which he had slipped into his hand out of his cash box, ate into his soul as he miserably fenced with his bright little partner over the "fish dinner," which, despite his protestations to the contrary, he had mapped out for his mid-day carouse. The crackle of the crisp bit of paper seemed to be a voice of solemn

warning to him which told him the penalty of the luxury of discussing his favourite dish of white-bait was the breaking-up of one of his cherished —shall I say *worshipped*?—"notes." But he hastily pushed it into his breast pocket alongside of a neatly folded handkerchief, and, calling "Nip," he waddled off after first handing out a shilling, with an air of benevolence, to his "silly thing," as he unfeelingly dubbed his new acquisition, remarking as he did so, "I don't like to leave you without money; you will be sure to want some before I come back."

He hurried through the teeming streets, Nip keeping close to his heels, till he reached the restaurant known as "The Alderman's Plain Dinner Co.," and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, he chuckled to himself, "Rather earlier to-day, but I shan't get it a moment before I need it," and down he plumped in a corner seat, well-cushioned and springy. Reaching out for the menu, his eye fell upon Nip, who had kept close to his heels and stood waiting orders. "Table, Nip," he exclaimed, and Nip at once slipped in underneath the festal board where his long experience told him he would get an occasional small bone or bit of gristle as his master's feast proceeded. The Alderman, after gazing earnestly at the bill of fare with a look upon his face betokening the importance of making a wise choice, raised his fat forefinger as a signal to the waiter. The waiting man was immediately at his side.

"Waiter, I'll have a plate of ox-tail soup first," with great emphasis on the *first*.

In five minutes the soup was before him. The napkin was hastily spread and the odour of the "savoury mess" caused his mouth to water, whilst a slight movement under the table gave evidence that Nip's nostrils were being regaled also. The Alderman, after adjusting himself to the table, drew out his handkerchief to mop his heated brow, when, to his discomfort, he saw the bank-note slide out with it and take a header into the steaming soup-plate. He instantly seized it and, giving it a firm shake, held it under the table with a gently swaying motion. Nip had been on the *qui vive* since the first faint odour of the soup reached his olfactory nerves, and, nothing doubting, came to the conclusion that this was his first "tit-bit." In an instant his mouth opened and closed on the greasy little scrap of money and all was over. Alderman Crick for an instant did not realise what had happened, but when he became conscious that Nip had actually swallowed his five-pound note, his wrath knew no bounds.

Alternately gasping and shouting and gesticulating, he drew the attention of all the diners to the fatal incident, and, amid roars of laughter, seized the unfortunate quadruped by the tail and shook him with a fierceness which would certainly have raised the ire of a N.S.P.C. officer.

It was all no use. Nip's luxurious meal was undoubtedly beyond recall, and Alderman Crick rose from the table with reflections which we may fain hope will cause him to bear in mind the good old adage, "Riches take to themselves wings," and to see the wisdom of finding something, even if it were only his misguided but true little wife, upon which to centre his being.

"Inasmuch! Ye did it unto Me."

ADAPTED FROM TOLSTOI.

"Where love is, there is God also."

AN old man, a cobbler, worked very hard, pegging and stitching away to make shoes for fathers, mothers, and their children. But because there were many cobblers in the city where Peter worked, and many shoes made in the factories, he had few customers and very little money. Though Peter was poor, he was contented; for he had a warm shop, good bread and milk to make him strong, and enough work to keep him busy.

He liked to make the shoes firm and strong, to keep time with his stitching and pegging to a merry song, and to think of the many steps which his shoes would take before they were worn out. "There!" he would say, hammering father's heavy shoe, "Every morning you will go to work; every evening you will hurry home to mother and the children," and, in fancy, the good cobbler would see a picture of the little children running to meet father, the cheerful fireside, and the warm supper awaiting him. "Ah!" he would whisper, glancing at mother's shoes standing on a bench near by, waiting for their owner, "Mother's feet will need to take many steps to clean the house, cook the supper, and wash the children's faces before father comes home; but, with the good stout soles I have given her, her feet will not feel so tired. To-morrow I will make shoes for the children, out of good, strong leather, so that they may not wear out quickly; for they have many errands to run and steps to take, skipping to and from school. They will dance and play in the afternoon, and tiptoe gently around the house when baby is asleep. On Sunday they will go to church, where the children may hear of the Christ Child, and learn to be like Him." This last thought made the cobbler smile; for every Sunday found him in the little chapel near his shop, and there he learned to love and work for God and his neighbour, so that Sunday was a happy day, and the thought of church a pleasant one for Peter.

One day, as he sat at his work, with his

heart full of love, his little shop grew very bright with a beautiful golden light; and a voice called his name. Because Peter loved the Lord Christ so much, he knew the voice at once, and listened to hear what it would say to him. "Peter," it whispered, "to-morrow I am coming to you." Then the light faded, and Peter was left wondering what he could do to prepare for his Heavenly Guest. That night he could hardly sleep for happiness. Early in the morning he rose, and began to sweep and dust, that his little shop might be in order. Long before the sunbeams looked in his tiny window, the room was spotless; on a shining table stood a loaf of bread and pitcher of milk; the fire was glowing, and near it stood the armchair. "All is ready," said Peter, "and I must work on my shoes till He comes." So, sitting down on his bench, he began to hammer and stitch the leather, listening meanwhile for a knock at the door.

The morning was nearly over when Peter, glancing out of his window, saw an old man passing his little shop. He walked slowly, and a few steps further stopped on some steps, as if very tired. Peter hurried to the door. "Come in," he called. "Here is a warm fire and a chair where you may rest." Peter's heart warmed as he saw how glad the old man looked as he followed him out of the cold into the warm room. Before the tired man left, Peter cut a thick slice of bread from the loaf, and gave him milk to drink. The old man thanked him, and hobbled away rested and warm. "The morning has nearly gone," said Peter, as he closed the door after him, "and the Lord Christ has not come." Then he shook out the cushions of the chair, looked at the loaf and pitcher of milk, and felt a little troubled. Still he whispered, looking at the patch of wintry sky which showed through the small window, "Dear Lord, surely You will not mind; the old man was so friendless and tired."

The noonday bells chimed, the hands of the clock crept round. It was afternoon, and there was yet no sign of the expected Guest. Peter watched, glancing up from his work, to look down the street and over the way. A mother, with a little baby in her arms, stopped outside. She looked cold and hungry, but tried to soothe the baby's cries. Peter called her in, warmed some milk for the baby, and the little one was soon warm and happy. Then he cut once more the loaf, and poured the milk; and while the mother was resting and eating, the baby had a fine frolic with bits of shining leather and a handful of pegs. The baby cooed and smiled, the cobbler laughed in return, and the mother forgot the cold and hunger of a few minutes before, and went happily away, the baby waving a merry "Good-bye" to Peter over her shoulder.

"Oh, dear Lord!" cried Peter, "I have given away nearly all; but Thou art the King of Heaven, and this woman was hungry and alone." Then glancing at the clock, "It is afternoon," said the cobbler, and "He has not come." Just then he heard a knock at the door. He threw it open, but only a little, shivering boy stood outside. "Come out of the cold," said Peter. "Warm yourself while you tell your errand."

"I am cold and tired," answered the boy. "May I rest here? I have a long way to walk before I reach home."

"Surely," said Peter. "You will like to see me make my shoes. All the children love to watch and hear the rap-a-tap-tap of my hammer. Are you hungry? Would you like some milk?"

The boy's face looked eager; but, as Peter lifted the pitcher, he stopped. "If I give this away I shall have none left for the Christ," he thought. "He will forgive me, though; for He loved children, and this little one is so hungry."

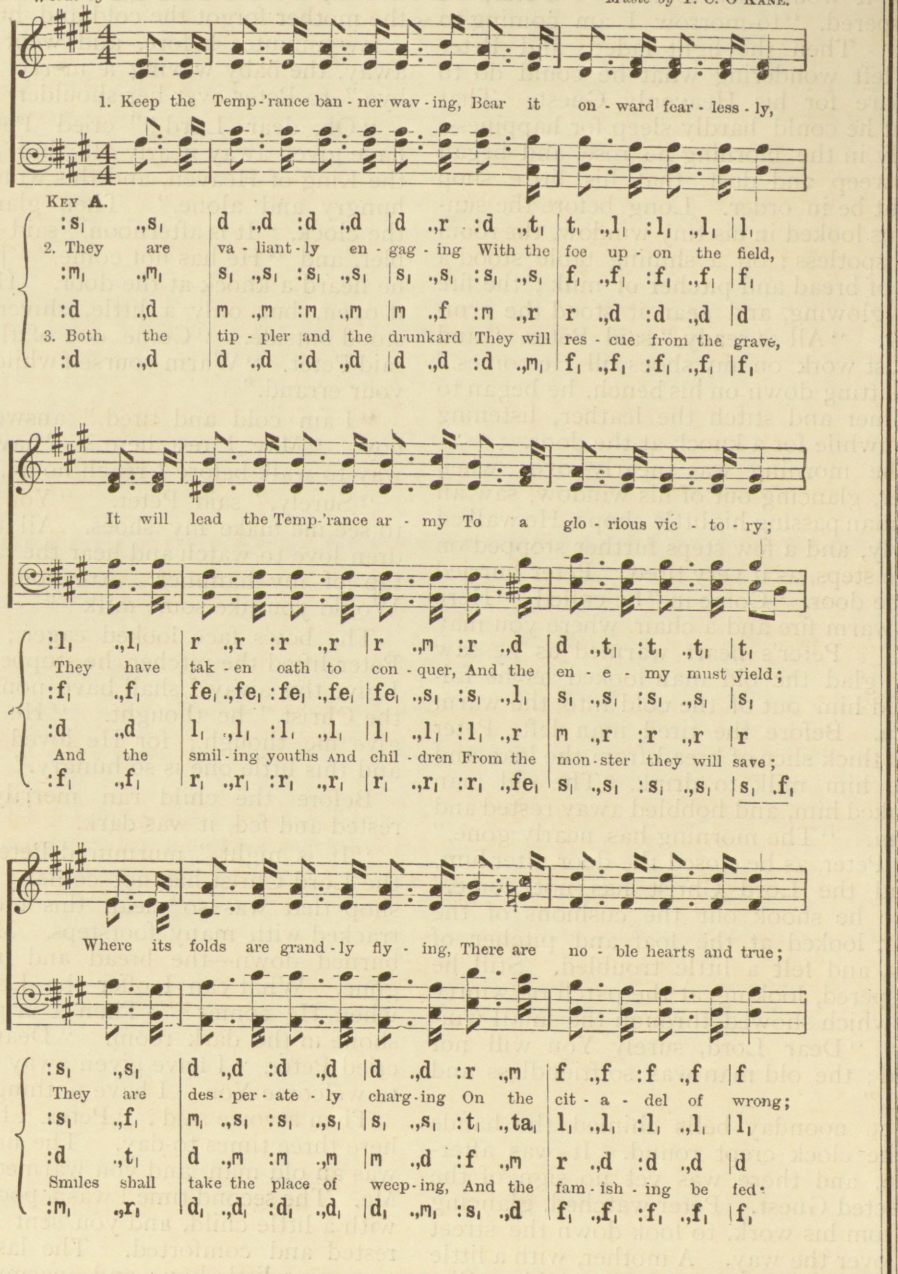
Before the child ran merrily away, rested and fed, it was dark.

"It is night," murmured Peter, "and the Lord Christ has not come. My little shop that was so clean this morning is tracked with many footsteps. My fire is burned down—the bread and milk are gone. What can I offer the Lord Jesus when He comes?" Then a bright light shone in the dark room. "Dear Lord," cried Peter, "I have given away all I had to welcome You. I have nothing left."

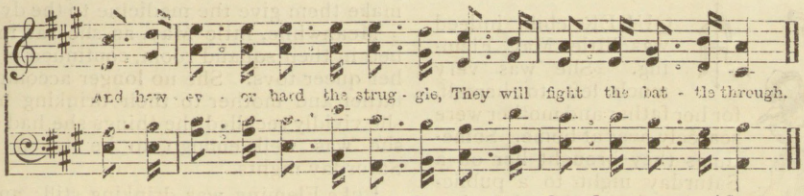
Then a voice said: "Peter, I have been here three times to-day. The first time I was an old man, and you warmed and fed Me. The second time I was a poor woman with a little child, and you sent Me away rested and comforted. The last time I came as a little boy; and, inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me. As long as you keep your heart so full of love, I will stay with you always; for, where love is, there God is also."

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING.

Words by E. R. LATTA. *Music by* T. C. O'KANE.

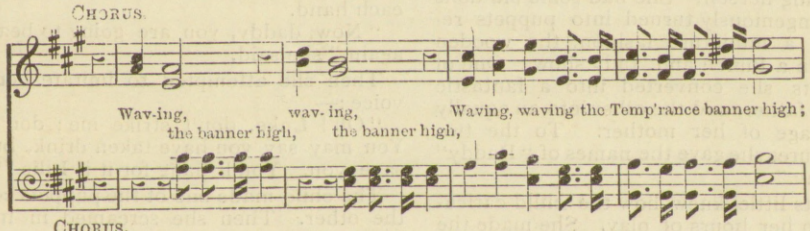

1. Keep the Temp-'rance ban - ner wav - ing, Bear it on - ward fear - less - ly,
KEY A.
2. They are va - liant - ly en - gag - ing With the foe up - on the field,
3. Both the tip - pler and the drunkard They will res - cue from the grave,
It will lead the Temp-'rance ar - my To a glo - rious vic - to - ry;
They have tak - en oath to con - quer, And the en - e - my must yield;
And the smil - ing youths and chil - dren From the mon - ster they will save;
Where its folds are grand - ly fly - ing, There are no - ble hearts and true;
They are des - per - ate - ly charg - ing On the cit - a - del of wrong;
Smiles shall take the place of weep - ing, And the fam - ish - ing be fed·

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING—*continued.*



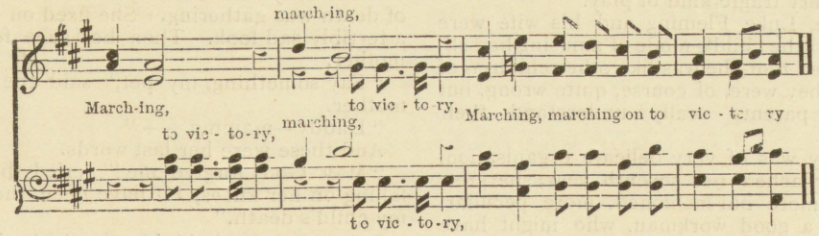
:r, ,f	s ,s :s ,s	s ,f .m ,r	d ,d :t, ,r	d			
And the	sol-id walls shall crum-ble,	That have	stood for a-ges long.				
:s, ,t,	d ,d :d ,d	d ,t, :s, ,l,	s, ,s, :s, ,f,	m,			
.d ,r	m ,m :m ,s	m ,r .d ,f	m ,m :r ,t,	d			
Hail the	migh-ty Temp'rance ar-my,	With their	ban-ner o-ver-head!				
:s, ,s,	d ,d :s, ,m,	d, ,r, :m, ,f,	s, ,s, :s, ,s,	d,			

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

:	m .d |— :	f :r |— :	m :s	s :r ,r	m ,r .m ,fe|s :—		
	Wav-ing,	wav-ing,					
:	d :s, |— :	r :t, |— :	s, :d	t, :s,,s,	l,,l, :l,,d	t, :—	
			Waving, waving the		Temp'rance banner high;		
:	: m|m ,m :m	: .t, |t, ,t, :t,	d :m	r :t, ,t,	d ,t, :d ,d	r :—	
	the banner high,	the banner high,					
:	: d|d ,d :d	: .s, |s, ,s, :s,	d :d	s, :s, ,s,	r, ,r, .r, ,r,	s, :—	



m :d |— :	f :r |— :	m :s	s .f .m r	d :t .r	d		
March-ing,	marching,						
d :s, |— :	: .t, |t, ,t, :t,	s, :ta,	l, .l, .l, l,	s, :s,	s,		
	to vic-to-ry,	Marching, marching on to		vic-to-ry,			
: .m |m ,m :m	r :f |— :	m :d	m .m :d .f	m .r t	m		
to vic-to-ry,	marching						
: .d |d ,d :d	: .s, |s, ,s, :s,	d :m,	f, .f, :f, .f,	s, s,	d,		
	to vic-to-ry.						

Little May's Toys.

By D. F. Hannigan.

A QUEER child indeed was little May Fleming. She was very much left to herself, for her father and mother were scarcely ever at home. Sometimes they brought her on a Saturday night to a public-house, where they left her sitting in a corner, while they remained drinking. They never dreamt that the child —she was only six — was keenly watching them. But she was. And at home little May had a strange—in fact, a most uncanny—way of amusing herself. She had some old dolls which she ingeniously turned into puppets resembling, in a miniature fashion, the wooden performers in a Punch and Judy show. One of these puppets she converted into a fantastic image of her father, and the other into an equally fantastic image of her mother. To the two grotesque figures she gave the names of "Daddy" and "Mammy."

Her parents little knew how the child caricatured them in her hours of play. She made the puppets talk just as she had heard her father and mother talk in the public-houses to which they took her on Saturday nights. They whacked each other unmercifully on special occasions, just as her father and mother did when they went to bed drunk.

There was a kind of grim irony in the lonely child's humour. Perhaps it would seem to a moralist a very tragic kind of play.

As a rule, Luke Fleming and his wife were indifferent to the child's mode of amusing herself. They assumed that she was like other children of her age. They were, of course, quite wrong, but how many parents really understand their children?

Little May was of very delicate organisation. As she approached her seventh year, she grew more wan, more old-fashioned, more peculiar. Her father, a good workman, who might have raised himself in the social scale if he had only been sober, still haunted public-houses, and his unhappy wife had long since been dragged along with him into the maelstrom of drink.

The wretched pair did not notice until it was too late that their little daughter was doomed to an early death.

When her appetite began to fail, and her colour had become quite ghastly, they saw that something should be done. They went to the nearest dispensary doctor and told him their child was "very bad." What they meant was that they feared there was little hope of her ever becoming strong.

The doctor did not mince matters.

"My good people," he said, "this child of yours has been neglected. It is too far gone, and its death is only a matter of weeks or months."

He spoke as if the little girl were only an automaton, just like her own toys. He sent a bottle from the dispensary, and the miserable parents had enough of humanity left in them to make them give the medicine to the dying child.

Meanwhile, little May, as she sat in the only bed in their squalid room, continued playing with her queer toys. She no longer accompanied her father and mother to their drinking haunts, but she vividly recalled the things she had seen when she was well enough to be taken about on Saturday nights.

Luke Fleming was drinking still; and, though his wife now occasionally stayed at home to watch the child, she was only too often the companion of Luke in his nocturnal debauches.

One night the two of them came back about midnight in a besotted condition. They found little May sitting up in the bed, with a face white as a sheet. There was an unhealthy glitter in the child's eyes. She held a wooden figure in each hand.

"Now, daddy, you are going to beat mammy again," she said.

Then she attempted to imitate her mother's voice:—

"Oh! Luke, don't strike me; don't kill me! You may say you have taken drink, but it won't save you. You'll hang for it if I die!"

The child made one of the puppets collide with the other. Then she screamed in imitation of her mother.

The drunken pair were suddenly conscience-stricken. They both rushed towards the bed. Little May had let the toys fall from her hands. She was gasping for breath. He little bosom heaved.

"My God!" cried her mother, "the doctor's words are coming true! Look, Luke, look!"

Little May raised her eyes over which the film of death was gathering. She fixed on her father a terribly sad look. Then her gaze fell on her mother.

"Say something, my pet," said the wretched mother.

"Daddy—mammy ——"

And these were her last words.

"May God forgive me!" cried the woman, falling on her knees, "I have been the cause of my child's death."

Luke, too, knelt beside the bed; he sobbed and said nothing.

But when little May was laid in her grave, Luke Fleming remembered how, on the brink of death, she had brought before his eyes a horrible picture of the life he had led. The drama enacted by the dead child's toys had left its indeliable impress on his soul. He repented with the sincerity of a man who knows that he has been morally responsible for the death of a being whom he loved.

Since then, another child has been born to Luke and Mary Fleming; and they have sworn in their own hearts that the little being sent them by God instead of the dead one shall never see them drunk.

The Story of Plant Life.

By JOHN DALE.

VI.—STEMS AND SHOOTS.

AT first these may not seem to be very interesting things to our young friends, but when they come to know more about them they will find that even these are worth their attention and study. If they ask what they are, we may reply, "Oh, they are bundles of sunshine, air and water!" "Bundles of sunshine, how can that be?" "It may seem very strange, but it is quite true."

The Rev. Charles Kingsley has presented this in a rather striking manner in one of his lectures. He says: "The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil; of the carbon in the atmosphere, and the water—for that, too, is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood.

"But it has to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams—that mysterious and complex force which is for ever pouring from the sun, and making itself partly palpable to our senses as heat and light. So the life of the plant seized the sunbeams and absorbed them, buried them in itself, not as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up in that woody fibre."

Let us endeavour to see how this is done, and try to find out what we may know about the growth and structure of a stem—the part of a plant which springs from the root, and which bears leaf and shoot, flower and fruit.

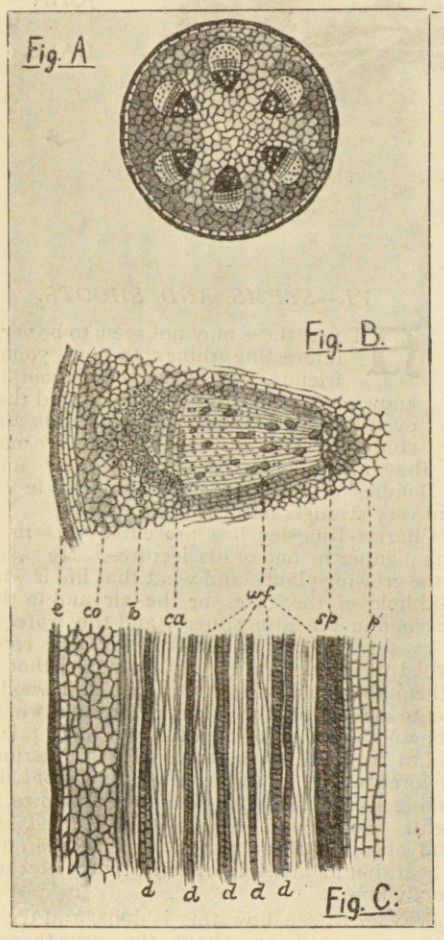
Many think the stem differs from a root only in growing above the ground. But there are many stems which grow underground; the bulbs of lilies and daffodils, and the tubers of potatoes, are in reality stems, though they are often called roots.

Stems differ from roots botanically, for (*a*) their growing points are not protected by a root-cap, but are surrounded by young leaves in buds; (*b*) they throw out leaves and flowers, very different things to themselves, whilst roots always throw out branches like themselves.

Stems which live for one or two years only, are said to be herbaceous; those which live for a number of years become hard and woody, and generally they grow thicker from year to year. All young stems are herbaceous, and often of a green colour; they throw out *shoots* from buds, which grow in the *axils* or armpits of the leaves.

Some of our young friends may ask what are the functions or uses of stems; to which we reply, they are twofold. (1) To lift up the plant, so that all the shoots, with their leaves and flowers, may receive air and sunshine. (2) To furnish passages or channels by which the water ascending from the roots may reach the leaves, and thence be conveyed to every part of the plant or tree.

To lift the plant into the sunlight and keep it erect the stem needs a kind of framework which will strengthen it, and yet allow it to bend in any



direction, so that the wind may not easily break it. This is accomplished in a very simple manner in a young dicotyledonous stem. A number of fibrous bundles are arranged in a circle directly opposite to each other, and near the outer edge, which run the length of the stem.

At first each of these bundles is made up of many similar and growing cells, which adhere to each other, and form a series of strings through the softer parts of the young stem. Very soon, however, these enlarge and differentiate into at least three distinct kinds of tissue, forming what are called *fibro-vascular bundles*, or bundles of fibres and vessels. Each of these bundles is separated into an outer portion called *phloem* or bark (pronounced *flo-em*), and an inner portion which is called *xylem*, or woody tissue (pronounced *zilem*); and between them is a band of growing cells which are known as the *cambium* layer.

In the illustration, (A) represents a supposed cross section of a young dicotyledonous stem. Each of the egg-shaped figures is a vascular bundle; the outer and wider end is the *phloem*; the narrower end pointing inwards is the *xylem*; the *cambium* layer occupies the middle of each bundle. These are continued upwards from the root, and at certain intervals, or nodes, in slender stems, they interlace with each other, and so form a framework which gives each stem the necessary rigidity or stiffness.

In older stems the spaces between the vascular bundles are entirely filled up; the fibres and vessels are much hardened, forming complete rings of woody material, with continuous rings of bark on the outer side. See the section of stem of the Exogens given on page 44. Each year a new ring of wood is added, so that the stem increases in thickness; the outer bark cracks and becomes dead under this expanding force.

The stems of the Endogens are made up of separate fibro-vascular bundles, there is no pith nor bark, the outer portion becomes very hard, and so each of these stems becomes very rigid.

Well now, some of our young friends may be getting tired of hearing so much about the first function of a stem, and want to know something about the second, that is, to furnish channels by which the water in the soil may reach the shoots and leaves.

In the illustration, Figs. B and C are intended to show in what manner this is supposed to be done. (B) is a magnified section across a vascular bundle in the stem of a Plane-tree after a year's growth, this shows the ends of the different tissues. (C) is a vertical section through the same bundle, but it shows these tissues in the direction of their length. The letters of reference apply to each.

The *epidermis* (*e*) is the outer skin, inside which are several layers of cells that will form the bark in the following year.

The *cambium* (*ca*) is a layer of very delicate cells, amongst which the new growth takes place; the division of these cells adding woody fibre (*wf*) on its inner side, and soft bast (*b*) and cortical cells (*co*) on its outer side; (*d*) are ducts passing through the wood cells; (*sp*) are the spiral vessels of the medullary sheath which encloses the pith (*p*) in the centre of the stem.

We are told that the ducts and spiral vessels in the wood are really so many tubes, along which the sap flows from the roots to the leaves; here it is elaborated into the materials the plant needs. It is then conveyed by the bast or sieve-tubes of the inner bark to every part, and especially to the buds and the cambium region, where new growth is taking place.

We must reserve a description of the different kinds of stems for another month.

THE quality of the life of everyone is the same as the quality of his love.—*Swedenborg.*

A Charming Tea House.

THANKS to a certain light opera, the name "Tea House" has become indissolubly connected in most minds with the sunny land of Chrysanthemum and Geisha, Japan. There, travellers tell us, tea houses are models of loveliness and attraction. At home, the place where liquid tea is sold to the wayfarer, generally designated a coffee house, cannot always be associated with either beauty or attractiveness.

The "Tea House" whose picture we give, established by a well-known Temperance enthusiast, Mr. G. Taylor, Margery Hall, Reigate, Surrey, to counteract the public-house, and to provide for the tourist, pedestrian and cyclist, good accommodation and refreshment, is not merely an exception to the average run of Temperance houses, but is so beautifully situated, so admirably constructed, so delightfully and charmingly furnished, and so liberally provided with comestibles of the very best kinds, as to fully justify the opinion recently passed upon it by a party of visitors—"The very sight of it makes you feel happy; and experience of it enchanted."

THE "TEA HOUSE," REIGATE, SURREY.

Standing on the highest part of one of the Surrey chalk hills, overlooking the rolling Downs surrounding the charming town of Reigate, within twenty miles of London, it has proved an inestimable boon to the great fraternity of "bikists" who here find food and shelter amid the most charming conditions. On fine Saturdays it is no uncommon thing to see them by the scores, and hundreds too, waiting for their turn to enjoy the well-brewed tea, or home-made mineral waters for which the house is famous. Many of them make the House a holiday centre, for sleeping-in accommodation, "good enough for any honeymoon couple" as one has said, can be had, that is if application be made sufficiently early.

Out in the country, amid the purest of pure air, the House stands a very welcome sight to the wayfarer, a grand counter attraction to the "pubs" in the town below.

Mr. Taylor, and his capable manager, Mr. Smith, have their hearts in their work. They know that philanthropic benefaction is not what the average man wants to wean him to Temperance principles; but, along with all the teaching so generously outpoured upon him, places where he can satisfy his hunger and thirst, as fully and as comfortably and as attractively, as in the luxuriantly-furnished hotel. In the "Tea House" all these conditions are satisfied. The visitor is made to feel that the place is for him; that it is his money keeps it going; that it is his support it invites; that it is his needs that are catered for.

When it is borne in mind that the promoters, who spent £3,500 on the house and its equipment, look to it to repay them as a business speculation and not at all as a purely philanthropic enterprise, and that on one occasion no less than 1,500 cyclists have visited it in one day—although it is at the top of a steep hill—it will be at once seen how wisely the project has been designed, and how excellent a method has been adopted to practically enunciate the truism that true refreshment and enjoyment are attainable without intoxicants.

It is a great pity that more Tea Houses, conceived upon the same lines, and as well conducted, are not to be found in the neighbourhood of such centres as Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Leicester and other towns, within easy riding distances of which are districts greatly frequented by cyclists and other tourists, for whom in so many cases the only decent accommodation is to be found on licensed premises. Mr. Taylor and his associates have led the way, shown there is money in it, and will, we hope, ere long find many followers in their efforts to provide good, comfortable, attractive accommodation for the traveller and the pleasure seeker "for a space released from toil," and, in so doing, to demonstrate the non-necessity for the presence of intoxicants therewith.

Jerry's Home-Coming.

By Louie Slade.

"WELL, I'll do the best I can for you, Jones, and I don't suppose I shall have much trouble to find a purchaser, but, all the same, I think you are foolish. Why, man, 'tis a sin and a shame to sacrifice a litter of fine pigs like these just to buy a scapegrace lad out of the army. I would never do it for a boy of mine."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, you don't know what you'd do if you was in my place," returned the other, respectfully. "There's the wife fretting her heart out because the lad's gone for a soldier."

"Ah! that's the way with women; the more trouble a boy is the more they seem to cling to him, it appears to me. But what made Jerry do such a thing?"

"He wanted to see life, he says, and I s'pose 'tis natural, sir."

"Then I'd let him see it; he's made his bed, and if he were my son he'd have to lie on it. Why, man, he'll be enlisting again before six months are up!"

"I hope not. He seems pretty well tired of soldiering already."

"Well, of course you'll do as you like, but I think myself a few years in the army would do Jerry good, and teach him to appreciate his home. And if you sell these pigs now, what will you do for your rent at Michaelmas?"

"Oh, we'll manage that somehow, please God. You'll make as much of 'em as you can, sir?"

"To be sure I will, though I do think you must be daft to part with them for such a purpose. Why, Jerry ought to be a help and stay to you now, instead of a drawback."

"So he would be, sir, if 'twasn't for the drink. There wasn't a better man nowhere before he took to going to the 'Grapes.'"

"And he'll go to the 'Grapes' again, you'll see. But how about work? They'll hardly take him back at the Grange."

"No, his place is filled up; besides, the squire's never forgive him for knocking over that rabbit in the copse yonder."

"I suppose not," said the farmer drily. "It wasn't the first of the squire's rabbits Jerry had knocked over, I fancy. Still, he'll want some work, and since you seem bent on buying him out I don't mind lending him a helping hand. My nagman will be leaving next week; Jerry can have his place if he likes. I know he's fond of horses; but he'll have to keep sober and respectable, mind you."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the farmer, gratefully; "this will be fine news to carry home to the wife."

But alas for the parents' hopes! Instead of appreciating the sacrifice they had made for him, and settling down steadily as they had hoped, Jerry seemed more discontented and wilder than ever, and, glad as he had been to escape from the army, before six months were up, in a fit of drunken temper, he enlisted again.

"I told you how it would be!" the farmer could not resist saying. "You'll surely never be so foolish as to buy him out this time, Jones?"

"We can't, sir; we've neither money, nor money's worth. But the poor wife's in a fine taking."

He did not add that they had fallen behind with the rent—the first time in all their married life.

Jerry's mother was an invalid, being crippled by rheumatism; her helpless condition ought to have kept the son at home, even though inclination might prompt him to wander. But Jerry was accustomed to take his own way; what he wanted to do, not what he ought to do, was his rule of conduct; and if he felt any prickings of conscience at the prospects of leaving his crippled mother and ageing father, he speedily stifled them. There was no lack of excitement in the life he had chosen, and likely to be more, for rumours of war were even then afloat.

And war came only too speedily—that terrible war in South Africa, which has cost us so many promising young lives. Jerry's regiment was among the first to be sent out, and the hearts of his parents were wrung with anguish, but Jerry's throbbed with excitement; he thought of the glories of war, they of its dangers.

It was under the African sky that Jerry learned to appreciate his home—the peaceful little village home he had once despised. Sickened by the scenes of the battlefield, worn out by fatiguing marches, sore from sleeping in trenches, hungry, thirsty, and often faint, his thoughts turned longingly toward the home and parents he had blighted. Oh, how ungrateful and selfish he had been! What unnecessary pain he had caused them. Yet he knew that even yet they were following him with their love and prayers; and it was wonderful how the thought of those prayers helped and comforted him. At last he saw his conduct in its true light; he began to pray for himself, and made a solemn resolve that if he should be spared to return home he would lead a different life, and try to atone to his father and mother for the suffering he had brought upon them.

And though many of his comrades and friends fell, Jerry was spared, and by and bye he found himself in England once more, and on his way home. He had not written to announce his arrival, and as he walked along he pleased himself by picturing his parents' surprise and delight. As he came within sight of the house, however, a vague sense of dread and foreboding seized him. The garden was not in its usual trim

order, the path sadly needed weeding, and the door, which usually stood open, was closely shut, although the day was warm and sunny. Moved by some sudden impulse Jerry knocked, instead of raising the latch. The door was opened by a neighbour.

"Bless my heart, it 'tisn't Jerry!" she exclaimed. "You're just in time, lad."

"In time!" Jerry echoed faintly.

"Yes, to see your poor father. He's dying."

She flung back the door, and there, on a bed in the corner, lay the father. Before the young soldier could step inside, his mother started up from her chair by the bed side, and bent over the sick man.

"Father, here's Jerry got back!" she said. "You'll get well now the lad's come."

But it was too late for even joy to work a cure, although the dim eyes opened and recognised his son.

"God bless you, my boy!" the old man murmured. "Take care of your mother."

These were the last words he spoke, for before the afternoon closed his spirit had winged its flight to the God who gave it, but Jerry will never cease to be thankful that he was in time to receive his father's benediction. Still, he cannot help feeling that his father's death was hastened, if not actually caused, by his own wilfulness, and that he has learned at a tremendous cost the lesson he might have learned in ease and happiness.

A Poor Town to Live In.

THERE'S a queer little town—I wonder if if you've seen it—
"Let-some-one-else-do-it" is the name of the place,
And all of the people, who lived there for ages,
Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy,
And almost deserted from morning till noon,
Are, "In-just-a-minute,"—you'll see on the lamp post—
"Oh-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime)
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people
Are engaged in the traffic of just-killing-time.

I pray you won't dwell in this town overcrowded;
There are others near by it most wondrous fair:
The roads that lead to them, and each one is open,
Are "Push," "Pluck" and "Ready," "This-minute" and "Dare."

A GOOD Temperance man met a publican who said to him, "If you go on like this with your teetotal stuff you'll send us all to the workhouse." "Well," said the man, "that won't matter much; there will be lots of room for you, for *everybody else will come out.*"

Children's Charter' Jottings

TWO publicans at Birmingham were, during the week ending April 27th, 1901, fined for supplying drink to three girls, aged 12, 13, and 14. The girls were found by the police in a state of helpless intoxication. They declared in evidence, and it was proved, that in addition to purchasing and consuming on the premises six pints of beer, they had also purchased whiskey for their own consumption off the premises.

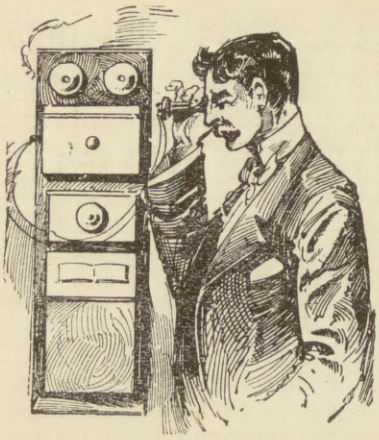
Yet the Trade has the audacity to declare on its posters that children under sixteen are not served with intoxicants for their own consumption! And some people guilelessly accept the statement.

The fate of the Bill is still unknown. Answers given by the Leader of the House of Commons (Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P.) do not give much encouragement. So long, however, as a definite refusal is not given to our plea for facilities, there is hope.

The present time is most critical. The Trade, using almost every public-house as a Committee room, is organising "Monster Petitions of Working Men and Women," and by the number of signatures, by means of specious arguments, bribes, and other means, obtained thereto seeking to make Parliament believe the measure is distasteful to working people. Protests and desires will not avail unless it is made unmistakeably manifest to members of Parliament, by resolutions and memorials to the House of Commons from working people and trades unions in particular, that the Bill is imperatively demanded.

We have no fear that the strength of the Trade organisation, as shown in the great petitions against the Bill from Sheffield, Oldham, Nottingham, and elsewhere, can be far exceeded by petitions in favour if friends everywhere will buckle to at once.

A first-rate Pictorial Poster on the Sale of Drink to Children Bill, which forms a splendid answer to the Trade poster, has been issued at the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester. It consists of a bold enlargement of the illustration in last month's magazine, with accompanying letterpress, and, being printed in two colours, size 60 inches by 40 inches, is most attractive. Sold at very low rates it should be greatly used in all parts of the country in this campaign. Send for samples.



What - do - - you - - think?

THERE is no happiness which hope cannot promise, no difficulty which it cannot surmount, no grief which it cannot mitigate. It is the wealth of the indigent, the health of the sick, the freedom of the captive.—*Brown's Lectures.*

"I FEEL a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."—*Garfield.*

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

PUSH THINGS.—At one time during the Civil War, General Grant wired to another General: "How are you getting along?" The reply was: "We are getting along very well; but it would be better if things could be pushed." Grant wired back: "Push things, then." And that is the lesson each one of us should take to heart in our Band of Hope work.

Our Calendar.

1901.

June 1st is the Anniversary of the great UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE, founded 1853.
May its vigour yearly increase.

„ **3rd**—1856, the National Temperance League (whose President is the Archbishop of Canterbury) was formed.

„ **15th** is Magna Charta Day. The great Charter was recognised by King John in 1215. When shall we have the Drink Charter?

„ **18th**—Anniversary of Waterloo, 1815.

„ **21st**—Henry Anderton, the Teetotal poet, died, 1855.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

A LADY, passing a public-house, observed a girl of about eight years drinking from a jug of beer. The lady inquired of the child whether she did not know that it was wrong to drink her mother's beer. "Oh," came the reply, "but Mr. —— (the publican) told me he had put some in for me, and that mother would still have her full pint left. He gave me these sweets, too, and I'm to have them when I go in, and Mrs. —— has promised to let me fetch her beer, too." The lady called and remonstrated with the woman named, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that the girl should not be sent on the errand again. A couple of days later the same woman accosted the lady in the street, and informed her that the promise had been kept, but that the child had "gone on dreadful" when told she would not be allowed to fetch the beer any more.

The famous novelist, Madame Sarah Grand, says:—"The only thing that I find bad for my work is alcohol in any shape or form. I find even a glass of light wine deprives me of my 'staying' power. I drink nothing at luncheon, but have a small cup of black coffee afterwards."

BY the death of Mrs. Eleanor Sampson, which took place at No. 4, Ranelagh Road, Paddington, at the age of 99 years, the temperance cause loses one of its staunchest advocates. The deceased lady was the oldest known teetotaler in England. Born on 19th January, 1802, of teetotal parents, she was one of a family of thirteen children, three of whom lived to be over eighty years of age, and, having married in 1824 a merchant seaman, she herself had twelve children, all daughters, six of whom married, so that at the time of the venerable lady's death she had thirty-five grandchildren, and as many as eighty-two great-grandchildren. They are all total abstainers.

DRINK AND CRIME.—Dr. Forbes Winslow connects drink and insanity most closely. He is of opinion that the human mind is growing stronger, and that an artificial agency—drink—has been at work to overcome its improvement. He believes that if drunken men and women could be prevented from becoming the parents of children, insanity and idiocy would be instantly reduced 50 per cent.

DEAN PIGOU likes everything in connection with the church services done decently and in order. On one occasion at Halifax he was annoyed to notice that at the opening service the capacious font was filled to repletion with hats, etc. He instructed the verger to fill the font half-full of water, in view of an evening service. The church was again crowded. In poured the people, and in went the hats, bobbing about like corks in water. One woman put in a large woollen neckcloth, and dragged it out more like a sea-serpent.

"Eh," they said, "that's vicar as has done that. No one else but vicar would think on't!"

The font was for the future carefully avoided.

Serial Story.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

. . . *Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.* . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. Margaret promised and even spoke to her affianced, but love was blind, and she was easily satisfied by his assurance.

CHAPTER VII.—The Brewster Sessions.

"And oh 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love
That makes the world go round."

CLIFFORD had thought a good deal of the girl whose direct gaze he had encountered for the first time at the eventful Temperance gathering whereat he had put his hand to the plough. For the only time, he sometimes thought, when he was a trifle under the weather, and disposed to see things as a clever French woman says Englishmen do see things—"*en janne.*" She attributes the fact to the fogs which so frequently afflict these islands.

At other times he plodded steadily on at "the duty that lay nearest, and, lo! the next already seemed clearer." At such times he felt certain that he should meet the unknown again, somewhere,

somehow. The reader, who has already recognised her in the daughter of the wealthy brewer, may wonder how it was, in a place like Blackerton, that such a well-known resident's only daughter should be a stranger to the repre sentative of "Haynes-ses."

The reasons were that Adela Joakim had been away at school for so many years and her appearance was quite forgotten; and that "Moorlands" lay some miles out of the little town. But Adela, as we know, had already debated the question as to how she and Margaret Haynes might renew the slight acquaintanceship of their childhood.

It did not lessen Clifford's perplexity at this time to know that Margaret would brook no interference in the matter of the unsatisfactory habits of the man of her choice. And he had other perplexities too. Things at the mill were far from rose-coloured. The touch of depression in trade that had promised to be only a momentary trouble, while the war was confidently spoken of as a matter of six months' fighting at the utmost, seemed now as though it would be long continued in view of the unexpected "sticking-in" qualities displayed by the enemy.

And everybody knew that the bill would have to be paid. Blackerton people had a saying they were very fond of—"There's nothing given for nothing in this world, and precious little for sixpence!" And so people were holding their money tightly, with an uncomfortable feeling that bad times were coming. And what the working people do, even in a little place like Blackerton, is a pretty sure criterion of what all classes are doing everywhere.

One of the first lessons amateur political economists might grasp is that if things are bad, if money is not circulating freely with the workers, the outlook is bad for everyone.

It was about this time, too, that Clifford had a short, sharp, stinging attack of influenza, and the rather tedious and very depressing time of convalescence represented the nearest approach to his feeling the pressure of that dreaded craving for drink to which his unfortunate father had succumbed at about his present age, which Clifford ever experienced.

Truth to tell, he had been thinking a good deal about the hereditary craving. In the after time, when he reached that safe, useful vantage ground of middle age, which George Eliot says should entitle its denizens to rank "as a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the refuge of early stumblers and victims of self despair," he was fond of recording his impressions of this time. It is probable that had his not been a disciplined soul, had he been used to swerve aside from the safe narrow path of duty as he saw it, prayerfully, day by day; above all, had John Haynes not trained him to a rigid Temperance, that he might have yielded to a temptation to seek the fictitious aid of stimulants at this critical time; that he might, by dallying with an adventitious, have developed a very real craving, which, as we all know, grows by its exercise. And, furthermore, having fallen, he might have regarded himself with a foolish self pity—the most unhealthy of all sentiments.

However, you who know Clifford will know that this was not his way at all; and so, though he needed a good deal of building up after the attack of influenza, brought on as it was by a dozen worries and anxieties that happened to combine to attack him at once, the building up was performed by means of plenty of good wholesome food, and by his spending as much not by anything of the nature of stimulants.

He was scarcely about again when Mr. Trevor sought him in some perplexity.

The fact was that the licence of an old tumble-down beer-house, which, by reason of its thriftless easy-going tenants, and its dilapidated exterior, was scarcely the menace which it might have been to the neighbourhood, fell out about this time.

But "Joakim's," whose commercial activity was excessive, took the place up, rebuilt it in the most modern, and furnished it in the most tempting and comfortable style, and let it be known that they had very little doubt of carrying their point, namely, the obtaining the renewal of the licence, in view of Mr. Joakim's great local influence.

Now, Mr. Trevor suggested that, as the house in question stood in the very centre of the half-a-dozen streets where "Haynes-ses" employees lived, and at no distance from the mill, and the mill house, that, therefore, the fit and proper person to protest against what would certainly prove a nuisance was himself, Clifford, the manager, and practically the representative of "Haynes-ses."

And to this proposition, although he disliked the idea of going to court, stating his objections, and probably incurring the active dislike of several neighbours, with whom he had hitherto lived in a friendly, if not close, intercourse, our hero was bound to agree. And so, being one of the conscientious people who see their duty ever in that which is personally distasteful to themselves, he made up his mind that he ought to go—that he would go—and tried not to think too much of the disagreeableness of it all beforehand.

Nevertheless, he was rather astonished to find Denzil down at the mill in good time on the eventful morning, and to hear him declare his intention of looking in at the Brewster Court later on "just to see how the Johnnies ran the show."

"I do believe you are coming merely for the purpose of backing me up," Clifford said, "and it *is* good of you, Den."

"Oh, don't you be too certain," that ingenuous young gentleman said; "It is just possible that I might have my own axe to grind."

The court was packed when Clifford and Mr. Trevor entered, for a rumour had got about that there was going to be a protest on the part of "young Haynes as was," against the renewing of the licence of the rejuvenated "Crafty Fox."

The first person whom Clifford saw was his unknown divinity of the Temperance gathering; and it did not lessen the dislike he felt of the ordeal before him when he grasped the fact that she sat beside the redoubtable Mr. Joakim

himself, and that, without doubt, she would be that gentleman's daughter and only child.

Such a possibility had never presented itself to him; he had not time to wonder at the apparent anomaly of her attending the Thursday meetings, and, moreover, of her being in the company of the notorious Anne Wetherall. All that was clear to him—and he found it quite enough to depress him—was that she was Mr. Joakim's daughter, and that he was, in all probability, going to make an enemy of her father.

Now the eminent lawyer, who was determined to "pull off" the renewal of the licence in question, was in a rather jocund mood that day. This was partly a matter of chance, but it may be that on seeing Clifford, who stood up and voiced his objection to the licensing of the house in question on the ground of its not being necessary, as well as to the certainty of its being a means of temptation to "Haynes-ses" men, it may be that he realised as soon as the objector stood up that here was a man who was particularly susceptible to ridicule. At anyrate he answered the objection with a laugh at the futility of trying to "mollicoddle" grown men.

Malicious people had been known to say that the great man had but two manners, the one we have instanced, and the other a very grandiose manner indeed, which latter he invariably assumed when declaring that he took his stand on the question of individual liberty, of which he was disposed, like Lord Salisbury, to make, perhaps, an idol.

Now the man of law had made himself acquainted, as it was his business to do, with the gossip of Blackerton. He knew all about the exceptionally interesting facts that had recently come to light with reference to "Mr. Clifford Haynes as was." And he was a man who believed that "the end justified the means," the end being the winning of their case by his clients for the time being.

When, therefore, he had adroitly "chivied" Clifford's objections, and found that the latter was to be neither brow-beaten nor angered; that the alleged wit took no effect on him, excepting that the colour rose a trifle deeper in his pale face, then the lawyer went a step farther still. He spoke as few thought he was justified in speaking, even of those who condemned Clifford for the "meddling with what did not belong to him." That was how Blackerton characterised any foolish Don Quixote who appeared at the Brewster Sessions and exercised his privilege as a citizen.

"But come, Mr.—Mr.—er Haynes—by the bye, *is* your name Haynes?" he said, with a look in his face which seemed to say, "Now we'll get to business, if you please."

"I am generally called so; my name is Parkinson," our hero said.

"Really, that is very strange. Well, Mr.—er Parkinson, I want you to look at this matter in a rational way. You know we are not all going to make a bug-bear of this simple licensed house. We have not all had drunken parents, you must bear in mind!"

Even the friends of "Joakim's" thought this was going to far.

Clifford said quietly, "I am here to represent those who have had."

He saw a slight form leaning forward a little from beside Mr. Joakim. For the life of him he could not help meeting her eye, proudly if not defiantly. There should be no veiling of his colours; he told himself he would stand by the opinions to which he was pledged, "even in the teeth of clenched antagonisms." And if the "clenched antagonisms" represented the sweetest thing that comes to mortal man, well, so much the harder for him, but he must still "follow up the worthiest."

But his eyes did not deceive him. It was nothing of the antagonistic that showed in her expressive face. Rather kindness, comprehension—a sweet pity that did not hurt him; and the whole rounded off with a rather indignant flash at the suavely-smiling man of law.

But the latter was beginning to enjoy himself. He was rather astonished that the magistrates did not pull him up, and forgot that in a little place like Blackerton the latter are rather disposed to leave things to the lawyers, for they themselves are not sure as to how far their jurisdiction goes.

"If this is the only protest, we—we cannot take it seriously," he said, with a slow smiling regard of the whole court.

"No other residents in the neighbourhood intend to make any objection, I believe?"

"Oh yes they do; I object, most distinctly!"

Clifford started; the voice was unmistakably Denzil's, and Denzil himself was coming forward now. Things were conducted in a rather unconventional manner in Blackerton, and so no surprise was felt when the lawer said,

"And what is your name, please?"

"Haynes—Denzil Haynes."

"Oh; not Parkinson sometimes?"

"Oh no," Denzil said, "I said Haynes; don't you know?"

He spoke in the easy tone a man might to a rather stupid child.

"And—no doubt you are a teetotaler, Mr. Haynes?"

"No, I am not," Denzil said, and there was a general laugh at the lawyer's non-plussed air.

There were several laughs afterwards, for Denzil was not at all averse, as he put it, to "giving the beggars a laugh for their pains," though he made his protest in a dignified way enough. How much of this action was due to the presence of a thickset dark girl in the gallery which was free to the general public will never be known.

Clifford declared—the magistrates declined to make their decision known before they had consulted together—but Clifford declared that Denzil had turned the tide in favour of a refusal. He felt very affectionately towards him, fondly believing that his action in protesting had been prompted by a chivalrous determination that he, Clifford, should be "backed up." But he opened his eyes, when, on going down the approach to the Court the girl we have noted passed the brothers out, and turning round bowed quietly to the younger of the two.

A flush suffused Denzil's ingenuous face: "I

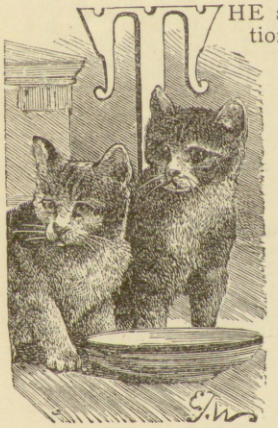
did it hoping to please her—that girl—old man" he said. "She is Sandy Mackinnon's eldest daughter, and she made me feel no end of small potatoes the other day."

(To be continued.)

Important Questions Answered.

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

CAN ALCOHOL QUENCH THIRST?



THE answer to such a question is an emphatic "No!" A mere assertion, however, is of little value, unless we also possess the reasons on which the assertion is based. Cases are not unknown of shipwrecked sailors, in a boat or on a raft, having saved from the sinking ship some casks of water and some kegs of brandy. Presently the water has all been used up, and the sailors, perishing from thirst, have been induced to drink the brandy. The result has been that thirst has been intensified, and those who used the fiery spirit have become maddened.

Alcohol and Water

are the opposites of each other in nearly all their physical and chemical properties, save that of mere appearance, and in this question of thirst there is no exception to the general rule. Instead of allaying thirst, as water would, alcohol really excites thirst, for it has the property of possessing a great affinity for water, and it can and does readily abstract moisture from the tissues of the body with which it comes into contact. It would on this account be an impossibility for anyone to drink a spoonful of absolute alcohol. This would have the effect of burning and inflaming the mouth and the gullet. Ordinary spirits, as they are sold, consist of about one half alcohol and half water; but, even then, this mixture must be very considerably diluted before the drinker can consume it. It is a common experience amongst drinkers of alcoholic liquors that they more readily become thirsty, and the consequence is that the more they drink the more often they want to drink. The opposite should be the result if alcohol could contribute anything towards quenching thirst.

Why We Get Thirsty.

Water constitutes about 60 per cent. of the human body, and it is an essential constituent of every kind of tissue in the body. For instance, the bones have 22 per cent., the muscles 76 per cent., the blood 79 per cent., and the intestinal juices 97 per cent. of water. All other parts have their varying quantities. There is a considerable loss of water every day. An average-sized man loses, by means of the skin, the lungs, and the kidneys, from 80 to 100 ounces of water in twenty-four hours. About three quarters of a pound is exhaled by means of the lungs with the breath, and as much as two pounds daily may escape by means of the pores of the skin in perspiration, in addition to that removed by the kidneys. Now all this loss must be replaced, or serious results ensue. In the foods we eat, and the beverages we drink, we are always taking supplies of water into the body, and so the daily waste is met by a daily supply. A full grown man needs altogether about five pints of water daily; not that he actually drinks that amount, but the proportion of water in the food, together with the beverages that are drunk, supply that quantity.

The sensation of thirst is experienced therefore when the body has lost a certain amount of water. In the case of a healthy and well-nourished body the feeling would come on strongly and definitely when about one-sixth of the whole of the daily waste, or one pound of water has been lost. The body, as a whole, demands this supply of water. This is proved by the fact that thirst may be more quickly allayed by injecting water into the veins than by taking it into the stomach. It is not merely the stomach and intestines that demand it, although it is by their means that the body is naturally supplied.

Causes for Thirst.

Violent exercise, or long continued exertion, means a greater loss of moisture, and therefore creates thirst, especially in hot and dry weather. Working in great heat, as in boiler houses, etc., causes greater perspiration and consequent thirst. A larger quantity of salt in our foods than is actually necessary can create thirst. Anything which makes the gastric juice and other juices of the body flow faster than is usual, also means a consequent loss of moisture, and hence a desire for water. Some highly-flavoured foods, certain medicines and alcoholic liquors can all produce this sensation. Sometimes when we are out of health, and the skin is hot and dry, and the pulse high, thirst will be experienced. Whatever the cause of thirst there is only one thing in the wide realm of nature that can quench and satisfy it, and that is water.

Quite apart from thirst, however, the habit of drinking may be cultivated, and then an appetite and desire is created which is not thirst. Undoubtedly many persons who have cultivated this habit drink too much of water, tea and other beverages, innocent in themselves, but harmful because of the immense quantity taken.

THE ONLY THIRST QUENCHER.

Water has its specific work to do in the body; first, to replace the daily loss; second, to keep the body cool and moist, and, thirdly, the removal of waste matter. It is absolutely certain that alcohol has no power to fulfil either of these functions. It has a capacity for hardening and preserving organic substances, and in the body decidedly retards waste, that is, it allows matter to be retained that ought to be removed.

Whatever form of beverage may be used, whether it is tea, coffee, lemonade, milk, ginger beer, or any other of the immense variety of beverages in common use, the only part in them that quenches thirst is the water they contain. It may be argued that it is necessary to colour and flavour water, and to drink some of these beverages hot. That may be so, and if it is, it is the result of cultivated appetite, and the fact still remains that the thing that is of the most service to the body is the water these beverages contain.

Simple water is the only really natural, and the only really necessary beverage. All others could be dispensed with, and the body still remain healthy, and possibly be far more free from many ailments than it is with the many varieties of beverages in common use.

We may be sure of the fact that alcohol is no thirst quencher, and although the water contained in beer and wine may in itself be of service, yet alcoholic liquors should be avoided because the alcohol is in itself harmful, and the value of the water is deteriorated just in proportion as it is present.

Water is Best.

A Sufficient Reason.

My friend was walking up State Street, late one afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on Temperance. The air was keen and cold, with "symptoms of snow." He had pulled his cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned up his overcoat close to keep out the stinging lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's, when he nearly ran over a child not more than four years old, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting her safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a grieved lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke to her.

"Whew! barefooted, and such a day as this!" with a low whistle, "why don't you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotin's."

"Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you any shoes and stockings?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the reason quite sufficient; "no, my papa dets drunk."

Nuts to Crack.

DRINK AND NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

DR. DAWSON BURNS, in his annual letter to the *Times*, points out that the National Drink Bill for 1900, though less than in the previous year by £1,271,756, yet reached

THE ENORMOUS TOTAL

of £160,891,718, or an average expenditure of £3 18s. 8d. per man, woman and child of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland · or £19 13s. 4d. per family.

What this means will be better realised when it is remembered, as Dr. Burns goes on to point out, that "Groups of food-supply, such as all varieties of dairy produce, do not approach the colossal magnitude of the drink bill.

THE COST OF THE ENTIRE CLOTHING OF THE NATION IS FAR INFERIOR TO IT.

All sorts of non-inebriating liquids do not rise to its financial level.

THE RENTS OF ALL THE HOUSES AND FARMS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FALL SHORT OF IT.

The collective contributions by all churches, and to all charities, scarcely amount to one-seventh of its enormous bulk. Problems of sanitation and housing of the people would be effectually solved by subtracting for that purpose one-fourth of one year's national expenditure on strong drink. Last year's expenditure was

IN EXCESS OF THE HIGHEST ESTIMATED COST OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR,

while the deaths in that war from wounds and disease are far exceeded every year by the destructive action of alcohol on health and life.

The South African losses are incurred in the hope of a great ultimate recompense; but what compensation does any year's drink expenditure afford either to wasted and ruined families or to the national welfare, present or prospective?"

When will the nation be wise, and for financial reasons, domestic reasons, national reasons, stop the "awful drinking trade," whose wastefulness and extravagance are among the least of the terrible evils sustained by this nation through its legalised existence?

And when will the working classes, whose purchases of beer and spirits make up the larger part of this wasteful expenditure, see that every year they are

THROWING THEIR MONEY AWAY

on that which cannot satisfy their bodily needs, on that which impoverishes them and is their greatest enemy?

OLD AGE ENDOWMENT,

which legislators declare is too expensive to be undertaken by the nation, could be managed, and that too upon a very liberal scale, if the money now poured into the Trade coffers were devoted thereto. Old age endowment would be easily secured by many for themselves, without national aid, if they would cut off their "beerings" and put the money thus saved to secure the provision they are asking and should have.

Young Mr. Jones and His "Sounding Brass."

. . . . By "Uncle Edward." . . . .

IN one of two semi-detached houses, known as "the neighbourly villas," in a pretty suburb, lived "young Mr. Jones." It wasn't the beauty of the suburb that caused "young Mr. Jones" to live there though, for all the beauty was lost upon "young Mr. Jones." He was a man of one idea, and one only; he had no soul for poetry, he had no taste for art, even money had no fascination for him; the whole being of "young Mr. Jones" was lost in a wild yearning after *music*. Yet, strange to say, never was a man less capable of becoming a musician than "young Mr. Jones." Everybody else knew it, but "young Mr. Jones" was oblivious to the fact. To enter his dwelling was a revelation. Every conceivable noise-making machine was there, from a Jew's harp to a set of bag-pipes; from a penny whistle to a German concertina; from an organ-accordion to a complete set of drums and fifes; from a huge trombone reposing amidst scores of less important "brasses;" and an antiquated "Broadwood," spreading itself out like an overgrown dinner table, laden with oboes and zithers and flutes, and triangles, to a long gas-pipe-looking-instrument of his own invention, which, in response to an application of the full strength of his lungs gave forth cries and moans which rent the air, but it was all *music* to "young Mr. Jones," and he revelled in all he possessed so long as it was capable of emitting sound.

Now, "young Mr. Jones" had a neighbour who also loved music, but he did *not* love the music which "young Mr. Jones" loved, and he did not hesitate to draw his attention to the fact. Owing to this difference of opinion there were occasional ructions between them. Mr. Middleton-Robinson loved harmony, "young Mr. Jones" despised it; hence periodical "words" which ended in practical demonstrations. Mr. M.-R. was a man of resource, and he left no stone unturned to lead "young Mr. Jones" to mend his ways, using what he called the "overcoming" plan. When "young Mr. Jones" was in full blast Mr. M.-R. would seize the poker, the fire-irons, and the fender, and rattle them furiously together, and Mrs. M.-R. would frantically shake small stones in a tin saucepan till she grew black in the face. Whilst this was going on Master M.-R. would be told off to kick the wall, and Miss Kezia M.-R. would be empowered to scream herself hoarse and whilst doing so to hammer on an old tin tray with might and main, in the hope that the combined melodies might attract the attention of "young Mr. Jones," but all to no effect.

Next morning Mrs. M.-R. would look over the garden-wall and say,

"I hope you enjoyed our little musical party last night," at which "young Mr. Jones" would vacantly reply,

"Oh, did you *have* a musical party? I am sorry I missed it, but I expect I was just doing a little practising, you know."

This would nettle Mrs. M.-R. immensely, but she would simply say,

"Oh, *really*," for *she* never let herself down so low as to quarrel with "young Mr. Jones," she left the more apparent forms of opposition to Mr. M.-R., although she delighted in joining in the pandemonium in her own home so long as she felt there was a hope of overwhelming the music of the *other* neighbourly villa.

Nothing daunted, Mr. and Mrs. M.-R. and family repeated their efforts night after night, but without avail. "Young Mr. Jones" was absolutely impregnable. Was he deaf? Surely not, for if he were deaf his own noises would not have charms for him.

"There's only one way out of it," remarked Mrs. M.-R. at last. "We *cannot* bear it, we *cannot* leave *our* house, and 'young Mr. Jones' will *have* to go."

So Mr. M.-R., Mrs. M.-R., Master M.-R., and Miss Kezia M.-R., laid themselves out to render the life of "young Mr. Jones" unbearable, and they succeeded in their laudable mission. They threw cabbage stumps and dead rats into his garden. They bribed small boys to rap at his door after he had gone to rest. They smeared tar on the latch of his front gate. They kept cats which caterwauled at night, and cocks that crew as cocks were never known to crow before. "Young Mr. Jones" found his windows mysteriously broken, and tangled rope stretched across his garden paths. Then matters became worse still. "Young Mr. Jones" began to find bits of glass in his dumplings, and splinters of wood in his "daily bread," and he at last began to realise that there was a strange ghostly influence going on around him which made life a burden and defied his best efforts to explain. So he gathered up all his noise-making machinery and away he went no one knew whither. Now be it known that "young Mr. Jones" had, in spite of his great peculiarities, a "good heart" within him, and desired to fulfil the neighbourly functions of life to the very best of his ability, but his sad failing of (to use his own expression) "glorying in a bit of music" which lacked *harmony*, caused him to stand side by side with the young man of Spurgeonic fame, who we are told once called on the noted preacher and asked him whether he thought a Christain should learn to play brass instruments, to whom the witty divine is said to have replied: "I do not think there is anything to prevent a Christian from learning to play upon brass instruments, but it is probable that the man who lived next door would find it a very hard thing indeed to be a Christian." At any rate this seems to have been the case with Mr. Middleton-Robinson!

The Helot.

A TALE OF ANCIENT SPARTA.

By D. F. Hannigan.

WHY dost thou not drink the wine, thou dog?" exclaimed the boy, with a menacing gesture.

The Helot calmly shook his head as he put down the goblet untasted. He was wretchedly clad, and seemed, at first sight, more like a mere animal than a man.

The boy was one of the flower of the Spartan youth. He was destined for a high career, his father, Pausanias, being one of the greatest men that Sparta had produced. Kreon had been assigned to the boy as a slave, so that from his degradation Lykander should learn to shrink from vice and strive to reach the heights of heroic virtue.

But Kreon, in spite of his servile position, was not devoid of intellect or moral sense. He had much time in his sad life for reflection. He could not read or write, but he could listen to the words of wise men; and he had heard a philosopher say that it was a crime to rob a human soul of liberty. This philosopher had been a vagrant Athenian, who had secretly passed through Sparta, but the Helot in his wanderings through the market-place had seen this man and listened to his marvellous sayings. Some of the opinions of the philosopher would have been sufficient to bring down capital punishment on his head, if they had been expressed in the presence of the Spartan nobles. One idea had left an indelible impression on Kreon's mind. It was that, though the gods might be capricious, there must be one great God in whose eyes all men were brothers.

"Wilt thou not drink?" said Lykander, advancing one step nearer to the Helot.

"No," answered Kreon, without flinching.

"Why?"

"Because I am a man, and have free will."

"Slave, thou art not a man! Thou shalt die if thou darest to disobey me, thy master!"

The Helot folded his bare arms, and looked earnestly into the boy's face.

"Thou art but a child, and canst not command me. I have seen thee in infancy. I loved thee, and would not harm thee. Why shouldst thou harm me?"

"I want to behold thee stupefied with wine."

"Wherefore?"

"In order to know the horror and shame of drunkenness."

The Helot sighed.

"Alas! what need is there of turning a man into a brute in order that a boy might learn to practise temperance?"

"Come, Kreon, cease thy babbling!" - and the proud boy once more tendered him the goblet—"drink this wine, or I shall kill thee!"

"Kill me, then," exclaimed Kreon, "I am ready to die! Let me die a man, not a brute! God has fashioned all men in his image, and I refuse to defile God's image in my soul!"

The boy snatched up a weapon which lay close at hand. He sprang fiercely on the Helot.

But Kreon was too quick for him. Moreover, the Helot possessed great physical strength.

"This would be murder!" he said, sternly. "Unhappy boy, I am saving thee from perpetrating a crime."

"Miscreant!" shouted the furious boy, "thou deservest death! Thou hast blasphemed by slighting the gods, and thou hast refused to hear my command. Shall it be heard of in Sparta that a Helot has disobeyed his owner?"

Kreon gazed pityingly on Lykander.

"Thy father, Pausanias, is a great man," he said, "but he, too, must one day face death. So must thou. So must I. We three must, each of us, answer to the God of Justice for our actions on earth. Let my will be free, Lykander, to practise virtue."

"Thou ravest, Helot!" said the imperious boy. "Thou hast no right to freedom. To lie, to live like a mere brute, to get drunk, to obey every command of thy master—such is thy destiny!"

"No, Lykander, God made me free—I am free! I am not a mere brute. Neither thou nor thy father could make me that which I am not. I refuse to taste thy wine. I would, if necessary, even prevent thou from drinking it, for it would only increase thy rage, and convert thee into a wild beast!"

"We shall see!" And with a look of scorn Lykander snatched up the goblet and raised it to his lips. But the Helot, springing forward, dashed the goblet out of the boy's hand.

At that moment, the door of the apartment flew open.

Pausanias stood before them, silent and astonished.

"What means this?"

The boy told his father the truth. For a moment Pausanias reflected.

"It is well," he said, at length. "Kreon is a brave man. He must be a Helot no longer. I declare him free!"

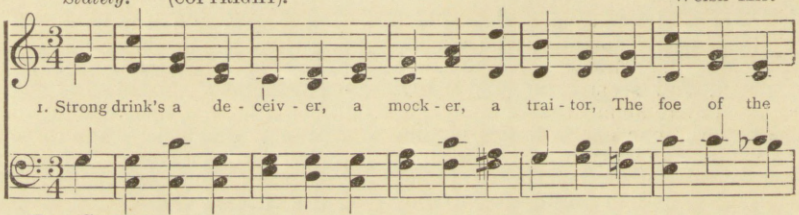
One thing is certain, that the greatest of all obstacles to the improvement of the world, is that prevailing belief of its improbability, which damps the exertions of so many individuals; and that in proportion as the contrary opinion becomes general, it realises the event which it leads us to anticipate.

Thirty Years' Practice.—"For more than thirty years I have abandoned the use of all kinds of alcoholic drinks, and with such good results that were I sick, nothing would induce me to have recourse to them; they are but noxious depressants. I believe that alcoholic drinks in sickness (as in health) are not only uncalled for, but positively injurious. I am sure that cases of fever, flooding, pyæmia, smallpock, etc, recover much more quickly without their use, and that, were alcoholics proscribed altogether, the mortality from disease would be much less than it is."
—*B. Collenette, M.D.*

THE DECEIVER.

Words by W. C. W.

Stately. (COPYRIGHT). Welsh Air.



KEY C. *Stately.*

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3. It	robs	lit -	tle	chil -	dren	of	food	and	of	clo -	thing,	De -	prives	them	of
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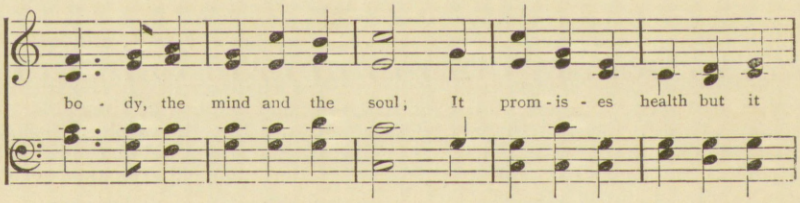

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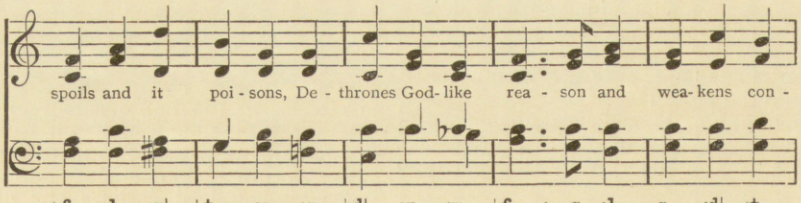

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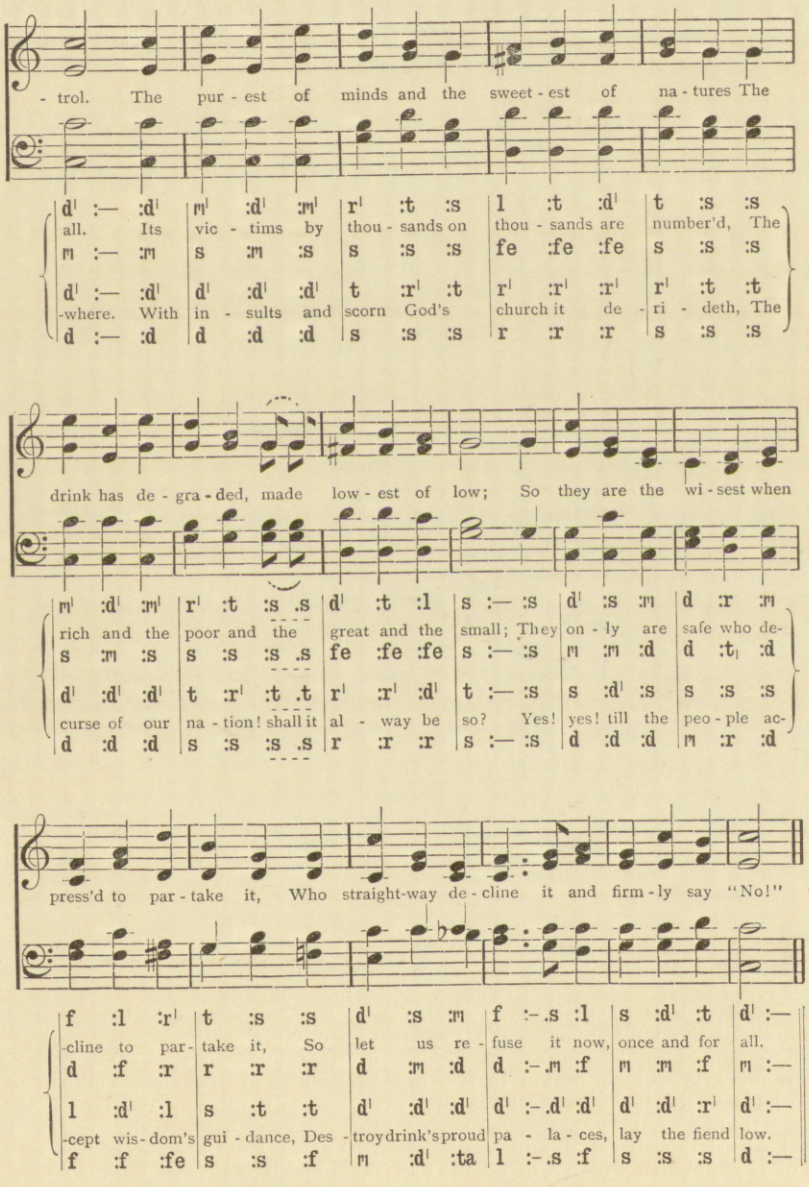
THE DECEIVER—(*continued.*)



The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

VII.—STEMS AND SHOOTS—Continued.

IF our young readers frequent any of the parks and gardens in the large towns or cities, or if they stroll along the green lanes of the country districts, they will see a great many different kinds of stems and shoots, providing they *keep their eyes open*. They may soon find dozens of varieties if they will only look for them; many of them may be very much alike, but they will never find two *exactly* alike.

It may surprise our young friends, who have not thought about the matter before, to know that, though an almost infinite number of plants have existed for a very long period in nearly every part of the world, there never have been two stems exactly like each other.

This great diversity still exists, and yet there are points of resemblance which will enable us to arrange them in groups.

This fact was recognised in the distinction between monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous stems. Another mode of grouping them, already pointed out, divides them into herbaceous and woody stems. It now remains to be observed that whilst the greater number of stems grow upwards into the light and air, and are designated *aerial* stems, some grow underground, very much as roots do, and are therefore classified as *subterranean* stems.

(1) Aerial Stems.—Let us notice some of the groups included under this term. Even a child may see that there are great big stems, very thick, strong and woody, which carry many shoots or branches, like the oak or beach trees; such stems are called *trunks*. If the trunk runs through to the top of the tree, growing on from year to year, even more vigorously than the branches, it is said to be *indefinite*. The spruce fir tree in the annexed illustration is a good example of an indefinite trunk.

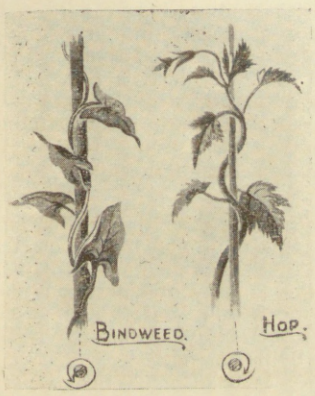
If the trunk of a tree divides, and forms a branching head, it is said to be *definite*. The beech tree in the centre of the illustration gives a very fine example of a definite trunk.

There are many stems that grow very tall, and are without shoots or leaves, except a tuft or crown on the top, like the date palm in the illustration. Such a stem is called a *caudex*, and is often met with in warm climates.

A great number of slender stems are jointed at intervals like the grasses; sometimes they grow to a great length, and become very hard on the outside. They then bear slender shoots near the top, like the bamboo and sugar canes; such stems are called *culms*.

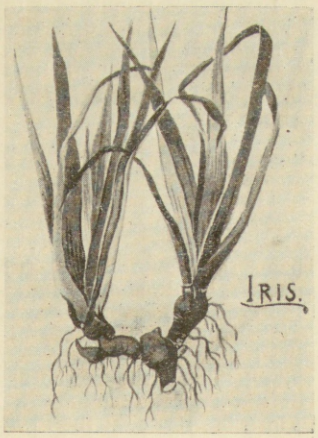
Some stems are too weak to hold themselves erect, and unless they find some other support they trail on the ground. The ivy, for example, attaches itself by rootlets to a wall, or the trunk of a tree. The woody nightshade accepts the aid afforded by the branches of a friendly shrub

or hedge. The pea and the vine support their stems by tendrils, which twist around any suitable object near them. These are *climbing* stems.



Others there are that *twine* around another stem or a pole, like the bindweed and the hop plant; they twine, however, in contrary directions. The bindweed, like the runner bean, always twines from the right hand to the left; while the hop twines from the left hand to the right. The circular arrows beneath the figures in the illustration show the way the tips of the stems move in each case.

(2) SUBTERRANEAN STEMS.—These assume a variety of forms, but they are never very large. The *Rhizome* (*ri'-zome*), or rootstalk, is a thickened stem growing near the surface of the soil. It gives off shoots or leaves from its upper side, and roots from beneath. When the leaves fall off they leave scars on the rhizome, which give it a wrinkled appearance. The Iris is a familar example. Ginger root, commonly so called, is the rhizome of a tropical plant.



The *Soboles* (*sob'-o-lees*) or creeping stems of the couch grass and the sedges resemble the rhizome, but are longer and thinner. A large matted mass of the soboles of the sand sedge is often useful in binding together the sands on some of our exposed sea shores.

The *Tuber* is a swollen underground stem, in which the plant has stored a quantity of starch and other food materials for future growth. The potato is the best known example. The "eyes" of a tuber are modified buds from which new shoots will grow the following year.

The *Bulb* has a flattened disc at the base; on its upper side scaly or fleshy leaves and buds are packed in a close bundle, and roots are given off from below. There are two kinds of bulbs; in one the inner leaves are fleshy, and the outer ones are covered with thin skins or membranes, as in the onion; this is a *tunicated* bulb. In the other there is no membrane to cover the fleshy leaves; this is a *scaly* bulb. All true lilies have scaly bulbs.

The *Corm* differs from the bulb in being more solid; the fleshy leaves are not separated from each other. After each year's growth the corm shrivels, and is replaced by a fresh one which grows above it. The so-called bulbs of the crocus and gladiolus are corms. Bulbs and corms belong only to monocotyledonous plants, but all subterranean stems may be regarded as reserve stores of food laid up against the winter, and for the use of the plant the following spring.

The stems of the cactus family which grow on dry deserts, where rain seldom falls, become thickened and fleshy, as a means of storing up water to enable the plants to live through the dry season. The leaves become exceedingly small or disappear altogether; the swollen stems are covered with sharp prickles to protect them from the attacks of thirsty animals.

These protective appendages, unlike thorns, are not formed from shoots, but merely grow on the epidermis of the outer bark, and can readily be removed. The hooks and prickles of roses, briars and brambles are of the same character. Spines or thorns, as met with on the sloe and hawthorn *are* formed from shoots, the tips of which cease to grow, and all the tissues become lignified or woody.

Let us now recapitulate. Stems and shoots are bundles of sunshine, air and water. They differ from roots because they bear leaves and flowers. Shoots generally grow in the axils of the leaves. The uses of the stem are (1) to lift up the entire plant into the air and sunshine; (2) to convey water or crude sap from the soil to the leaves, and carry thence the food materials of the plant to the points where they are wanted for the growth of fresh organs; (3) to store up food materials against the winter or a dry season.

We have learned that stems and shoots are interesting things, and that they are absolutely necessary in the growth of plants and trees.

THE RECHABITE ORDER continues to make considerable progress, and the directors' report, which will be presented to the High Movable Conference at its meeting in August at Penzance, shows an increase of 28,490 benefit members since its last meeting, and that after deducting all lapses and deaths. Of this large number 15,732 are adult benefit members and 12,758 are juvenile benefit members; the total adult membership now being 170,000, and the total juvenile membership being over 100,000, over 3,000 juveniles being transferred to the adult section every year.

During the last two years 296 new branches have been instituted in the United Kingdom alone, of which 147 are for adult members and 149 for juvenile members.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies' Report for 1900, which has been issued this week, shows that for the last 14 years the Rechabite Order has registered a larger number of branches each year than any other Friendly Society.

The Children's Bill.

By W. Chandos Wilson.

SINCE our last issue there has been a remarkable display of activity both on the part of supporters and opponents of "The Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children under Sixteen years of age."

This Bill, which, in its earliest stages was

Characterised as a Ridiculous Measure,

has proved to be very greatly desired of people of all shades of politics and religious opinions.

After pooh-poohing the idea of Parliament entertaining such a proposal, the "Trade" evidently became alarmed, when, on the Second Reading, in March, the principle of the Bill was approved by a majority of 318, and, with characteristic energy and unscrupulousness determined, if possible, to stay its further progress. By the publication of enormous posters containing most specious appeals to working people to

"Resent this Tyranny and to Protest Against the Interference with your Liberty,"

efforts were made to secure monster petitions *against* the Bill ostensibly from working people, and through them to impress Parliament and to persuade legislators to refuse to further encourage the progress of the Bill.

It is not a little singular to note, however, that, notwithstanding these hysteric appeals, which did in many instances capture the unthinking, the Trade, through the meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association at Bristol, showed the utter

Insincerity of its Own Pleas,

and proved the selfishness of its opposition to the Children's Bill.

On its great posters and appeals circulated in working-class districts, it called upon the people to resist the measure as being an interference with parental liberty, and urged uncompromising hostility. At Bristol, its attitude was very different.

There the spokesmen of the Licensed Victuallers moved, and there was adopted a resolution which meant nothing if it did not mean that the Trade would accept the Bill providing the promoters added a clause to penalise the sender for, as well as the seller of, drink to children. In plain words, the Trade, which shrieked to the working people "Come and help us to protect you," laughed up its sleeve at its own pretence, and then quietly admitted the truth to its own representatives as if it said, "'Tis ourselves who need protecting, and not the working people. Let them look after themselves."

It is a little significant to note—doubtless the Trade will have observed it—how frequently the newspapers, when commenting upon their so-called "Petitions of Working People Against the Bill," have again and again facetiously described them —as no doubt they are in the main—as the

Monster Petitions of the Publicans

and their supporters of the districts from which they came.

No doubt when the Trade set out to organise these monster petitions, it was in the belief that working people would flock to their support. It must, therefore, have been exceedingly galling in centre after centre to find that, the fascinations of the trade notwithstanding, bigger petitions, not bought, but gratuitously organised and courteously promoted, were secured from working people in support of the Children's Bill. The Trade ought to have learned by this that, as one writer has said, "Working people are becoming more and more independent, and are

Thinking for Themselves."

The people realise that the well-being of their children is more important than the up-holding of the inordinate claims of a swollen and bloated traffic, which, considering alone its own gains, cares neither for the sanctity of childhood nor the honour of manhood; but which, ever shrieking of its respectability, claims a virtue conspicuous alone by its absence.

The people have seen through the Trade hollowness, and in Liverpool, Portsmouth, Hackney, Preston, Oldham, Sheffield, Nottingham, Warrington and other parts of the country they have responded most readily to the invitations given to them to support this Bill for the protection of the children; even though in so doing they might occasion themselves a little inconvenience and departure from an old-time custom. So it has come about that remarkable manifestations in support of the Bill, and detestations of Trade practices have been evident in centres where masses of the people live.

In the great industrial towns of Manchester and Salford, at the very time the Trade, by an army of paid canvassers, was seeking to secure a "Monster Petition" to the House of Commons in opposition to the Bill, which secured under 41,000 signatures, a

Memorial of 100,019 People

was secured in its favour.

This particular memorial was signed by people of all classes, literate and illiterate, irrespective altogether of creed or party, among the signatures being those of the Bishop and Dean of Manchester, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, the President of the Free Church Council, and 213 Clergy and Ministers of all denominations; the Judge of the County Court; the Stipendiary Magistrates of the two boroughs, and 71 Justices of the Peace, including a Chairman of the Licensing Justices; the Principal and several of the Professors of Owens College; the Chairman and Vice-chairman of the Watch Committee; the President of the National Poor Law Association; 93 Town Councillors, School Board Members and Guardians; a Coroner; many Barristers and Lawyers; 170 Consultants and General Medical Practitioners; the Treasurer and Secretary of the Trades Council, leading Trades Unionists; heads of business houses; and some licensees, in addition to upwards of 98,500 working people.

The Manchester memorial was only a sample of many others.

So manifest was the public desire, that the Leader of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., when performing the

Annual Massacre of Parliamentary Innocents —private Members' Bills—felt constrained to admit that "the feeling in favour of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquor to Children Bill is not simply to be estimated by the magnitude of the majority in favour of it on the second reading, still less by the number of petitions which had been brought up in countless multitudes." So the Government had agreed to preserve our proposal from the general wreckage, and to arrange for a motion on June 26 to

Send the Children's Bill to a Grand Committee

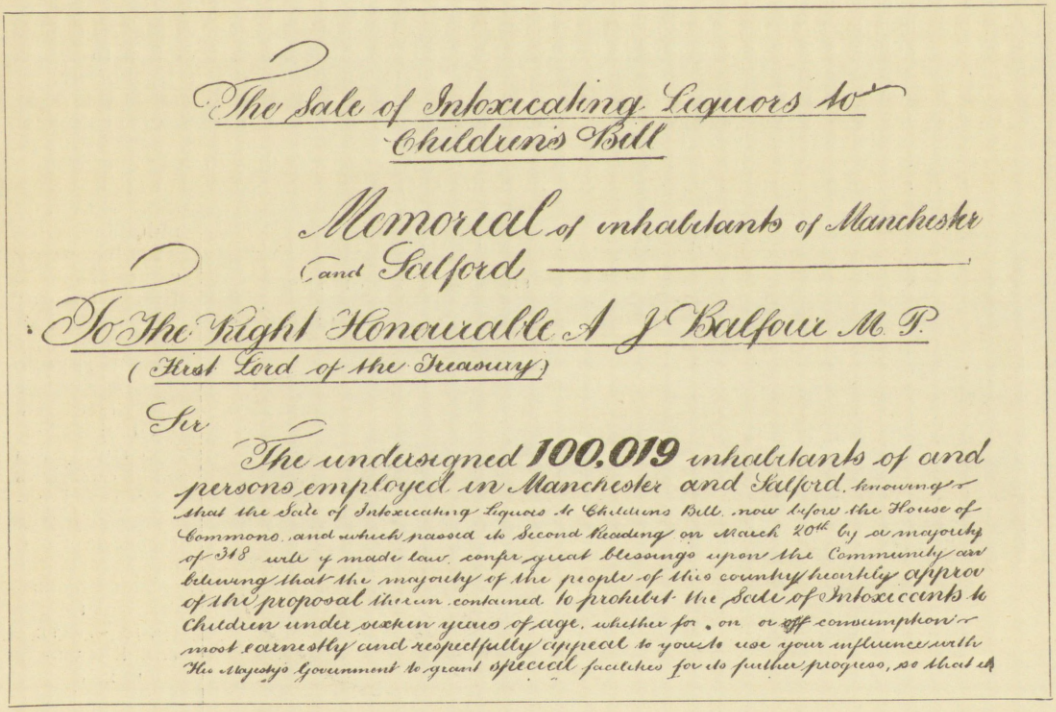
of the House.

Whether to be thankful or not for this hardly-wrung consideration, procured after strenuous

Specious and Dangerous Proposal,

which cannot be worth much to Temperance, seeing it is put forward by, and in the interests of, the Trade, we feel the greatest anxiety. *Prima facie* it seems but reasonable that the sender should be punished for abetting a breach of the law.

We have no desire to do the publican even an apparent injustice, nor to screen parents or others from the just penalties of their illegalities. At the same time we dislike this proposal because it would introduce a principle not hitherto known in licensing matters, that of a division of responsibility between the licensee and his customer. Under the Pawnbroking Acts, the Acts regulating



The Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children's Bill

Memorial of inhabitants of Manchester and Salford

To The Right Honourable A J Balfour M P.
(First Lord of the Treasury)

Sir

The undersigned 100,019 inhabitants of and persons employed in Manchester and Salford, knowing that the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children Bill now before the House of Commons, and which passed its Second Reading on March 20th by a majority of 318 will if made law, confer great blessings upon the Community, are believing that the majority of the people of this country heartily approve of the proposal therein contained to prohibit the Sale of Intoxicants to Children under sixteen years of age, whether for, on or off consumption, we most earnestly and respectfully appeal to you to use your influence with His Majesty's Government to grant special facilities for its further progress, so that it

Facsimile of part of the Manchester and Salford Memorial to the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

advocacy and demand, is a matter for serious consideration on the part of all supporters.

The Bill is, apparently, to go to a Grand Committee to undergo

Certain Modifications

which the leader of the House hopes "will go very far to bring back the measure into the category of really uncontroversial measures."

Before this is issued the Government proposals will, if *The Times* is right, be found to consist in the inclusion of the word "knowingly," the reduction of the age limit from sixteen to fourteen, and the addition of a clause to penalise sender as well as seller.

Though we prefer the Bill as it is, we shall not worry over the suggested amendments 1 and 2. About No. 3, that

Employment of Children in Workshops, the Sale of Poisons Acts, the Fireworks and Explosives Acts, all of which are more or less analogous to, and have a distinct bearing upon, the Child Messenger Bill, responsibility is single, undivided, resting upon the seller alone, whether he be the seller of articles or of employment.

We further object to the amendment because, in our opinion, it will make the Bill

Less Workable and Effective.

In centres where public sentiment is strong, magistrates sympathetic, the Bill will be duly enforced. In Trade dominated areas, and where it is most needed, the added difficulties this proproposal will put in the way of the police, together with the inevitable tendency to insist that the conviction of the seller and sender shall

be interdependent, cannot but lead to easy evasion of the law, and, what we should be better without, discredited legistation and an inoperative Act.

From the standpoint of child protection the

GRAVEST DANGER

lies in the position of hostility in which the clause will place little children towards the publican and their elders on the one hand and the police on the other. This difficulty will not occur among the better section of the populace. But in that very large class of indifferents, and the by no means small class which cares next to nothing for children, among whom, thriving upon whom, the very licensees live who are likely to encourage the evasion of the law, neglected, badly cared-for childhood will suffer acutely, or else the present system of the child messenger must continue under a statute supposed to have ended it.

We do not want to pursue the policy of the dog in the manger. Our anxiety for the children's protection forbids that. But we may be forgiven if we express the fear lest such modifications should be used to emasculate the Bill and make it such a weakling and so ineffective as to be the merest shadow of what it was designed to be.

We do not want to harass Parliament, nor to alienate the sympathy of any; but the Bill as it stands, of which the essential clause is

> "Every holder of a licence who sells, or delivers, or allows any person to sell or deliver any description of intoxicating liquor to any person apparently under the age of sixteen years for consumption either on or off the premises shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings for the first offence, and in the case of a second or any subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding five pounds,"

is what we and the promoters have been aiming at, what we want, what we were prepared to continue to strive for, making legislators to understand it is not a question with us as to how far we and the Trade can agree, but as to

WHAT IS RIGHT, JUST AND EXPEDIENT

to be done to preserve the childhood of this great nation from the contamination of centres of pollution.

We shall not be unwilling to meet objectors on details, but shall decline proposals which, at once dangerous and nullifying, strike at the very essentials of the Bill. In our anxiety to get some reform, we cannot forego our right to use every legitimate and judicious opportunity to make our views known and understood in the House of Commons and on the Grand Committee, and to DEMONSTRATE THE REASONABLENESS and workableness of the Bill to Members of Parliament, who, as a class, are profoundly ignorant on Temperance matters, and always too ready to compromise where opposing factions are concerned, forgetful of the fact that to compromise 'twixt right and wrong is to weaken right to strengthen wrong.

THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD MEMORIAL, SHOWING SOME OF THE SIGNATURES.

This Memorial was signed by **100,019** *persons. It measured over* 612 *yards in length with the names in double columns, and weighed nearly a hundred-weight. The signatures were practically all secured within ten days.*

Brownie.

A DIFFICULT lesson had been perfectly recited by only one member of a large class, and a complicated problem in arithmetic had been solved by the same boy, while all the others had failed. This boy the teacher had praised generously, at the same time severely censuring those who deserved censure.

"I'm real sorry I didn't get my lesson," exclaimed a young girl with dark brown eyes and a profusion of wavy hair. "I studied, and I tried that horrid old sum a dozen times, but I was thinking most all the time about something else."

"Well, Mr. Varney needn't scold so dreadfully," said another. "'Twas an awful hard lesson, anyway."

"So it was," replied the first speaker, whom all the children called "Brownie," without fully appreciating the fitness of this name. "'Twas just the hardest we've ever had, so 'twould have been all the grander to have learned it. I wish I had. I should think Ned Leighton would feel real proud; I should if I was in his place."

"Proud!" repeated a scholar scornfully. "I don't see that he has anything to be proud of; he's nobody but a drunkard's boy."

"Hush!" half whispered Brownie, "he'll hear you."

"What if he does? Who cares? I don't. I tell you he's nobody but a drunkard's boy."

Alas! for the warning and the boy. Ned Leighton heard the cruel words. In his happiness at having gained the approbation of his teacher he had forgotten that his father was a drunkard. No wonder he hurried away, and in a secluded spot gave vent to his tears.

Here, as Brownie was on her way home from school, she found him, and, knowing well the cause of his grief, said cheerfully:

"How can you cry when you had such a splendid lesson? I couldn't if I was in your place."

"Wouldn't you if your father was a drunkard?"

"No," she answered, with some hesitation. "I'd try and have him not to be a drunkard."

"How would you try?" asked the boy, looking up with a pitiful smile.

"I'd ask him to sign the pledge, and keep it. Then, if he did, you see he wouldn't be a drunkard. Can't you ask him?"

"No, I can't, Brownie. You ask him, won't you? Seems as though he'd do it if you ask him. Won't you?"

There was a short silence, but at length Brownie said,

"Yes, I will."

Mr. Leighton was a newcomer in the village, a blacksmith, and a good workman when free from the influence of liquor. The day after the conversation above narrated, he was obliged to remain in his shop much later than usual, so that the glowing light of the forge was in striking contrast to the darkness without. From that darkness came a child, who seemed fascinated by the weird shadows on the blackened walls, and the fitful leaping of the flames up the wide-mouthed chimney.

"Well, my little lady, what can I do for you?"

This question recalled her to the fact that she was not in fairyland, as she had half fancied; and, extending some papers she held in her hand, she said,

"Please, sir, will you sign the pledge?"

"What pledge?" was asked.

"The pledge not to drink anything that will make you drunk?"

"Who are you, child?"

"My name is Miriam Way, but they call me Brownie."

"I thought so," responded the man absently.

"You look like a Brownie. What sent you here?"

"I come because I'm sorry for Ned."

"My Ned?"

"Yes, sir. One of the scholars said he was nobody but a drunkard's boy, and he felt so bad about it he cried, and I found him hid away by himself. You see, sir, he had his lesson just splendid, when the rest all missed; but he didn't care about that, he felt so bad because his father drinks. And—and—please sir, won't you sign the pledge?"

"But if I do, I can drink just the same if I've a mind to."

"Yes, sir, but that would be telling a lie, and I don't believe you'd do that if you was sober."

"No, child, I wouldn't. I ain't so far gone as that, if I am a drunkard. Sit down in that chair and I'll think about it."

Brownie seated herself and watched Mr. Leighton at his work, while he seemed wholly unconscious of her presence. At length he said:

"You can read the pledge. Let's see what you want me to promise."

"I've got two. I'll read them both."

One was a simple pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors; the other included tobacco and profane language.

"The last is the best; I'll go the whole figure or none." And again Mr. Leighton resumed his work. A few minutes had elapsed when he asked:

"Were you afraid to come in here to-night?"

"Just a little," answered Brownie frankly. "But you see I wanted to help Ned."

"Bring me the last paper you read."

Under the comprehensive pledge Edward Leighton wrote his name in bold characters and then nailed the paper just above his desk. From his mouth he took a huge quid of tobacco.

When this was consumed he turned to the child beside him, and, laying his hand tenderly upon her head, murmured:

"You have saved me, Brownie. There will be a hard fight with the flesh and the devil; but, please God, we'll come out all right in the end."

The end is not yet; but this village blacksmith is forging a chain which shall reach from earth to heaven, and upon each link the forger sees the name of "Brownie."—*The Banner.*

ALL true sanctity is saving power.

Alcohol has no place in the dietary of a child; it should find no place in the atmosphere which surrounds it, and influences its future, with its marvellous possibilities. Children cannot take alcohol, or any narcotic, with impunity; it exerts an extraordinary and dangerous effect on their nervous organism, and prevents their development.

JOHN RUSKIN once watched a bird build its nest, and while watching these thoughts came to his mind which he wrote out for his young friends. He says, "Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know what palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity, bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us, houses built without hands."

Our Calendar.

1901.

July 3rd witnesses the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the National United Temperance Council formed 1896.

„ **5th** is the anniversary of the BRITISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, the pioneer British temperance organization, established 1835.

„ **17th**—The Franco-Prussian War began on this date, 1870.

„ **22nd**—The Temperance Society at Liverpool was formed, 1830.

„ **29th**—Wilberforce, the slave liberator, died in 1833.

Where is this little one going,
With steps uncertain and slow,
With the brightness of childhood tarnished
Through misery, dirt and woe,

Going, Ah! who could follow
The steps of that downward way,
As the little ones drink the poison
In small drops day by day—
Taken while carrying father's pint
From the public-house over the way.

SIR THOMAS BARLOW from his experiences at Great Ormond Street Hospital, said he had known a baby of eleven months old to die of gin-drinker's liver—its foolish mother had given it sips of gin. A boy of ten, a cabman's son, carried his father's dinner to the cabstand every day, and was rewarded with a "nip" of his father's drink. He became a victim of gin-drinker's liver and abdominal dropsy. Another significant story was that of a young woman who died at twenty-five of alcoholic inflammation. She had contracted the habit of drunkenness when a child by sipping the "last drops" left in the glasses in her home, where moderate drinking was practised. The healthy child has a natural repugnance to alcohol, but that repugnance is easily exchanged for a morbid longing for stimulants. To safeguard the young is the only chance for the next generation.

"The Master of the House" is the brain.
Alcohol is a brain poison.
Alcohol injures and destroys mental power.
Alcohol weakens moral power.

THOSE Temperance and Band of Hope workers who have not got copies of the excellent Text Books by Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., as published by the Onward Office, 124, Portland-st., Manchester, or of the handy, explicit series of Platform Helps, Pocket Lesson Cards by the same author, miss splendid aids to their work.

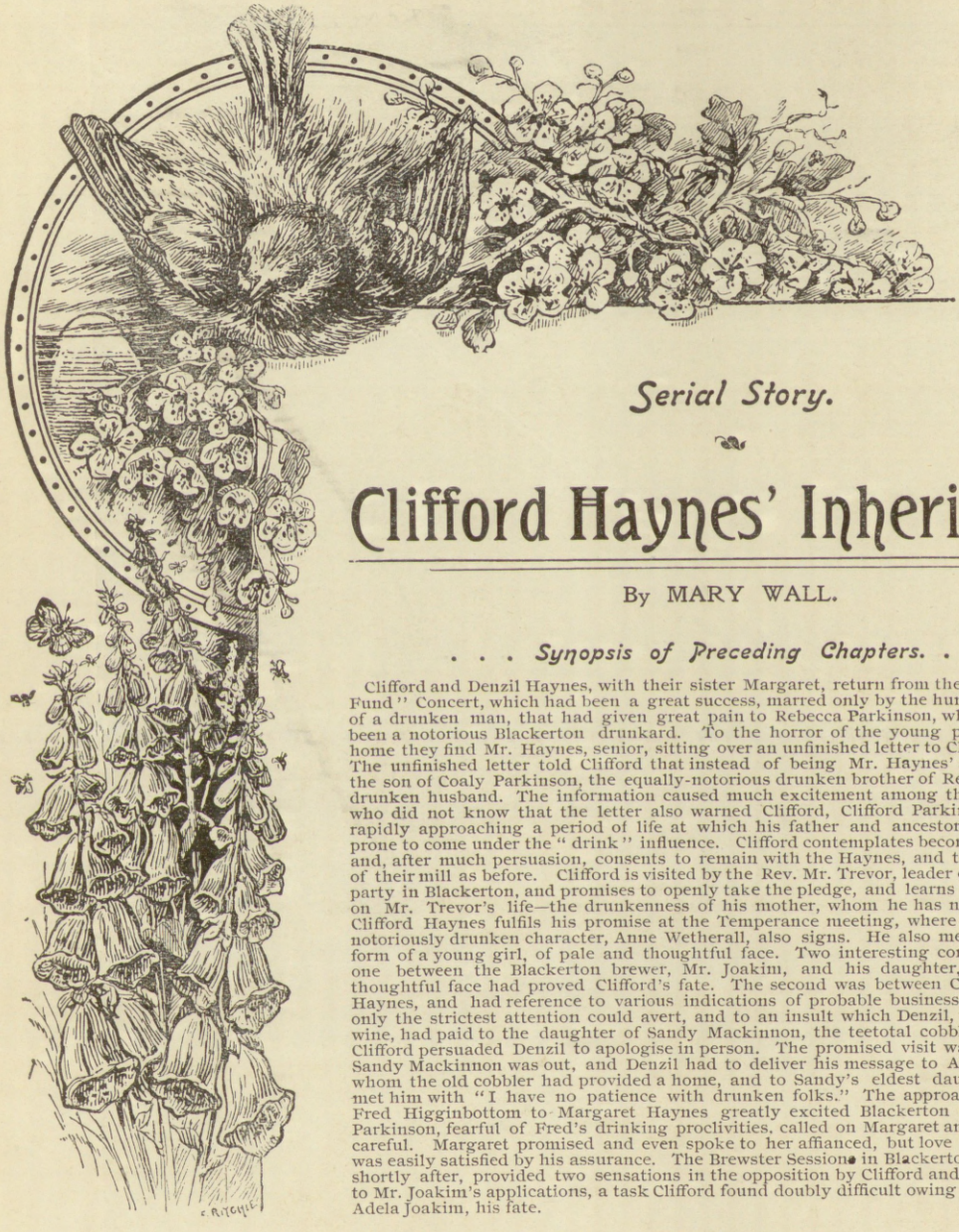
ADDRESSING local Bands of Hope, in the neighbourhood of his Monmouthshire residence, Lord Tredegar maintained the reputation for humorous wisdom gained as far back as the Crimean war, when he mitigated the hardships of the campaign by lightsome jokes, and advised his youthful audience not to allow their "young idea" to be monopolized by "one idea," even in the cause of teetotalism. A little girl, he said, recently became so imbued with temperance principles that when a school inspector asked her, "What happened at Runnymede?" she promptly replied, "They made King John sign the pledge."

Alcohol acting on fully developed tissues produces sufficiently dire results, but its effect on the actively growing and developing tissues of the child are even more disastrous.—PROFESSOR SIMS WOODHEAD.

No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or to others of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act.

Where the sunbeams through the foliage quiver,
Guiding the boat along the silver river.

(*See page 124*).



Serial Story.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance

By MARY WALL.

. . . Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. Margaret promised and even spoke to her affianced, but love was blind, and she was easily satisfied by his assurance. The Brewster Sessions in Blackerton, which occurred shortly after, provided two sensations in the opposition by Clifford and by Denzil Haynes to Mr. Joakim's applications, a task Clifford found doubly difficult owing to the presence of Adela Joakim, his fate.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Bad Beginning.

"Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul." *Tennyson.*

MARGARET'S wedding day dawned at last, a wild stormy day on which swift fleeting showers fell at intervals.

Of course, all Blackerton thronged to the church, and various were the remarks made as to the probable fate of the pretty girl who was committing her happiness to the keeping of a man, who "shaped" so badly already.

"It's a poor do," old Abram Moss said. "I doubt 'er father 'll fratch hisself to-day if so be as the dead 'appen know all as ails their belongin's here below, sithee! What dost tha' think, Mackinnon?"

"I think they *can* see all that happens myself, neighbour," said the shoemaker, "but they know things that we don't, and so they don't fret them the same. I mean they know that this, or that, or the other, may be good for their children in the long run, if they take it aright, as we all can, you know."

Old Abram listened, as did the others around, as Sandy Mackinnon thus formulated his simple scheme of belief. "There's summat in what yo' say," he owned.

"It's little you can do for your bairns when all is done," Sandy ruminated. "I found long ago that I should have to trust mine to the Lord; and so I did it."

"Aye," said Abram, "Aw'm glad as aw 'avn't any, some days, and others—aw don't know, for sure."

"Yo'd be aw t' better for a two, three, Abram," young Mrs. Higgins struck in; "and a wife, too, to keep your place ship-shape."

"Aw might get too fond o' my own road, same as your Joe, if aw had," Abram said with fine irony.

"Aw don't think hoo 'as too much of 'is own road—our Joe 'asn't," said Mrs. Higgins, ingenuously.

"Oh, don't you? That's rum," Abram said, whereat there was a general laugh.

This conversation occurred in and around the porch of the church, where people were congregated waiting for the bride to pass out. Rachael Parkinson was there too, but she bore no part in the gossip of those around.

Denzil came out first in order to signal the coaches. He had a merry word for everyone according to his wont.

"My dear good people," he said, "my sister and her husband are not, either of them, very big folk, but still—they can't exactly go through the eye of a needle, you know. Hullo, Abram, just give me a hand to clear a passage through these little rascals, will you?"

For the children were pressing around the open space, and Denzil feared for their safety when the carriages would drive inside the churchyard walk, which was narrow and old-fashioned.

One little black-eyed boy, who would not be pushed aside, Denzil calmly lifted upon a huge square tombstone: "You'll see better from there, my lad, and be safer too."

And then he continued his badinage.

"I am astonished that *you* haven't more sense, Abram Moss, than to come and look at a scene like this. But then perhaps you're going to do the same thing yourself and want a lesson," he said, looking round at the laughing group near.

But old Moss generally boasted that "he gave as good as he got," and so he answered quietly: "Nay, nay, Master Denzil, aw'm going to wait till aw'm owd enough."

The carriage that was to take back the bride and bridegroom to the mill house now drove up with a great to-do. The horses were very fresh and excited. The boys had crowded back to the entrance immediately they had been pushed aside, and had Denzil not reached forward and dragged the foremost back, there would have been a terrible accident. He was only conscious of a sore feeling in his shoulders which had been caught and slightly bruised by the shaft, and of holding the black-eyed, terrified little fellow by the arm, whom he had a moment or two ago placed in safety on the tombstone.

But a girl had rushed forward and taken the child from him. She held the boy's hand firmly in her own and spoke to Denzil in quick sharp dismay—

"Oh, you've saved him from being killed. I can never thank you enough."

He turned round at the sound of her voice, a flush on his face as he remembered their first meeting.

"He is *your* little brother, Miss Mackinnon, is he? I am glad to have been of service to you."

Sandy had reached them now, and to him Denzil spoke, at the same time putting out his hand.

"I missed you the other day, Mr. Mackinnon, but—perhaps you will forgive and forget?"

"You did what was right and manly, sir, in coming to see me as you did. I shall never remember anything except that you have saved my boy's life."

But Denzil's eyes were on the girl, who said quietly:

"Nor I."

"Thank you," he said, and went on with his duties of master of the ceremonies.

In the early afternoon the people began to arrive at the Mill House for the reception, and Clifford found himself being presented to the girl about whom he had been thinking so much of late.

"But I know your brother quite well by sight," Adela said. "You would never guess, Margaret, where I first encountered him."

"Then tell me!" the bride said.

"At the Thursday night meetings in the Blackerton Hall," she said, and smiled as she noted the puzzled look on Margaret's face.

"I have wondered so often who you were," Clifford said, as Margaret passed on and left them.

How he envied Denzil's continual flow of words; he had seen Denzil laughing and chatting with Miss Joakim half-an-hour before. But he, Clifford, was always at a loss, especially when under the stress of strong feeling. He little knew that he was being compared, and that favourably, with his adopted brother at this moment.

"And you did not know until the day of the Brewster Sessions?" she said. "Confess, now, Mr. Parkinson, that you were horrified!"

"I will confess the truth—that I was astonished!" Clifford said quietly.

There was a new note of feeling in her voice as she said, rather haltingly, "I myself am thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of the principles of Temperance; papa knows that I am. I—I wish that the money I use was obtained by any other means than the means it is got by. But—papa does not see as I do. If he did he would act—at once. And—I know him. Even if he were not my father—I—I should never blame him."

"It is largely an individual matter," Clifford said diffidently. He felt that he was skating on thin ice. "My father—my adopted father I mean,—you will not have lived in Blackerton without knowing what sort of a man he was—one of the best men God ever made,—he did not see the fundamental importance of pushing on Temperance work. If he had done, he would have acted, too, for his was a heart bent on the

good of his neighbours. It—it seems to me, Miss Joakim, that it is for younger people to act as they see their duty, and not to distress themselves that others do not see eye to eye with them. To his own self, you know, a man stands or falls."

"I am so glad you think so," Adela said simply, and regretted that the entrance of a number of people broke up their conversation.

But now the health of the newly-married pair was to be drunk before the final "send-off," and the waiters approached each little group and proffered champagne to them.

They brought the tray containing glasses and the elegant little silver-topped bottles to Clifford, but everyone knew, of course, what his answer would be.

"Thank you, no," he said, "I shall drink to my sister's health in water."

"Aye, aye," old Mr. Higginbottom said, "I heard all about your signing the pledge in the Public Hall." He sighed faintly. "It seems as if the very ones who could be trusted not to get too much go and sign to take none at all, while others—"

He ceased, but his eyes rested with a fatherly anxiety on the bridegroom, whose tones as well as his appearance betrayed an undignified excitement.

"Not having any, Clifford?" he called across the room; "Well, so much more for other folks. It's a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow."

"Exactly," Clifford said quietly.

But Mr. Higginbottom returned to the question.

"You know, you never would have overstepped the line, Clifford, though you *are* Coaly Parkinson's son."

"So much the more reason for me to abstain, lest I cause my brother to offend," Clifford said. "But, all the same, I have often wondered while I was ill recently, if my poor father had bequeathed me a terrible inheritance, and if the wise upbringing which my adopted father gave me helped me to shake off the evil craving."

"Between them you ought to turn out well, Clifford," Mr. Higginbottom said cordially. "He was a fine fellow was Coaly, though his whole nature was warped and turned to gall, and he never did any good after those terrible times of the strike and the cotton famine. People sometimes say that Rowdy was less inherently bad, but I stick to the opposite. In spite of his bad reputation you have inherited many good qualities from your real father, strength and grit above all. The ancients placed these high in comparison with other virtues, and I don't know that they were far wrong."

But the silent waiters came to Clifford again, this time with cold water in a carafe, as they had previously been to Mr. Trevor. They were gliding back to the sideboard when Denzil hailed them. He was the centre of a merry group of young people who were laughing and chatting in a corner behind Clifford and Mr. Higginbottom.

"Here, please, that's my tap, too!" There was a distinct movement of surprise from the people around.

"You, Denzil!" a pretty girl who had known the Haynes from childhood asked, "Why, I thought it was only Clifford?"

"So did I. But I've never found myself on the wrong side of the hedge when I've stood near old Cliff. Though I don't pretend to have anything like so much backbone and principle as he has."

"Perhaps it's more a case of 'interest,' Denzil, in this case," old Mr. Higginbottom struck in, with a laugh at his own time-honoured joke. "Are you quite sure there isn't a girl in the case?"

"I'm not at all sure," Denzil said merrily, "and I shouldn't advise you to be so, either. I'm a gone coon, sir, and she is a teetotaler."

"Is she here?" a young fellow asked.

"No, Bert, she isn't, but she will be at MY wedding. Make a note of that."

"There's a woman at the bottom of most things," someone said, when Denzil struck in, "Hush, you fellows, old Moseley is proposing their healths. I do hope they get off before Fred makes an ass of himself. He's been getting rather high-tiddle-y-high-ti for the past half-an-hour."

And so the health was proposed and drunk with all the honours. But on the bridegroom standing up to return thanks, he only managed a few foolish words and sat down again. Most of the company laughed indulgently, and thought no worse of a young fellow whose emotion overcame him at such a time. But a few of the shrewder ones put his collapse down to the real cause, and looked eagerly out for the carriage which was to take them to the station.

They gathered around the front door and some stood on the lawn as the bride and bridegroom took their departure. Many good wishes, spoken and unspoken, followed them.

Margaret turned round when she had taken her seat; her pretty eyes were full of tears as she waved adieu to those who loved her, and to the old home which, as a light-hearted merry girl, she would never enter again. But the bridegroom stumbled slightly as he entered after her, and she had to put out her hand to help him in.

The incident took quite undue proportions in Clifford's sensitive mind.

His face was very black and his thoughts troubled ones. When raising his head he saw that Adela Joakim was standing beside him with her hand outstretched.

"Papa and I are going now, Mr. Parkinson," she said, "and—I shall remember what you have said to-day about each one acting as he sees his own duty and not letting his calm be disturbed."

He felt the implied consolation that she proffered, and answered directly as was his way,

"I am most grateful to you."

(*To be continued.*)

TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing, but justice delivers from death.

"SEE how I can count, mamma," said Kitty. "There's my right foot; that's one. There's my left foot; that's two. Two and one makes three. Three feet make a yard, and I must go out and play in it!"

The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

VIII.—THE LEAVES OF PLANTS.

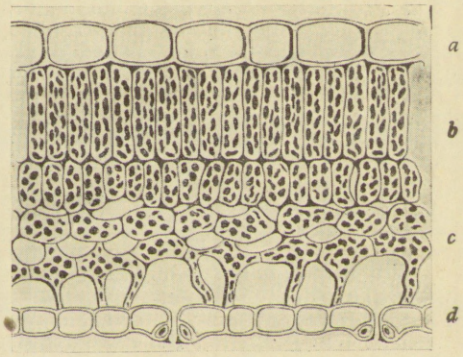
WHAT is a leaf? It has been called an appendage to the stem of a plant, or branch of a tree. It is more than that. An appendage means something added which may not be a necessity. Plants could not *grow* without leaves, much less produce flowers or fruit; so that they are absolutely necessary.

They are, in fact, the mouths by which plants feed, as well as the stomachs in which their food is digested. A large tree has often many thousand leaves, that is to say, it has many thousand mouths and stomachs. We are led to ask, Why should it have so many when we have but one? The answer is, because its main food is a gas (carbon dioxide), which is found in minute quantities in the air; the tree has to wait until these tiny bits of food come within its reach. In the sunlight its green leaves suck in the air, which contains minute particles of carbon dioxide; these with some of the water from the sap are converted into starch, sugar, and other substances the plant needs.

It may be difficult to explain just now how this is done, the process is certainly very wonderful. If we take an exceedingly thin slice or section of a leaf, and place it under a good microscope, it may look something like the illustration in the next column.

The upper surface is a layer of tiny cells filled with water, which form the skin or *epidermis* (*a*). Next to this are rows of vertical cells (*b*) filled with *protoplasm*, a substance something like the white of an egg; a number of very minute green particles, floating in this protoplasm, give the leaf its green colour. Beneath these cells are others of various shapes (*c*), loosely packed, with air spaces between them, like a tiny sponge.

The under side of the leaf is covered by another epidermis (*d*), which differs from the upper one in having many openings by which air enters the leaf, and the unused water of the sap may be evaporated. These openings, breathing pores, or *stomata*, are protected by guard-cells, which open or close, as the state of the atmosphere or



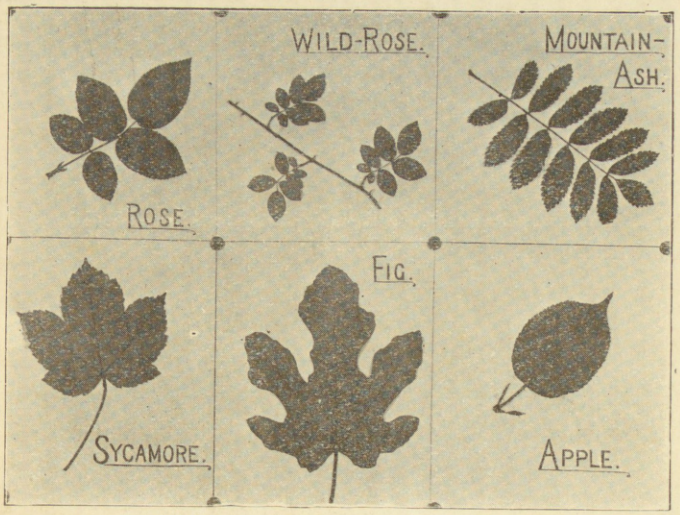
Section of Leaf. *Magnified* 100 *times.*

the need of the plant requires. Two of these are given in the illustration.

The green particles in the inner cells are the most important things in the leaf; they are the true life material of the plant. The name of this living green stuff is chlorophyll (*klo'-ro-fill.*) Under the influence of sunlight, it has the power of converting dead matter into living substance. Through its agency every plant and tree has grown up, and produces flowers and fruit, from materials manufactured in its leaves.

Thus it will be seen that leaves form an important part of plant life. They serve all the purposes for plants that mouth, stomach and lungs do for animals; their function being to make living material for the plant out of sunshine, air and water.

Each leaf usually consists of two parts—(1) the *lamina*, or blade; (2) the *petiole*, or foot-stalk, which joins the blade to the stem. Leaves that have no petiole are said to be *sessile*, or seated. Some leaves have appendages at the foot of the leaf-stalk; these are called *stipules*. In the pea family they are frequently the larger part of the leaf. Sometimes they grow



Natural Leaves.

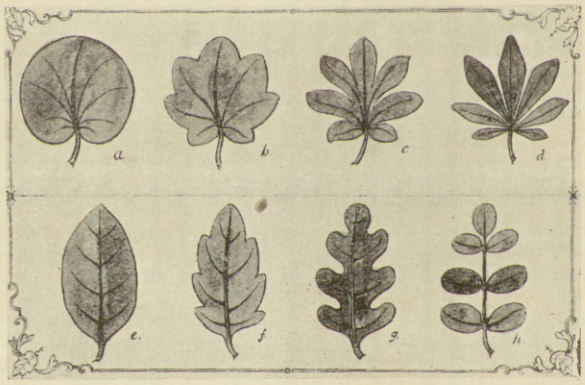
close to the leaf-stalk, as in the rose leaf; more frequently they are free, as in the apple leaf and the pea family.

If the blade consist of one piece only, however broken or lobed the margin may be, the leaf is said to be *simple*; if it be divided into separate parts, it is a *compound* leaf. In our illustration, the apple, sycamore, and fig are simple leaves; the rose and the mountain-ash are compound leaves.

The form of a leaf depends, in the first place, upon the way in which its framework is arranged; and, secondly, upon the relative amount of cellular tissue, or living green stuff that is spread over its ribs. If a young botanist looks closely he will soon find out that there are three principal types of leaf skeletons.

The first is the *parallel* type, found in all the monocotyledons. The ribs, or veins, run from one end of the leaf to the other, as may be seen in all the grasses, daffodils and lilies. The leaves of this type have seldom any leaf-stalk, their bases mostly clasp the stem; they are generally simple, with straight or curved margins.

In dicotyledonous plants there are two distinct types of leaf skeletons, as shown in the illustration. First, the *digitate*, or finger-like type; second, the *pinnate*, or feather-like type. In the former the ribs all meet at one point, near the upper end of the leaf-stalk, from which they diverge radially, like a fan. In the latter the ribs are arranged in opposite pairs along the *midrib*, or extension of the leaf-stalk.



LEAF OUTLINES (*Diagrammic*).

If the spaces between the ribs in the digitates are fully filled out with green stuff, we have a roundish leaf (*a*). If the spaces are not quite filled, the margin becomes slightly indented, and we get a leaf like (*b*). When the shrinkage has gone still further we have a lobed leaf (*c*). Finally, if the unfilled spaces reach the point where the ribs meet, we have a compound leaf of the digitate type (*d*), having as many leaflets as there are ribs.

In the pinnates, if the spaces between the opposite pairs of ribs are fully filled out with green stuff, we have an oval leaf (*e*). If not quite filled out, we have a leaf with a wavy, or a *serrate* (toothed), margin (*f*). When there is a less amount of cellular tissue, we have a sinuous margin (*g*). If the indentations reach the mid-rib, we have a compound leaf of the pinnate type (*h*).

We may find leaves of all intermediate shapes and forms, which merge one into the other. John Ruskin had noticed this great variety in the forms of leaves when he wrote:—"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, and fantastic."

Some trees retain their foliage until the next year's leaves are fully grown; as they appear always in leaf they are called *evergreens*. Most of the trees in temperate countries lose their leaves in the autumn, and pass the winter in a state of torpor, resuming their activity in the spring. Such trees are said to be *deciduous*, though the term strictly applies only to the leaves, or to such parts as actually do fall off. The fall of a leaf, or a fruit, is brought about by the formation of a layer of thin-walled cells across the petiole, through all its tissues, and which at last, like a knife, separates the leaf or fruit from the living stem. While this process is going on the leaves change colour, and assume various shades of brown, russet, or yellow.

Leaves play a very important part in the economy of nature; they not only enable plants to grow and bear fruit, but they purify the air and make it fit for men and animals to breathe; they furnish food for every living thing in the world, whether animal, fish, bird or insect. One writer says: "They are the origin and foundation of life. Without them there could be no living thing in the world. It is in the 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."

Gorham's Double.

By D. F. HANNIGAN.

GORHAM was drunk—Hopelessly, stupidly drunk. He lay almost unconscious on the truckle-bed he used for sleeping purposes.

He had been, twenty years ago, a promising young man. He had received a good commercial education, and had been employed in a drapery establishment in the City. But he had got into bad company while he was still quite a

young man. He had lost his situation through drink. Then he succeeded in obtaining employment elsewhere; but again he sank into intemperate habits. After that his career became a downward descent till he found himself without any regular employment at all. He had been paying attentions to a pretty girl who worked in a cigar factory. One evening he insulted her when he chanced to meet her, and she threw him over. It was in vain that he afterwards wrote her a penitent letter explaining that he was drunk when he used such opprobrious language to her.

So here he was now in a miserable room in the East End—the wreck of a man. He spent everything he earned by an occasional week's work in some Jew's shop on beer or gin. He lived like a man who knew not whether he were really awake or dreaming. He had let others pass him in the race of life. His sweetheart had married another man. All his old friends had abandoned him. All that he cared for now was to get a few pence anyhow with which he could buy drink.

To be drunk seemed to be his normal condition. On that truckle-bed he had strange visions, nightmares, hallucinations. It was the only happiness —or substitute for happiness—in his wretched existence.

But to-night he had an experience which, drunk or sober, he had never had before.

Facing him in the half-darkness of this mean, poverty-stricken room, he saw a man exactly resembling himself in every respect, save that the other was clean, well-dressed, sober, and respectable - looking, while he was the very reverse.

"John Gorham," said this mysterious being—his own reflex under happier auspices—"do you know me?"

"No," muttered John Gorham, "I don't know who you are. You look like a mocking imitation of myself. Perhaps you are Satan coming to laugh at my misery?"

The stranger laughed sadly—it was a strange laugh, which seemed to stifle a sob.

"Poor victim of vice," said Gorham's double, "I am sent to you by the Author of all good, and not by the Prince of Darkness. You have failed in life and you have sunk lower and lower, so that you have given up trying to be a better man, but in me you see what you might have been. Even still——"

"It is too late," broke in the drunkard. "Everything has gone against me. Of course, I have been always drinking; but there was nobody to give me a helping hand. When Millie left me, and married another man, I was ready to drown myself. Instead of doing so, however, I drowned all my cares in the bottle."

"Poor fool!" said the stern but not unkindly voice of his double, "you have no right to destroy yourself! You forget that you have a soul to save! You have no more right to drink yourself to death than to drown yourself."

"What can I do?" groaned Gorham, who knew only too well that he was his own destroyer. "No one will give me any employment now."

"You mistake! Resolve to-morrow to give up drink for ever. Look through one of the morning papers, and offer yourself for the first vacant situation that is likely to suit you."

"But I can give no references—except some that are too old."

"No matter, try what you can do. Pray to God to give you perseverance. Remember what I have said to you - farewell!"

Gorham pulled himself together. He was by this time more sober than drunk. In the morning, he rose up with renewed energy in his breast. He borrowed a copy of a newspaper, and read through the advertisements under the heading of "Situations vacant." To his astonishment, one advertisement asked for no references. The situation was that of assistant in a tailoring establishment. The closing words of the advertisement were: "A man of good character will be taken on his own assurance that he is a total abstainer."

It seemed like a special providence. Gorham answered the advertisement in person. Mr. Mark Graves was one of those men who believe in two things—the capacity of human nature for self-reform and the importance of thoroughness in dealing with the drink passion. He wanted a good assistant, but did not object to him for being a converted drunkard. Gorham told the truth, he was taken into Mr. Graves's establishment, and he proved worthy of his trust. In two years' time his employer raised him to the position of manager.

So it was that Gorham's double saved him from destruction, and made him a new man.

How a Brewer Gave up Making Beer.

A MILLIONAIRE brewer in America, a State senator, said recently: "I have sold out my brewery, and I am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner—insensible—and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed, 'No; that is just what he doesn't need! It will paralyse the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so they will not send back the blood to the heart.'

"When the liquor was poured out to give the man, the lad insisted on pushing it back. 'You will kill him; he has too much blood in his head already.'

"'How do you know all that?' I afterwards asked.

"'Why, it is in my physiology at school.'

"It seems the text-books have succeeded in giving the lad some definite information which had proved useful."

The Senator added, raising his arm: "I would not take five thousand dollars for the assurance it gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard."

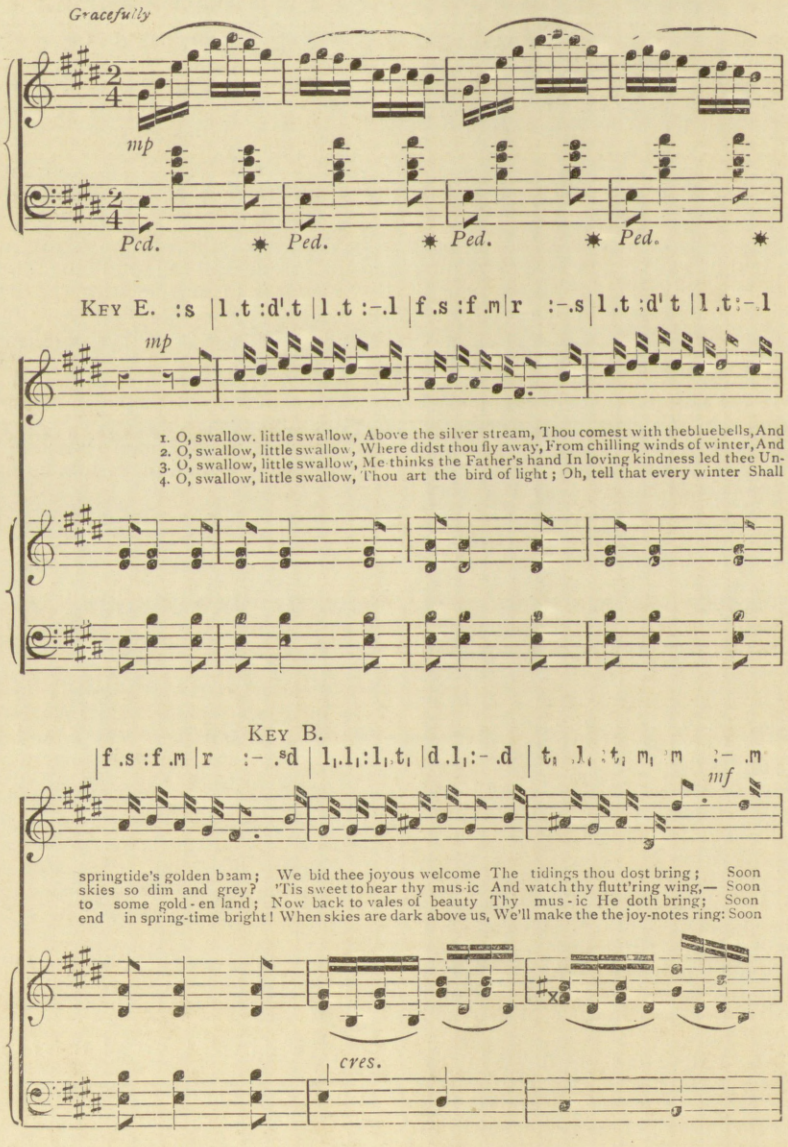
—*Selected.*

LITTLE SWALLOW.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

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

M. S. HAYCRAFT. PERCY E. FLETCHER.



LITTLE SWALLOW—(*continued*).

KEY E.

| r .d : t_1 .l_1 : d .s_1 :- .l_1 | f_1 .s_1 : l_1 .r | ^{d}s :— | m .s :— | :

p

will the ros-es op-en, And all the birds will sing. Swallow,

pp

mf *p*

| f .l :— | : .l | t .l : s .m | r .d :- .m | r .m : r .l | s :— ||

Swallow, Soon will the roses open, And all the birds will sing.

CHORUS.

pp *pp*

p *p*

Swal-low,

p

KEY E. | r .m : r .l | s :— | m .s :— | :
: | :— | d .d :— | :
: | :— | s .m :— | :
: | :— | d .d :— | :

D.C. for 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Verses.

pp *cres.* *dim. e rall.* *p*

p

swal-low, Soon will the ros-es o-pen, And all the birds will sing.

p *cres*

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

The Way the Old Parson Recovered.

"WELL, Griggs," said a City stock-broker to a brother merchant in earth's pelf, "it's wearisome work, isn't it, this everlasting grind for filthy lucre; upon my word it nearly makes one envy the folk who are ready to quit this vale of tears and shuffle off this mortal coil. I hear our much-respected parson is near his end. They said yesterday the doctor had given him another week at the very most."

"Oh," replied Griggs, "you are behind the times, friend Higgins, he is getting better; he had an extraordinary bit of good luck last night, and the funniest thing on earth happened to him, and he has taken a new lease of life."

"What?" said Higgins, "I've heard nothing about it."

"Well, you know that old woman who lives at the bottom of Link Lane?"

"Old Mrs. Scarr, you mean, who keeps a cow and lets it get into my meadow after dark?"

"Yes, that's the old girl, although I didn't know she played pranks of that sort."

"Well," said Higgins, "I won't say she means to do it, but she doesn't mean *not* to, that's all. Poor old soul; I think she is a bit funny. But what has she got to do with our good old parson coming to life again?"

"It's a real joke, Higgins, and the whole thing is enough to make a cat laugh, if cats *do* laugh. The story runs thus: Some years ago, Mrs. Scarr had a cow very ill, and although, so far as I know, she never makes a point either of going to church or of asking the parson to take the church to her, in other words to pay her a pastoral visit, when her cow got bad she began to cherish tender feelings towards the 'preacher,' as she called him; and, as she regarded him 'made o' purpose' for visiting the sick, and had a vague feeling that he was possessed of uncanny powers, which were of special use in cases of severe illness, she thought she would send for him to 'pray over her cow.' Well, you know, our dear old parson, Grigsby, is a quaint sort—he always was—and the idea of praying over a sick cow was too much for him, and, although he was too good-natured to refuse to go in response to the appeal of any sorrowing parishioner, yet he arrived in anything but a frame of mind which befitted his cloth, and when he saw the old cow lying propped up with a straw pillow under its head, and a piece of green baize round its face, arranged after the fashion of a nightcap, his risible faculties completely gained the mastery, and he had to turn his face away to prevent himself 'going into fits.' When he succeeded in getting his visage into shape again he turned round, and his eyes fell upon the lugubrious countenance of old Mrs. Scarr. He forced himself into a smile, and, seizing hold of a sieve which was lying by, he held it over the cow's head and said in his peculiar brogue, 'If she lives she'll live, and if she dees she'll dee.' Then, casting a hasty glance at the old lady and saying 'Give the coo plenty o' puir water ane a bite o' boiled carrot when she can tak' it,' he hurried out. Mrs. Scarr, it appears, knew well the ways of the parson, and, with implicit faith in his skill and wisdom, notwithstanding his eccentricities, she began at once as soon as he shut the door to carry out his instructions, but not before she had sung out after him, 'A wee drap o' brandy, too, I suppose, sir?' 'Brandy be hanged,' he shouted, 'beasts and birds, and bipeds, too, are best on puir water.'

"To make a long story short, the cow recovered, and Mrs. Scarr treasured up in her mind the astonishing powers of the parson. It was yesterday morning that the doctor had pronounced the parson dying, you know, Higgins."

"Yes," said Higgins, "That's what I heard."

"Well, yesterday afternoon there came a rap at his door, and there stood old Mrs. Scarr looking the picture of desolation—'Oh, I've heerd the poor parson's a dyin', let me go up I pray ye and see him.' The servant who opened the door shook her head. 'Impossible, he cannot see anyone.' Suddenly the nurse appeared at the top of the stairs. 'Jane, let Mrs. Scarr come up, Mr. Grigsby heard her voice, and he wants to see her.' In a moment Mrs. Scarr was on the stairs, and, looking an extraordinary 'heap,' she shuffled up. Pushing her way into the bedroom she strode to the bedside and, pulling out a sieve from under her shawl, she exclaimed, 'If ye lives ye'll live, and if ye dees ye'll dee.' You know how keenly our old parson enjoys a joke, and, although he was apparently near his end with an enormous quinsy in his throat, the action of the old lady entirely conquered every feeling of solemnity, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. With the burst of laughter the quinsy burst. In half an hour he was a different man, and they say this morning he is worth six of what he was a month ago."

"Well done, Griggs. You've given me as much pleasure as a lucky hit on 'Change, and I'm only just beginning to realise that there has been a continual stream of water pouring down my neck through a hole in your umbrella ever since you started the story. I'm awfully glad Grigsby's better. You know if that old lady had dosed her cow with brandy it would probably never have recovered, and then she would probably never have tried the sieve trick on the parson."

The Squire's Daughter.

By Mary M. Forrester.

IN summer time, when Nature's kindly hand
Has some small gift for every inch of land;
When for each stone within the old wall there,
There is a gleam of sunlight, warm and fair;
When there are flowers to beautify the ground,
And leaves for all the boughs that hang around;
Then the squire's house is good to look upon.
But when the summer with its warmth has gone,
When winter quenches all the lights o'er head,
And roofs the world in tints of dreary lead;
When sod and tree, stripped of their summer dress,
Lie 'neath the sky in gloomy nakedness;
When there is not a vestige left of bloom;
Then the squire's house looks sombre as a tomb.
Within the grey old walls together dwell
The aged squire and his sweet daughter, Nell;
She is his staff; life to him still is sweet
While she is nigh to lead his failing feet;
Youth cannot quite desert him while his sight
Can gather from her face the warm, glad light.
And while they both have light she still will stay
Close to his side, however cold and grey
Their lone surroundings. For 'tis said that so
She willed it should be seven long years ago.

* * * * * * *

The story goes that in his youthful days
The squire was wild, and trod those dangerous ways
That lead so oft to ruin. But his wife,
With soft persuasion, turned this drifting life
Into a better channel. Day by day
She drew him closer to the narrow way,
Until at last the habits of his youth
Were all forsaken, and in love and truth
His hours were passed. A man of ready brain
He soon won honour from his fellowmen.
Genial and hospitable, frank and bright,
His house was then a spot of mirth and light,
A centre of attraction for the young,
Who filled its chambers with a wealth of song.
Four daughters had the squire—Mildred and Belle,
And dark-eyed Kate, and pretty brown-haired Nell.
Nell was the latest born, and sweet was she
As the last leaf that comes unto the tree;

Of modest manner, and unstudied grace,
Gentle of speech, and beautiful of face;
Bonnie and blithe, bright with the glow of youth,
Steady and strong, fair with the light of truth.
With loving children, and with noble wife,
The squire was truly blessed. Bright was his life
As stream in summer. But the shade must come;
That shade that, soon or late, wraps every home.
Into the squire's house one dreary night
Death crept, to hush the song and quench the light.
The squire saw the wife he cherished so,
Silent and dead. So sudden was the blow
It stunned him. Then his stricken, wounded soul
Turned from that Power which can alone console,
And sought in wine a balm for his distress.
Wine cannot give what it doth not possess;
It only weakened every kindly power
That could sustain him in the darksome hour.
And so, the deeper of the wine he drank,
The deeper into misery he sank,
And something worse—for shame must ever cling
Unto the sorrow drunkenness doth bring.

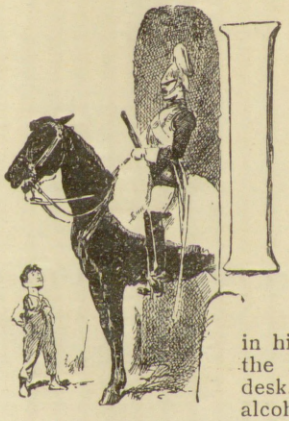
* * * * * * * *

Then, one by one, there passed from by his side
Three of his daughters—each became a bride—
But Nell remained. Tender, and brave, and good,
She tried to stand where once her mother stood,
To snatch, as she had snatched, this precious life
From out the fire of drink, and sin, and strife.
She was beloved by one, in every way
Fitted to wed her. Yet she said him "Nay!"
Although she loved him, too, with warm young heart
She chose the harder but the nobler part.
And so she lingered by her father's side,
To love, to help, to comfort, and to guide.
Long she has had to suffer and endure,
But now her work of love, her mission pure,
Has had its sweet reward. She sees, once more,
Her father standing where he stood of yore;
And she is happy, in a quiet way,
Tending his little wants from day to day;
Each blessed Sabbath morn guiding his feet
Down to the little church where, soft and sweet,
God's holy word steals to his heart and brain,
Raising them unto hope and thought again.
Or in the evening, when the work is o'er,
Singing some old-world song he loved of yore;
Or sometimes when the skies are all alight
With summer beauty, when the earth is bright,
Her sisters' children come. And then her world
Is for a little while illumed with gold;
The house once more is gay with laughter sweet,
And the soft pattering of baby feet,
And Nell is young, and bright, and glad again,
Chasing the little ones through field and lane,
Or, where the sunbeams through the foliage quiver,
Guiding the boat along the silver river,
Listening to childish prattle, which brings back
Her own dead childhood. On the water track
She sees reflections from those vanished hours—
Sunbeams that flickered then—and fair frail flowers,
Flowers sweet, that bloomed and withered years ago;
Thus doth she dream, and she is happy so.

Important Questions Answered.

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

DOES ALCOHOL HELP THE BRAIN?



IN multitudes of cases the answer to this question would be, "Yes, providing that it is used in moderate quantities." We should probably be told that the minister in his study, the politician in Parliament, the orator on the platform, the man of business in his country house, and the literary man at his desk, have all proved that alcohol is a brain helper, and that better work can be done with its aid than without it.

All this, like many other popular beliefs, rests upon the fallacious observance. Men judge of the effects of alcohol by the feeling produced, and not by its really physiological effects.

A Common Belief

is that alcohol is a kind of mental pick-me-up, or brain reviver, and there is an apparent, but not real, foundation for this belief in the fact that alcohol in causing the dilatation of the arteries and the engorgement of the capillaries allows an increased flow of blood to the brain for a short period, and where there is an increased blood supply there is as a rule greater cell activity. It is this short lived activity that gives rise to the sense of ease and refreshment that is experienced by the drinker, but it soon is followed by depression arising from the quickly exerted narcotic power of alcohol. It is not by the first and fleeting action that alcohol should be judged, but by its real after-effects.

Small Quantities of Alcohol,

such as most persons would deem perfectly harmless, if not beneficial, can be proved to have a harmful effect on tissues of the brain. Professor Victor Horsley, F.R.S., in a recent lecture on the brain and nerves, put the case thus:—

"They had to inquire (1) What was the effect

of small quantities of alcohol upon the processes of thought—that was, the correct perception of some object, for example, and correct reasoning thereon; (2) What might be the effect of alcohol in small quantities upon the actual performance of a voluntary movement; and (3) What evidence had we that the disturbance of the cerebellum, or small brain, had a co-ordinating influence upon the great brain? Referring to recent investigations of Professor Kraepelin and their results, the lecturer said it was found that there was a slight quickening produced by small quantities of alcohol during the first few minutes after it had been taken; in a short time this quickening gave way to a distinct slowing. The first effect of alcohol was the apparent production of a slight exhilaration in some cases, inevitably followed by failure or loss of power, and this in all quantities. So the subjective sensation of well being ordinarily associated with the taking of wines and spirits was a deception. It was certainly a deception as regarded the activity of the brain to do intellectual work."

Experiments and apparatus were described by Professor Horsley showing how exact measurements could be determined, and in all cases the ultimate result was the lessening of effective work.

Alcohol a Narcotic.

If this description of alcohol is scientifically correct, and it is! that fact alone would be in opposition to the belief that alcohol was a brain reviver. To revive and strengthen there must be natural rest and nourishment. To narcotise is to send to sleep unnaturally. No doubt, some of the great reasons, if not the greatest reason, why so many people drink, is the fact that alcohol renders the perceptive power less cute. There is no reviving or stimulating. The misery and poverty surrounding the drinker are not so apparent when alcohol is exerting its narcotic power. Life seems to wear a different aspect. Business cares and domestic troubles are forgotten. Conscience is killed, and grief is drowned under its influence. There is a glamour produced that changes the aspect of everything while it lasts, something of the same kind that affects the opium smoker when he enters the palace of delight conjured up in his brain by the narcotic effects of the drug. In both cases the after-effect is what should be studied, in order to get a real knowledge of the power of such narcotics. It must be remembered that the power that entrances and delights a depraved appetite, at the same time weakens the will and warps the judgment, so that in spite of the knowledge that drink is dragging them down, the drinkers again and again seek the seductive cup. There is no restorative power in alcohol. Its chemical constituents show that it cannot supply material for nerve tissue, and does not give rest in the proper sense of the word, for, after the narcotic effect of alcohol has passed off, there is generally an accession of pain and remorse, accompanied by mental anxiety and worry that calls for more drink to allay and soothe it.

Two Opposites Cannot Agree,

and it is, therefore, a physical impossibility for alcohol to be a brain restorer and a brain stupefier at the same time.

The fact that in advanced stages of drinking there is complete loss of sensation and perception, leads to the conclusion that alcohol cannot act in this double capacity. Supposing that any given quantity of alcohol produces this total loss of perception, then it follows that every single drop must have contributed its quota to the whole, and it therefore follows that if a glass of wine be taken individually, it will produce that amount of harm represented by that quota. The effect produced is in proportion to the quantity taken. It is true that in the case of a very moderate user of alcohol there may be constant recuperation after the effect of the alcohol has passed away, but there is deterioration, and not restoration, during the time that alcohol is present in the system.

A Further Argument

against alcohol being a brain helper, is the fact that it is recognised as the greatest cause of insanity. The advent of preventive medicine has resulted in medical and scientific men turning their attention to the origin of disease, and a great deal of study has consequently been devoted to the causes of insanity with the result that these causes have been classified. No other cause is accountable for so great a quantity of brain failure as alcohol. On January 1st, 1900, there were in England and Wales, 106,611 known lunatics under restraint. That means one person in about 300 of the population. Some authorities estimated that 31 per cent. of the total insanity is due to alcohol. The Commissioners in Lunacy put it at about 24 per cent., but let us take it at 20 per cent. and we shall see that this means that at the present moment there are 21,322 persons who might have been good and useful citizens, contributing their quota to the welfare of the country, and doing their share for the community, who are absolutely useless; and not only that, but they make demands on the time and labour of the rest, in the care that has to be bestowed upon them.

What an army of inefficients, not because of the afflicting hand of Divine providence, but because of the persistent contravention of Nature's laws by the imbibing of alcohol!

With this startling evidence of the destructive nature of alcohol as far as brain tissue is concerned, it is difficult indeed to understand how anyone can accept the fallacy that alcohol is in any sense a brain helper.

Not Happily Expressed.—New Office Boy: A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago. Editor: What did you say to him? "I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

Our next issue will contain a very attractive Temperance poem of striking interest—"Bacchus or the Child,"—from the pen of Mary M. Forrester, with a number of specially-drawn illustrations by K. McGahey.

A Spray of Japonica.

By. L. Slade.

OH, that lovely pyrus japonica! I never saw anything like it. Isn't it a picture? You must give me some. There's such a quantity, you will never miss it."

"To be sure you shall have some, my dear, if you would like it." And the girl's hands were soon full of the bright red blossoms.

"Thank you! I have never seen anything more beautiful. Won't they brighten up my bar? Ah," she added with a laugh, "you wouldn't have cut them for me if you had known I was going to put them to such a use as that, would you? Fancy a rampant teetotaler like you growing flowers for the decoration of a public-house!"

"Well, no, I certainly should not have cut so many if I had known you wanted them for the bar. But perhaps they may have a message for someone even there; we'll hope so."

"Yes," agreed the other, laughing again, "they'll set some of the poor souls longing for the unattainable, no doubt. But I must be off or I shall miss my train. Good-bye! And thanks a thousand times for the japonica."

* * * *

"So you have been into the country, I see, Minnie?"

Joseph Livesey,

The Leader of the Men of Preston, who signed the pledge, Aug. 23, 1832.

"Yes, I had a whole afternoon there yesterday. But I wasn't selfish, I brought a bit of the country back with me. Isn't that japonica magnificent, Jack? But you want to see it growing to admire it properly."

"I have seen it growing," answered the young man quietly.

"You may have a bit for your button-hole, if you like, Jack; you seem to be eyeing it very enviously."

"Thanks, I will have just a little spray. It is a long time since I indulged in a button-hole," he added, with a short mirthless laugh.

The hand with which he broke off the sprig was not quite steady, but prolonged indulgence in the liquors it was Minnie's task to deal out might account for that.

"I declare, it makes you look quite smart!" she remarked gaily, and then she turned her attention to another customer.

Jack was not in his usual spirits that night, and was rallied once or twice upon his preoccupation. The scarlet blossom in his button-hole had stirred memories and feelings he had stifled so long that he almost fancied they were dead. A picture flashed before his mental vision of a pretty cottage, ideal in its picturesqueness, with low, diamond-paned windows, and up the white walls and around these same low windows clustered the vivid red blossoms and tender green leaves of the pyrus japonica. He saw a dainty girlish figure tripping about the garden tending the sweet old-fashioned flowers, and heard the very tone of her voice as she sang snatches of hymns or simple songs. He remembered how one evening he had helped her nail up some trailing branches of the japonica, and had begged for a button-hole, nor would be satisfied until she fastened it into his coat. He could see again the soft light in the shy brown eyes as she consented, and feel the touch of the tremulous fingers.

But, with a muttered imprecation, he tried to shake off these recollections, and called for another glass of whisky and water. What was the use of thinking about these things? They were over and done with: he had made his choice and there was no use in worrying over "what might have been."

Yes, he had made his choice, and a foolish choice it was. Susie's eyes—made keen, perhaps, by her very love for him—had divined his danger long before he himself guessed it, and, like a wise woman, she took a firm stand. If Jack would not give up the drink to please her now, there was little likelihood that he would do so when they were married. Jack, blinded by pride and prejudice, would not yield an inch, and so they had parted. But this was more than five years back; why should this spray of pyrus japonica bring back the past so vividly?

He would go to the music hall; there would surely be something on there to draw his mind from these troublesome memories. He left the

house with this intention, but influences must have been at work this evening of which he was unaware, for at the very next street corner he came upon a group of Salvationists holding a meeting, and, moved by some unaccountable impulse, he stopped to listen. A young woman was singing the familiar hymn "Sowing the Seed," a hymn he had heard Susie sing many a time. But to-night it had a fresh significance:

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

Instead of going to the music hall Jack went to the Salvation Army barracks, and that night there was "joy in heaven" over another sinner that repented.

* * * * * * * *

"No no! I am never going to take back any of your flowers again to brighten my bar! Why, your japonica cost father and me one of our best customers." And Minnie proceeded to tell Jack's story as she had heard it from his own lips.

"And his sweetheart had been faithful to him all the time?" asked the interested listener.

"To be sure she had. As I say, they are married now, and we'll hope they'll live happy ever after."

"Well, well! I am glad my japonica had such a blessed mission, Minnie, and I hope, my dear, the time may come when your father will think as I do about the drink and give up the public-house."

But Minnie shook her head. "I am afraid that time is a long way off at present," said she, "but, to tell you the truth, I shouldn't be a bit sorry if he would."

The Children's Bill.

JUNE 26th saw this Bill sent to the Grand Committee on Law without a division, and also without any evidence of the expected Government support, except (upon the plea that who hinders not helps) the absence of Government opposition be considered support.

In the Grand Committee, in addition to the accepted Government amendments lowering the age, inserting the word "knowingly," and penalising sender as well as seller, all of which being granted it was averred would bring the Bill into the category of non-controversial measures, there was every indication that

FURTHER MUTILATION AND EMASCULATION

of the proposals would be insisted upon by opponents. Indeed it seemed as if, having secured so many concessions, opponents and doubtful supporters had satisfied themselves that the promoters were a very squeezable party who needed but to be strongly pressed to yield still further.

When we went to press so uncertain did the fate of this non-partizan measure seem that it will little surprise us to find that, if not wrecked in Committee, the Bill, when it shall have emerged therefrom, will be so transformed both in letter and spirit, as to make its sponsors blush with regret at the very mention of its name. It seemed as if, having been asked for a fish, Parliament had resolved to answer by giving a serpent.

CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

Our illustration shows the members of the

OLDHAM WORKHOUSE BAND OF HOPE

with the honorary and outside workers who, by consent of the Guardians, carry on this very interesting, orderly and successful society. The gentleman on the right is the warm-hearted President of the Band (Mr. J. Moore, of Royton) to whose devotion and interest, and the able support of his colleagues, so much of the Society's success is to be attributed.

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.

MR. FUSSY: Why do you charge me sixpence for a hair cut when your sign says "First-class hair cut, fourpence"? Barber: Ah! but you see, sir, you have not the first-class hair.

WHO loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
. . . Let her know her place:
She is the second, not the first.
A higher hand must make her mild
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
—*Tennyson.*

Our Calendar.

1901.

August 3rd is LORD PEEL'S 72nd birthday. May his life be crowned with beneficent Temperance legislation.

„ **15th** is the anniversary of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, 1853.

„ **25th**— Independent Order of Rechabites was founded on this day in 1835.

„ **31st**—John Bunyan died, 1688.

A LITTLE TOO FAST.

"LOOK here, sir," said the irate customer to the drygoods clerk; "you sold me this piece of goods warranted a fast colour. It was green when I bought it, and now it has turned to a sickly blue in less than two weeks."

"Well, madam," expostulated the clerk, "You could hardly expect a colour to go faster than that."

The liquor traffic lies at the centre of national, social, and domestic mischief; it paralyses energies in every direction; it neutralises educational agencies; it silences the voice of religion; it baffles all reform.

OMNIBUS stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end.

"Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand."

"You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

Our one great purpose must be to overthrow and abolish the power of King Alcohol, the arch-enemy of all that is good and pure in government and in public and private morals. Dethrone him, destroy him, and the way to the reformation of politics and the moral and intellectual elevation of the people will be plain and easy.

SHOTT AND NOTT.

SOME years ago, a duel was said to have been fought by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. A paper thus commented on it: "In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There is a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself. Then the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott. Any way, it is hard to tell who was shot."

What do you think?

A SMART little boy who had been to school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9, when upside down,
Would pass for the figure 6.
So when asked his age by a good old dame,
The comical youngster said,
"I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this!
But 6 when I stand on my head."

SERIAL STORY

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance. . .

By MARY WALL.

. . . *Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.* . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. Margaret promised and even spoke to her affianced, but love was blind, and she was easily satisfied by his assurance. The Brewster Sessions in Blackerton, which occurred shortly after, provided two sensations in the opposition by Clifford and by Denzil Haynes to Mr. Joakim's applications, a task Clifford found doubly difficult owing to the presence of Adela Joakim, his fate. Margaret Haynes and Fred Higginbottom's marriage was duly solemnised amid much excitement. No incident marked the event except Fred's indulgence and Adela Joakim's encouragement to Clifford.

CHAPTER IX.—Anne Wetherall Breaks out Again.

All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we, there is no last or first.

—*Browning.*

ANNE WETHERALL had "broken out" again. The news was told from mouth to mouth in Blackerton, with sundry comments such as "Didn't aw tell thi?" "What can yo' expect from a pig but a grunt?" and so on. It almost seemed as if those who received the news, not all without elation, would have been half disappointed if the relapse of the notorious brawler and disturber of the peace had not occurred.

"What can yo' expect? Folks like Sandy Mackinnon puttin' up to 'elp people like 'er, as if she wasn't bound to break out madder nor ever," Mrs. Joe Higgins said.

By some warped method of thinking young Mrs. Higgins seemed to imply that poor Anne's

last "spree" was directly due to the fact of the Mackinnons having taken her in and kept her straight for so long.

Rachel Parkinson was her only listener.

Whenever Anne "broke out" Rachel was noticed as being more depressed than usual. She seemed to be living over again the time when "her man," who had been dust now for so many years, had used to "break out" too, and to raise Cain in his own immediate neighbourhood. Not even the frequent visits of her beloved Mr. Clifford, who came ostensibly to get her to tell him of his real father and mother, but really to cheer her up, could wholly lift her out of the gloom.

Anne Wetherall would probably have experienced a cynical satisfaction had she known in how many quarters she and her "obstreperousness," as Blackerton called it, were talked of.

At "Moorlands," Adela Joakim was having a last word with her father in the hall, as she helped him with his coat, fastened his glove, and lavished every daughterly attention on him.

"You won't be *very*, very hard on anyone, I *know*, papa, will you?"

"No, my dear. I do not think I'll take the black cap with me to-day, and then I cannot do anything which is irreparable!"

The old gentleman liked his little joke, so he cannot have been altogether bad, can he?

"And—you once thought you might not see Anne Wetherall, papa; Susan tells me she has been terribly wild in the town last night, and that she will probably be brought up to-day. You—you will let her off, if you can, papa?"

"My dear Adela, it will probably not depend on me. I feel like the man in Dickens, who reminded people: 'I have a partner—Mr. Jorkins.' But, yes, I will do what I can, remembering that she is a friend of yours." He pinched her ears playfully.

The sensation, only a slight one, caused by the entrance of the new magistrate, and the half caustic, half humorous style of remarks which were peculiar to Blackerton, having been uttered, was immediately followed by the entrance of the notorious old lady.

She had not yet thoroughly recovered, and, though "not at all as funny as usual," as young Blackerton declared in an aggrieved voice, was still intent on provoking the laughter of those around, as she had always done hitherto. The elderly, grey-haired man, who sat beside Mr. Joakim, the burly policeman, who stood beside herself, in order to keep his eye upon her—one of her vagaries had been the throwing of her shoe at the occupants of the bench in the past—the young constable, who deposed to the disturbance she created, even Sandy Mackinnon, who spoke to her good character when sober, and generously declared himself willing to be responsible once more for her if she were set at liberty—all these in turn came under the lash of her biting wit.

But from the moment in which her eyes fell on the new addition to the magistrates, who sat quietly back in the shade, and who seemed determined, as old Abram Moss said, "to keep 'is mouth shut, and take all in," her mood was a changed one.

The vulgar diatribe against one of the witnesses was stopped midway, she put up her delicate white hand to her temple, and a look of perplexity and trouble came into her thin, worn face. "I have seen him—somewhere," the policeman near heard her murmur to herself.

The proceedings fell tame after that. Some of the mill hands, who had rushed into the public gallery of the Court after bolting their mid-day meal, left it earlier than they needed to have done, muttering that "Th' owd girl 'adn't no spunk in 'er at aw!"

But Mr. Joakim had leaned over to his neighbour; he seemed slightly agitated. "I know this poor thing—I did know her long ago; can she be let off, do you think? She is—was—a lady, in a good position. I cannot dream what has brought her to this!" (Which was scarcely true, by the way).

"I always suspected it," Mr. Higginbottom said, "in spite of her vile tongue; but she has been let off time after time at the first. I assure you she is quite incorrigible, and I do believe that the seven days she generally gets do her no harm, but rather enable her to pull herself together."

"Still, I have a plan, if she could be tried once more."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said the other, courteously; and Mr. Joakim leaned back with a satisfied sigh. Shortly afterwards he left the bench, but so unobtrusively that few missed him till some time after he had gone.

"We have decided to merely fine you this time, Anne Wetherall; ten shillings is the amount, and you are to remain in the ante-room, as an unknown friend has promised to pay it before the day is over."

And even, in answer to this, Anne Wetherall had no cutting answer. Blackerton really was aggrieved.

"It must 'a' bin old Joakim," Mrs. Higgins said. "Didna' yo' see 'im talking to Mr. 'Igginbottom?" Oh, the devil isn't as black as 'e's painted, they say. But 'e might 'a' used 'is ten shillings a sight better aw th' same."

"He's 'appen thinking as 'is stuff won't get drunk up so quick if Anne is out o' t' way," her little husband said with a venturesome chuckle.

Mrs. Joe brought him to the Court in order that she might inculcate a moral lesson, as occasion served; but, as we know, her practice was to cut any thinking or speaking for himself on her husband's part short at once.

"Yo'd better keep your breath to cool your porridge, if yo' can't talk owt but blather," she said, shortly. "There's no need to let on as yo'r a foo', even if Providence 'asna overdone yo' wi' brains."

"Oh, Sar' Ellen, dinna be so fractious," Joe was emboldened to say. To which his masterful wife answered, "I wouldn't, on'y it's for your own good!"

Mr. Joakim, after leaving the Court by the side door, stood awhile irresolutely scanning the pavement. At last he murmured to himself, "It is the only thing, so I must go and see him. I

could not rely on any other clergyman in the town," which was a brave tribute to Mr. Trevor's worth, for it was of him Mr. Joakim was thinking, and to him he contemplated paying a visit on behalf of Anne Wetherall's welfare.

"Yes, Mr. Trevor was in," the little maid said at the lodgings he rented in the heart of the town, and the brewer followed closely on the announcement of his name.

"You will be surprised to see me, Mr. Trevor," he said, "the more so as our relations have not been friendly ones, hitherto, although we have not met before."

"I assure you, Mr. Joakim," the young clergyman said, "that in returning your cheque to you—I presume that is what you are referring to—I was actuated by no unfriendly motive. I—I think I explained my position to you—I feel very strongly on the subject."

"Well,"—the brewer gave a short laugh—"it shows that I, at least, recognise your honesty when I find myself instinctively coming to you about a poor soul in whom I am much interested, in preference to any other minister in Blackerton. She is, unfortunately, given to drinking."

"If I can meet your wishes in any way, I shall be most happy," Mr. Trevor said gravely.

"It is Anne Wetherall—her name is well-known, I fear. Have you seen her?"

"Never at close quarters—to speak to," the clergyman said. "She took the pledge some time ago, and attended our Thursday evening meetings regularly for some time, I believe. A fellow-worker, Mackinnon, the shoemaker, a man who does a great deal of good in his simple way, has had her in his house, and was really beginning to hope that brighter days were dawning for the poor old body. But I hear that she has lapsed again."

"Yes," said the newly appointed magistrate for the Hundred of Blackerton. "I sat on the bench for the first time this morning, and I do not deny that I looked out eagerly for the woman who has such an unenviable notoriety. Judge of my surprise when I found that she had been well known to me formerly. The story I am going to tell you, Mr. Trevor, will be one more argument, I fear, in your hands for *your* side of the drink question, still I must tell it to you for I want your assistance.

"Some twenty-five years ago—perhaps more—I appointed a young man named Wetherall to the management of a large hotel close to the race-course at Bollerton. I never connected this poor woman with him, though I have heard her name so often lately. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, entirely suited to the post I gave him, but—well, you will understand not at all a gentleman, and, I think, with a good deal of the bully in his nature. You will perhaps laugh at the idea of a brewer having conscientious scruples."

"I have not done so yet," Mr. Trevor said.

"No—I beg your pardon. Well, I was young; I had only lately taken my father's place, and I certainly was sorry that I had appointed this particular young man—this Wetherall—when I found that he had recently married a young widow, who had formerly moved in a much higher position than his own, and that she was, unfortunately, addicted to drink. You know, Mr. Trevor, it has been said that a really drunken woman never reforms. I won't go so far as that; but I will own that an unhappy woman—he treated her badly from the first, and she had a constant sorrow in having lost her child—an unhappy woman, who is addicted to drink, never reforms if she is so unfortunate as to have to pass her days in a large, busy hotel, constantly handling and smelling drink. And so George Wetherall's wife went from bad to worse. He, too, was no good; he absconded, one fine day, and we found that the books had been tampered with. After that, I heard he was dead; but I never saw his wife after the day I saw her drunk in the bar of the "Royal Racer," on the day he abandoned her, until she was placed in the dock, to-day."

There was a painful pause, and then the clergyman said: "It is a terrible story."

"It is," the brewer granted. "And, you can understand that I feel personally responsible for this poor wretch, and want to do what I can for her. I suppose, in your opinion, I ought to feel responsible for everyone who gets into the habit of drinking at any of my houses, but—I do not. Now, Mr. Trevor, to come to the reason I have sought you. You know more about these matters than I do. Can she be put in a home for inebriates? I will willingly charge myself with the cost of whatever you advise."

"Not unless she signs a paper saying she is willing to place herself under restraint for a year. The wills of the drink victims are so weakened that not one in a thousand will do this. No; our hope is that Sandy Mackinnon may take her in again. He and his elder daughter, who has great force of character, have had a wonderful influence upon her, and kept her straight longer than ever before."

"Is that so? Mackinnon spoke for her to-day, and said he would take her in, then."

"Did he? I am not surprised. He is a good man," the clergyman said.

"I will see that he is recompensed for his trouble; it will at least enable him to undertake more rescue work, since he is so well fitted for it. Will you take me to see him now?"

"With pleasure," Mr. Trevor said, and he took his hat and stick in his hand. "I have always been interested in the notorious Anne Wetherall, though, as I said, I have never spoken to her. To tell the truth I always thought the name was not her own. But you tell me that it is, and that it was through it you were able to identify her."

"Yes," said Mr. Joakim, "she was George Wetherall's wife. Her first husband was an excellent fellow. He lived somewhere in the Fylde district, what was his name—Powson? no—Prowse, that was it."

The two men were just about to go out as he spoke; but now the clergyman turned to his companion, with a face from which every vestige of colour had fled.

"Are you sure?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Yes, of course I am; why? And their child was taken by an old friend when Mr. Prowse died, for she was drinking heavily then. Still,

I don't approve of separating a woman from her baby while there is a chance of her pulling up. It sort of pushes her over the brink."

But the clergyman was thanking God for that the lost one was found.

Ten minutes later Mr. Joakim was making his way home alone, and Mr. Trevor was on the point of entering the little ante-room of the Court, in which Anne Wetherall sat waiting till the fine was paid.

The effects of the drink were all gone now; she sat shivering over the oil stove a picture of desolation. Her grey hair hung loosely on her shoulders, and her delicate hands crossed and uncrossed themselves on her lap.

She turned at the opening of the door. What was it she saw in the young clergyman's face that made her eyes dilate and her lips quiver, while the power of movement seemed to leave her limbs?

He went straight up to her and put his strong young arms around her spare quivering frame.

"Mother," he said, "God has been good to me. You must come home now, and we will never be parted again."

She looked up into his eyes for a long time, doubtingly. Then the slow tears trickled down her worn face; at last they fell so thickly that she could no longer see.

But he waited.

"Mother," he said—"you know it is true, do you not? God has given us back to each other."

He bent and kissed her, and then her voice was loosened, and, like one of old, she spoke, praising God.

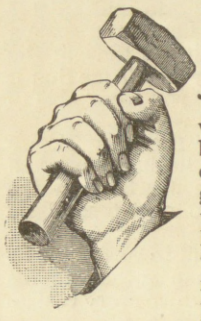
"My baby—my little Harold," she said. "Oh, thank God! thank God."

(To be continued).

Important Questions Answered.

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

CAN HARD WORK BE DONE WITHOUT ALCOHOL?



A VERY common question is: "How can we do hard work without beer?" The belief in the minds of those who ask this question is that beer is a kind of liquid bread, or at least that it is a very good and nutritious food. A working-man once said when he heard the question asked, "If beer is so full of nourishment and so capable of imparting strength, why not give it to horses? They are stronger than men, and they have to do a good deal of hard work, yet beer is not deemed necessary for them, and why should it therefore be thought so useful for men?" There was perhaps not much philosophy in the argument of this man, but there certainly was an undercurrent of common sense. Bone and muscle, whether in the man or the horse or any other animal, require certain kinds of food to nourish and sustain them, and if this kind of nourishment is only present to a very small extent in beer and other malt liquors, it follows that it can't be a very good kind of food.

A Contrast.

The particular kind of food that nourishes muscle tissue is known as nitrogenous food; that is, whatever else the food contains, it must contain nitrogen if it is to be a builder of muscle tissue. Baron Liebig once said that it could be proved with mathematical certainty that as much meal as would lie upon the point of a table knife contained more nourishment than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer, and the same great truth can be stated in the fact that one penny loaf contains as much nutriment as a gallon of ale costing two shillings. We can see from the following table the respective proportions of nitrogenous food in the various articles mentioned:—

Weight in grains of article analysed.		Weight in grains of nitrogenous matter.	Percentage of nitrogenous matter.
3,500	Cheese	994	28·4
3,500	Peas and beans	805	23·0
3,500	Beef (lean)	675·5	19·3
3,500	Cocoa (solid)	668·5	19·1
3,500	Eggs	493·5	14·1
3,500	Mutton (lean)	437·5	12·5
3,500	Bread	283·5	8·1
4,506	Milk	146 5	3·25
4,705	Beer	23·5	0·50
4,441	Stout	35·08	0·79
4,425	Strong Ale	57·52	1·30
4,339	British Wine	4·80	0·11
4,358	Claret	10·02	0·23
4,418	Port Wine	15·26	0 35
3,980	Whisky	Nil.	Nil.
4,217	Brandy	Nil.	Nil.

We may see from this that alcoholic liquors can by no stretch of imagination be called muscle foods.

The weights given above represent half a pound of solid foods and half a pint in the case of liquids.

Alcohol Does Harm

to muscle tissue. This can be shown in two ways. First by the investigations of scientific men, and secondly by the experience of those who wish to develop to the highest extent their muscle power. Professor Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University, says:—

"A healthy man, with well aerated blood, taking good nourishing food, and giving every part of his body a certain amount of rest, is able to accomplish a definite amount of work, the maximum being attained when the work can be done at regular intervals, and in a definite period. No amount of alcohol, however taken, can increase the amount of work done in that same

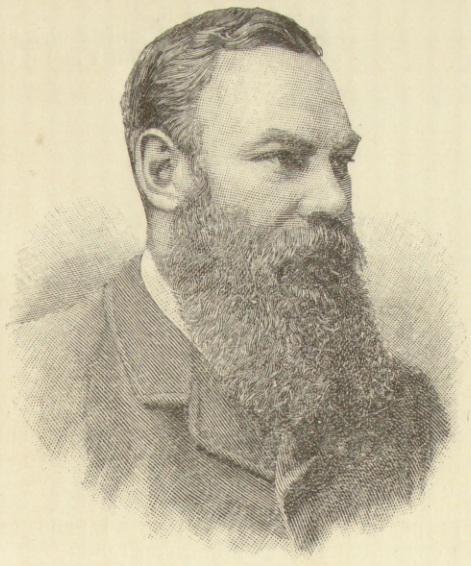
period, without giving rise to very serious disturbances in some part or other of the body; indeed, the amount of work is never increased, as any temporary excitement is invariably followed by depression of such a nature that the increase of work supposed to be done during the period of excitation is far more than counterbalanced by the diminution in the amount of work done during the period of depression.

"The old idea that prolonged physical exertion of a severe character could not be made without the help of alcoholic stimulants, has been exploded by the accounts of the experience of the work done by gangs of navvies, by marching companies of soldiers in times of peace, by a whole army on campaign in trying climates, and by travellers and explorers in all parts of the world."

The late Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R S., made many experiments as to the action of alcohol upon the muscles. He found that if he took two muscles of the same size from a recently killed animal and soaked one in a little water, and the other in some water and alcohol, the one which had been soaked in the alcohol could not contract to anything like the same extent as the one which had been soaked in water only. It had lost power. The experiment was repeated in a variety of ways and under varying conditions, but the result was always the same, showing that alcohol had paralysed to some extent muscle power.

What Experience Teaches.

Experience is said to be the best schoolmaster. What does the experience of athletes teach us



Dr. W. G. Grace.
(From a photo by Messrs. Hawkins and Co., Brighton.)

on this matter? There is perhaps no more interesting figure on the cricket field than the young Hindoo, Prince Ranjitsinhji. His wonderdeftfulness of stroke, and the extraordinary accuracy of his eye, indicate the possession of the best-trained physical powers. Now the Prince, when giving advice to boys about cricket says: "With regard to drinks, I assert that water is far and away the best; failing that, I advise non-alcoholic drinks. Many players make a habit of taking a drink in the middle of a long innings. I do not advise them to take anything more than a little water, just to wet the throat and rinse the mouth." The veteran champion, Dr. W. G. Grace, says that, "All intoxicating drinks are quite unnecessary, and only make one more thirsty than you were before you took them. I have played many long innings without taking anything to drink. Beer is a very bad thing for cricket, and so is smoking."

The well-known brothers, J. E. K. Studd, and C. T. Studd, were ideal athletes, and they were both total abstainers. J. C. Clegg, of Sheffield, also a staunch abstainer, was one of the best runners of his day, and during his career won 84 prizes, 74 of them being first prizes.

One of the best instances of athletic staying power is that of E. P. Weston, of America. Not long since, although between 60 and 70 years of age, he began a 24 hours' walk in the Ice Skating Palace, New York. His purpose was to cover 112 miles in 24 hours, a performance which he accomplished 25 years ago. He did not come quite up to the mark, making in the allotted time 103¼ miles. Mr. Weston is a temperance man and never uses intoxicants, and credits his powers of endurance to that fact. Some years ago he walked 5,000 miles in 100 days, a feat spoken of by Dr. Blyth as "the greatest recorded labour, its continuity being considered, ever undertaken by a human being without injury."

Many other cases could be recorded, such as Hanlon, at one time champion oarsman of the world; Adam Ayles, who got nearest to the North Pole, and endured a toilsome sledge journey of 110 days; Sir Thomas Brassey's teetotal navvies, who "did more work in a day than any other gang on the Great Northern line, and always left off an hour and a half earlier than the rest." Mr. Holbein, who in September, 1889, cycled 324 miles in 24 hours.

The teaching of experience certainly shows that hard work of every kind can best be accomplished without the use of alcohol.

Mother's Great Secret.

By "Uncle Edward."

IT was away back in "the fifties" that Nellie Kershaw stood in front of her mother, and, taking her hand, looked into her sad and pensive face, and put the question to her—

"Mummie, dear, what is your greatest secret?"

"My precious child," replied Mrs. Kershaw, after a moment's pause, "I cannot tell *you* my secrets, for they would not be secrets any more if I did."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Simply because you would let them out, my darling little chatterbox," answered the pale and careworn mother.

"I wouldn't really, mamma, unless you told me I might," said Nellie, with a very slight curl of her pretty little lip, which betokened that there was a spirit within which fought hard for the mastery over a well-trained and disciplined young life.

Nellie's mother was a widow, and Nellie was her pet, but never a spoilt pet. Mrs. Kershaw knew too well the *cruelty* of spoiling a child, to allow herself to commit so inhuman an act. She knew that a spoilt child would grow into an exacting woman, and a never satisfied, trying, and unreasonable partner if, in the dim future—which Mrs. Kershaw sometimes found herself almost unconsciously mapping out for her sweet little daughter—there should perchance come past a noble-hearted youth who would be willing to die for her if needs be, in order to prove that there was not another on earth who could satisfy his soul's longings.

Mrs. Kershaw's husband had died when Nellie was 18 months old, and, of course, the little maiden never knew him, at least, if she did, she must have possessed a very *strange* memory, almost an uncanny one, yet she continually declared that she felt sure she *could* remember her "daddie," because it seemed as though she always saw "a big, beautiful man" throw a ball through the window when she was a weenie little dot holding on to the back of a chair in the dining-room. Whether she *did* have any recollection or not of such a thing was a moot point, but it was, nevertheless, a fact that there was once, only a few days before Mr. Kershaw was taken ill, a sad scene in the Kershaw's home, when, in a fit of drink-produced rage, he whirled a cricket-ball at his wife's head with all his force as she stooped to pick up one of her little darling's dropped shoes. The ball missed its aim, and, hurling through the back of the very chair to which his child was clinging, it crashed through the window, startling the little mite, and possibly fixing itself as a hazy fancy upon her bright and clear perception.

Mrs. Kershaw's one great secret, the one she had carefully kept from her child with almost desperate care, was that which the last few lines reveals—her husband was a drunkard. It was not that she felt the disgrace of being the widow of a drunkard—not at all—she was too unselfish to let this weigh heavily upon her, but for Nellie to know that she was the child of a drunkard was an overwhelming dread which never left her. Yet, somehow, there was coming over her mind a half-formed wish that Nellie could help her share the secret, and on the occasion of Nellie's plea that she should tell her her secrets, it came with fresh force to her soul that it might perhaps not be unwise to tell her about it before she learnt it possibly from a cruel world, and in such a way as would cause her to lose all her instinctive love for the holy word "father." So, looking through the heavy tresses of her charming little brunnette, Mrs. Kershaw said:

"When you are in your teens, pet, I will tell you, if I am spared, the great secret of my life."

Nellie clapped her hands, and gave a merry laugh.

"That will be next Thursday, then, mummie, because I shall be 13 next Thursday, shan't I?"

Her mother looked sad, but forcibly pulling herself together, she said:

"Yes, darling, you will, and we will have a nice talk then."

Nellie loved her mother's "nice talks," for she was a child who made few companions, and had *no* friends. She would have had one or two, but she always asked her mother what she thought about the girls before she made friends with them, and up to the present her mother had not seen her way clear to thoroughly approve of any. But Nellie cared nothing about friends. She had her mummie, and that was enough.

Thursday arrived; Nellie was up with the lark. A very happy day was spent, and it was drawing near to bed time, and she was beginning to show signs of weariness, she had been so happy and so full of joyful merriment that she had quite forgotten to remind her mother that this was "the secret day." And now the time was almost over. Suddenly Mrs. Kershaw said:

"Don't you want me to tell you my secret, darling?"

Nellie quickly ran to her.

"Yes, dear mummie," and as she spoke, the sparkle which nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, can only successfully re-instate, flashed again in her eye. "I *quite* forgot it, I have been so happy. Now tell me;" and she fixed her bright eyes upon her mother's tired face.

Mrs. Kershaw gave a deep sigh.

"It's really too bad, my sweet little girl, to finish up your birthday like this, but I feel it is now or never, and if I do not let my secret out now, I shall never tell you, dear, and —— you ought to know."

"What, mummie—what is it? I *do* want to know."

"Well, darling, you have often asked about your father, and I never have told you, have I?"

"No, mummie; you *never* would. Oh, are you going to tell me now, how lovely!"

"Ah, darling, it isn't lovely, it is very sad; but my little girl will remember that I want her to begin to pray this prayer from the time of her teens to the end of her life, and then she will have begun to do such a kind thing for her mummie on her 13th birthday. I want you, my precious little daughter, to pray this prayer—'Lord, make me to *hate* strong drink, and help my dear mother to bear patiently the sorrows that have come into her life through it.'"

Nellie looked up with intense earnestness.

"I will, mummie dear; and now I believe I know your great secret without you telling me—drink killed my dear daddie!" and her voice faltered.

"That is it, my Nellie. And his child will never, never taste it by the help of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

The bargain was sealed with tears, and the birthday was over.

Bacchus or the Baby?

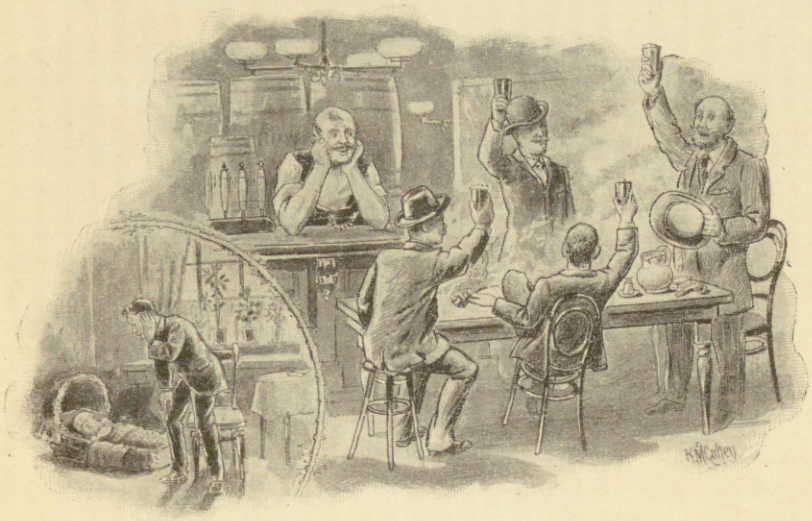
By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

HE was sitting alone
in the evening,
When the work of
the day was done,
And over the city far
and wide
Fell the light from
the setting sun;
It trailed through the
room in careless
grace,
And over the floor
it spread,
Kissing the baby's
sleeping face
Where she lay in
her cradle-bed.

Sitting alone in the evening.

There came to his
ears a murmuring
From the ale-house over the way;
The jingle of glass and rhythmical swing
Of the door in its coating gay.
They sang a song to his drink-dimmed soul,
A song with a loud refrain,
Of a warm, bright room, and a flowing
bowl,
And the wit of a wine-fired brain.

He longed to follow the tempting sound,
To laugh where his comrades laughed,
To be where the glasses were passing
round,
And to quaff when the others quaffed;
But his lonely babe appealed to him,
Where she lay in helpless sleep,
So he still sat on while the west went dim,
And the shades grew
thick and deep.



He longed to follow the tempting sound.

And still from the drink-
shop the noises crept,
From its parlour now
a-gleam;
But the air was drowsy,
and soon he slept,
And, sleeping, he
dreamed a dream.
He stood on the floor of
a temple, where
The sad and the
foolish trod,
And men were laying
their treasures rare
At the feet of a swol-
len god.

And the god was singing
a merry strain,
As he bent from his
mighty throne
To gather the grapes and
golden grain,
And claim them his
very own.
And his throne was high,
and his throne was
wide,
And his song had a glad
refrain,
But the floors of his
temple were deeply dyed
With the blood of the maimed and slain.

He dreamed a dream.

For this god had founded
his altar-throne
On the hearts that
broke and bled;
And the grain he gathered
and called his own
Was the children's daily
bread.
He stretched his hands
for the gifts men
brought,
Of body, and mind,
and soul,
To the foolish givers re-
turning naught
But a drink from a poisoned bowl.

The god was singing a merry strain.

He found himself rushing with all the rest.

The dreamer saw in that dream of his
A multitude worshipping;
Men selling their very souls to kiss
The feet of that hideous thing.
He saw the eager and thirsting throng
Like a sea to the altar roll,
Ready to join in the false god's song,
And drink from his poisoned bowl.

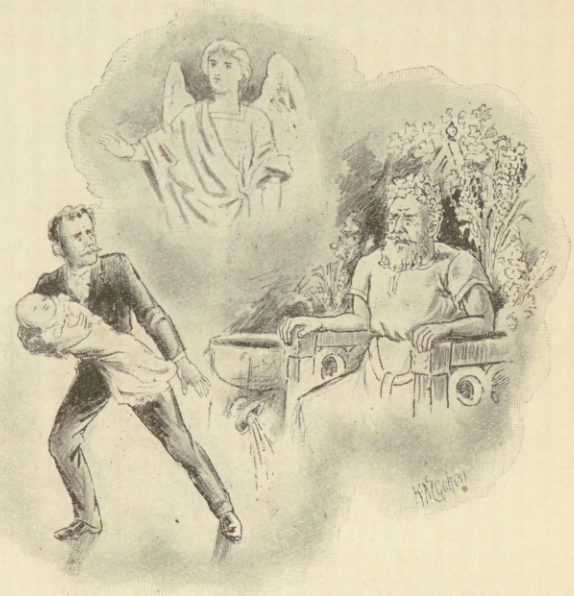
With his sleeping babe clasped to his breast,
With his lips and his throat a-thirst,
He found himself rushing with all the rest,
Panting to be the first.
But e'en as he neared the altar-throne,
And lifted his mouth to sip,
The awful ring of a mighty tone
Stayed the cup at his lip.

The unknown voice rang high and clear,
And into his soul it fell;
"Thou canst not bow to this drink-god here
And look to thy child as well!
Wouldst thou treasure thy babe? Then quickly fly
From the power which tempts thee so,
For this god is the greatest enemy
That the little children know.

"To choose is a blessing granted thee,
Choose well!" cried a mighty voice.
"The god, or thy child—which shall it be?
This hour thou must make thy choice!"
Then the dreamer looked at the flowing bowl,
And the face of the drink-god bright,
And a shudder ran through his very soul
As he clasped his infant tight.

To the god he cried, "Nay, tempt not me!
Though for thy wine I thirst,
My child shall not suffer because of thee,
My babe must be always first!"
Then back through the thirsting, shrieking throng,
O'er the floor with its stains of blood,
He forced his way, with a courage strong,
Till close to the door he stood.

* * * * * * *



A shudder ran through his very soul.

He woke; the sky in the west was dim,
And the shades were deep on the floor,
And again through the window there came to him
The sound of a swinging door;

"My child shall be always first."

But he knelt by his baby's resting-place,
And conquered his burning thirst;
And he cried aloud, as he kissed her face,
"My child shall be always first!"

N.B.—Lantern Slide Illustrations (8) to this poem have been prepared by the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, and will be found most suitable for entertainments.

The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

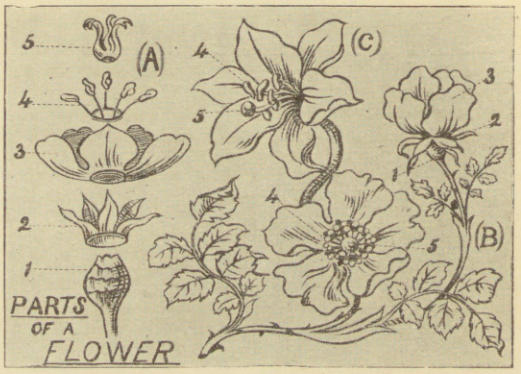
. . . . IX.—FLOWERS. . . . .

WHO does not love flowers, with their beautiful colours and varied forms? Longfellow calls them "*Stars* that in earth's firmament do shine." Boys and girls all admire them, and many regard them as the most important part of plants, or at any rate the only part worthy of notice.

However beautiful the flowers may be, they cannot make the living material the plant needs; this is formed in the green leaves. Like the rest of the plant, flowers depend largely upon the leaves for their means of growth.

Botanists tell us that flowers are modified leaves, and it seems that this may be so, for it sometimes happens that one or more parts of the flower actually become leaves.

The first thing we have to find out about flowers is what their different parts are called. Some flowers are incomplete, that is, one or more parts are wanting. A complete flower consists of five parts. These are shown in the following picture:—



They are represented at (A) separated and numbered in their proper order, as follows: 1, the *receptacle*, the top of the flower-stalk, thickened or flattened out to hold the real flower; 2, the *calyx*, the outer circle of flower leaves or sepals, generally green; 3, the *corolla*, the inner circle of flower leaves or petals, very often of a bright colour; 4, the *stamens*, a number of slender stems or filaments inside the corolla, each bearing a little head or anther, which contain the pollen dust; 5, the *pistil*, the central part of the flower containing the ovary, in which the seed is formed.

(B) represents two flowers of the wild rose, the different parts of each flower are indicated as in (A); it will be noted that there are five sepals and five petals. (C) is the flower of a lily, in which the parts differ from those of (A) and (B). The three sepals and the three petals are nearly of the same shape and colour, and form a *perianth*, which means *about a flower*.

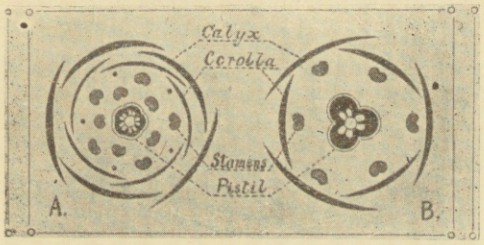
Hence we see that a complete flower consists of four distincts whorls, which are respectively called the calyx, the corolla, the stamens, and the pistil. We shall find that the number of parts in each whorl varies in different flowers. Those of dicotyledonous flowers are generally in fours or fives; that is, the calyx has four or five sepals, the corolla has four or five petals, and the other parts have the same numbers, or multiples of them. Those of the monocotyledonous flowers are mostly in threes. We are anxious to know why these differences exist.

Let us take a leafy shoot from a hawthorn or an apple tree, and fixing upon any leaf call it No. 1. Then look for the next leaf in the same straight line above or below this, and we shall find there are four leaves between those two. Now if a line be drawn through the base of each leaf stalk it will form a spiral, going twice round the stem from No. 1 to No. 6.

The *five* leaves (Nos. 1 to 5) form a cycle, or whorl. A second cycle begins with No. 6, a third cycle with No. 11, and so on. Now if we supposed the leaves of four cycles to be placed on the stem at the same level we should

have the four whorls of a flower of five parts each. To avoid overcrowding, each whorl is shifted slightly, so as to alternate with the next.

The leaves modified into the floral organs become the calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistil of a complete five-part flower.



DIAGRAMS OF TWO FLOWERS.

A.—Geranium, with five-part whorls.
B.—Lily, with three-part whorls.

In (A) we have the plan of a typical five-part flower, having five sepals, five petals, and fifteen stamens, three whorls of five each; the outermost, represented by dots, has been suppressed, or become abortive.

In (B) we have the plan of a typical three-part flower. The leaves of monocotyledons are so arranged that the fourth leaf stands over the first, hence three leaves make a cycle, and the whorls of the flowers are in threes.

Now we will examine the flowers which have their parts in fours, as the wallflower and the fuchsia. The leaves of these plants are arranged in opposite pairs, each pair being at right angles to the pair above or below. The third pair will be exactly over the first, so that a cycle consists of four leaves, and each whorl of the flower will therefore have four parts.

We have so far considered what may be called regular flowers, those that have their respective sepals and petals similar to each other; but we shall find many flowers that present great differences, especially in the corollas; the petals varying from each other in size and form. The annexed picture gives some examples of these irregular flowers, as they may be called.

The Pansy (B) has five petals, the two upper ones being larger than the rest; often a distinct colour. The two side petals are smaller, and the fifth of a different shape.

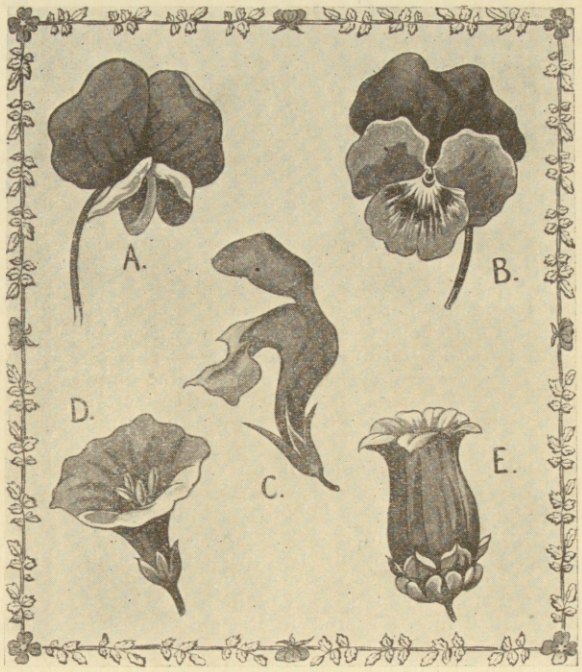
The Pea (A) presents greater differences. The upper one, called the *banner*, is much larger than the rest; the two side ones are called *wings*, and the lower one the *keel*. The pea is called a "papilionaceous" flower, which means "like a butterfly." It is also termed a "polypetalous" flower, because the petals are separate from each other.

We shall find many flowers in which the petals are joined together by their edges, and they are therefore termed "gamopetalous" flowers. They present many varied shapes: "tubular," "urceolate," or like an urn; "rotate," or wheel-shaped; "campanulate," or bell-shaped. The Canterbury Bell (E) is an example of the last-named form. The Bindweed (D) shows us a funnel-shaped corolla. The sepals of these flowers are also joined by their edges, and form a short tube or funnel, with as many teeth at the upper end as there were sepals.

We have many "gamopetalous" flowers with curious and striking forms, as seen in some of the orchids, the snapdragon, and many of "labiates," or lipped family. The flower of the Sage (C) is an example of the latter. It is said to be "ringent," or gaping.

It would be interesting to discover how, or by what means, these flowers have come to assume their present irregular forms. Our limits will not permit of any lengthened explanation, but we have reason to believe that at first all flowers had simple regular forms. During the course of past ages the living material of the flowers responded to the pressure and the irritation set up by the insects alighting on certain petals, in search of honey; so that through many successive generations they gradually took their present form, and adapted themselves to the insects which constantly visited them. This being accomplished under the skill and guidance of a Divine intelligence.

"CALL me what you will, I hate alcohol. I pray God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with burning hatred any agency under heaven that can enslave, imbrute, and take away the best part of a man's life and give him nothing but an awful, black, and fearful recollection to pay for it."—*John B. Gough.*



The Pony That Told Tales.

By Faith Chiltern.

ELL, if you want to know how I came to be a teetotaler, it was through a pony that told tales."

"A pony that told tales! Oh uncle, you are joking."

"No, I am not, Aggie."

"Then he was a very funny pony. Tell us about him, please, uncle—Do!"

"Yes, he must have been a very singular animal, indeed, I should imagine," added Percy, a lad of about thirteen; and his tone was rather supercilious.

"No, he was not, Percy; in fact, I do not think he was a bit more uncommon than the one you drive."

"Why, uncle, Taff doesn't tell tales, I am sure," said Aggie.

"He does, my dear, most certainly, only perhaps your attention has never been drawn to them. It was like this: I was a boy of about Percy's age, and, like him, I had been brought up in a good Christian home, and kept, as far as it was possible to keep me, from bad companions."

"Yes, kept in rather too strictly, perhaps," returned Percy; "I think I am."

"Ah, you may think that now, but you'll be wiser in time my lad, and be grateful to your friends for having brought you up in good habits. You are like I was, Percy, fractious at the restraints imposed on you, though I hope you will not follow in my steps."

"Why, I don't suppose you did anything so very bad," said Percy.

"No, I don't believe he did," added Aggie. "But do make haste and get to the pony, Uncle."

"So I will, dearie. Well, whatever Percy may think bad, I learned, I grieve to say it, to disobey my parents, and even to swear, play cards, and violate my pledge. It is a dreadful admission, but too true, and had it not been for the pony, you might have had a drunken uncle."

"Why, how did he know? What had he to do with it?" asked Aggie.

"Well, you see, my mother was ill and had to lie in bed, and my father being called away on business, I was left for awhile to myself. My father gave me many injunctions, to be sure: I was not to disobey mother, though she was sick; not to go out in the evening, and not to ride or drive Harkaway—that was our pony's name—and I broke every one of his commands. In fact, I thought it then a splendid opportunity for enjoying myself."

"And you didn't enjoy it after all?" said Aggie.

"For a time I did, but there's no lasting pleasure in sin, children, as you'll find. I might not have gone so far, only the other lads around, hearing that my father was away, persuaded me to join them, and night after night saw 'Hark.' as we called him, tethered to the gate of some public-house, while we were inside having our so-called fun. I did not choose the taverns in the immediate neighbourhood, however, lest the neighbours should see and tell my father. I need not have been so cautious, however, for he soon discoved the secret, as I had not reckoned with Harkaway."

"But, Uncle, he could not speak," urged Aggie.

"Not in words, my dear, but you know it is said 'actions speak louder than words' and certainly his actions soon betrayed something amiss, for when my father was out with him, Aggie, he wanted to draw up at every one of those public-houses to which I and my companions had taken him."

"And your father guessed?" said Percy.

"Yes; though he did not at first suspect me, in fact, I suppose it seemed to him incredible that I, a life-long abstainer, should even dream of going to a tavern. I have never, however, forgotten the day I was discovered."

"Oh, Uncle, tell us all about it."

"Well, we were going to town, and when we reached the 'Blue Boar' Hark. drew up as naturally as possible, and father said:

'Dear me! I am sure, Harry, someone must have brought this pony here during my absence. Who could it have been?'"

"And then you confessed, I suppose?" said Aggie.

"No, I did not; indeed I was on the point of saying no one could have possibly brought him, only I think father guessed from my looks, for I saw such an expression pass over his face as it cuts me to the quick to think of now. But before he could speak, or I could deny the charge I saw he was about to make, the matter was settled by a young man who was lounging near and who recognised me."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He came up, Aggie, and laid his hand upon Hark.'s neck, saying, 'Ah, pretty creature, he doesn't forget his way, does he? Though you have forgotten yours, young master!' and he looked at me with a twinkle of mischief in his eye. And so you see, the cat was out of the bag at once."

"And was your father very, very angry?" inquired Aggie.

"Yes. I had never before seen him so upset."

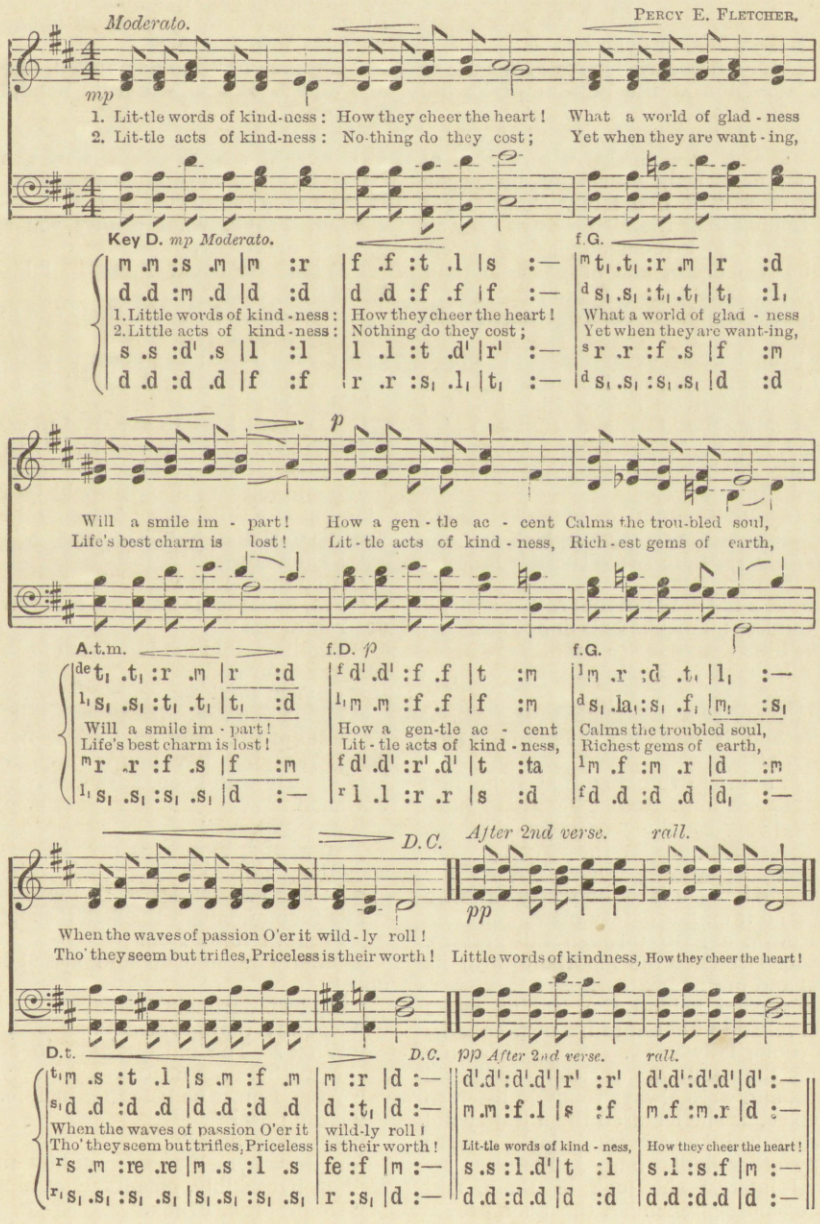
"Did he beat you?" And Aggie's voice sank to a whisper.

"No, but he spoke words I never forgot, and for a long time a strict watch was kept over me, and I knew I was not trusted. As to mother, she wept bitterly and made herself worse, and altogether I had a pretty wretched time. Still, after all, it was a good lesson for me, though I did not think so then, but felt cross with myself, my father, the young man, and even the pony. I have felt very thankful since, however, for the discovery, and am glad we did possess a pony that told tales."

"I am glad too, for I shouldn't have liked a drunken uncle," said Aggie. "But if our pony tells tales I hope he will have only good tales to tell of Percy and me."

"I hope not, my dear. Certainly the best place for both people and ponies is far away from the public-house."

WORDS OF KINDNESS.



"Enid."

By Mary E. Helsby.

Author of "One Woman's Opinion," "Dona," "Golden Gorse," etc., etc.

ENID, where are you?"

A girl uncurled herself from a lazy position at the bottom of an old boat to reply to the man's voice.

"Here I am, boat and all."

She was not greatly pleased at being disturbed, especially by Frank Forrester, who had lately shown signs of ruffling their friendship by as near an approach to love-making as he dared. She liked him very much, and always told their mutual acquaintances that she did; but as for *loving* him that was quite a different matter—so she said.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," exclaimed the young man, suddenly coming upon the pretty scene of river, flower-decked banks, and Enid standing beside the boat, her white frock tumbled, her shady hat lying amongst the daisies, the sun shining down upon her upturned rosy face and glorious eyes.

"That was rather stupid of you, Frank—to look everywhere but the right place! You know that I generally sit here when there is nothing better to do."

"But without a hat? Is not that rather rash?"

"I don't think so; I dislike hats in hot weather. Do sit down, I am sure you are tired."

"Not at all, thank you. May I take you for a row?"

"Please take me for a walk instead. I am tired of the boat, and it looks so delightfully cool under the trees."

Frank could not help thinking that if he had asked Enid to go for a walk she would have chosen a row, being usually capricious with him. Giving a regretful glance at the "roomy" old boat and drooping willows, he picked up the despised hat and handed it to the pretty girl, who promptly placed it on her dainty head, and then led the way down a path through tall grasses. In the distance stretched the moorland with its golden gorse and purple heather.

As Frank walked behind the trailing white skirt, he marvelled to himself at his own submission to this young lady's will. Dr. Inglis's only daughter was the pet of the parish; young and old loved her, and were always ready to listen to her pretty voice, as she lectured them if they did not attend church and meetings regularly, or were guilty of any other similar faults. Flattered by the personal interest she took in them, and cheered by encouraging smiles, the poor people one and all loved Enid. Her favourite hobby was *Temperance*, and she worked hard during the winter season for the good cause.

She walked on among the grasses and flowers in silence that summer afternoon, until Frank said:

"I do believe you are sorry I came upon the scene. Why don't you talk to me?"

A gold-brown head half turned towards him, giving him a distracting side glimpse of curling tendrils upon a white forehead, and lips like a crimson poppy bud.

"I think you are rather nice sometimes; I am glad you came."

He caught one little hand, as it strayed after a foxglove, and held it, walking beside her, hedged in on either side by trailing honeysuckle, convolvulus, and dog roses.

"Let me go!" she demanded, blushing.

"Why? It's a dear little hand, let me have it, Enid? *for ever*, I mean."

He looked very manly and good looking, the girl thought, as she swept a sly glance at him; but to be engaged—to belong to him all her life, how strange that would be!

"Oh, Frank, what a pity you said it," she gasped, nervously.

"What else could I say? I love you; you know that, dear."

"Yes, but I—I—. Oh, how can I say it?"

"Say what? Don't tell me that you cannot care for me, Enid; I can bear anything but that."

"Oh, how wretched I feel!"

"Why?"

"Because I have to say 'no' to you, Frank."

His face lengthened visibly. "Are you sure?"

"Yes—that is—I think so," she stammered, longing to tell him that it would be easy to love him, but one thing stood between them, and that was his objection to "Temperance."

"I am a coward, Frank."

"A coward, *you*, Enid!"

"Yes, because I want to tell you something, yet I dare not."

"You have told me too much for one day," he muttered, dismally.

"I am so sorry."

"I hope you are. Never mind, it is better to know the truth. But do I know it, Enid?" he cried, grasping her hand and searching her face eagerly with keen, dark eyes. She drooped her head.

"Answer me!"

Two wistful, blue eyes met his with regret, or something akin to it expressed in their depths.

"I think you are sorry, I believe you care."

His tone of delight thrilled through her heart.

"Frank, I think I do."

Tenderly he stooped and kissed her blushing cheek.

"My own darling."

"No, no; there is something else, Frank."

"What? The old question to crop up now, and come between us, dear?"

"Yes. I must be true to principle."

"Even now?"

"Yes, even now."

She drew herself away from him and stood up, smiling irresistibly, pleadingly at him.

"Do promise, Frank."

"Darling, I cannot now. It is against my ideas of what a man should be."

"A temperate man is noble; he must be."

"I am not intemperate."

"You are young, and one can never tell; the strongest fail sometimes. Please me, Frank!"

"I cannot yet."

"Are you angry?"

"No; but I am hurt. If it was not for this

fancy of yours, we could be engaged, dear,—you know we could."

She did not deny it. He took out his watch.

"How time flies! I must be off. How rude you will think me; but I promised my chum that I should return to the office by four o'clock."

"Then you must go?"

"I really must. Good afternoon, Enid."

"Good-bye."

"No, not that word."

"Then think over what I have said!"

"Yes, yes."

She stood to watch him stride away along the narrow walk, strewn with yellow "lady's fingers" and white clover, and gave a little sigh as she retraced her steps to the boat.

* * * * * * *

"Poor old Inglis has gone."

"*Gone!* What do you mean?" And Frank Forrester gasped as the awful truth dawned upon him.

"What's the matter old chap? You look like a freshly caught fish! Oh, how dense I am to be sure! You used to 'be sweet' on the little girl if I mistake not. So that is how the wind blows, is it?"

"Hold your tongue, Villiers. Tell me the truth, is he really dead?"

"Dr. Inglis? Yes, he is."

"How suddenly it has happened! He has suffered from gout for years, I know.

"Well, he will be missed in the town, especially by the poor."

"Yes."

Seeing that his friend was rather upset by the sad news, Villiers bent over his writing.

It was a sultry afternoon. The dust from the street seemed to penetrate the room, and cause Frank some inconvenience, for he rubbed his eyes vigorously more than once.

The clock became a hateful thing to Enid's lover, it went so slowly. How he longed to comfort her. The afternoon wore away at last, and he was free to go to her.

When he reached "The Cedars," Enid's house, he saw the collie, which was a great pet, lying upon the top step, before the front door, his attitude expressing dejection and sense of loss.

"Poor old Laddie," Frank murmured, patting the faithful creature's head to comfort him. When the maid admitted him into the gloomy drawing-room, a feeling of awe stole over him. In a few minutes, to his surprise, the door opened softly, and Enid walked in. But such an Enid. The laughing girl had become a sad-eyed woman.

"Oh, Enid, you know how sorry I am! Your trouble is mine, dear; I could not help coming."

Without speaking, she placed one little cold hand in his.

"You do not think I am intruding, darling, do you?"

"Oh, no; you are kind to come."

"You have no brother. I thought—I hoped you would let me help you for old friendship's sake."

Deeply touched, she sank into a chair, and sobbed out her gratitude in refreshing tears.

"How good you are! Mother is so ill, and until Uncle Richard comes to-night, I have no one."

"There will be letters to write."

"Thank you, yes."

"I can stay as long as you like, dear."

"How good you are. Mother has her friend, Mrs. Jenkins, with her, and to-morrow cousin Maud is coming."

"I am glad she is. Let me take all the worry I can off your shoulders, dearest."

His sympathy was very sweet to her in that sad hour; she felt that she could lean upon his strength in her weakness.

* * * * * * *

The harvest moon shone down upon the old boat by the river, and turned the water into silver, and the brown rushes into things of beauty. A water rat peered out from its hole in the red clay, rearing its lion-like head for a moment, and then flopping into the rippling stream at the sound of human voices approaching. A reed-warbler broke off in the midst of its evening song, and flew away among the shadows as Enid and Frank came into the sight.

The young girl looked very pathetic and lovely in her black frock, with its soft draperies, and a large hat, which made her fair hair appear more golden by contrast, while her large blue eyes shone like lustrous stars.

"I am going to be cruel," he murmured, bending his dark eyes to see her every expression in the witching moonlight.

"How cruel?" she asked him gently, with a sweet smile.

"I am going to remind you of the last time we met at this old boat. Will you be kinder *now* to make amends?"

She blushed and tossed her head with a suspicion of the wilfulness of the Enid of old.

"And supposing I refuse to be kind?"

"You could not, darling; you are *mine*."

"You came to me when I was in trouble, Frank. You have all my gratitude."

"But I don't want it dear, I want love."

She looked down at the clover blossoms wondering what to say, and the scent of the flowers came wafted on the evening air.

"Come into the old boat, darling," he said, leading the way, and she followed slowly.

He held it steady for her to step in, and taking the oars, with a few bold strokes rowed down the river, disturbing rats and frogs.

Smiling into her upturned face he asked her:

"Are you happy with me, Enid?"

"Yes, Frank, but you have not given me the promise I want."

"Then take it now and forever, dear. At the next temperance meeting I shall publicly join the society. Will that please you?"

"Oh, Frank, you know it will," she told him, her eyes shining with love and pure delight.

And e'en though parted, we are yet "together,"
For love is still the golden link between;
Our prayers still mingle, and together enter
Within the precincts of the "Great Unseen."

The soft voice quoted the lines thoughtfully, and Frank listened, loving every word, telling himself that he must be worthy of such love.

DRINK AND CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Out of more than 374,000 cases dealt with by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, "at least 50 per cent. were directly due to the influence of intoxicating drink."

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the harvest field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves,
Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one!
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!
And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noon-day shade.
—*J. G. Whittier.*

What is civilisation? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson.

Our Calendar.

1901.

Sept. 1st—Seven men of Preston signed the pledge in 1832.

„ **4th**—Many Happy Returns to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Born 1829.

„ **8th**—Good Templary was introduced into England on this date, 1868.

„ **22nd** is the anniversary of the foundation of the order of the Sons of Phœnix, 1844.

„ **29th**—"Continued prosperity" we wish the Sons of Temperance; formed on this date, 1842.

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside of them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand.—*John Milton.*

Father: Bobby, did you eat that little pie your mother made for you yesterday?

Bobby: No, sir; I gave it to my teacher.

Father: Did she eat it?

Bobby: I expect so; there wasn't any school to-day."

"Do you wish the world were better? Then remember, day by day,
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun."

Did you ever hear of the boy who said "I will," and his brother who said "I can't?" One spelled "success" with the words "I will try," and the other spelled "failure" with "I won't try."

There is a big difference between success and failure, but not always a very big difference in the boys—simply a matter of resolution. As the years go on the difference grows. The one who at first said "I will try" now says "I can do it." The one who said "I won't try" now sits in the corner and envies his successful brother.

STRONG DRINK.

The mother of sins.—*Southey.*
Stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.
A scandal and a shame—*Gladstone.*
Traps for working men.—Earl Cairns.
The devil in solution.—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*
A huge nuisance and misery.—"The Times."
Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—*Robert Hall.*
Devilish and destructive.—Lord Randolph Churchill.
A poison in politics as well as in society.—*Sir W. Harcourt.*
The mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

NEARER THAN THE OTHERS.

A boy of six years, who attends a private school where prizes are given, came home one afternoon in high spirits, and gleefully exhibited one of these rewards of merit.

"Good!" said the proud mother; "but how did you get it?"

"I was the first in natural history," said the boy.

"Natural history at your age!" exclaimed the now very proud mother. "How did it happen?"

"Oh," answered the sharp little boy, "they asked me how many legs an elephant had."

"And what did you say?" said the parent.

"I said five."

"But an elephant hasn't five legs, child!"

"I know it; but all the other fellows said six."

The House of Desolation.

By D. F. Hannigan.

WHEN I visited the North of Ireland, some years ago, my friend, Captain Walter Melford, brought me to see a ruined mansion, the situation of which was really magnificent. Belfont was a house built in the Tudor style, and, for miles around it, giant oaks and beeches and chestnuts waved their branches proudly. There was a lakelet in one part of the demesne, besides which there were quaint wooden seats. There was no sign of human habitation about either the house or the grounds. The rabbit and the squirrel darted here and there from their hiding-places,

without much fear of being disturbed by man. There were so many pheasants that a sportsman's teeth would have watered while passing through this desolate demesne.

No smoke ascended from any of the chimneys of the mansion. The stately building wore an air of utter solitude. The stillness that prevailed was only broken every now and then by the twittering of a bird upon some bough above our heads.

"What a mournful spectacle!" I could not help murmuring.

"You are right," said Captain Melford; "and, indeed, the history of Belfont has a sad moral."

"How is that?"

"It shows how aristocratic families have sunk into degeneracy, and finally perished altogether, through the effect of vicious habits."

I listened with deep interest.

"Of course," I remarked, "I am utterly ignorant of the history of Belfont. Tell me something about it, my dear Melford."

"Well, it is not a cheerful record, I must say."

My friend here paused awhile, and then quietly continued his narrative. "The Belfonts came over to Ireland in Charles the Second's time. The first Earl of Belfont was a gay cavalier. Yor may have seen his portrait in some old collections of masterpieces of the seventeenth century. He is arrayed gorgeously as if for some great festivity. His eyes are bright; his cheeks are flushed. Be sure he was a wine-bibber! When he lived here there must have been some rare carouses. All we know of him is that he was carried off by a fit of apoplexy while still in the prime of life. His son was a notorious profligate. He lived a great many years in France, and when he returned, he furnished ample material for scandal. He shocked the Ulster Puritans by his debaucheries. At fifty he died while raising a glass of wine to his lips at a supper to which he had invited some of his friends. He had three children—two sons and a daughter. The girl was beautiful, but consumptive. The eldest son was a sot; his younger brother was a clever but unscrupulous fellow. He played upon the heir's weakness, and plied him constantly with liquor. One night the young Earl went to bed intoxicated, and died in his sleep. His treacherous brother succeeded to the title, but never married. He was not a drunkard, but—well, if possible, he was worse. With him the title passed into abeyance. A maternal branch of the family got the property, but could not establish a claim to the peerage. Perhaps I weary you with this tale of hereditary moral debility?"

"No, my dear Melford," I said, attempting to laugh; "it is certainly a story that would be interesting to Max Nordeau. Go on! I want to know how this fine place became utterly desolate."

"The name of the collateral branch which now held possession of Belfont was Foote. Reginald Foote was a great hunting-man. He was also a gambler and a drunkard. He broke his neck one day while hunting. His son, Bertram, kept a specially good wine cellar. He had no taste for hunting, but he killed himself by too much devotion to his favourite vintages. He had only one son and one daughter. The daughter married a farmer, and became estranged from her family. The son went into the army, but soon grew tired of a military life. Then, taking up his residence here, he gave himself up to a wretched existence of solitary debauchery. He neglected the education of his eldest son, Leonard, who grew up a mere boor. Father and son often remained all day drinking together. On one occasion they quarrelled, and the son took up a carving knife, and killed his father. The wretched young man was tried for murder, but somehow a friendly jury acquitted him. He did not long survive his degradation. His brother, Redmond, then became the owner of Belfont; but he increased the mortgages on the property so much, by his reckless extravagance, that a foreclosure suit was brought against him. When he saw ruin staring him in the face, he drowned all his reasoning faculties, as well as his moral sense, in drink, and he finished his career by blowing out his brains. This was the end of the Footes. The principal mortgagee never took possession, and at this moment Belfont is the property of an English insurance company."

He stopped. Above the desolate mansion a dark cloud was lowering.

"Are we near a thunderstorm?" I asked.

"Perhaps so," said Melford; "but isn't this family history a miserable business?"

"Yes, indeed," I assented. "What a satire on 'the claims of long descent'!"

"You are right there," said Melford; "but there is something after all in blue blood."

"Not so much as heralds would have us believe," I ventured to protest—for I am a sincere democrat, in spite of my hatred of upstarts.—"You know what Byron says about the subject? But to my mind the old Pagan poet, Juvenal, appears to have put the whole matter in a nutshell when he declared virtue to be the highest nobility."

Melford nodded, and we walked on in solemn sllence.

Somehow it seemed to me that the ghosts of the dead owners of Belfont were wandering around me. The twilight shadows were gathering. I thought of the lives that had blossomed luxuriantly and withered pestilentially in that desolate mansion.

It was with a positive sense of relief that I emerged through the gate, and found myself outside the grounds of the House of Desolation.

"ALL things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility. There is a perfect ideal to be wrought out of every face around us, by the earnest study and penetration of the written history thereupon, and the banishing of the blots and stains, wherein we still see, in all that is human, the visible and instant operation of unconquered sin."—*Ruskin.*

SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

. . . Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. To the horror of the young people on arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The unfinished letter told Clifford that instead of being Mr. Haynes' son he was really the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband. The information caused much excitement among the village gossips, who did not know that the letter also warned Clifford, Clifford Parkinson, that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had been most prone to come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and, after much persuasion, consents to remain with the Haynes, and to be the manager of their mill as before. Clifford is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford Haynes fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where the same night a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, whose pale and thoughtful face had proved Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various indications of probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience withdrunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. Margaret promised and even spoke to her affianced, but love was blind, and she was easily satisfied by his assurance. The Brewster Sessions in Blackerton, which occurred shortly after, provided two sensations in the opposition by Clifford and by Denzil Haynes to Mr. Joakim's applications, a task Clifford found doubly difficult owing to the presence of Adela Joakim, his fate. Margaret Haynes and Fred Higginbottom's marriage was duly solemnised amid much excitement. No incident marked the event except Fred's indulgence and Adela Joakim's encouragement to Clifford. Anne Wetherall, despite Sandy Mackinnon's efforts, broke out again, and was brought up in court before Mr. Joakim, the brewer, who, recognising in her the wife of a manager of one of his hotels, interceded for her, and asked Mr. Trevor to take her in hand. The minister consented, visited her, and in her finds his mother.

CHAPTER X.—On the Crest of the Moor.

"God be thanked, every man has two soul faces: one to face the world, and one to show a woman when he loves her!"—*Browning.*

IT was on a beautiful day in the early autumn that Clifford took his way up to the breezy heights of healthy moorland that bounded Blackerton on the north. He was tired out, both in mind and body; the long continued effort to keep the mill going after the withdrawing of so large a part of the capital as represented Margaret's dowry was beginning to tell on him, though both Denzil and he felt quite convinced that, once the strain was over, and the stress of the storm safely weathered, "Haynes's" would be in a better position than ever, because it would not be likely to have any other unexpected call upon it, as had been the case this year.

Denzil and Clifford were better friends than ever about this time, if that were possible.

Only the other day some little act of unusual thoughtfulness on the younger one's part had made the elder man lay his hand on the other's shoulder and look earnestly into the handsome happy-go-lucky face that was beginning to show the elevating traces of a wise restraint, of a strenuous following of things that were lovely and of good report.

"I—I am getting very proud of my brother, I always *was* fond of him," was all he said; but Denzil's eyes gleamed as he deprecated the unwonted praise.

"It—it's no merit in *me*, Cliff—it's a girl who is at the bottom of it all."

"Then God bless her, whoever she is," Clifford said.

His was one of those natures, few among men, and still fewer among women, which can always wait for news until it is told to them.

But though Denzil's usually ready wit failed him, and he had no answer but an appreciative nod to make to this, he was still the merry Denzil he had ever been.

Only this morning he had told Clifford to "get out and blow the cobwebs off you, man; you look like a halfpenny worth of soap after a week's wash!"

And Clifford had taken the good advice thus roughly tendered.

It was Monday afternoon, and Monday was always a "loose day" thereabouts. Blackerton would have told you, had you been curious.

"We play us a' Mondays after restin' us a' Sundays, and then we start wi' a brast a' Tuesdays."

And Clifford, who usually spent Mondays at the books, had decided that this week he, too, would "start wi' a brast a' Tuesday," for he felt done. He was going to be alone on the moor, to "drink long, deep draughts at the fresh fountain of life."

Some words of a neglected man of genius which he had read recently, recurred to his mind:

"My heart was dusty, parched for want of the rain of deep feeling; my mind arid and dry, for there is a dust which settles on the heart, as well as that which falls on a ledge. It is injurious to the mind, as well as to the body, to be always in one place, and always surrounded by the same circumstances. A species of thick clothing slowly grows about the mind, the pores are choked, little habits become a part of existence, and, by degrees, the mind is enclosed in a mask. When this began to form, I felt eager to escape from it, to throw it off like heavy clothing, to drink deeply once more at the fresh fountains of life. . . . . There was a hill to which I used to resort at such periods."

But Clifford was not destined to be alone. As he passed "Moorlands," Mr. Joakim's handsome place, which had arrogated to itself the name of the whole neighbourhood, as rich men's places have a way of doing, the heavy gate was opened from inside, and a slim girlish figure appeared, with two merry liver-and-white spaniels gambolling in the wake of her.

She exclaimed, cordially, at the sight of Clifford —the reader will have guessed that this was Adela Joakim, whom he had only seen at long intervals, for a moment, in the streets of Blackerton, since the day of Margaret's wedding—"Oh, Mr. Parkinson, is it possible that you, too, are going moorwards? You may walk with me, if you will."

"I shall be delighted," Clifford said, and looked it, too.

But her kindly eyes—he used to tell her afterwards that it was her "understandable" eyes that ever drew him towards her,—they soon saw that he was "below the weather," to use a vulgarism; and her kindly, womanly heart strove to cheer him, as she best knew how.

By the time they had reached the crest of the moor, they were chatting freely about the everyday events of the little town, where "everybody knew everybody else's business," as has been noted before.

"It is like a chapter out of a romance, Mr. Trevor's finding his mother, is it not?" Adela said, her eyes shining.

"Yes, the dear fellow," Clifford said. "It reminds me somehow of Sir Launfal in Russell Lowell's poem. Trevor told me months ago that he thought he must see his mother in every poor wretched victim of drink whom he encountered, and deal with each with the love and tenderness and firmness with which he would have dealt with his mother. But he did not dare to hope that God would restore her to him so soon. Still the matter is not altogether a sentimental and unreal case of 'conversion' suddenly, Miss Joakim. Trevor is very anxious just now."

Adela's expressive face showed the concern she felt: "I wondered—I was afraid of the attacks coming on again. What is Mr. Trevor doing to meet the difficulty?"

"His hope lies in the wonderful influence which he has acquired over her since they have been re-united," Clifford said, "and since no professional attendant could have the same influence he has constituted himself dragon in charge. But, as you know, the cunning of the poor victim of these cravings is something to reckon with. And though the danger will lessen with each victory, still, well, we can understand that Trevor is at a terrible strain just now."

"Indeed we can," Adela said. "I can't tell," she said, reverting to the more cheerful view of the matter, "how elated papa is at the part he played in restoring them to each other. And yet, perhaps, in another sense, he has had a rather sad view of how much responsibility attaches itself to appointing people to his managerships. Only this morning he said he felt too old for such difficult work."

"I saw him in the High Street on Saturday, and I thought he did not look well," Clifford said, and then he reproached himself as he noted the shadow that fell over her face. She told him of her constant fear, the fear of losing her father, of the latter's own often expressed opinion that he was "breaking up" at last. And Clifford consoled her with the quiet sympathy that endeared him to everyone who knew him, reminding her that strength is always given us to bear the troubles of life when they arrive, but that the anticipation of trouble carries with it no helpful grace.

"Denzil—you know my brother's cheery way of looking at things, Miss Joakim—Denzil put the same thought in his own inimitable way this morning. We were talking about Margaret—we are both rather concerned about her—and I suppose I was getting somewhat dismal on the subject, when he said: 'Well, well, it comforts one to think of a good old lady's opinion, expressed at the end of a long life. She said: "I have had heaps of troubles, but the worst were those that never happened."'"

Adela laughed. "That is delightful," she said. And then she asked, "How is Margaret?"

"She is well—wonderfully well considering everything. I do not hide from you, it is an open secret, I fear, the way that Fred Higginbottom is doing; I do not hide from you that poor Margaret is passing through deep waters just now. But she is wonderfully loyal and good. Not even to Denzil and me will she confess that her husband is unsatisfactory. I think, I know that 'her faith is large in time,' and whatever it may bring to help to pull Fred up. He is not at all bad, only weak and easily led. And his father and mother too, are devoted to Margaret and full of hope too. There never was a truer word

said than that Hope is man's most precious possession. Do you not think so?"

"I do, indeed," Adela said, but her tone was a sad one.

They were now sitting on a rude bench of planks. Below them lay the slope of moorland, along which they had ascended, its strong, wiry, rusty-coloured grass showing here and there a vivid gleam of purple heather; below that again lay Blackerton, "with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises," as Carlyle says, and prominent among its multifarious buildings, stood "Joakim's" and "Haynses," to which the eyes of our two friends naturally turned.

Adela voiced her thoughts first, "It is strange, is it not, that you and I should have met first at the temperance gathering? I mean, considering that papa is 'Joakim's.' Tell the truth now, if you had your way, to what use would you put that mass of buildings on your left? Of course I read your last letter in the *Blackerton Observer*, showing that a brewery, in comparison to its profits, gives employment to far less men than any other industry."

"It would make an excellent factory for the shoe-making," Clifford answered readily enough. "There is nothing else for Blackerton to do but to throw itself into a new industry, in view of the long-continued depression in what has been almost the sole Lancashire industry."

"I wish," Adela said, inconsequently, as a woman will, "that I had nothing to do with the concern of Joakim's."

"If it led you to turn your ideas towards the subject of temperance, even your connection with 'Joakim's' may not be altogether in vain," Clifford answered. "Look at me. It needed that I should find out that my father, poor man, was a notorious drunkard, for me to throw myself into the movement I am now one with, heart and soul."

"I always admired the way you met the new facts in your life—and accepted them," Adela said shyly.

"There was nothing else to do," he answered simply. "Still, I don't mind confessing to you," he laid the slightest stress unconsciously on the last word, "that it was a bitter pill to swallow—that I am still snob enough—in the inmost depths of me—to look out for signs and signals that people think less of me, for that fact."

"Nobody could, oh, nobody does," Adela said with a troubled earnestness, "I, myself—I think it was splendid, the stand you took—I shall always think so and admire you for it."

"It is heavenly kind of you to say so," Clifford said, "and after that I ought not to—and I don't care the toss of a button what anybody else says."

But it struck Adela at this moment that the evening shadows were falling deeper and deeper across the base of the moor, though the last gleams of the dying sun enveloped them carefully enough where they sat at the top. She rose hastily; the more hastily for that there was a compelling ardour in the depths of Clifford's gaze that made her heart beat with a tumult that was not painful.

He rose as she did, and when she had called the dogs to her, he accompanied her as far as the gate of "Moorlands." They were silent, or nearly so, till they got so far, for each felt that the day marked an epoch in both their lives.

As they were about to separate Adela put out her hand.

"I have not offended you I hope," Clifford said with what Denzil would have called unnecessary timidity.

"Oh, no; how should you?" Adela said, a faint flush on her earnest unconscious young face.

"Because--some time—I hope I shall have the courage to say—more," he said gripping her hand harder than he knew.

She entered at the heavy wooden gate when he had swung it open for her. She let it swing to when the dogs had followed her, and carefully inserted the little bolt. Then she raised her slight form on tip-toe until he saw a thin pale face between the carving of the upper part of the gate. The blue grey eyes, usually so earnest and intent, bubbled over with a pleasant merriment, the stiff young mouth took on a dimpled curvature.

"It is a good thing—courage is" she said, and the next momemt she was speeding up the avenue of her father's house with the swiftness of the wind.

And Clifford remembered as he plodded back to Blackerton, with a not unhopeful gleam in his eye and his depression quite gone, that a woman always will have the last word.

(*To be continued*).

Curiosity v. Curiosity.

By "Uncle Edward."

WHATEVER *does* mamma mean," said Lily Forbes to her brother Wilfrid; "she says she wishes my curiosity would take 'the right turn.' What does she mean by 'the right turn'?" Wilfrid's eyes opened wide and flashed, as only Wilfrid Forbes *could* flash his eyes. "Why, she means there are *some* things you *ought* to know about, and you don't; and *some* things you *do* know about, and you *oughtn't*." Lily looked thoughtful, and Wilfrid turned his eyes suddenly into hers, like two policemen's "bull's eyes," and said, "What have you been doing to make ma say that?" Lily coloured slightly, and answered, quickly, "Nothing that I know of." "Oh, don't you tell *me* any crammers," said Wilfrid, "I know you have; now, then,

out with it." Lily's colour rose higher. "Ah, I see you look guilty; you have been listening outside the door while Mrs. Cantrill has been calling," shouted Wilfrid. "*Indeed* I haven't," replied Lily, "I wouldn't be so horribly mean."

"What *did* you do then? Tell me," demanded the little detective, gripping her by her two shoulders, and sending flash after flash of those eyes of his right into her very brain. "What were you doing when ma said it?" There was a slight tremor in Lily's voice, as she answered, "Oh, just simply looking in a box on the shelf." "Ha, Ha," laughed Wilfrid, with a martial air. "Then, of *course*, you deserve to be blown up. What was there in the box? I know which one you mean: that square one with green baize all over it. What *was* there in it?" "It's all very well, Wil., for *you* to help to thrash *me* over it; but *you* want to know what is in it, too!" "Well, there is no harm in that, is there?" "Ah, there's no harm for a boy like you, but a lot for a girl like me. I can't see what sense there is in *you* to talk like that!"

Wilfrid's turn came now to feel a bit abashed, but it took a lot to abash him; and he just dropped his eyes for a moment, then fixed them again on her face, and said, "Boys can understand things better than girls, and they have more right to know things than girls have." Lily did not stop to enter into an argument about it, so she turned her thoughts back to his last question, and said, "You asked what was in the box. It was simply awful." "What was it"? eagerly demanded Wilfrid. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you," said Lily, in a very subdued tone. "If mamma didn't want *me* to know, she wouldn't want *you* to know either, perhaps." "That's all fudge; ma doesn't mind *me* knowing things." "It was a dead man's head, then," quietly murmured Lily.

The extremely quiet way in which she vouchsafed the information, struck Wilfrid as so unlikely that he blurted out, with an amused air, "Now, tell us *another* lie." "It's true, *really*, and I pulled it out by the hair," replied Lily, with a shudder. "How *awfully awful*; whose head was it?" "Of course, I don't know *whose* head it was, you silly boy; but it was *somebody's* head." "Who has been murdering who?" gasped Wilfrid. Lily faintly smiled, in spite of the gravity of her countenance. "Nobody has been murdering anybody at all!" "Where did the dead man's head come from, then?" "Oh, it was one that papa brought from South Australia with him last year, and mamma showed us all the other things he brought; but she wouldn't show us that, and she put the box on the top shelf, and told me not to touch it." "Well, you were rather a sneak to go poking your nose into it," said Wilfrid, with a contemptuous sneer. "I didn't poke my nose into it; it was too 'stuffy' for me to want to do that. I let my eyes do all that there was to be done. But now, Wilfrid, what *did* mamma mean about the 'right turn?' I will quite confess that I was *silly* to look into the box, and I got paid out by being so dreadfully frightened when I saw the grim creature inside it."

"I know perfectly well what she meant," said Wilfrid. "What?" "She said to *me*," thoughtfully pondered the boy, "only last week, 'If you have the *curiosity* to look through those books on the middle shelf, you will find them worth reading.' *That* is the right kind of curiosity, you know, Lily." "Well, what did you find in them?" "They were all Temperance books, but some of them were jolly good, and there was one little scrap that I saw that I shall never forget." "What was that?" said Lily, quickly. "Oh, it was about the Egyptian campaign, when Lord Roberts poured the intoxicating drink out on the sands, so that the men should not have a drop of it. I always thought, from what Uncle Harry said, you couldn't be strong without a little strong drink. He always said it was rightly called 'strong,' because it gave strength; but I am sure Lord Roberts knew what he was about, and Uncle Harry looks like a walking lamp post, although he drinks it. Well, I satisfied *my* curiosity, and you satisfied *yours*, you see, Lily; and *I* stand first, and *you* stand second!" Lily saw the force of the argument, and just said "*I* got nothing but a fright, and *you* got some good sound common sense." And Wilfrid's eyes flashed his satisfaction at the compliment.

Important Questions Answered.

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

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

THE great majority of people would probably answer this question by saying "No, how can it be a poison when so many people use it without any apparent harm?"

Like many other instances where things are considered superficially, the answer would be incorrect. The word poison is a technical term meaning a certain definite thing. A good definition is "That which is destructive or injurious to vitality." Many poisons, indeed most poisons, may be taken in quantities that do not kill, but which do some amount of injury according to the quantity taken.

A Definite Place

has been fixed for alcohol by science, and that place is amongst the poisons. It is for us to find out what really are the reasons why scientific men put alcohol into this class of substances. It must be remembered that even the most inveterate drinker never consumes pure alcohol. It would be impossible for him to do so. Why? Because pure alcohol is so inimical to life and to health that those who partook of it would suffer so intensely and shorten life so materially that there would soon be an end of them. All consumers of alcoholic liquors partake of diluted alcohol. In the case of spirits, the alcohol is diluted with an equal quantity of water, and in most cases the consumer adds considerably more water before

drinking them. Wines contain between 10 and 20 per cent., and malt liquors between 4 and 10 per cent. of alcohol. It will be seen, therefore, that although alcohol is a poison, in this diluted form it does not at once kill. It may be even used for some time without any apparent harm being seen, and yet it can be proved that it still is a poison and all the time is doing its insidious but mischievous work.

The Voice of Science

speaks with no uncertain sound on this point. It is scarcely necessary to point out the many cases of sudden fatal results when people are drinking heavily, nor of the many cases where medical men and coroner's juries agree that death has been caused by alcoholic poisoning. There is a large and increasing army of medical men and scientific investigators who unanimously agree that the statement that alcohol is a poison is a correct one, and even those eminent authorities on wines, Drs. Thudicum and Duprè, deliberately state that "alcohol is a poison even in small doses."

Alcohol is a product of the yeast germ (*saccharomyces cerevisiæ*). Like the product of all bacteria, it is a result of degeneration, of the breaking down of organic matter, and like them causes, on introduction into the tissues, inflammatory reaction and cell poisoning, and general toxic effects. It is a powerful absorbent of water and, in doses that do not destroy, it retards or suspends the vital force of both animal and vegetable cells.

An Experiment,

one out of many, was made by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., in the action of very minute quantities of alcohol on the fresh water *Medusæ* or jelly fish which live in the *Victoria Regia* tank at Kew Gardens. A tube containing 1,000 grains of water was charged with 1 grain of alcohol, that is one part of alcohol to 1,000 parts of water, and a medusa was placed in it and observed side by side with another medusa in a tube of water only. The action of the alcohol was very rapid and very decisive. Within two minutes the movements of the animal, which before had been very rapid, ceased and at the end of five minutes it lay at the bottom of the tube dead. Many other experiments were made, and they all led to the same results. Dr. Richardson summed up his conclusions as follows:—

"I have no doubt that the alcohol stops the vital movements of the medusa by its action on the matter of which their delicate organism is composed. That it sometimes acts on man in a similar manner, leading to a change of structure in the delicate membranous expanses, is a view which I long ago expressed, and which this research singularly and unexpectedly confirms."

Many Other Experiments

have been made with animal and plant life, with the result that in every case the presence of the alcohol produced deterioration, decay, and death. Dr. Archdall Reid, in a paper read before a meeting of medical men, gives utterance to the following positive statement:—

"My second proposition is that alcohol is a poison, and is the cause of a huge death-rate. I do not think this will be disputed. It has been proved too often, and too thoroughly and completely by common experience. I have only to remark that alcohol poisons most those who drink the most.'

Professor G. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University, puts the matter thus:—"I am coming to believe more and more firmly that not only is alcohol a physiological poison, but that, when acting in conjunction with certain other poisons, it renders these other poisons such assistance that they become much more violent in their action, and therefore the patient who takes, or has taken, alcohol has a less chance of recovery than the patient who abstains." Dr. W. Ewart, Senior Physician at the St. George's Hospital, said, in the Harveian Lecture in 1899: "Alcohol has long stood at the head of the list of poisonous drugs to which the public has unlimited access."

A Summary.

All the investigations point to the fact that alcohol is a poison, and the following summary by Dr. Wm. Carter, J.P., of Liverpool, is well worth committing to memory:—

1st. Persons who take no alcohol live longer and work harder than those who take some. This remains an indisputable fact explain it how you may, or whether you can explain it or not.

2nd. Healthy protoplasm is essential to healthy life.

3rd. Plant protoplasm is so much like animal protoplasm as to render it likely that what will injure the one will injure the other also.

4th. Alcohol in even small proportions does injure plant protoplasm.

5th. Alcohol can also be proved to diminish oxidation, to weaken vascular tone, to directly favour congestion. All these facts are beyond dispute.

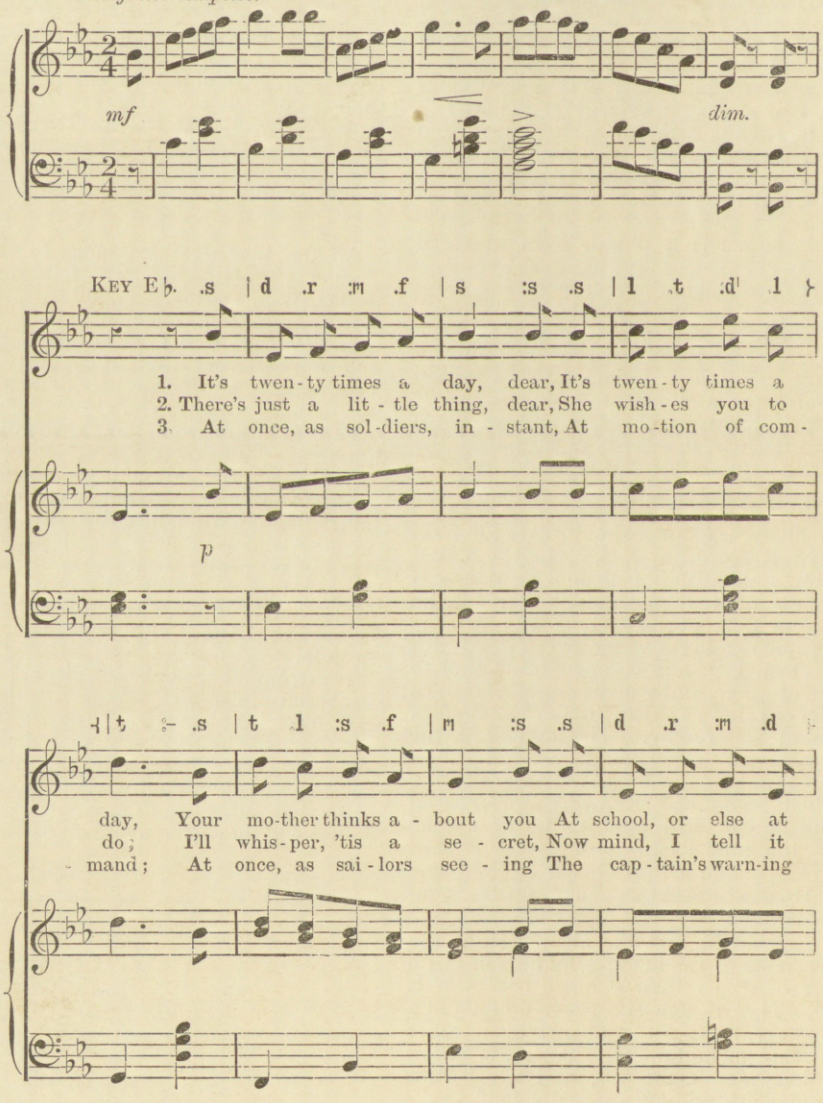
It is from a knowledge of alcohol itself; from the result of experiments on its action on animal and plant life; and from the experience of its action on the human body, that alcohol has been classed by the medical and scientific world as a narcotico-irritant poison, and as such, all who value their good health and the welfare of their bodies will do well to avoid its use.

MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

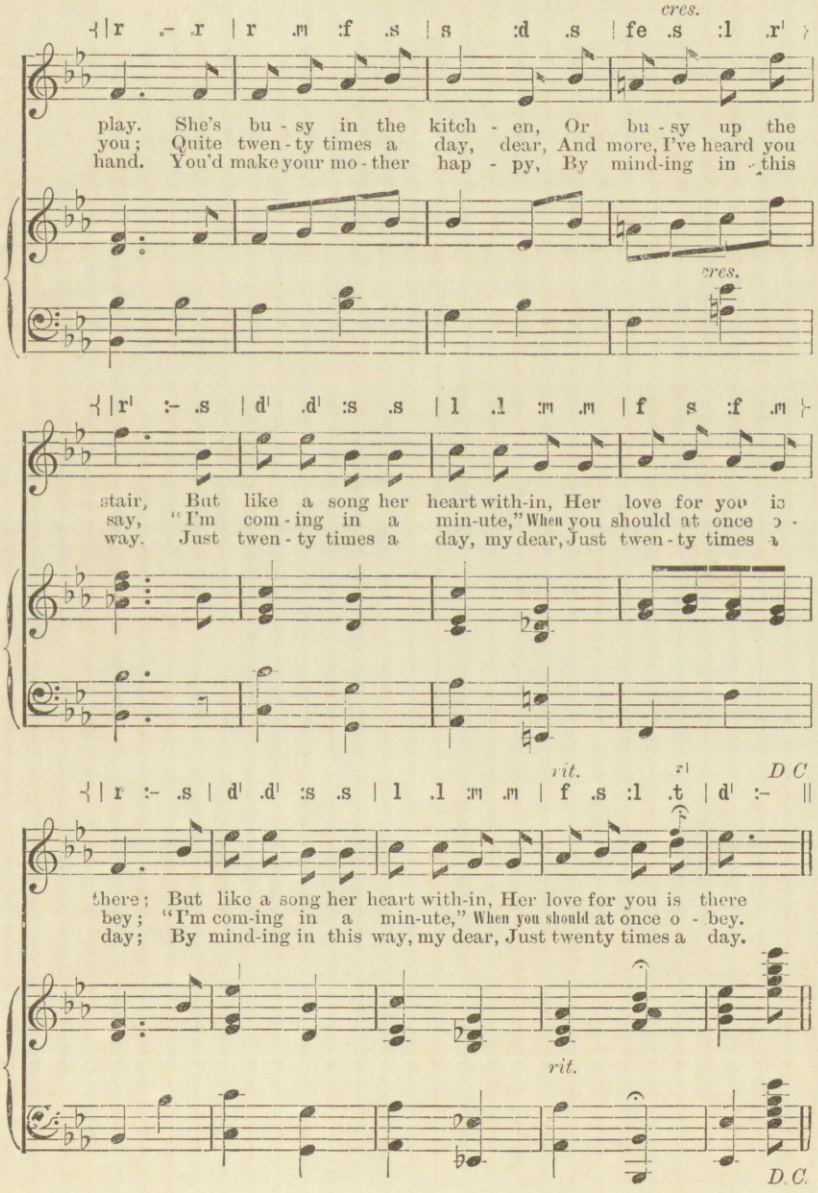
(COPYRIGHT). A SONG.

Words by WINIFRED TOLTON. Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Allegretto semplice.



MOTHER'S THOUGHTS—*continued*



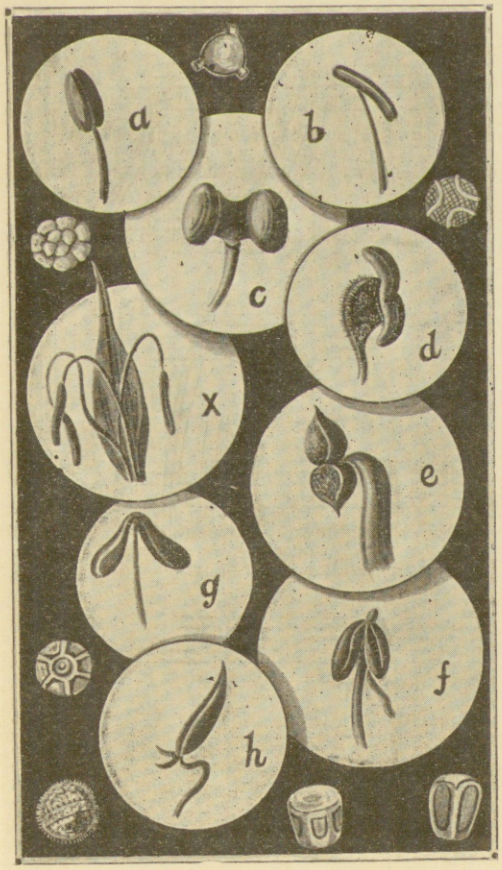
The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

X.—THE FERTILISATION OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS reveal their secrets only to those who love them, who pause to look at them in a reverent spirit, or to examine them intelligently. We need a magnifying glass to assist our vision, before we can fully see their beauty. Especially is this aid necessary when we endeavour to find out the process of their fertilisation; the means by which they are able to produce seeds.

We know that a complete flower has four distinct whorls, known as the calyx, the corolla, the stamens, and the pistil. Many flowers are incomplete; in some the calyx is missing; in



Stamens and Pollen.

others the corolla is wanting, and in many both of these are absent.

The chief function of any flower is to produce seed, and incomplete flowers may do this, if they only have stamens and a pistil; the stamens being the fathers, and the pistils the mothers of the seeds, from which are to spring future colonies of plants. The flowers of the grasses, sedges, nettles, and many of the larger trees, consist of little more than stamens and pistils, and are therefore seldom noticed.

Botanists call the stamens and pistil the *essential* organs of a flower, as without them no seed can be produced. Each stamen generally consists of two small cells of various shapes, which form the *anther*; this is lifted up by a slender stalk, the *filament*, though this is sometimes absent.

Some forms of stamens are represented in the annexed illustration, most of them much magnified. A typical stamen is shown at (*a*), the filament is attached to one end of the anther, the two cells of which are placed alongside each other. In the stamens of the lily family (*b*), the filament is attached to the anther near its centre, so that it swings freely.

A stamen of the flower of the lime tree is shown at (*c*), in which the two cells of the anther are separated by a short connective. In (*d*) the anther cells are placed end to end in a vertical position, with a thickening of the tip of the filament. A vertical anther of a different form is shown at (*e*), the tip of the filament being attenuated or thinned to a point.

A stamen of the pansy is shown at (*f*), with filament passing between the anther cells which are divergent, that is, receding from the point of attachment; the filament has a short, spur-like appendage. Diverging anther cells are also shown at (*g*), a stamen of the petunia. The common ling, or Scotch heather, has anthers with tail-like appendages, as represented at (*h*).

In the sedge family the stamens and pistils are found on separate flowers, growing on the same plant, hence they are said to be *diœcious* plants. One of these flowers is shown at (*x*), and because it has no pistil it is called a *male* flower. The three stamens have long filaments, which lift the anthers quite outside the bracts, so that they can swing freely. The reason for this will be noticed hereafter.

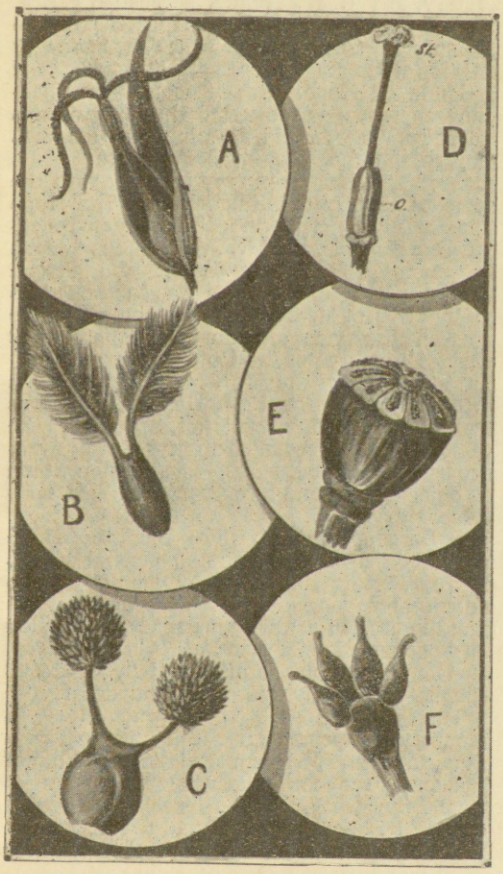
When the stamens are ripe, the anther cells are filled with pollen dust, or fertilising grains, which vary in form and size in different flowers. When placed under a powerful microscope they are frequently seen covered with markings, small knobs, warts or hairs. The seven small figures outside the circles, in the foregoing illustration, represent the pollen of seven different flowers, magnified about 100 times.

The pistil, the female portion of the flower, usually consists of three parts—the ovary, the style, and the stigma. These are seen in the pistil of a lily, shown at (*D*) in the illustration on next page; (*o*) being the ovary, and (*st*) the stigma; the straight tube connecting the two is the style.

The pistil of a poppy is shown at (*E*), the radiating stigma is sessile, or seated on the ovary, the style being absent. The pistil of a buttercup is represented by (*F*), and consists of several *carpels*, each of which forms a separate ovary.

The ovary is hollow, and contains one or more

ovules, a word that means *little eggs*. These cannot grow into seeds until they are united with one of the active, living pollen grains from the stamens. As soon as one of these reaches the upper part of the pistil it is kept there by the sticky surface of the stigma; it immediately begins to make its way down the style into the ovary, where it comes into contact with an ovule; this at once quickens into life, and soon grows into a fertile seed, that contains an embryo from which will spring a similar plant to that which gave it birth.



SOME FORMS OF PISTILS.

This, in brief, is the process of fertilisation, a subject but little understood half a century ago, until the microscope revealed some of the secrets. In 1862, Chas. Darwin wrote what many considered to be a very romantic book, on the "Fertilisation of Orchids." One of the discoveries Darwin made was that insects play a very important part in the fertilisation of flowers, in conveying the pollen from the stamens of one flower to the pistil of another.

Many flowers would fail to produce seed if bees, butterflies, and other insects did not visit them. They are allured by the honey they find in the flowers; the parts of each flower are so arranged that they cannot take the honey without dusting their heads or legs with the pollen, which they convey to the next flower they visit.

There are a great number of flowers that come into bloom in the early spring, when the air is too cold for the bees and butterflies to venture forth. The hazel, the willow, and the sedges are familiar examples. These can be fertilised by the wind; their flowers have no coloured petals, no store of honey, because they do not need to attract the insects. The pollen is produced in such abundance that the wind catches it, and carries some of it to the flowers waiting to be fertilised. The stigmas of these flowers have many points to catch the pollen. It is a most interesting study to note the difference between these and the stigmas of the gayer flowers visited by insects.

In the second illustration (*A*) represents the female flower of a sedge, with a portion of the glume removed to show the ovary and style. The stigma consists of three curved arms, almost as long as the style; its upper surface is covered with many sticky points; upon these the wind deposits some of the pollen which it brings from the male flower, represented at (*x*) in the picture of the stamens. Now we see why the filaments are so long, and the anthers swing so freely outside the bracts from which they spring.

(*B*) represents the feathery stigma of one of the grasses, and (*C*) is another form, which has many points to catch the pollen dust, as it is blown from the loosely-hung stamens by the summer winds, which thus ensures the fertilisation of the ovules and the production of seed.

The Peakland Band of Hope Union.

I.

"Derbyshire born, Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' th' arm, but thick i' th' head."

SO runs the popular libel on Peaklanders, who, strong in physique, often rugged in exterior, are equally noted for their tenacity, warm-heartedness and thoroughness. Partaking much of the characteristics of the county where the mighty Peak uplifts its head, and where far extending heights and breezy moorlands foster a sturdy independence and brusquerie, they may be possessed of strong prejudices and perhaps are slow in accepting everything that is new; but they are hard to shake when once conviction is formed. To whatever they commit themselves they do it doggedly, determinedly and wholeheartedly, scorning difficulties, and making obstacles the stepping stones to success.

This has been strikingly exemplified in the history of the Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union, which, working in an area whose configuration makes co-operation difficult, and

where railways are not too frequent, and other means of communication none too easy, has accomplished a record of which any Union might be proud.

The Union originated in a meeting convened by the Derby Temperance Society on Oct. 9th, 1866, when representatives of twelve Bands of Hope met to consider the advisability of forming a Band of Hope Union for the county town, which was definitely established at a meeting held three weeks later under the chairmanship of Mr. F. EARP, who was then elected Treasurer, and so remained until his death in Dec., 1899, when he was succeeded by the present active septuagenarian Treasurer, Mr. FRANCIS CARTER.

Throughout its history the religious element has strongly characterised the work of the Union, whose first President, Mr. C. B. KINGDON, J.P., recommended the Executive to adopt a rule to the effect that "No person shall be eligible to hold office in this Union except he be an attendant or member of some Protestant Christian Church," which, though it does not appear to to have been accepted, is indicative of the spirit in which the Union was inaugurated.

Amongst the early workers we find mention of the names of the late Mr. E. C. ELLIS and of Mr. WM. HALL. The former was for some years Secretary, and for over thirty years a Vice-President, and, right up to the time of his decease, a most earnest friend of the Union, whose fortunes he had so largely helped to make. Mr. Hall, President of the Derby Temperance Society, one of the most famous of Derby teetotalers, is a member of the Borough Bench, and recently voted in the majority of the licensing magistrates who at the recent Brewster Sessions decided to abolish all music and dancing licences in connection with public-houses. For sometime he was President of the Union, and now is its senior Vice-President, and, although an octogenarian, is also Chairman of its Public Meetings Committee. Probably no man has figured more in the history of his town than he, and none with more general goodwill, notwithstanding that in his earlier days his teetotalism made him (at the time) unenviably notorious.

The Union, as in Mr. Hall's case, has been singularly fortunate in commanding the long-continued services of many of its workers.

The President, Mr. JOHN WILLS, F.S.Sc., a distinguished member of the Wesleyan Church, was elected to the chair on Jan. 30th, 1885, and has continued therein up to the present, rendering invaluable service to the Union, alike by his personality, counsel, speech and purse.

In its earlier stages the Union was carried on entirely by voluntary agency. In 1885, however, during the secretaryship of Mr. F. LITCHFIELD, the growth of the organisation necessitated a departure, and in that year, with much fearfulness and misgiving, it was resolved to give an honorarium of £10 to the Secretary; 17 voting for, 10 against, and 28 remaining neutral.

In the same year the forward policy of the Union was inaugurated, and its results to-day have completely falsified the misgivings which some felt at its beginning.

In 1886, at a breakfast given in connection with the Jubilee of the Derby Temperance Society, the strength of the Union had increased to 66 societies, with a membership of 8,000. In the following year, however, a vigorous county movement led to the affiliation of many outside societies, among them all those of the town of Long Eaton. In the same year the Union succeeded in raising £133 towards helping the Derby Temperance Society to clear off a debt on the Temperance Hall.

In 1888, on January 13th, the present excellent Secretary, Mr. J. W. AVERY, succeeded Mr. F. Litchfield and commenced that extension and missionary organising work which has brought the Union up to its present splendid strength of 366 Bands of Hope, with 48,000 members, including societies and district Unions in North Derbyshire, Chesterfield, Ilkeston and Erewash Valley, Ashbourne, Burton-on-Trent, etc.

In 1888 the Union entered heartily into the scheme of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for giving Scientific Temperance Teaching in Day Schools, and Mr. W. Chandos Wilson was appointed the first Agent and School Lecturer, a post in which he was succeeded, in 1890, by Mr. LL. M. COOKE, whose indefatigable and excellent services are known and appreciated far beyond the area of the Union he serves.

In the year 1891 the flourishing brewery town (Burton-on-Trent) Band of Hope Union was added to the associated societies, and in 1893 the Juvenile C.E.T.S. societies in the Derby Archdeaconry were added *en bloc*—a federation which is an object lesson and a reproach to other parts of the country.

The Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union has vigorously promoted special efforts to increase the membership by means of the "Million More" and "Jubilee" schemes, and during the present year, by a Bazaar, succeeded in raising over £800 for Band of Hope work.

Its Demonstrations, and especially its May Festivals, are widely renowned and deservedly so. The latter can hold their own with any in the country for spectacular effects, purity of conception, interest, and for musical and educational influence. Frequently the whole programme is original, the work of the excellent musical director, Mr. A. W. FLETCHER, L.T.S.C., and his collaborateur, Mr. J. W. Avery, ably assisted by an earnest band of willing workers.

The distribution of literature has long formed a prominent feature of the Union's operations, some 40,000 copies annually of a localised magazine being circulated under the direction of the Magazine Committee, whose Chairman, Mr. J. STRETTON, and Secretary, Mr. W. D. FRITCHLEY, manage things so well that they are able to provide for giving two-thirds of the circulation as free grants to the affiliated societies.

Among the more recent developments of the Union is the establishment of a Women's Auxiliary, with Mrs. LL. M. COOKE as Secretary. This Auxiliary carries on several Bands of Hope, including that of the Workhouse, in addition to rendering special help in entertaintments, visitation, and at the anniversary meetings.

(*To be continued.*)


MR. A. W. FLETCHER, L.T.S.C.,
Musical Director
MR. LL. M. COOKE,
School Lecturer and Agent.
MR. J. STRETTON,
Chairman, Magazine Committee.
MR. F. CARTER
Treasurer.
Mr. JOHN WILLS, F.S.Sc
President.
MR. W. HALL,
Senior Vice-President.
MRS. LL. M. COOKE,
Women's Auxiliary Secretary.
MR. J. W. AVERY,
General Secretary.
SOME
Derby and Derbyshire
Band of Hope Union
. . . . WORKERS . . . .

Scientific Aspects of the Temperance Question.

THE general public are indebted to Dr. T. N. Kelynack of Manchester, for the wise, judicious, and emphatic statements he has recently made on alcohol and its effects.

At the Medical Congress in London he presented a paper on "The Relation of Alcoholism to Tuberculosis," an abstract of which appears in the *Lancet*, and in which he says, "There can be no doubt that the non-hygienic surroundings, and nutritional impairment, and lowered vitality of the drunkard greatly predispose to tuberculous invasion."

Speaking also at the National Temperance League, at the British Medical Association's Annual Gathering, he affirmed: "Knowledge was rapidly increasing regarding the true pathology of many of the diseases due to alcohol. Science, like justice, must have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and neither fads that had been prejudiced, nor wilful ignorance would turn them aside from the pursuit of the scientific aspect of the Temperance question. . . New facts were being rapidly accumulated and fresh points of view were from time to time being presented to the medical profession. He therefore thought that before long the time would be ripe for medical men and Temperance reformers generally to insist, for the sake of the national welfare and the public health of the British people, that a Scientific Commission should deal with all the aspects of the Temperance question in relation to the physical welfare of the people."

Certainly such sound and scientific remarks, from such an authority as Dr. Kelynack is admitted to be, must command the attention of all thinking people.

Securing Effective & Attractive Addresses.

Read at the Annual Meetings of the United Kingdom B. H. U.

BY W.C.W.

"TAKE care of the Bands, and the cause will take care of itself;" for the condition of the unit—the individual Band—will ever be the standard of the movement.

In this very "taking care" lies all our difficulties; in its observance, probable success; in its neglect, certain failure.

Other speakers deal with the domestic phases of Band of Hope work—the meeting place, the membership, associations, discipline, losses, entertainments, sympathies, and aspirations. I am to deal with that part of the work which usually—not always to advantage—devolves upon the outsider, and to discuss the question of

SECURING EFFECTIVE AND ATTRACTIVE ADDRESSES.

In our societies we almost exclusively rely—I do not agree that it should be so—upon the addresses to create and develop Temperance convictions, to intensify Temperance principles, and

BUILD UP STALWART TEMPERANCE CONSTITUTIONS.

No wonder, therefore, when one remembers the stuff which sometimes passes muster for Band of Hope addresses, that some of our children grow up anæmic, with low-toned Temperance natures, wishy-washy conceptions of the movement and its bases, and, early becoming sick to death, fall away from association, if not from adherence. Except perhaps in the House of Commons during a Children's Bill discussion, on no platform is talked more twaddle, as meaningless as it is ineffective, and as unattractive as it is unworthy.

A certain father, 'tis said, when he beheld his child, of whose type of beauty let the sequel declare, burst into tears, and exclaiming "What has earth done to deserve so ill of me?" rushed forth and committed suicide. It's a pity many of those who father the speeches *some* Bands have to endure cannot be so confronted with their offspring. They might be tempted (metaphorically speaking) to do likewise, to the gain of the movement and their own reputations.

WE HAVE TOO MANY TALKERS,

too few who give either time or thought to ensuring effective, attractive addresses. We want more of the type of Frederic Smith, Walter N. Edwards, Charles Harvey, Edward Royds, and fewer of those who think anything good enough for the Band of Hope, and who hold that anybody who can string a few sentences together is quite competent to address Band of Hope meetings.

Effective, attractive addresses—at once understandable, conviction-creating, interesting—such as appeal to the children's desire for knowledge, sympathy or fervour—

THESE ARE THE ADDRESSES WE WANT—

addresses not necessarily high polished, but free from crudities; addresses full of heart, charged with a mission, whether scientific, illustrated, narrative, or hortatory, *worthy at once the speaker, the audience, and the cause he advocates.*

By such a standard it will be at once confessed that the average advocacy is at present too low.

I do not blame the societies for this. Except in the case of the isolated they depend upon the local Unions, from whom they have a right to expect good speakers, else the Unions fail in one of the essentials of their existence.

Most Unions have Speakers' Plans. These are always being referred to at Conferences, complaints being made of speakers failing to keep their appointment. My experience is that in not a few of these cases instead of complaining, the societies (did they but know) would congratulate themselves, and say, "For this relief, many thanks." Not that this applies to all or many, for on the plans of the Associated Unions are many earnest, intelligent, excellent speakers—the very men wanted by our movement.

EFFECTIVE, ATTRACTIVE ADDRESSES

will not be generally secured, however, until Unions exercise more care in making Speakers' Plans, and until they refuse to include any but those who are prepared to keep their appointments, and who really have something to say and are creditably able to say it.

I Advocate no Arbitrary Standard:

But I do suggest that Unions might with advantage copy the plan of the Methodist bodies in accrediting local preachers, and be assured of the fitness, ability, and interest of the candidate. At present people are put on many plans in a haphazard way without any special inquiry, and without any guarantee of their fitness for the work they are undertaking. It is equally necessary the plan be frequently revised, and those who at first were desirable but have ceased to be so removed, and, if needs be, promoted to an ex-speakers' list, where as ornaments they may shine but do no harm.

The Ideal Plan

will give speaker's name, appointment, and the topic he will discuss, thus compelling some preparation.

Societies can help in securing effective and attractive addresses by taking good care when an unsuitable, incompetent speaker is sent to advise the sending Union, that other societies may at least profit by their experience. Correspondingly, when a really good speaker or teacher is unearthed by them let them advise the planning body, and so help to disseminate the good. "Mr. So-and-so," said a secretary to me in a note, "is a capital Band of Hope teacher, get hold of him." And we did!

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that one good address repeated in a dozen societies is worth more to our movement than a dozen indifferent given by various speakers.

Local Unions will secure effective addresses if they will have

an Active Look-out Committee,

to inquire after and gain the help of teachers, doctors, educated young men and women, who to-day are lost to our work often because nobody has pressed them into service.

We shall not secure effective, attractive addresses until we train our own speakers. The summer schools are a step in the right direction. They want modifying and extending. Indeed it seems to me the time has come when the National and County Unions at least should provide

Training Classes

for present and future speakers; not necessarily to produce scientific speakers, but to instruct in methods, courses of study, and illustrations. It would be a grand thing if the National Union Executive could send down to any district a competent teacher to meet the speakers on the plan and others, to give, say, a week's course, on

The Art of Effectively Addressing

societies, during the close time. A course, conducted on these lines by an interested schoolmaster in connection with a small town Union during last year, produced excellent results. He did not tell the students what to say, but how and why, putting them on the track and leaving them to pursue it.

I think, too, that the international lesson system would help us. It simplifies the teacher's task, and brings a common course of study. The present plan of lessons in the *Band of Hope Chronicle* is good, but I venture to suggest that a periodic course of lessons, varied in style, to be given at each monthly meeting would be an improvement, especially so if the course should be issued in advance, with illustrations, at a low rate, so as to enable local Unions to issue them to their speakers for their delivery according to plan; one meeting to be international lesson night. The teaching to-day in our societies is too fragmentary and haphazard.

I feel strongly that local Unions have now the power in their own hands to increase the efficiency and attractiveness of the addresses given, if they will but adopt the oft-repeated suggestion to

Call the Speakers Together

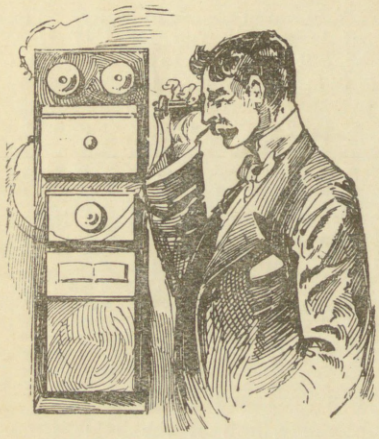
for special conference, and at the same time furnish them, on loan, with diagrams and apparatus wherewith to enhance their speeches, and acquaint them with the latest and most reliable Temperance publications. The provision of Temperance Libraries, the circulation of such works as the "Onward" Temperance Science Series, Speaker's Companion, etc., will all help in the desired direction; and especially so if a copy be presented to a likely person—say a promising youth—with a request that he will make a point of getting up one or more of the addresses to deliver at particular meetings.

I am, of course, conscious that a great drawback to our movement is the tendency in some quarters to expect everything for nothing with something thrown in. I am conscious of the value, extreme value, of honorary advocacy, and know the strength thereof, though I am not so foolish as to believe that a thing is good because it costs nothing, and less worthy according to the cost.

At the same time, I also know that for specialised work specialists must be recompensed. Especially is this true in the matter of teaching speakers, who cannot, as a body, continue to give effective, non-groovy addresses requiring much thought, time, and careful preparation without some compensation if their time is to be taken. So, in conclusion, I respectfully venture to suggest, where means will allow, the method by which the Union with which I am connected—the Lancashire and Cheshire B. of H. and T.U.—seeks to secure that attractive, formative, interesting teaching shall be periodically given in associated societies, viz., the engagement for winter evening service of well-trained speakers (teachers and others) to whom honoraria will be given for their services, and who, planned for societies in the districts wherein they reside, will, by means of apparatus, charts, diagrams, &c., understandably teach definite Temperance truth and do for the societies what the school lecturers do for the schools.

As we rely upon the advocacy so much, let us by our plans ensure that the advocacy shall be such that reasonably we may expect from it Effective and Attractive Addresses calculated

to intensify conviction and to create stalwarts.



"Total abstinence from an intoxicating drink is more desirable for the country's welfare and morality than all the revenue to be derived from licensing the manufacture and sale of 'so pernicious a drink.'"
—EMANUEL SWEDENBURG.

'BLESSINGS be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."
—*Wordsworth.*

Our Calendar.

1901.

Oct. 5th, 1535.—The first English Bible was printed.

„ **6th** is the anniversary of the opening of the London Temperance Hospital, 1873.

„ **14th.**—Many happy returns to Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T., born 1844.

„ **26th.**—Inaugural Meeting United Kingdom Alliance, 1853.

English Sunday Closing Association established 1863.

"LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

A CLERGYMAN was dining in a hotel with some commercial travellers, who made jokes about him. He moved not a muscle of his face, and after dinner one of them approached him, saying: "How can you sit quietly and hear all that has been said, without uttering a rebuke?" "My dear sir," said the cleric, "I am chaplain to a lunatic asylum."

Temperance is a tree
That hath content for root
And calm and peace for fruit.
—BUDDHA.

"GOD is a kind father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly 'our Father's business.' He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough for what He wants us to do; and we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves."
—*John Ruskin.*

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. The man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!" answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely-stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.

"I FIND it (alcohol) to be an agent that gives no strength; that reduces the tone of the blood vessels and heart; that reduces nervous powers; that builds up no tissue, can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food.
—*Sir Henry Thompson, M.D.*

HE sits on the ragged edge of despair,
The poet who writes in a bottomless chair

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.—BROWNING

PAT: Are ye good at arithmeteg, Mike?
Mike: Oi am.
Pat: Well, if ye had a suv'rin, an' Oi axed ye fer ten shillin', how much would ye have left?
Mike (*decidedly*): A suv'rin.
Pat: Ah, yez don't seem to see my ideea.
Mike: No; an' ye won't see my ten shillin'.

SERIAL STORY.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

. . . *Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.* . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. On arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The letter told Clifford that he was the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband, and also warned him that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. The Brewster Sessions in Blackerton provided two sensations in the opposition by Clifford and by Denzil Haynes to Mr. Joakim's applications, a task Clifford found doubly difficult owing to the presence of Adela Joakim, his fate. Margaret Haynes and Fred Higginbottom's marriage was duly solemnised amid much excitement, being marked by Fred's indulgence and Adela Joakim's encouragement to Clifford, an encouragement she pointedly repeated when they were thrown together on a moorland walk. Anne Wetherall, despite Sandy Mackinnon's efforts, broke out again, and was brought up in court before Mr. Joakim, the brewer, who, recognising in her the wife of a manager of one of his hotels, interceded for her, and asked Mr. Trevor to take her in hand. The minister consented, visited her, and in her found his mother.

CHAPTER XI.—MARGARET'S STRATEGY.

"Oh, that man might know,
The end of this day's business ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And that the end is known!"

—*Shakespeare.*

AFTER that happy day on the moor, the dark days came into Adela Joakim's life, as they do into the lives of most of us sooner or later.

For her father's health failed more and more rapidly, day by day he grew weaker and weaker, until at last she stood by his dead form and realised that she was alone in the world.

But before this, he had helped her unconsciously by insisting on talking to her of his plans and of his arrangements for her guidance, and by thus forcing her to face the fact that the world would still go on, that her own life would have to be lived though he would no longer be with her.

"He had done what he could." The words were once spoken of a notorious sinner. Even those who had been most bitter against the grasping policy of "Joakim's" in the past, even these were forced to own of the dead brewer that "he had done what he could."

And rightly or wrongly, the self-appointed critics put down the very complete ending of "Joakim's" as a going concern to the influence of the dead man's only child, who was known to have enjoyed coming to the teetotal gatherings, and who had even been seen to be "quite friendly" with Anne Wetherall, and this long before she had become known as Mr. Trevor's mother, and, therefore, a person of some respectabilty.

Still Blackerton in general—the part that was not distinctly teetotal, nor yet which regarded "Joakim's" with approval—was very much astonished to hear that the big brewing firm was to be no longer a feature of their town. They hoped that Miss Joakim "wasn't going to be soft," by which they meant that they hoped she would do nothing quixotic—*i.e.*, "soft." They shook their wise heads when they heard that she had decisively negatived a proposal from a big rival concern a few miles away whose representatives had proposed amalgamation, with no anxiety or care to Miss Joakim in the future—she would have nothing to do but pocket the dividends.

No, there was no doubt that Adela missed some thousands in the changes that followed her father's death—changes that had been contemplated and in part arranged by him, in the last month of his life.

For he was sick of the whole concern. The "little leaven" of teetotalism, which had at first seemed so insignificant a factor in Blackerton life, though it had not yet "leavened the whole," had still worked a wonderful change in the opinions of the people, and in this change Mr. Joakim, strange as it may appear, had had his part; but, no doubt, this was largely due to Adela's interest in the movement.

There was considerable discussion as to what would be done with the immense buildings that had represented "Joakim's," when the concern should really be wound up. At present Adela was full of business, for she made it a point not to cease paying wages until the men had some prospect of other employment. Several—especially of the younger clerks and those who had no great desire to stay in the place—went to the big adjoining thriving town of Canchester, where Adela's influence found them situations in the counting-houses and warehouses of her father's friends. It was noticed that none entered into the service of a brewery again with her connivance.

"Haynes-ses" took on several, and other several were taken on at Mr. Higginbottom's through Clifford's influence; Mr. Trevor had incidentally mentioned to him that Miss Joakim was very anxious that no one should suffer through the ending of the brewery, and it was very noticeable the energy he manifested after hearing this expression of her wishes in making them good.

Blackerton was rather relieved when at last all the business of the place was done with, and the huge building was, for the time, empty. Perhaps, *now*, it would hear what was going to be done there. For that the place was to remain deserted was not to be thought of. Surely Miss Joakim would "let" it; but to whom?

Not to do so would argue some more of that "softness" she had manifested in paying wages for some weeks longer than was at all necessary.

Blackerton had the greatest contempt for people who did not "stick to their brass," and was firmly convinced that though "Grab was a good dog, still Hold-fast was a better!"

And so Adela knew that she was being very much criticised, and that her actions were debated upon at every street-corner in the gossipy little place, and this, perhaps, made her more and more averse to face its cheerful scrutiny, more and more inclined to pace up and down in the solitude of her own grounds for the air she needed, and then either to rush indoors and weep for the old sweet times that would come back never again, or else to apply herself to the study of her own affairs, and of how she might best give an account of her stewardship of the vast sum that was still hers, in spite of her threatened "softness."

At this time, it was small wonder that she thought frequently of Clifford Haynes, for she felt that he, too, was thinking of her, pitying her, longing to be near and to help her, that, in short, his spirit was yearning to her own. She felt instinctively that this was so, and it did not clash with her tender mourning for the dead that she also thought with a warm interest of the living, and wondered vaguely as to when they would meet again.

It was Margaret who brought them together; Margaret, who was very, very happy at this time, for one of the fairy ships that came sailing into Blackerton, as into other places, had brought to her and to her husband their first-born son; and over his tiny form Fred Higginbottom had promised his wife, with a very real resolve in his heart to keep the promise, that henceforth he would be such a man that his son should never have to blush for him in the after-time.

And Margaret had naturally thought much of poor Adela in the loneliness of her great bereavement, and had contrasted the sorrow of her dreary position with the fulness of her own great joy. For, having tasted of the cup of sorrow herself during the past year, Margaret was now overwhelmed with gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and with a desire that everyone should be as happy as she was herself.

Her first thought was to write to Adela. She felt sure that the touch of these sweet baby fingers that had plucked away all the hard pain from her own heart, would be efficacious in the case of her friend. She meant to write and tell Adela to come and see her, and had formed the generous resolve to let her nurse the baby as much as she wanted to!

But, as we have seen, the mind of woman is proverbially subtle, and you shall hear how Margaret proposed to kill two birds with one stone—to manage that Adela should come to see her, and also that something else should happen—without her writing the contemplated letter at all.

Clifford and Denzil were allowed to see her that day for the first time, and great was the fun as Denzil apostrophised "young Mr. Higginbottom" as being "rather small for his size, don't you know," and expressed his willingness to "find out which was the better man" by any of the approved methods.

But when they had laughed enough over the merry fooling, Margaret intimated that she wanted to speak to Clifford alone for a moment, and Denzil immediately withdrew, not without a word as to Margaret's new rôle of "ten thousand Machiavellis" rolled into one.

"All I would venture to remark to Mr. Higginbottom, Junior, is that he had better keep his weather eye on his mother, that's all," he said, as he betook himself to wait downstairs.

"It's about poor Adela Joakim, Clifford," Margaret said, with genuine distress. "My heart bleeds as I think of that poor girl all alone in that big house. I can't go to her, so I want you, like a dear, good brother, to bring her to me."

Clifford, whose eyes had gleamed at the mention of the name of the woman he loved, made some slight objection.

"But, Margaret, will she care to see anyone—to see me—so soon? Had you not better write?"

Still, he mentally resolved to be in the neighbourhood whenever Miss Joakim did come to see young Mrs. Higginbottom.

"Write—oh, I cannot face writing yet," said simple Margaret. "Besides, I do want to see her *now*, at once. I know it will brighten her to see my little darling. Oh, Clifford, you have never refused to do anything for me before. I was hoping you would have gone on there now—this morning."

"Of course, I will," Clifford said readily, all his doubts gone, and his own heart a good second to Margaret's appeal. "I'll go this minute, if you wish it, Margaret."

"Oh, thank you," Margaret said, demurely. "Now, you are something like my old Clifford." And she closed her eyes with a sigh of content.

"Well, is the secret interview over?" Denzil said, when his brother came down, and both stood on the doorstep, having a word with Margaret's husband, whose weak well-meaning face expressed universal friendliness at this time."

"Yes, Margaret wants me to go and ask Miss Joakim to come and see her at once," Clifford said, simply. "So I am going there now."

"Oh," said Denzil," "now I call that a very wise proceeding on Margaret's part, indeed. 'Hem, they aren't so slow, after all—the *real* Haynes, I mean."

"What do you mean?" Clifford asked. He was all impatience to be off.

"Just exactly what I say. Good-bye, old man and—good luck."

But Clifford was already on his way to "Moorlands." He was dying to see her—the "one maid" which the world held for him. He wondered how he had had the patience to keep away from her all these days, now that he was actually within view of the house.

In truth he had haunted the neighbourhood often and often, but as we know Adela had kept within the grounds.

How fortunate it was that Margaret had developed this sudden desire to show her little son to her friend.

Poor Clifford! his was *not* a subtle mind, you see.

He pictured himself telling her of how sorry he had felt for her in her sorrow, of how interested he had been in all he had heard as to the passing away of the big brewery that had dominated Blackerton for some years. He wondered if she would tell him any of her plans—if she would consult him as to anything. But first of all he must give her Margaret's message—he was almost forgetting what had brought him there.

Later on—when time should have somewhat assuaged her sorrow, he would tell her something else—of the hope that had risen within his heart the day he saw her first, of how it had ever grown and strengthened. Later on, indeed!

She came into the big dreary drawing-room as soon as his name was given to her, she too, had been thinking about *him*.

And when he saw her, a sad small black-robed figure alone with her grief in this desolate house, all his resolves, all his previous impressions faded away, and he acted just as his heart prompted him.

He advanced towards her with outstretched arms. "Adela—if I could comfort you—if you would only give me the right to do so, my poor dear."

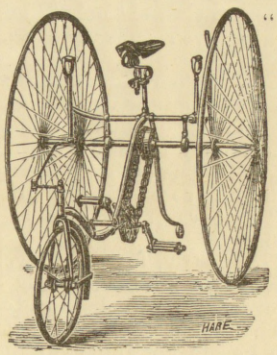
And before she knew what had happened she was sobbing out all her grief and loneliness on his breast.

"Oh, be good to me, be good to me, Clifford—I have only you, now."

(*To be continued.*)

Pa's Tricycle.

By "Uncle Edward."



"YOU know, pa, if you would only get a tricycle," declared Meg Andrews to her much-worried sire, "you would never feel tired, and you would be able to get home at least an hour earlier. I don't like to be rude, and I wouldn't be for the world, but, really, I think *all* men are rather obstinate; don't *you* think so, pa?"

Mr. Andrews crossed his legs, and said:

"The wise man is recorded to have remarked, 'One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found.'"

"Now, pa, don't quote scripture, because it doesn't apply in this case, for the simple reason that it was a man who made that remark, and men *always* have rather mean thrusts at women when they know they have no argument."

Meg was not what might be called a dutiful daughter; she had been a spoiled child, and her parents had made a rod for their own backs when they gave her the loose rein during all the training period of her life. In her heart of hearts, and in her peculiar way, she loved her "pa," as she would persist in calling him, although he continually told her he preferred the older-fashioned title of father; but she loved *Meg Andrews* with a burning affection which frequently swallowed up all her father's share. Her principal object in wanting to get him home an hour earlier was that she might have him to play chess with her, of which she was passionately fond, but she tried to make him believe—and herself, too—that *his* comfort and restfulness were deeply involved. To her astonishment, he looked up and quietly said:

"Would you be surprised to hear I have bought one?"

"*No*," she burst forth with an emphasis that almost startled him, "not *really*?"

"Yes, *really* Meg," he replied; "but I tell you, candidly, it is just to please you and quiet your everlasting gabble about it, and not to in any way gratify myself."

"There, don't spoil it, pa, by being nasty; you are sure to enjoy it."

"Indeed I shan't," he said bluntly.

"Well, pa, of course, if you make up your mind not to, you *won't*, because I know what *you* are."

"And, Meg, I know what *you* are," firmly responded 'pa,' rather nettled.

"We won't quarrel," said Meg, "*that's* no good; it's all right now you've got it, what will happen will soon transpire. I feel certain you will be a new man in a month."

"Then there will be a new man and a new woman under this roof," he answered, looking slyly, but still rather vexed, out of the corner of his eye at his up-to-date daughter.

"*I'm* not a new woman, pa. You wouldn't care for me to say you are an *old* one, would you? Say what you like, if you speak the truth," she replied tartly.

The relations between father and daughter were, alas, usually strained, and the command to "honour her father and her mother," though repeated with her lips Sunday by Sunday, were never expected to find lodgment in her heart. At this point Mr. Andrews rose, gruffly saying, "Good night, Meg," and was replied to in a scarcely audible voice.

Next morning he rose early, for the tricycle had already come, and was reposing snugly in the out-house, a secret not yet revealed to Meg. He thought he would get out before anybody was stirring, for, although he did not anticipate that a great deal of skill was necessary in piloting his new acquisition, he had an instinctive feeling of awkwardness, and a reticence he could not overcome when the thought of appearing on it in public for the first time took possession of him, so he decided to have, at anyrate, *one* spin before anybody turned out of bed. Quickly unlocking the out-house door, he drew out the machine and steered it out into the road, where he hoisted himself into the seat. There was an exhilaration in the air which inspired him, and he uttered a chuckle of evident satisfaction as he put his feet well down on to the pedals and felt his way. For two or three hundred yards he proceeded, the road was level and the surroundings delightfully rural, and he began to ask himself why he had been so infatuated against so pleasant a means of locomotion. Suddenly he came to a hill, rather steep, but yet not too steep he thought for climbing; so, buckling to, he put forth special exertion, and, by degrees found himself approaching the summit. As he neared the top, however, his legs began to feel very stiff, and pricking sensations started in his knee joints.

"Ah," he remarked, "this isn't so pleasant. I don't call *this* very keen enjoyment; when I get to the ridge of the hill, I'll rest." He soon reached the pinnacle, and, getting off, feeling rather crippled, he sat down on the green sward, and stretched himself out.

"Ah, this *is* nice," he murmured; "better than any tricycling." After resting for ten minutes, he re-mounted, and turned his machine round toward home.

"I think I've had enough," he said; "and now I've had the work, I'm going to have the fun. I've seen the fellows fly down hills looking for all the world as though they were in an arm chair; that's what *I'm* going to do." So, pushing his feet out in front of him, and balancing them evenly on the leg rest, and stretching his body out as far back as it would go, he remarked to his piece of machinery, "Now, off!"

It obeyed his behests, and in a few moments commenced the descent. He seized the handle by which the thing was guided, and carefully steered himself to the middle of the road. Finding that notwithstanding the pressure he was putting on the steering apparatus, he was gradually, but surely, veering to the left bank, and the rate of progress becoming terrific, he gave a spasmodic wrench to the handle, when instantly the little wheel turned off at right angles; and, before he knew what had happened, he found himself shooting up into the air, whilst his iron horse pursued its way riderless, with a speed which appeared to him, as the sight of it sent a paralysing shock through him from a height not less than six feet from mother earth, as that of an express train in an unusual hurry!

Mr. Andrews picked himself up from that mossy bank, with contused limbs and mingled feelings. But where was his tricycle? He strained his eyes, but no sign of it was apparent. He hobbled down the hill, and there, half way down, with a look of helplessness in its every attitude, stood awaiting him a strange mixture of wheels, brakes, straps, and "gear."

What was it? That couldn't be the new tricycle! What had happened to it? It was upside down, that's all. Mr. Andrews, with aching bones, reversed it, and solemnly led it home. It would be painful to chronicle the remaining conversation on the subject, which took place between Meg and her Pa, but, suffice

it to say, Pa decided that he *quite understood* how to manage a tricycle now, and he thought he would rather walk for the *future*. *And he did* !

" Poor pluck ! " you say. Be it so ; but who can gauge the hold that " preconceived notions " have upon frail humanity ? Love succeeds where hate fails, and Meg Andrews' Pa might have overcome the discouragement of " a thousand falls " if he had not been a victim of unreasoning hate *before* the ill-fated experience of his first and last tricycle ride !

The Story of Plant Life.

By John Dale.

XI.—FRUIT AND SEED.

THE fertilisation of flowers, and the growth of fruit and seed, form the most difficult part of the story of plant life, and one which, until recently, was imperfectly understood by the wisest.

Every flower, therefore, is a pretty little trap, baited with honey, to catch the insects as they fly about, and compel them to carry the fertilising pollen to other flowers. The many curious shapes of flowers, the colour of the petals, the curves, the lines upon them, are all intended to lead the insects to the spot where the honey is stored ; in obtaining this they do just what needs to be done, so that the plant may produce seed.

In 1882, Sir John Lubbock published a book on " British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," in which many very interesting observations are recorded, that seem to establish the fact that insects are absolutely necessary to the fertilisation of many flowers.

We would urge our young friends, who wish to pursue this subject, to read some of the more recent text-books on botany, and, as they grow older, they will be able to use the microscope, and examine flowers, fruits, and seeds for themselves. We have only space to give a general outline of this interesting part of the subject, and, briefly, to point out some of the chief features of the different kinds of fruit.

When the fertilisation of a flower has been effected, as described in the last chapter, either by the insects or the wind, a great change at once begins to take place in the ovary. It enlarges and alters its appearance, until it results in the formation of seed and fruit.

Seed is produced by the growth of the ovules inside the ovary, when they are united with the living pollen cells ; their growth causes the ovary to enlarge, and this forms the fruit. The common idea of fruit is that it is something grown on a tree which is fit to eat, like oranges, apples, or plums. The botanical definition of a fruit is given as the " matured and ripened ovary ; " so that the carpels of a buttercup, a peas pod, a poppy head, and even the newly-fledged thistle-down, are fruits, just as much as grapes or cherries. The former, however, are *dry* fruits whilst the latter are *edible*.

Fertilisation brings about changes of so profound a nature that they often involve other parts of the flower besides the ovary, which produce what are called *false* fruits, like the mulberry or the pine-apple.

A *true* fruit consists of the walls of the ovary only, the parts which contain the seed. These have usually three layers; the inner, or *endocarp*, the middle, or *mesocarp*, and the outer, or *epicarp*. Fruits are said to be *succulent* when the walls are juicy, like a plum or an orange. They are called *dry* fruits when the walls are *woody*, as in the various nuts ; *papery*, like the hop ; or *leathery*, like the broom. In these the walls of the ovary are seldom separated from each other, as they are in the succulent fruits.

Fruits that open and allow the seed to fall out when ripe are said to be *dehiscent*, or gaping ; those that do not open so are called *indehiscent* fruits. Many of the former are designated *capsules*, or little chests ; two of these are shown in the following illustration, Figs. *a* and *b* :

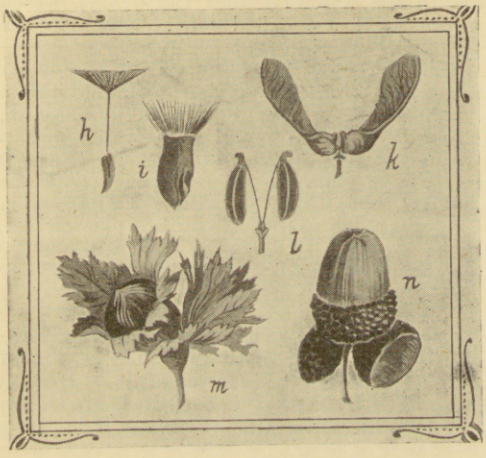
Dehiscent Fruits.

A capsule may open by *teeth*, as does that of the primrose, Fig. *a* ; or by *valves*, as the balsams do; or by *pores*, as does the poppy, shown in Fig. *b*. Dehiscent fruits that split down one side are called *follicles*, or little bags ; the pæony has two of these, Fig. *c*. Those that split down both sides are called *legumes*, or pulse, like the pea, Fig. *d* ; if there is a partition down the centre it is called a siliqua, or pod, as in the wallflower, Fig. *e*. A twisted legume is shown in Fig. *f*, the fruit of lucerne.

Many of the indehiscent fruits are succulent and edible, and some of them are dry, but none of them split or open until they germinate or begin to grow. The dry indehiscent fruits include all kinds of corn, grasses, nuts and acorns. The following illustration shows two of the feathery fruits of the composite family. Fig. *h* represents the dandelion fruit, and Fig. *i* the corn-cockle, drawn to a larger scale.

The winged fruit of the maple is shown in Fig. *k* ; this is called a *samara*. Other forms of

winged fruits are seen in the "keys" of the ash, and the "nuts" of the elm. The hanging fruits of the umbéllifer family are represented by the

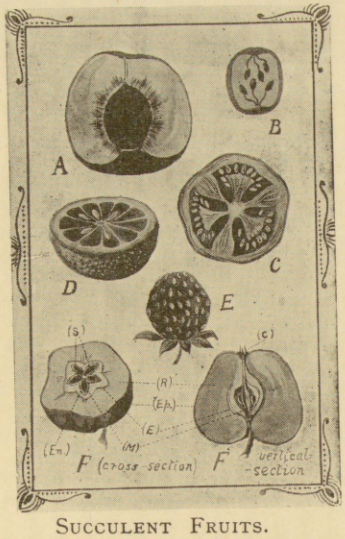


DRY INDEHISCENT FRUITS.

ripe fruit of the fennel, Fig. *l*; this form is called a *cremocarp*, a word which means "hanging fruit."

In the hazel the bracts are enlarged, and form a kind of frill round the nuts, Fig. *m*. At the base of each oak acorn the bracts unite very compactly, and form a *cupule*, or little cup, Fig. *n*.

The readers of this magazine will probably be more interested in the succulent fruits, because they are edible. The commonest kinds are the *drupe*, or stone fruit, and the *berry*. Among the drupes are plums, cherries and peaches. In these the three layers of the ovary walls are always distinct. The epicarp forms the outer skin; the mesocarp is the succulent edible



SUCCULENT FRUITS.

portion; the endocarp is hard, and forms the stone which contains the seed, or, as it is often called, the kernel. Fig. *A* is the section of a peach. The blackberry and the raspberry fruits consist of a number of small drupes, which are attached to a common receptacle.

In the berry, as seen in the currant, grape and gooseberry, Fig. *B*, the endocarp, as well as the mesocarp, is succulent, the epicarp forming the outer skin. The berry has several or many seeds, while the drupe has only one. The tomato is a berry, divided into two, three or more cells, each containing many seeds, imbedded in a pulpy mass. Fig. *C* shows the cross section of a tomato.

The orange and the lemon are both berries, with eight or ten cells, each cell containing one or more seeds. The cells are filled with a pulp that consists of a number of oblong vessels, or little bladders, which contain a refreshing juice, more acid in the lemon than in the orange. Fig. *D* represents a cross section of an orange. The epicarp consists of a thick leathery rind, full of imbedded glands, that contain an essential oil, of a bitter but aromatic character.

The strawberry, the fig, and the apple are false fruits, for the fleshy portion is not a part of the ovary. In the strawberry, Fig. *E*, the juicy succulent portion is the swollen receptacle, that bears on its surface a number of pips, which are the real fruits, each being a tiny carpel containing a seed. In the fig, the real fruits grow inside the hollowed and swollen flower stalk which closes over them, and becomes sweet and fleshy.

In the apple, Fig. *F*, the fleshy edible part (*R*) is the enlarged receptacle, and (*Ep*) the epidermis; the scales on the top (*C*) being the remains of the calyx. The enclosed core is the true fruit, and consists of an ovary with five cells; (*E*) being the epicarp, (*M*) the mesocarp, (*En*) the endocarp, and (*S*) the seeds. The pear, though it differs in shape from the apple, has the same mode of growth, and the same description applies. Its fleshy part is often gritty, and sometimes more juicy than the apple.

The fruits of the medlar, the mountain ash, and the hawthorn, are formed on the same plan as the apple and the pear, though the succulent portion is not so fully developed.

Important Questions Answered.

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

DOES ALCOHOL INCREASE LONGEVITY?

IT is easy to answer "No," but there are very many who believe that it does. There are numbers of medical men who, whilst admitting that intemperance and the excessive use of alcohol result in a huge death rate, maintain that the moderate and judicious use of alcohol is a good thing and conduces to long life.

Then, too, we have the frequently cited case of some person who has lived to a good old age, and has been a drinker all the time. The answer

to this latter case is easy. If all those who used alcohol freely died as early as many do, the whole drink problem would be soon solved. There are individual cases—a very few out of the many—who survive in spite of alcohol, just as in former years, under very bad sanitary conditions, some lived to a good old age, but surely no one would defend the insanitary conditions because of the few survivors, forgetting the large numbers that were destroyed.

The value of life may be estimated, when we reflect that no amount of wealth can purchase it. It is a blessing of the highest possible kind—a gift that must not be trifled with, or it is withdrawn; and, once lost, then all the riches of the world cannot purchase it again. It is true that wealth can bring many alleviations of suffering and make life more bearable, but that fact should only make those who are not wealthy value their health all the more.

Aids to Long Life.

The question should be: How can we secure long life? And not how can we secure great wealth? In the pursuit of money, health is often sacrificed by overwork and overthought. The votary of wealth has no time for rest or recreation, and the tired and jaded body and brain are subjected to doses of alcohol or some other narcotic. The effect is that the tired and jaded feeling is not so apparent, not because alcohol has supplied either food or rest, but because it has rendered the body less capable of sensation and perception; and so the drinker is deceived into a belief that he has done himself good, whereas he has rendered himself positive harm. There are many aids to long life—good food, fresh air, sunshine, exercise, rest, are all the friends of longevity, but, taking the community at large, we are safe in saying that total abstinence from alcohol would work a marvel little short of a miracle in the aggregate life of the nation.

Abstinence and Long Life.

It was a very common belief at one time that alcohol, in some form or another, was a necessary article of diet, and that anyone abstaining from its use did not stand much chance of maintaining life for any lengthened period. Doctors were horrified and alarmed at the propositions set forth by the early advocates of total abstinence, and believed that their patients would certainly fill early graves if they gave way to any such foolish notions. Insurance societies in those days would decline to take the risks of a man's life if he openly professed that he was an abstainer.

Remnants of these fallacies exist to the present day, for most errors are hard to kill, and there are still those who believe that strong drink is beneficial to health.

There are some points upon which all are agreed, and these are as follow:—

Intemperance and excess in strong drink is absolutely condemned, and is highly dangerous to life and to health.

That strong drink is not necessary to healthy life.

That men can accomplish the hardest work, endure fatigue, and perform all the duties of life without the aid of alcohol.

Waste of Life.

It has been calculated that about 60,000 persons die every year in the United Kingdom, through the agency of strong drink. Some have been laid in the grave to-day who have been killed by strong drink. There are parents and children, brothers and sisters, weeping at this moment, over some loved one that it has slain. We are right, then, in saying that drink causes waste of life.

Teetotalers, on the whole, stand a much better chance of living well and healthfully, and for a longer time, than moderate drinkers.

Insurance Societies

give a valuable lesson on this matter as a result of their experience. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution show the following results of 34 years' working. Taking the whole period, the number of expected deaths in the General Section (Non-abstainers) was 10,869, and the actual deaths 10,469, or about 98 per cent.; while in the Temperance Section (Abstainers), the expected deaths were 8,048, but the actual deaths were 5,724, or only 71 per cent The case may be stated thus:—If all the persons insured had been moderate drinkers, and had experienced the same mortality as those in the General Section, then out of the 18,917 deaths expected, 18,200 would actually have occurred On the other hand, if all had been abstainers, and had died at the same rate as those in the Temperance Section, the deaths would have been 13,454, a saving of no less than 4,766 lives.

The Scottish Temperance Life Insurance Company show a similar experience over 15 years' working. In the General Section, with 155 expected deaths, there were 107 actually occurred, being 69 per cent. In the Abstainers' Section, 492 deaths were expected, 232 actually occurred, being only 47 per cent.

The Sceptre Life Office corroborates the experience of others over a period of 14 years. In the General Section, 1,527 deaths were expected, 1,216 actually occurred, being about 79 per cent. In the Abstainers' Section, 822 deaths were expected, 477 actually occurred, being only about 57 per cent.

Benefit Societies

have an experience which goes to confirm that of the insurance companies. Taking three years experience of the "Rechabites," who are all total abstainers, compared with other orders where the majority of the members are moderate drinkers, we get the following results:—

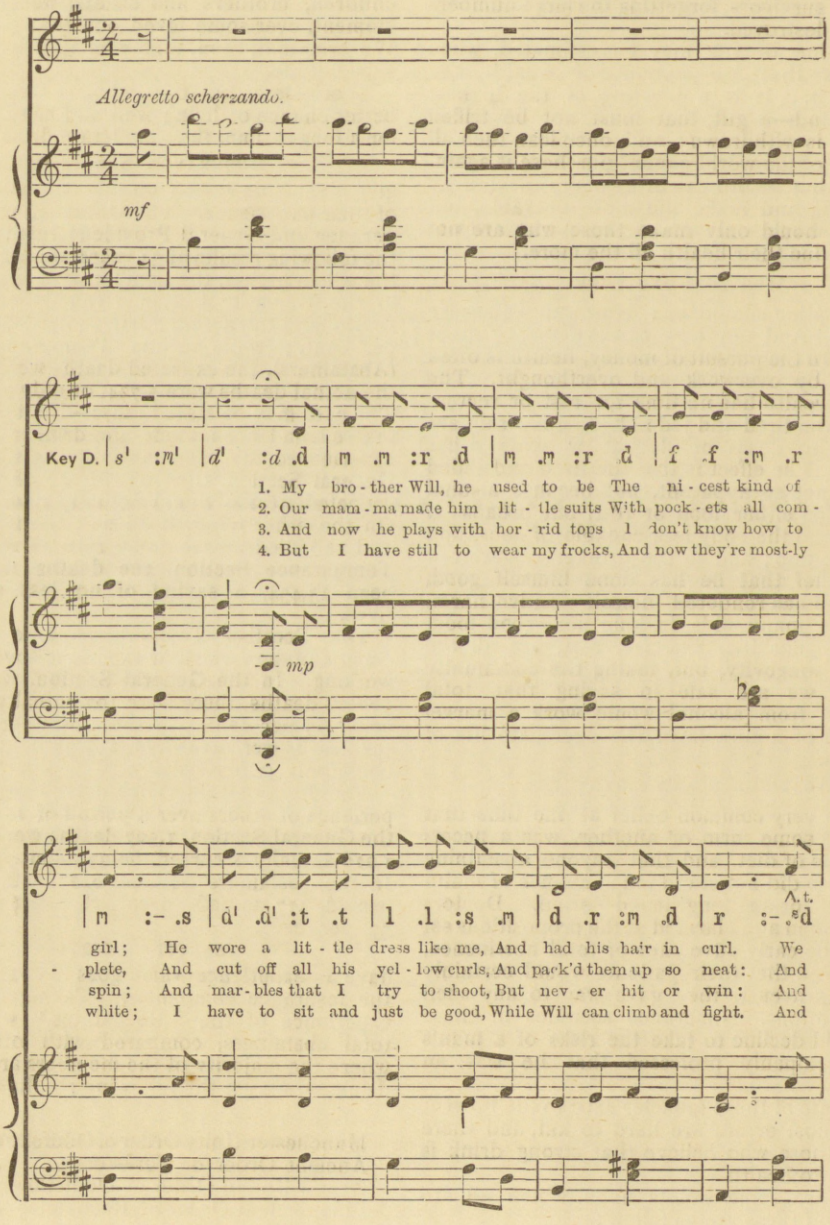
	Death Rate per 1,000.
Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows	13·914
Ancient Order of Foresters	13·365
Grand United Order of Oddfellows...	11·461
Independent Order of Rechabites ...	3·927

The Order of Rechabites has been in existence 60 years, and has over 160,000 adult members, so that their experience is of the most valuable kind. All these facts show that the abstainer has a better chance of life than the moderate drinker.

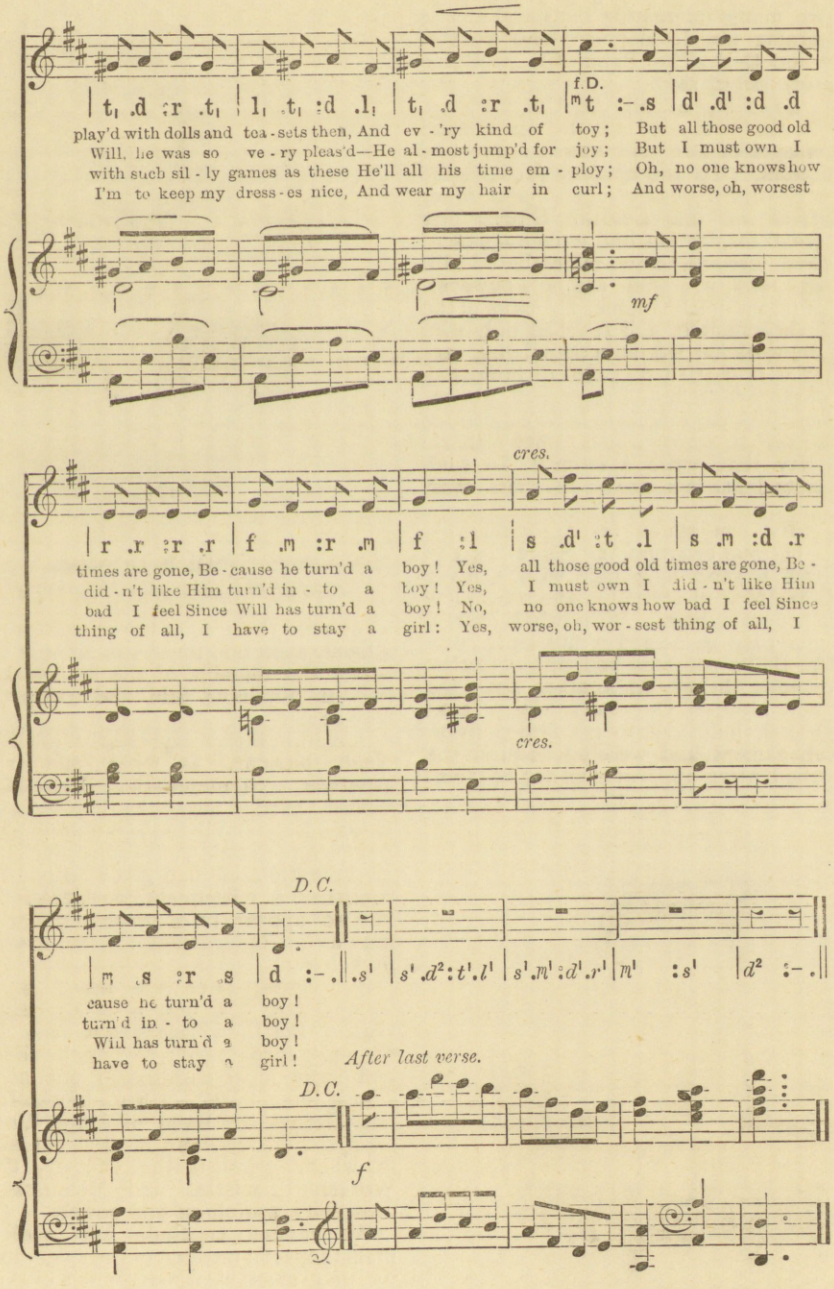
TURNED INTO A BOY!

Song for a Little Girl.

PERCY E. FLETCHER.



TURNED INTO A BOY!



The Peakland Band of Hope Union.

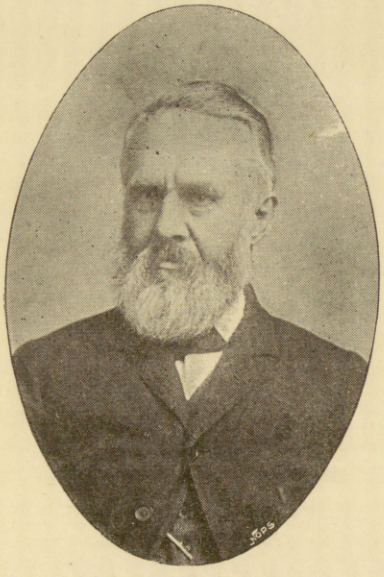
II.

IN our last issue we were enabled by the courtesy of the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Avery, to give many interesting facts and figures concerning the development and work of the Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union since its inception in 1866.

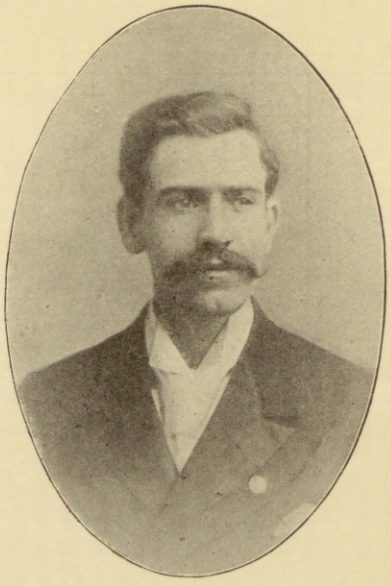
Perhaps, however, of all the Union's work, that which the workers in the many and scattered villages of Derbyshire most appreciate is the visitation. To the country societies the visits paid by the secretary, agent, and other representatives of the Central Union, are times of great inspiration and encouragement, eagerly looked forward to and remembered with the greatest pleasure. They are not, however, carried on without much trouble, for many of the places are very remote, and reached only with difficulty, the work carried on in them being very crude. But it is carried on, and all honour to the local workers for it!

Sometimes the local secretary is no scholar, as in the case of one who "would rather walk six miles any day than write a letter." In such cases correspondence is useless, and visits must be paid.

These visits sometimes bring strange experiences. On one occasion the Secretary and Agent walked a good long mile with a lively young bull as third in company, and only a low iron fence between them. With what expressions of relief they welcomed a tall hedge that stopped Mr. Bull's progress and put a further distance between them! At another time, the Secretary and Lantern Operator, driving home in a dense fog, managed to get into collision with an embankment, and were pitched into the road, with the lantern apparatus on top of them.



MR. W. H. POSTLE,
Ex-President, Burton-on-Trent B.H.U.



MR. B. OLDHAM,
General Secretary, Burton-on-Trent B.H.U.

They were three miles from the nearest town, in a lonely spot, and there was nothing for it but to wheel the remains of the broken-shafted trap into an adjoining field and tramp their weary way home.

Sometimes the experiences are not without much humour, as when one true-hearted, generous, characteristic, Derbyshire village worker, carried away by his feelings, pressed half-a-sovereign on the agent and begged him to "come and praich 'ur sarmons, and stay wi' me!" an invitation he had given without consulting "missus," a subsequent consideration which led him to appear at a neighbour's with a leg of pork as an inducement for him to entertain the preacher.

Sometimes, after the meetings, very long tramps and cold cheerless drives await the visitor. But the villagers have been cheered and the work encouraged; new fire has been kindled, and more local enthusiasm put into the work among the children—a work in which the Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union has in town and village done magnificent service, and in which we wish the Officers, Committees, Workers, Societies and Members increasing prosperity, usefulness and power.

We cannot conclude this sketch without making special mention of the splendid work done by that most vigorous branch of the Peakland Band of Hope Union,

The Burton-on-Trent and District Band of Hope Union.

"Beeropolis," or, as some call it, "The birthplace of Destruction," is notorious the world

MRS. B. OLDHAM,
Secretary, Women's Auxiliary, Burton-on-Trent B.H.U.

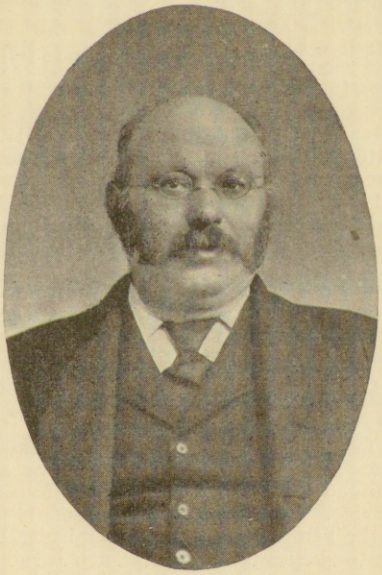
over for its "Ales." Brewing is its staple industry. Everything about the place speaks of Beer! Beer! Beer!

It is about the last place in the world where one would expect to find any—much less flourishing—Temperance work. "Opposition" and the fact that the majority of the people are directly or indirectly employed in the manufacture of strong drink, prevent much energy in adult Temperance work. Yet, in Burton-on-Trent, there is a very successful and flourishing Band of Hope Union, carrying on a vigorous juvenile movement with no inconsiderable encouragement and much success. This organisation originated at a meeting of representative Band of Hope workers held on Tuesday, December 11th, 1883, and was formally established on Jan. 16th, 1884; the first officers being: Mr. W. H. Mycock (President), Mr. W. H. Postle (Treasurer), and Messrs. A. E. Hands and A. R. Draycott (Secretaries).

From that day the Union has made steady, continuous progress, and, although it is in Beer-town, has a record probably unequalled by any Band of Hope Union, that it has never had to report a decrease in membership, or an adverse balance. Bravo! well done! Burton-on-Trent Band of Hope workers.

Amongst those who took an active interest in the Union during its early history were the Revs. W. J. Spriggs-Smith and G. E. Payne, and Mr. C. Webster, the latter being President from 1888 to 1896 inclusive, and at the present time a vice-president.

On October 1st, 1884, Mr. W. H. Postle was elected to the Secretaryship of the Union, a post which he filled with great ability till Sept., 1891, and assisted very materially in laying a good foundation for the future workers to build upon.



COUNCILLOR J. HARLOW,
President, Burton-on-Trent B.H.U.

He was also President from 1897 to 1900, inclusive, and on retiring was the recipient from his colleagues of a beautifully illuminated adddress.

At the close of the first year's work, Dec., 1884, eight societies were affiliated with the Union, and 708 members. Now the Union comprises 47 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 4,250, composed of 1,709 girls, 1,588 boys, and 953 adults; while during the year 1900, 1,028 meetings where held, the average attendance being about 50, and 903 fresh pledges were taken.

The annual brewery excursions from Burton-on-Trent are a feature of the place. The Band of Hope workers, not to be outdone, determined to organise an annual teetotal excursion; the first being held on August 15th, 1885, to Sutton Park; about 800 people took part in the trip. For the 1901 outing to Darley Dale three trains were necessary, and was patronised by 2,000.

In 1886 the Committee purchased an excellent lime-light dissolving-view bi-unial lantern, which has proved a very valuable help.

On Sept. 19th, 1891, Mr. B. Oldham, the present general Secretary, succeeded Mr. Postle in the secretaryship, and practically devotes every moment of his spare time to the work of the Union which he dearly loves.

The "Million More" scheme, Oct., 1891, was heartily taken up, and resulted in over 500 fresh pledges being secured. A similar effort was made in connection with the Jubilee of the Band of Hope movement, and on that occasion 894 fresh pledges were taken.

In Nov., 1891, the committee, formerly associated with the Staffordshire Union, decided to affiliate with the Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union, the latter being more accessible, a course which has been abundantly justified by

MRS. HOLFORD,
Secretary, Woodville Wesleyan: largest affiliated Society, Burton-on-Trent B.H.U.

the subsequent continuous success and development of the society. The Constitution and Rules were also revised at this time, an Union choir formed, and sub-committees first appointed for the sectional work of the Union.

The year 1894 will be a memorable one. A Lending Library for the use of speakers, secretaries, and workers was put in operation; *Onward* was localised as the organ of the Union, and has proved invaluable, enjoying a good circulation, and maintaining its reputation as the leading magazine in the Juvenile Temperance movement; over 112,000 copies having been locally disposed of during the last eight years.

A cheque for £75, together with a quantity of Temperance literature, was received from the late E. Joy, Esq., St. Leonards-on-Sea, to be expended in accordance with a scheme suggested by the General Secretary, which included Conferences of Workers—Social Gatherings of Senior Members—Circulation of good, sound Temperance literature—Formation of Lending Library—Happy Saturday Evenings for the people—Delivery of Scientific Temperance Lectures, and free Lantern Entertainments to poor societies.

The carrying out of these schemes gave a great impetus to the movement in Burton and district.

The annual collection in aid of the London Temperance Hospital funds and local work was also first started during this year, and the collection now averages about £25 yearly.

In 1895 a Cricket Club was formed, and in 1896 a branch of the Anti-Narcotic League.

From 1891 to 1901 thirty-five societies have joined the Union. A Band of Hope was established at the Union Workhouse in the summer of 1896, by permission of the Guardians, and a monthly meeting has been held ever since. The inmates thoroughly enjoy the meetings and appreciate fully what is done for them. The average attendance is fifty.

A Women's Auxiliary was formed Oct. 30th, 1899, and has proved of great service. Meetings are usually held once a month in the Temperance Hall, and societies are visited by the ladies from time to time; the programme for the evening being arranged by the members of the Auxiliary. Their services at the various gatherings of the Union have also been very helpful.

In connection with the Band of Hope Jubilee celebrations a special fund was established to continue the various schemes inaugurated under the "Joy" fund, and the sum of £40 was raised, a small balance still being left in hand.

Temperance Sunday is now well observed both in the town and district, and in most of the places of public worship Temperance sermons are preached; addresses are also delivered in the Sunday schools, and united meetings for prayer arranged.

Meetings in favour of the Sunday Closing campaign are held occasionally, and the "Children's Bill" agitation was entered into with zeal. The local M.P.'s were communicated with, voters induced to write them on the subject, and a large petition presented to Parliament in its favour.

The income of the Union averages about £330, and the expenditure £325, and, as stated elsewhere, the Committee have never had to report a deficit at the end of any year, or a decrease in the membership. The work which the Union has in hand is making itself felt throughout the town and district, and that to the unmistakable good of its future manhood and womanhood. Proof of its influence is seen in the gratifying fact that whereas a few years ago there was not a total abstainer on the Town Council, there are to-day at least *four*. Believing that the best recruits for the cause are those who become abstainers early in life, that the most effective and lasting teaching is that given in childhood, the Burton and District Band of Hope Union seeks to gather the youth of Beeropolis into its Societies, in order that they may be thus safeguarded by and taught true Temperance principles.

Arnie's Protest.

By Faith Chiltern.

ARNIE stood beside the window, his brown eyes dancing with glee, for two lads with a barrel-organ were in the street, and better still, a monkey, which danced about and collected the pence. What could be more entrancing to a boy fresh from a country hamlet? Presently, however, he turned away; the players were about to move off.

"Grandad! Grandad!" was shouted into the ears of a white-haired man who sat dozing beside the fire: "A penny, please, quick!"

The grandfather looked up with a start.

"How you startled me, boy! What do you want with a penny?"

"To give to some organ-grinders."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't. Do give me one, grandad! They play such lovely tunes and have such a funny monkey. Make haste, grandad, or else they'll be gone!" and Arnie's tone grew anxious.

A hand was dived into grandad's pocket then; it was seldom Arnie was refused anything. Instead of a penny, however, a piece of silver came to light.

"Here, I must give you this sixpence, I suppose," he said, "I have no pence, I find."

"Oh, never mind, that will do as well! Thank you, thank you, grandad! They'll only have to part it." And Arnie ran off, his face again in a glow.

Yet he was half afraid when the monkey came close to him, and he flung the coin on the pavement.

The young musicians bowed profusely, and even remained to play another tune. It was not often they received silver.

Presently, however, they really moved away; yet not—to Arnie's surprise and even horror—to play elsewhere, but to enter a public-house which stood at the corner of the street. For Arnie was a young abstainer, and knew that public-houses

are not good places to frequent. What should he do? He acted on his first impulse.

"Stop, stop, please! Don't go there!" he shouted after them. "Don't spend grandad's nice sixpence on nasty beer!"

The two youths—who were just going in at the tavern door—paused, and looked back at him in amazement. They were not both foreigners, but one was an English lad, who, of course, understood Arnie's words quite well. His smile, however, had faded now, and his face wore a scowl.

"Why not? What odds is it of yours where we spend it, or how?" he asked roughly.

"'Cause—'cause I gave it you, and grandad and I are teetotalers; we don't like our money spent on beer; it will make you tipsy, maybe," answered Arnie stoutly.

"That's true enough," remarked a bystander. "Jack, at any rate, is pretty often tipsy; if he wasn't he'd be a smart, spruce salesman now, instead of dawdling away his time with that thing."

The organ-grinder coloured; but he made no attempt to refute the charge.

"Let me fetch you some pretty cards to sign the pledge on," persisted Arnie, "grandad has a lot."

But to his disappointment they did not fall in with this suggestion. Instead, the English boy, who had taken charge of the coin, held it out again to him.

"Here, take it! We don't want your precious teetotal money," he said.

Arnie, however, refused to touch it.

"No, I am not a 'give away take away!'" he exclaimed, "no more isn't grandad." Then, as some of those near burst out laughing, he turned and ran back, much mortified, and ready to cry.

But although the organ-grinders spent the sixpence in the tavern, yet the English lad, at least, could not get away from the earnest little face, and the pleading tones, and one evening not long after, he appeared at the house and asked for a pledge card himself.

"My mate won't sign," he said; "but I will, for I know it's the best way. And perhaps before long I may do something better again than going about with a barrel organ and monkey."

And though Arnie thought that this could scarcely be, seeing that playing such pretty music must be quite delightful—yet he was very pleased and very happy that one at least of the street musicians had signed the pledge.

THE mists that wrapt the human mind
Are like November fogs, chill and unkind.

MAGISTRATES' Clerk (*swearing witness*): Take the book in your right hand.

Witness: Yes, sir.

Magistrates' Clerk: That's not your right hand.

Witness: I'm left-handed, so my right hand would not be binding on my conscience.

"WHERE IS THAT BIRD?

Doomed.

By D. F. Hannigan.

NOBODY would have said that Ernest Morgan, with his great talents and intense ambition, would have come to such an end. But the world has many tragedies, and this was one of them.

He was the son of a mechanic, who might have risen to a better position in life but for his own instability of purpose and irregular habits.

Ernest got a fair education, and he had literary tastes which might have developed into something remarkable, if he had only possessed force of character.

He was, in his way, a youth of genius. He had a disdain for manual labour. He wished to be a gentleman. He read a great deal of history. He was fond of perusing novels. As for poetry, he raved about it. He could quote Byron and Shelley. He longed to go to Oxford or Cambridge. But his father, though a clever man in his way, never put aside any money; and so poor Ernest had to dispense with academic culture.

He lived a strange unfixed kind of life. He got a connection with a local paper, but he had not enough of persistency to learn shorthand, so that, after a time, he had to give up journalism. He turned to writing verses, and some of his effusions were printed in the "Poet's Corner" of the newspaper with which he had been for a time associated.

These intellectual efforts did not save him from moral degeneracy. He had a natural craving for stimulants, and in company with a few "choice spirits" he frequented a tavern where hard drinking went on up to the hour of closing. He used, on these occasions, to recite some of his own verses, and his less gifted, but perhaps more cunning comrades, applauded his compositions with more boisterousness than sincerity.

He became almost a public character in the town where he was born. Vanity and drinking habits soon undermined whatever impulses to virtue he originally felt. He promised to marry a young girl of his own class, but in a moment of caprice broke off the affair. He was full of projects for the future. He sometimes dreamed of trying to get into Parliament, and his speeches at a debating society seemed to show that he had in him the materials to form an orator if they were only properly cultivated. The. Rev. Benjamin Pyne, the Methodist minister, who had recognised in the young man's father a rather erratic member of his congregation, pitied Ernest, and at the same time admired his unquestionable talents. One day, meeting the young fellow in the street, he said:

"Ernest, you ought to come and listen to a sermon next Sunday."

"I am sick of preaching," Ernest answered. "I can preach well myself."

"Ay, but you do not practise!"

"No," said Ernest, "I am an unbeliever. Why should I mind what clergymen say? This is the nineteenth century!"

"No doubt," returned the minister, with some sternness; "but even Pagans were temperate. You are not."

Ernest, who was very conceited, regarded this home-thrust as an insult. He thought he owed it to himself to give utterance to a sharp retort.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Pyne; but I will do whatever I choose. Robert Burns used to drink, and he had more brains than half a dozen clergymen."

The Rev. Mr. Pyne was a man not easily moved to anger. He saw that the young man was a hopeless case, but he felt that, in spite of the little knowledge which had puffed the poor youth up, a lesson might be taught him through the medium of literature.

"Let me remind you," he said quietly, "that even Burns was wrecked by the passion for drink. Perhaps you have not read Wordsworth's poem addressed to the sons of Burns. The concluding words of it are:—

'Be independent, generous, brave!
Such lessons your great father gave;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear.'"

Then the minister walked away.

For a few minutes Ernest experienced a sense of humiliation. He knew that the clergyman had morally castigated him without descending to anything like vulgar abuse.

But unhappily there was a reaction, after this brief period of spiritual chastening. That night, at his favourite tavern, Ernest denounced all clergymen, and, when he had become quite intoxicated, declared himself an atheist. Some of his companions pretended to admire his opinions; others got alarmed at what they felt to be a dangerous abandonment of faith.

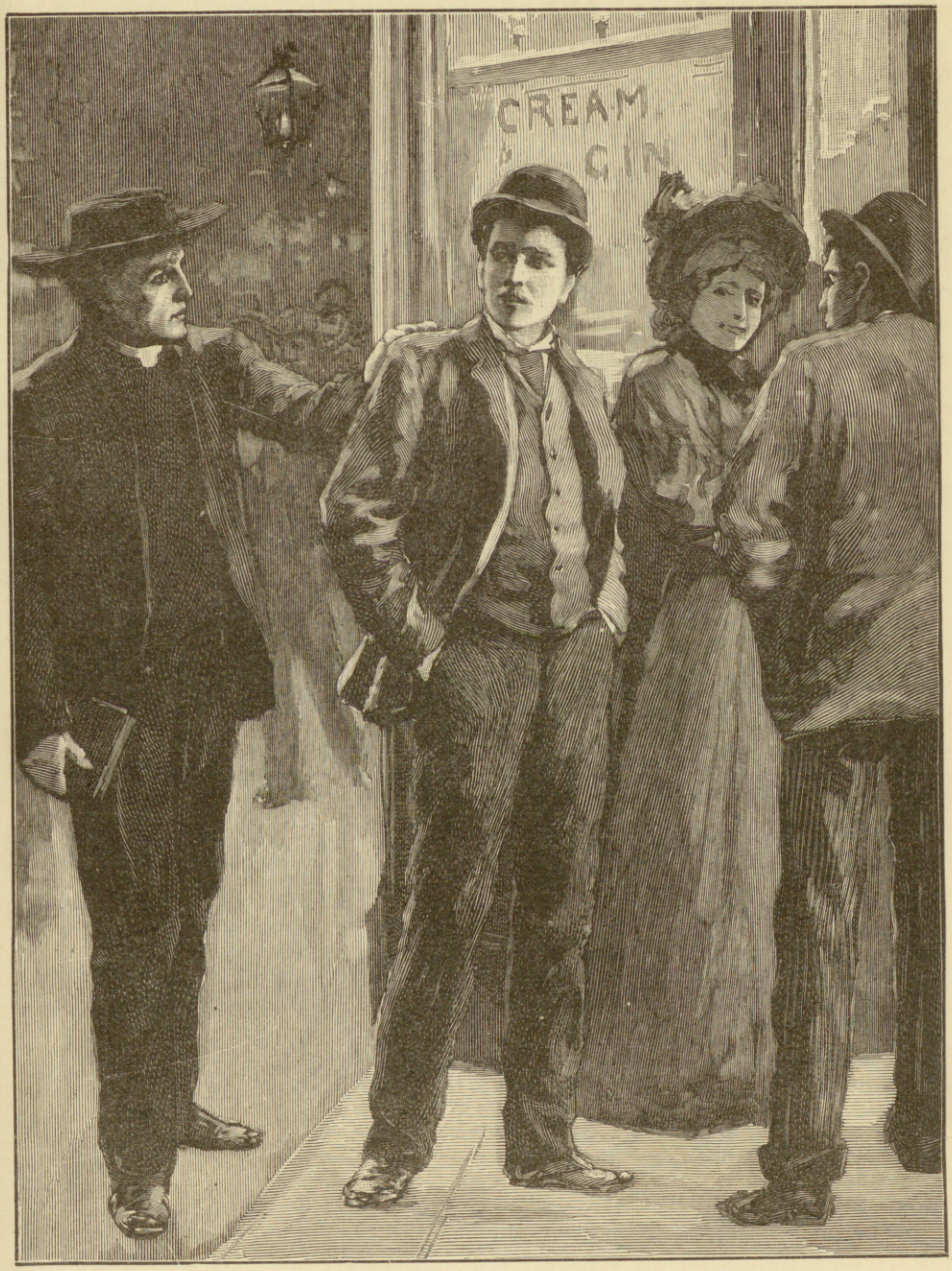
A year passed, and Ernest, in spite of his intellectual qualities, had made no progress. He had become a confirmed drunkard, and, as his father was now dead, there was no moral or even social influence to restrain him. The only thing that even prevented him from becoming a thorough sot was the fear that he might descend into the obscurity of the common herd of inebriates.

The love of notoriety was one of his master-passions. He had done many eccentric things under the instigation of his overweening vanity.

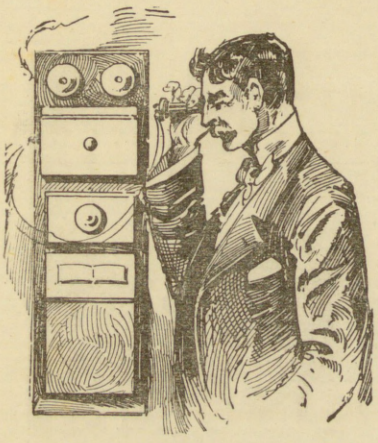
Once he made himself conspicuous by insulting the Rev. Mr. Pyne in the street. The more religious-minded people of the town passed him by in sorrowful silence. Even most of his boon companions fell away from him. Of late his irregularity of life had led many persons to believe that he was mad.

One morning the landlady of the house, in which he occupied a room, was horrified to find him hanging from his own bed-post. Close to the body there was a sheet of paper, on which were written these words in the handwriting of the unfortunate young man:—

"This is the fitting end of an ill-spent life."



"Ernest, you ought to come and listen to a sermon next Sunday."



"O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose only drink was from the liquid brook."

—MILTON.

"MAGGIE, did you make that chicken broth?"
"Oi did, mum."
"I can't find it anywhere about; what did you do with it?"
"Sure and fhat ilse would Oi do wid it but fade it to the chickens, mum?"

HIS LORDSHIP; What does counsel suppose I'm on the bench for?
Counsel: Well, my lord, I confess you have me there.

Our Calendar.

1901.

Nov. 5th.—Scottish Temperance League formed, 1844.

„ **8th.**—John Milton died, 1674.

„ **9th.**—Leeds Band of Hope first meeting, 1847.

„ **21st.**—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson died, 1896.

„ **29th.**—Archbishop Temple born, 1821.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER NECESSARY.—Farmer (*to small boy*): "If ye don't come down out o' that tree, I'll let go the dog's collar." Small boy: "Huh! A dog can't climb a tree!" Farmer: "No, but I can, an' he can wait under it."

"Temperance, exercise, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

—LONGFELLOW.

"I CANNOT see that you have made any progress since my last visit," said a gentleman to Michael Angelo.

"But," said the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened that feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb."

"But they are trifles," exclaimed the visitor.

"It may be so," replied the great artist; "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Don't despise trifles. Do what you can, though it may not seem much. A little star, shining brightly in the sky on a dark night, may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and you, by letting your light shine, may do more good than you can possibly imagine. Many an honourable career has resulted from a kind word spoken in season, or the warm grasp of a friendly hand.

Only a thought in passing—a smile or encouraging word
Has lifted many a burden no other gift could have stirred,
Only!—But then the "onlys"
Make up the mighty all.

ONE of the chief means of protection to our great battleships are huge armour plates. It is important in these days that there should be armour-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron clad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
His ears—against impure words.
His hands—against wrong-doing.
His feet—against going with bad company.
His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.
His pocket—against dishonest money.
His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armour on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armour plates that are on her ships.

MEANING OF SYMPATHY.

The power of sympathising with any character is the partial possession of that character for ourselves. A man who is capable of having his soul bowed by the stormy thunder of Beethoven, or lifted to heaven by the ethereal melody of Mendelssohn, is a musician, though he never composed a bar. The man who recognises and feels the grandeur of the organ music of "Paradise Lost" has some of the poet in him, though he be a "mute inglorious Milton."—REV. DR. MACLAREN.

See page 182, DECEMBER, 1901.

Serial Story.

Clifford Haynes' Inheritance.

By MARY WALL.

. . . Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. . . .

Clifford and Denzil Haynes, with their sister Margaret, return from the Blackerton "War Fund" Concert, which had been a great success, marred only by the humorist's caricature of a drunken man, that had given great pain to Rebecca Parkinson, whose husband had been a notorious Blackerton drunkard. On arriving home they find Mr. Haynes, senior, sitting over an unfinished letter to Clifford, quite dead. The letter told Clifford that he was the son of Coaly Parkinson, the equally-notorious drunken brother of Rebecca Parkinson's drunken husband, and also warned him that he was rapidly approaching a period of life at which his father and ancestors had come under the "drink" influence. Clifford contemplates becoming a teetotaler, and is visited by the Rev. Mr. Trevor, leader of the Temperance party in Blackerton, and promises to openly take the pledge, and learns of a great shadow on Mr. Trevor's life—the drunkenness of his mother, whom he has not seen for years. Clifford fulfils his promise at the Temperance meeting, where a notoriously drunken character, Anne Wetherall, also signs. He also meets his fate in the form of a young girl, of pale and thoughtful face. Two interesting conversations follow, one between the Blackerton brewer, Mr. Joakim, and his daughter, Clifford's fate. The second was between Clifford and Denzil Haynes, and had reference to various probable business difficulties which only the strictest attention could avert, and to an insult which Denzil, while overcome by wine, had paid to the daughter of Sandy Mackinnon, the teetotal cobbler, and for which Clifford persuaded Denzil to apologise in person. The promised visit was duly made, but Sandy Mackinnon was out, and Denzil had to deliver his message to Anne Wetherall, for whom the old cobbler had provided a home, and to Sandy's eldest daughter, Ruth, who met him with "I have no patience with drunken folks." The approaching wedding of Fred Higginbottom to Margaret Haynes greatly excited Blackerton gossips. Rachel Parkinson, fearful of Fred's drinking proclivities, called on Margaret and urged her to be careful. The Brewster Sessions in Blackerton provided two sensations in the opposition by Clifford and by Denzil Haynes to Mr. Joakim's applications, a task Clifford found doubly difficult owing to the presence of Adela Joakim, his fate. Margaret Haynes and Fred Higginbottom's marriage was duly solemnised amid much excitement, being marked by Fred's indulgence and Adela Joakim's encouragement to Clifford, an encouragement she pointedly repeated when they were thrown together on a moorland walk. Anne Wetherall, despite Sandy Mackinnon's efforts, broke out again, and was brought up in court before Mr. Joakim, the brewer, who, recognising in her the wife of a manager of one of his hotels, interceded for her, and asked Mr. Trevor to take her in hand. The minister consented, visited her, and in her found his mother. The death of the brewer leaves Adela Joakim his sole legatee. She determines to close the brewery. About the same time, Margaret Higginbottom has a son over whose cradle she induces her husband to sign the pledge, and also manages by a ruse to put Adela Joakim and Clifford Parkinson on the high road to matrimony.

CHAPTER XII.—Farewell to Blackerton.

Her own price betrays
How much she doth esteem him and his virtues.
By her election, may we truly read
The kind of man he is.
—*Shakespeare.*

THE months have come and gone; it is Christmas eve, and Blackerton is in a state of pleasing excitement. The better part of the inhabitants, all of those we know, and a couple of hundreds besides, are gathered together in the principal room of the Public Hall, in which in half-an-hour's time is to be served that comfortable, homely, middle-class, old-fashioned meal—a high tea.

But first the business of the evening is to be done, and that is no less a matter than the welcoming home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Parkinson—"Haynes-ses as was," as everyone explained with quite unnecessary lucidity—from their honeymoon.

Space forbids more than a brief notice of all that has been occurring in Blackerton during the interval that has elapsed since last we looked in at that thriving little place. The minds of all the curious bodies in the town have been set at rest as to the fate of the handsome block of buildings hitherto known as "Joakim's Breweries." A wholesale boot and shoe factory has been in full working order there for some time past; a factory where both men and women were paid good wages, and where good work was expected, and was given in return; where the comfort of the "hands" was thought of, as well as the profit and prosperity of the owner.

And who should the owner be but Miss Joakim—"as was"—again. And who such a help to her in the difficult and often almost overwhelming task of setting the new concern going—a task she wished to perform while she was still Miss Joakim—who such an unfailing guide, such a wise counsellor, as Clifford? Blackerton was some little time before it could accustom itself to the idea that Miss Joakim and Mr. Clifford were actually "keepin' company."

When it did so, all its doubtfulness as to their being anything "soft" in the young lady's recent quixotic proceedings was over.

There was nothing "soft" about the woman who was to be the future wife of "Clifford Haynes as was;" the idea was preposterous. "She 'ad a rare long 'ed on her shoulders, and knew a good man when she saw one. And so good luck to them both!"

This was the general opinion.

After his return Clifford was to take up the active management of the new business, though what money he had, and it may be some of Adela's superfluous capital, was in "Haynes-ses," as well as his interest and good-will, strong as they had ever been.

But he felt free to withdraw himself somewhat from active service there as he saw how Denzil applied himself to the routine which he had hitherto shirked, but now threw himself into "with a heart and a half."

Denzil sometimes sighed when he saw Clifford and Adela, in the days that immediately preceded their marriage, intent on some plan in connection with the new industry, and noted how truly theirs bade fair to be "a marriage of true minds." But immediately afterwards he would be heard whistling cheerily or humming the hopeful words,

> There's a good time coming, boys—
> Wait a little longer.

For his was a sunny nature, in which despondency could not long hold sway; and, moreover, he was daily proving that "good work tells," even in its immediate effect on the character of the worker and irrespective of success or failure, as the world holds such.

But let us look round the Blackerton Public Hall, and renew, for the last time, our brief acquaintance with the notabilities of Blackerton. I hope you are sorry to part from them.

Of those assembled, Clifford and his wife might have been assured in the grandiose words used by Dryden to the Earl of Dorset. "Mere acquaintance you have none here; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever afterwards inviolably yours!"

Of course, Mr. Trevor is here; and, of course, where he is, his mother is never afar. Anne Weatherall looks somewhat pale and worn, for she has been wrestling with another bad attack of the mad craving for drink, which had invariably overcome her in the past—the second since her son found her, and of both she has proved the conqueror. And so a happy light is in her eye, and her lips quiver with feeling as she looks at her son and remembers his constant encouragement, his tender firmness.

"You are going to have no 'liberty', mother. I shall be as hard as iron in keeping you out of the clutch of the enemy. But—think of the ultimate triumph!"

But between the paroxysms, especially as they wax fainter and fainter, only the God who gave her her son back knows how helpful is the influence of Anne Weatherall to those who were grievously tempted, as she had been.

Mrs. Joe Higgins is here, and her little husband sits beside her, meekly as usual. It may be, however, that "Sir Ellen" waxes a little less masterful, as she notes the bride's unassuming air, her sinking of her own importance in the pleasure she feels at seeing evidences of her husband's popularity every moment.

"Miss Joakim—as was—wouldna be such a bad model to tak' a shot at, Mrs. 'Iggins!" Abram Moss opined. "*She*'ll never worry all th' yur (hair!) off 'er 'usband's 'ed, as you're shapin' to do!"

"I'd sooner 'ave his 'air worried off," was the answer, "than see eaur Joe as woolly-topped as yo' are, Abram; there's no sense con ayther get in nor get out o' *your* noddle!"

Which shows that there is small chance of Mrs. Higgins dying through her having attained a premature perfection, *yet*.

And Denzil—I hope you are very fond of Denzil. He is pervading the whole place, with a laughing word to everyone, but he ever anchors near to a little group of which Ruth Mackinnon was the centre.

And Margaret was there, too, with her husband. Both had torn themselves away from the worship of "Young Higginbottom," as Denzil called that wonderful baby. And those who had guessed at her previous trial were rejoiced to see that a peace was written on her fair face, to which it had lately been a stranger.

And none rejoiced more at this than Rachel Parkinson, who was one of the first whom the hero and heroine of the feast greeted as they entered.

Rachel's tired face beamed with pleasure when Adela told her she was coming down to talk to her in the morning, "that is if Margaret's baby does not engross you altogether. I want you to tell me all about my husband, when he was a little chap!"

And Adela's happy face shone still happier as Rachel declared that she could tell nothing but what was good.

After the first burst of welcome that greeted the arrivals, and the words they spoke to one and another as they made their way up the hall, the meal was "tackled" in good earnest. Nobody had ever accused the Blackertonians of not doing justice to a "cookery-shine" or a "spread."

And then one and another of the talented among the company contributed each his quota to the general entertainment; but it was noticeable that there was no parodying of the vice of drunkenness, as there had been on the first occasion we met the folks we are now going to part from.

Of course, there was the inevitable darkey's song, so Denzil assured Ruth Mackinnon, as the piano struck up a pleasant air.

"It's called 'the Lily of somewhere-or-other,'" he said. "Do you know it?"

"No," said Ruth.

"There's a rhyme in it I rather like. It is:

> It's the same old tale of a coon,
> That wants to be married very soon.

Ruth, that's me! Will you, Ruth?"

"Was ever maiden in such humour wooed?" Ruth Mackinnon might have asked, had she been acquainted with Shakespeare. Perhaps she was.

At any rate, Denzil pressed his point; he had determined to "do it" at this gathering. And in the end he triumphed. Ruth promised that if, at the end of twelve months, he were still "leal"—Denzil knew what she meant—she would not be adamant.

Later on, one of Tennyson's beautiful narrative poems was recited by one of the budding elocutionists of the place.

Denzil was standing close to Ruth when the words occurred:

> It is the way of ladies, Pellees thought,
> To those that love them—trials of their faith;
> Well, let her try me to the uttermost,
> For loyal to the uttermost am I.

But, at this moment, Sandy Mackinnon, who stood in the doorway, beckoned to his daughter. The little ones were getting tired, and it was time to be thinking of getting home. Still, he would like to hear Mr. Clifford's speech first, but it was as well for all to be together, and ready to start immediately afterwards. She turned and held out her hand to Denzil, a world of meaning in her dark, intent gaze.

He held it a moment, as he said, earnestly:

"Prove me to the uttermost, for loyal to the uttermost am I."

"I know you are," Ruth answered, simply, and his face showed the delight he felt. For Ruth, as we know, was a girl of few words; it was, therefore, quite in accordance with precedent that she should ultimately settle down with an inveterate talker like Denzil.

And then, after a few words from Mr. Trevor, and from Mr. Higginbottom the elder, who, after declaring his pleasure in being one of that goodly company, announced that he, too, was a teetotaler from that day forward on the principle of "better late than never," Clifford rose.

He thanked them for their kindly welcome of his wife and himself on their return home. He let them into some of the plans which Adela and he cherished for "helping to lift the old wagon of the world out of the rut into which it had slipped," in their own immediate neighbourhood. He felt, he said, that they were all friends animated with one mind, that here in Blackerton the right spirit had taken a firm hold of the people; he reminded them of the Eastern proverb that says: "If each man swept the front of his own doorstep the whole city would be clean," and he declared that, so long as they all worked together under the banner of Temperance, the doorsteps of Blackerton would be clean, for the enemy should have no footing in the place.

And he concluded—and we will leave him here, with the brave words on his lips, and the light of hope in his eyes ere he and his good wife took their way home full of gratitude to God for all His good gifts—by reminding the opponents of Temperance of the words of a great statesman: "You cannot fight against the future! Time is on our side!"

THE END.

The Story of Plant Life.

BY

JOHN DALE.

XII.—NUTRITION AND DURATION.

From the brief story of plant life recorded in these pages, we may readily understand that two very different processes are brought about in all growing plants; these are *growth* and *reproduction*, both of which are equally necessary and important.

Where the plant consists of a single cell, its growth leads to its division into two or more similar cells, each a distinct plant, capable of reproduction in the same manner.

In a more highly organised plant, the leaves form one set of organs, exclusively adapted for growth; the flowers form another distinct set, specially designed for the formation of seed. Both these processes depend upon a proper supply of nutrition being available.

If the soil furnish the roots with sufficient water, and the air supply the leaves with carbon dioxide, under the influence of sunlight, the plant will generally thrive; and when fully grown, will produce flowers and fruit, and yield seed.

Plants, however, vary in chemical composition; that is, one has some substance in its stem, leaves or fruit, which the other has not. If the soil do not contain the special substance which the plant needs, it will not thrive as vigorously. This fact may account for the distribution of plants in different localities. Some, for instance, grow best on the sea shore, because they need salt; some thrive on limestone rocks because they require lime; some grow best in mud or clay, and some in a dry, sandy soil.

The chief chemical elements found in all plants are carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The carbon is obtained from the carbon dioxide, which always exists in the air; the hydrogen and oxygen are probably derived from water; the nitrogen is mainly furnished by the nitrates which are dissolved from the soil. Small quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and iron, and sometimes traces of other metals are found in different plants; these are derived from the salts which rain water may dissolve in going through the soil, and are thus conveyed into the stem and leaves by the root cells.

The nutrition of plants differs entirely from that of animals. In the former, by the action of sunlight, dead, inorganic matter is changed into sugar, starch, cellulose, and other organic substances. This process is called *assimilation*.

Many experiments have proved that assimilation is only possible in green plants; mushrooms and other fungi, which have no chlorophyll, obtain their food in a different way.

The first products of assimilation, starch, cellulose, etc., pass into those parts of the plant where active growth is going on. By another mysterious process, known as *metábolism*, some of the starch and cellulose is converted into constructive material which the plant needs for growth, and some is changed into the various acids, alkaloids, etc., which the different fruits require.

The nutrition of animals is effected only by the digestion of the organic substances that plants produce. Even carnivorous animals live upon the herbivorous or plant-feeding creatures. Animals cannot assimilate dead, inorganic matter, plants alone can do this; so that they are absolutely necessary to the existence of all the life on the earth, or in the sea.

The power of assimilation in plants seems surprising, when we consider the different organic substances found in a single plant, or in the plants of any one locality. These results are still more to be wondered at when we remember the almost endless varieties of woods, fruits, spices, gums, resins, and other organic products, all differentiated from a few simple materials within the plant itself.

We are led to inquire what brings about these varied and striking results. The ordinary laws of matter afford us no explanation. The forces of gravity, light, and heat, act upon matter by known and established laws, and produce uniform results. But in plants and trees we see endless diversities of results, which lead us to the idea of a vital force; that is, a special power acting upon the materials within them, by which they are

converted into living things. This vital force we call plant life, and we cannot hesitate to believe that there is an infinitely wise Creator, who gives life to the little daisy at our feet, and to the giant of the forest, as well as to all the creatures His hands have made.

Plant life presents wider differences in its length or duration than can be found in the animal world. The delicate fungus that springs up during the twilight hour of a summer evening attains its full growth, and scatters its ripened spores around on the following day. Ere the sun has passed over it a second time, it has already withered, and is crumbling into the dust from whence it arose.

This may have its counterpart in some of the ephemeral insects that dance in the light of a summer's day. The sturdy oak, that braves the storms of well nigh a thousand years, has none of the animal world to bear it company through the centuries of its growth. There is said to be an oak in France that was planted by one of the first Counts of Champagne, in 1070. The stem is thirty feet high before the branches are reached, and though it is hollow, the branches continue to flourish and bear leaves and acorns.

A lime tree, in the south of France, has reached a height of 100 feet, measures thirty-five round the stem, and is supposed to be more than 800 years old; another, in Germany, is estimated to be more than 1,000 years old. We have many yew trees, in churchyards and elsewhere, whose history can be traced for many centuries.

Professor Henslow confirms the estimate of De Candolle, when he assigns the baobab trees of Senegal a life period of more than 5,000 years! The taxodium of Mexico is said to furnish many examples of a longer duration of growth than even the patriarchal trees of Western Africa. If these estimates are correct, and we have no reason to doubt them, then these trees must have been growing before the time of the Flood.

From the readers who have patiently followed this story of plant life, we have a request to make, and that shall be our reward for writing these brief pages.

Do not altogether lay aside the study of plant life, when you have read them, but look for yourself into the great volume of nature, and you will find much to please and instruct. A reverent mind will discover the wisdom of God written on every page.

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!

Dog Lionel's Triumph.

A Christmas Story for Little Folk.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

Dog Lionel was a noble beast,
And he lived in a flat in town;
His limbs were slight, and his collar white,
While his coat was a dusky brown.
Yet he oft felt sad, and his system bad,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
He wasn't "as young as" he "used to be,"
And he'd lost the sight of an eye.

Dog Lionel was a trifle proud,
And moved with a stately grace;
Be it understood, he had real blue blood,
And came of a noble race.
He was poor, 'tis true, and he seldom knew
The joys of a lordly feast;
Yet he kept his poverty to himself,
And posed as a well-fed beast.

And there were so many other things
Made Lionel feel most sad,
His master's ways and the evil days
That had come to their lives once glad.
He had never a bed for his poor old head,
Not even a dusty mat;
But slept on the floor, and never, poor dog,
Felt certain of even that.

But the thing that grieved dog Lionel most
Was his master's altered ways;
A frowning face he got in place
Of the smile of olden days.
A kick, or oath, and sometimes both,
From the master once so good,
Till Lionel felt a poor sad beast
In spite of his real blue blood.

And he often sighed in solitude
For the happy days long fled,
When he fed in state, from a China plate,
And slept in a real rug bed.
When his master's voice made his heart rejoice,
With a word that was always kind,
In the olden time ere the blight of drink
Had fallen upon his mind.

Dog Lionel looked with vengeful eyes
At the ale-house over the way,
Whose red lamp gleamed, and forever seemed
A light that must lead astray.
And the dog so fat, who lay on a mat,
And snarled at the passers by,
The publican's dog with its pompous air,
Was poor Lionel's enemy.

While Lionel got all scraggy and thin,
And full of brooding care,
That beast on the mat grew sleek and fat,
And full of that pompous air;
Till Lionel sighed, as his foe he eyed,
And thought with a heart all sore,
Of the money that went to the publican's till,
While he starved at the drunkard's door.

Now Christmas was coming with joy and song,
And tidings to cheer the earth,
And the cottage small, like the loftiest hall,
Was gay with the sounds of mirth.
The mistletoe with its drops of snow,
And the holly gleaming red,
The flowers of the winter, bright, and fair,
Smiled forth from a frosty bed.

Poor Lionel saw his master go,
As he'd often done before,
Past the soft fur mat, and the beast so fat,
That stretched at the ale-house door.
With a little frown, and his tail hung down,
He patiently crept behind;
A gleam of fire in the eye that saw,
And a tear in the one gone blind.

Crouched down by the ale-house door he watched
For his master to come again,
While that dog so fat, on the soft fur mat,
Eyed him with such disdain,
That Lionel's ire, like a glowing fire,
Leapt high with a sudden glow,
While his ears went down, and his tail went up,
As he glared at his pampered foe.

And soon there were sounds in that little street
Of terror and pain and fright,
A moan and a howl, and a snarl and a growl,
Rang out on the air of night.
And the publican ran with his best bar-man,
And gazing in fear around,
Beheld a bundle of bleeding dog,
Lie panting upon the ground.

Its ears were cut, and its tail was crushed,
And its hair was covered with blood,
T'was the dog so fat—while upon the mat,
The victor in triumph stood.
And his eye gleamed bright, and his teeth were white,
As though he would still defy,
While his scraggy tail waved to and fro,
Like a banner of victory.

Then the publican's rage it knew no bounds,
As he fiercely glared around,
He bubbled o'er, and he raved and swore,
But Lionel stood his ground.

He was starved for food, but his noble blood
Through his veins ran warm and free,
And while the publican stamped and raved,
Collected and cool was he.

Not even the sight of an out-stretched foot
Could cause him to slink away.
He had won the fight, and had paid that night
A debt he felt bound to pay.
And he stood quite mute, while the publican's boot
Swung close to his proud old head,
But it never fell, for most strange to tell,
The publican fell instead.

Then Lionel's master, who heard the noise,
From the door-way looked around,
And with evident glee he laughed to see
The publican on the ground.
This raised the wrath of the man of froth,
Who cried from his muddy throne,
"I'll have the life of that mangy cur;
That bundle of skin and bone!"

Then the drunkard turned his eyes to look
At the dog who loved him so,
And he bowed his head, while a flush of red
Made his face for a moment glow.
Then he cried aloud, with his head still bowed,
"What you say is partly true;
My dog is a bundle of skin and bones,
For his food goes all to you."

"Your dog is pampered, well-fed and sleek,
While mine's in a sorry plight,
But in spite of that, your dog so fat,
Has had the worst of the fight.
But Lionel come, let us hasten home;
It is cold in the muddy street,
The money I meant to spend on drink,
We shall spend on something to eat."

Now the publican swore, for he felt he had lost
A customer good, that night;
So he kicked the mat, and the dog so fat,
Who had helped to make the fight.
While Lionel's glee was so plain to see,
As he ran by his master's side,
That the people who met him laughed outright,
At his air of joyful pride.

And when Christmas dawned with a merry pea
To banish the clouds of care,
Dog Lionel went with his heart content,
To sniff at the morning air.
And there on the mat, lay the dog so fat,
With many a bruise and scar;
While his very tail wore the fallen look
Of one who had lost in war.

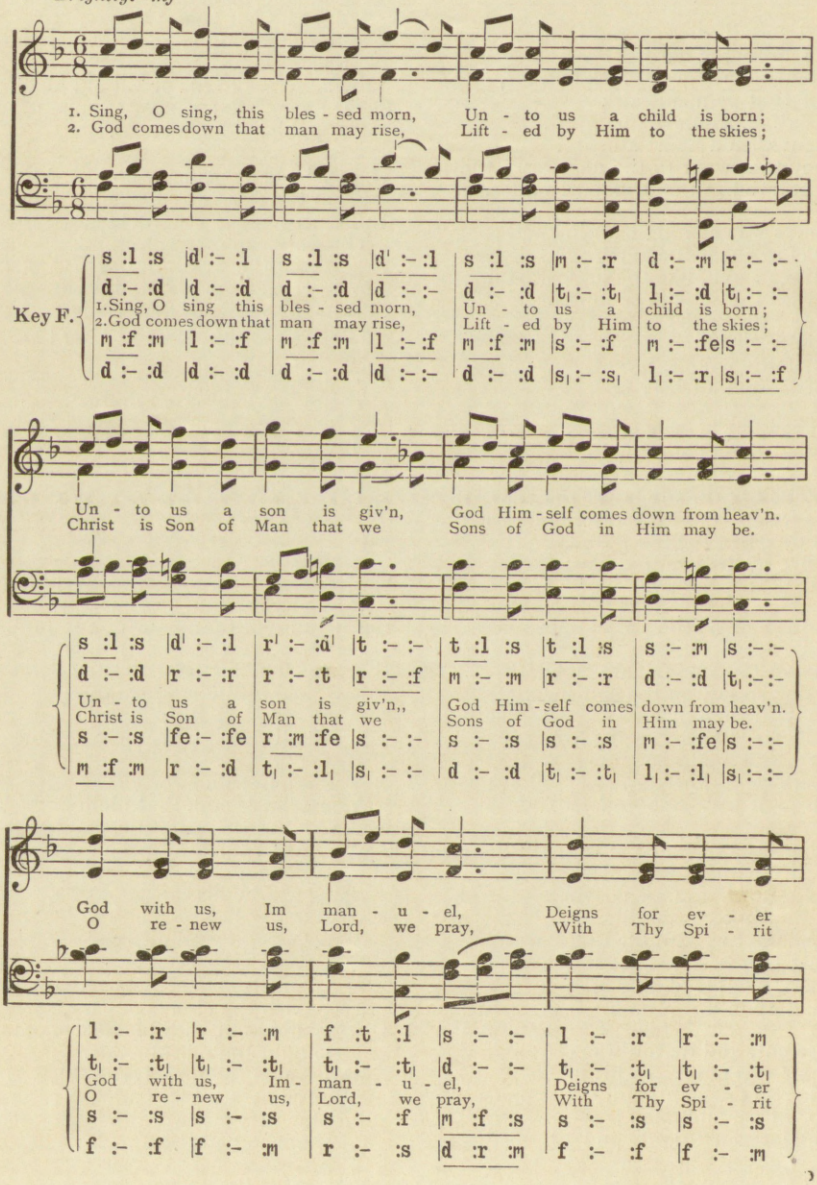
He hung his head when he saw his foe,
And whined in a frightened way,
But anger should cease with the glow of peace
That comes with the Christmas day.
In the present hour of his triumph and power,
Dog Lionel saw no reason
Why he should not forgive—so he wished his foe
The "Compliments of the Season."

SING, O SING THIS BLESSED MORN.

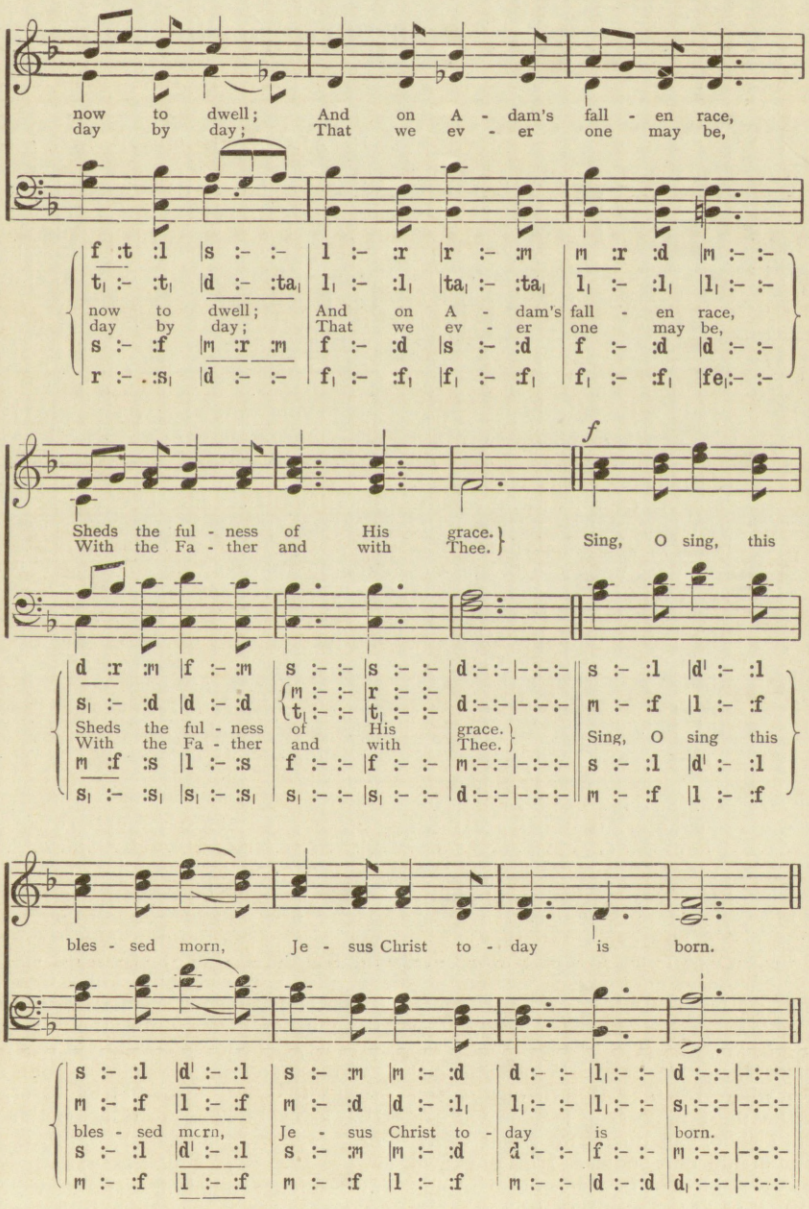
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by WORDSWORTH. Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER.

Brightly. *mf*



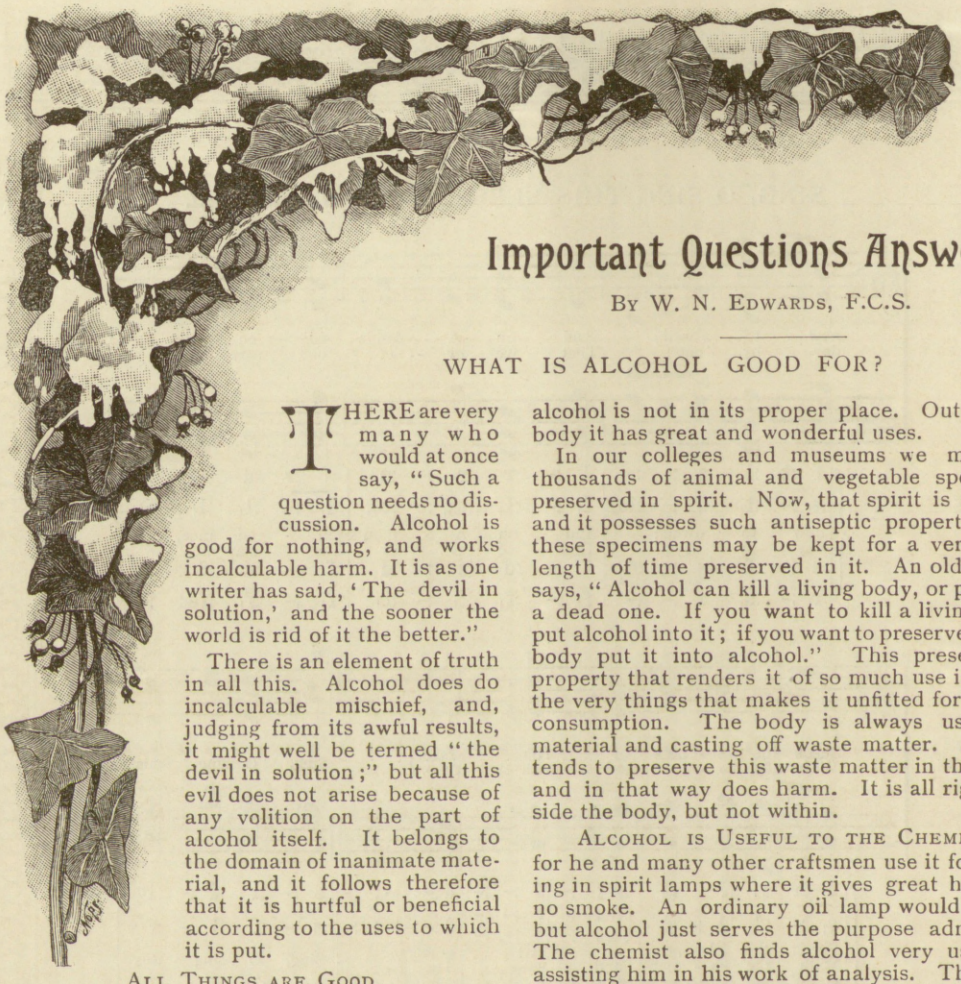
SING, O SING THIS BLESSED MORN—*continued.*



Important Questions Answered.

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

WHAT IS ALCOHOL GOOD FOR?



THERE are very many who would at once say, "Such a question needs no discussion. Alcohol is good for nothing, and works incalculable harm. It is as one writer has said, 'The devil in solution,' and the sooner the world is rid of it the better."

There is an element of truth in all this. Alcohol does do incalculable mischief, and, judging from its awful results, it might well be termed "the devil in solution;" but all this evil does not arise because of any volition on the part of alcohol itself. It belongs to the domain of inanimate material, and it follows therefore that it is hurtful or beneficial according to the uses to which it is put.

All Things are Good

in their proper place is true as far as all material things are concerned. Fire is a good thing in the grate, or in the stoke hole, but it is a great evil when it burns our houses. Gas is a good thing when confined in pipes and used for lighting our rooms, but it is a bad thing when it escapes into the air and is breathed into the lungs. It is good, then, in one place, and evil in another. The same may be said of most poisons; they have many good and useful purposes, but when they are taken into the body they become evil, because they have under those circumstances the power to injure and to kill.

The same is true of alcohol. Its mischievous work begins when we take it into our bodies, and one of the most important lessons we can learn is, that alcohol can do us no harm whilst we keep it outside our bodies. It is our own fault, therefore, if alcohol becomes an evil thing to us, because it can't get inside of us and do its mischievous work unless we willingly admit it.

The Uses of Alcohol are Many.

Its production in all kinds of intoxicating drink is not useful, because it is then produced for the very purpose of people drinking it, and that is a purpose which, as we have already learned, results in evil. Inside our bodies alcohol is not in its proper place. Outside the body it has great and wonderful uses.

In our colleges and museums we may see thousands of animal and vegetable specimens preserved in spirit. Now, that spirit is alcohol, and it possesses such antiseptic properties that these specimens may be kept for a very great length of time preserved in it. An old maxim says, "Alcohol can kill a living body, or preserve a dead one. If you want to kill a living body put alcohol into it; if you want to preserve a dead body put it into alcohol." This preservative property that renders it of so much use is one of the very things that makes it unfitted for human consumption. The body is always using up material and casting off waste matter. Alcohol tends to preserve this waste matter in the body, and in that way does harm. It is all right outside the body, but not within.

Alcohol is Useful to the Chemist,

for he and many other craftsmen use it for burning in spirit lamps where it gives great heat but no smoke. An ordinary oil lamp would not do, but alcohol just serves the purpose admirably. The chemist also finds alcohol very useful in assisting him in his work of analysis. There are many things he is able to do by its aid that he cannot accomplish without it.

The Manufacturer

also finds alcohol useful. There is a large trade in French polish and in spirit varnishes, but these cannot be produced without alcohol. There are immense quantities of methylated spirits used in quite a number of trades and manufactures, but methylated spirit is largely composed of alcohol. Then, too, there is considerable trade in perfumes, and many of these depend on alcohol for their production and preservation, for alcohol has the power of dissolving many of the vegetable gums and aromatic resins that are insoluble in water, and others that are soluble in water are better preserved in alcoholic solutions than in water.

The Scientist

also finds alcohol a useful servant. The thermometer is a scientific instrument used for ascertaining temperature. Mercury is often used as the indicator on the thermometer because of its very perceptible expansion and contraction on the application of heat or cold. Alcohol does the work just as well, with this great advantage, that in temperatures where mercury would be frozen, alcohol is still a liquid. The medical

man also finds alcohol of service in the making of his tinctures. Many of the roots and berries that are used readily yield their extracts to alcohol, and these are preserved in it when solutions in water would readily ferment and decay. Chloroform and ether are both substances of the highest importance in the medical world. They are called anæsthetics, because they have the power of suspending consciousness to pain, and thus the surgeon is able to perform operations that would otherwise be quite impossible. Alcohol is also an anæsthetic, but in a less degree. A mixture of alcohol, chloroform, and ether is one of the safest anæsthetics in use.

But although chloroform and ether have been of so much service to mankind, and have been the agents that have helped the surgeon to save innumerable lives, it must not be forgotten that both of these important substances are derived from alcohol. To make chloroform or ether, alcohol must first be had, and then from it and other agents that are added chloroform and ether are produced.

THE HOUSEHOLD

also finds alcohol a good thing, not in ales and wines and spirits, but in the much more useful and homely vinegar. What a variety of uses vinegar is put to, and yet the acetic acid, which is that particular thing that is the base of vinegar, is derived directly from alcohol. There are other uses that alcohol has, but we have sufficient before us for our purpose, and we can clearly see that this substance in its proper place has an important part to play in the service of mankind.

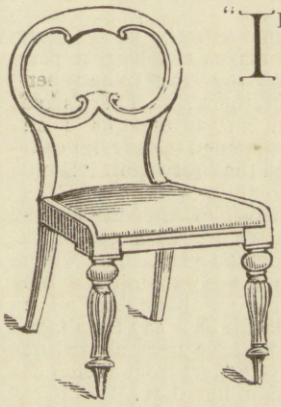
THE IMPORTANT LESSON

that we should learn is that the Temperance movement is not directed against alcohol as such, but against all forms of alcoholic drink. It is by them that all the miseries and evils of intemperance are brought about, and it is only by their removal, or by the abstinence of men and women from their use, that these evils can be remedied. We have a clear issue before us. Let alcohol be kept to its proper place, and we shall have a good word to say for it, but out of that proper place it is a potent power for evil, and there must be no cessation of our war against it.

Welcome! Father Christmas,
Glad to see you here,
With your loving burden,
And your face of cheer.
All the children wait you,
Long your smile to greet,
For they know your kindness,
Will their joy complete.
Welcome! Father Christmas,
Welcome! everywhere.

The Chair that Talked.

BY "UNCLE EDWARD."



"IF ever a chair talked, that chair talked!" Thus soliloquised Mary Ann Gant, a tall, haggard, elderly woman, as she gazed round her badly-furnished sitting room, her eyes suddenly stopping upon a well-built, well-preserved mahogany chair, which seemed to stand out from among its rather squalid and threadbare surroundings, after the fashion of a tall man in his "Sunday best" amid a crowd of fustian-covered labourers. There was no answer to Mary Ann's remark, for the simple reason that the room contained nothing endowed with life, and, notwithstanding her asseveration as to the occasional loquacity of that special chair, it maintained a dead silence, and showed no evidence of a desire to vindicate its character. Mary Ann Gant followed up her remark by crossing the room and sinking down with a thud upon that select piece of furniture, and, with a loud gulp, which sounded more like an effort to check a burst of emotion than a genuine, long-drawn sigh, which it was intended for, she crossed her hands in her lap and closed her eyes, and began one of her favourite "brown studies."

"Ah, I hear ye," she said, as the chair creaked, with a low muffled sound, at the weight of her by-no-means light, though scraggy, body. "I hear ye, but ye've said that afore, and it ain't true."

With these words, snappily uttered, Mary Ann shifted uneasily nearer the chair back, with the effect of producing another slight noise, a small crack this time, from the framework.

"I tell ye it's a lie," re-iterated the old dame. "and nobody knows it better than yerself. To say as I'm to blame for Jim comin' 'ome drunk, it ain't sense, *that* it ain't. Why, 'e's never seed me the wuss for drink—*never*. If all was as moderate as me, there'd be a tidy lot less trouble in the world, *that* I know." And the emphasis on the "that" aroused the dormant creaks to fresh vigour, and the "best mahogany" again gave vent to a wheezing sound.

"Ah, I *know* ye'll make yer case out to *yer own* satisfaction, but I tell ye ye're downright lyin' when ye puts the blame on me. There never *was* a lad in all the wide world as 'ad less temptation put in 'is way by 'is parents than our Jim 'ad. Why, 'is father took first prize at a 'statty' for climbin' a greasy pole, an' caught the pig wi' a well-buttered tail the wery same day, an' 'ad it, too, a roaster it was. Could a man as drank 'isself bad do that? Bah!" and

Mary Ann Gant writhed on her seat, and *again* it groaned audibly.

"Ye're the himpersonation o' hobstinacy," she hissed, "an' dunno what ye're talkin' about." As she spoke, she glanced round her shoulders at the polished back.

"O' course I ain't been a *teetotal*, I knows that, but *who is?* Them as makes the biggest perfeshuns o' sich ways, ain't the most to be relied on, leastwise I ain't found them so. There's ole Felix Back'ouse; I 'eerd 'im say once as 'e 'ad bin so all 'is life, an' I 'appened to 'ear 'im conterdicted by 'is own gal on the werry spot. 'Dad,' she says, 'yer know yer ain't.' 'E says, ''Ow ain't I?' 'Why,' she says, 'I've 'eerd gran'-mother say as she used to dip 'er finger in 'er drop o' gin, and put a spot on yer tongue when ye was a baby; she says ye wouldn't ha' bin alive now if it hadn't bin for that.' An' all 'e says was 'Rats!' Not much of a say for a man as reckons 'imself two or three pegs above the rest on us; but wot can ye expect from a feller as don't act up to 'is perfeshun like that?"

The chair cracked audibly.

"*Well, any'ow I ain't a 'ypocrit.*"

This was said with such an emphatic jerk that there seemed little doubt but that the interpretation of the chair's comment was, to Mary Ann's consciousness, still condemnatory.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked Jim. He was sober, of that there could be no two opinions.

"Well, mother, he said, "ye've bin on that chair since I come in at dinner time; ain't tea ready?"

Mrs. Gant leaped up, the mahogany framework almost cried out with a sense of relief, and she instinctively started to reply to its cry.

"I tell ye it's——," but the sight of her Jim broke the spell, and the sentence died away on her lips.

"Mother, it 'd be jolly nice if we 'ad all the chairs as good as *that*, wouldn't it?"

"Ah," she gasped, for she had not fully recovered from her reverie, "so it would, lad; but it ain't for sich as us to 'ev dinin' room sweets."

"Mother," broke in Jim, "I'll earn 'em if you'll take care o' 'em."

"Take care o' 'em!" replied Mrs. Gant, in an astonished key. "I can take care o' 'em; but where are they comin' from?"

Jim passed her a piece of paper.

"What's this, then, Jim—a cheque?"

"No, mother; somethink better."

Mrs. Gant read it quickly:—"I have done with drink, henceforth and for ever.—Jim Gant."

She looked at him with an inquiring and almost anxious expression. He quietly murmured:

"I've left undone the things I ought to have done, and I've done the things I ought not to have done, and there is no health in me"; and then taking his scraggy, well-meaning, deluded mother by both hands, he said, "Mother, I've signed the pledge. I wish *you'd* ha' 'ad the credit o' it."

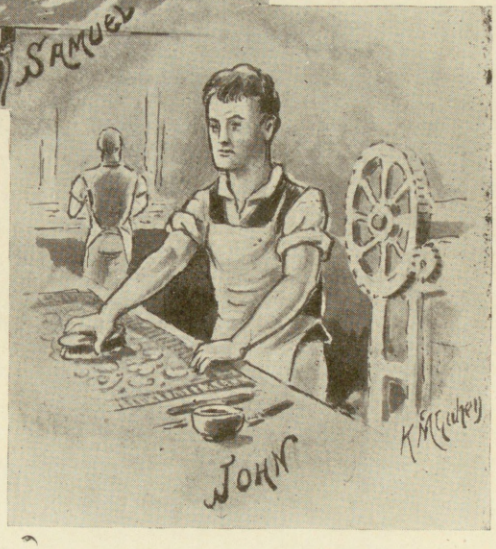
Before twelve months were over she wished so too, for the home was changed from hell to heaven, and there were five new polished chairs to keep the mahogany ones company, and Mrs. Gant kept them "like new pins." In fact, they were too immaculate to sit on, and the polish on them always had a fresh, sticky, oily look which gave them an appearance of having been "fresh done up" and not *quite* dry, so that the "chair that talked" got most of the *practical* work to do, although the neighbours never ceased to make "Mrs. Gant's new sittin's" one of the leading topics of their evening gossips. As for Mrs. Gant she stuck persistently to the chair which had been her solace in years gone by, and although she would stand in front of the other five with a look of uncontrollable pride, and an occasional remark, such as "Ah, *they* speak for theirselves," or "You've only got to *look* at 'em to know the class *we* are," she never tested their conversational powers. But *her* chair! A day never passed by without "jist five minutes" in it, although she never allowed herself to "lose time" as she did in Jim's drinking days. But it was amazing what "the chair that talked" could "get in" during the space of five minutes. The strange part of it was that from the hour that Jim changed his ways, the chair changed its tactics, and instead of the everlasting accusations with which it ruffled Mrs. Gant's spirits, it became a gentle monitor to her better self, one of its favourite expressions being, "Follow Jim." "Ah," she said one day, when during a five minutes' rest on her "old original," as she sometimes called it, there seemed to be no word uttered by it but the perpetual re-iteration of "Follow Jim! Follow Jim! Follow Jim!" "ah, it's a case o' the cart before the 'orse, but there's no 'elp for it now. If I'd 'a done what I ort to 'a done in years gone by I should 'a *led Jim*, but it's turned out t'other way, an' I must bottle up my pride and let '*im* lead *me*;" and then, leaping up from her seat with a spring worthy of "sweet seventeen," producing a medley of cracks, groans, and creaks, which startled even *her* accustomed ears, she almost shouted: "'ere stands teetotal Mary Ann Gant," and what Mary Ann Gant said she *meant*. Years rolled on, and "the chair that talked," once more changed its text, and Mary Ann Gant's weight had no effect beyond producing a muffled whisper, which her long experience in the art of interpreting its utterances caused her to readily comprehend, was—"Better late than never."

The Wonderful Dwarf:

A FAIRY TALE OF TO-DAY.

By D. T. Hannigan.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three sons. Their names were George, Samuel, and John. George was a fine child, with a proud, beautiful face, and he was his mother's delight. She adorned him in every way she could, and was determined that he should grow to be a strong man, a giant, and, if possible, the King of the Earth. The second son was plain-looking, but there was something



nomely and natural in the expression of his countenance. His mother was also fond of Samuel, though in a less degree than George, and the future that she hoped for him was that he would be a rich merchant. But the third son, John, was stunted and insignificant looking, and she feared that he would never grow to the full height of manhood. In fact, she sorrowed at the thought that, if he lived at all, he would be a dwarf.

Time passed and George grew up a splendidly moulded youth. He was pampered by everyone on account of his beauty, and he claimed to be noble because he was the first-born and the best beloved. He did many great things. He fought all comers, and allowed nobody to make the slightest imputation on his honour. He was above all proud of the distinction of being a gentleman. However, he never worked, unless fighting can be called work, and he lived on the fat of the land.

Samuel devoted more attention to making money than to the pursuit of pleasure, or the winning of renown. He was penurious, but exceedihgly industrious. He opened a shop where he sold different kinds of goods, and, as he grew richer he became a manufacturer.

The youngest of the three, who was familiarly called Jack by his mother and by other people, was much neglected during his childhood. He received very little education, and was badly clad. He was never presented with a toy, and, as soon as he was able to use his arms, he was sent out to work for his living.

He was strong limbed, and capable of immense endurance ; but he had none of the advantages enjoyed by George. He could scarcely fail to be impressed by the difference between his position and that of his two brothers. But, while Samuel made use of him either to attend customers in the shop, or to work in the factory, and gave him a very small stipend for doing so, George almost ignored his very existence, and looked upon him as a mere serf.

However, nature is more powerful than either man's ambition or his cupidity. The greatest conquerors, after causing the deaths of thousands, have been called to their account, and their voices have been silenced for ever. Riches may be heaped up, but no man can take his wealth to the grave with him. And in the end, honest labour finds its own reward, just as virtue does. Jack, the dwarf, was really more indispensable in the world than either of his two brothers. Somebody should work while George was fighting in war —for as he grew older he went in for a military career — and while Samuel was counting his gains. And Jack was the patient, untiring

toiler. But for his toil George might have starved, and Samuel would have remained poor. Jack supplied bread and meat and clothing to his brothers by his labour. But neither of them seemed willing to recognise how much he owed to the wonderful dwarf. George considered that it was quite good enough for a mere working man to work for small pay, and Samuel, in his anxiety to accumulate money, grudged high wages to his less fortunate younger brother.

But was he less fortunate, after all? That remains to be seen.

George's luxurious habits often led to intemperance, though it was cloaked with a certain show of splendour that made the unwise look upon it as nothing worse than love of hospitality. Samuel was scarcely seen in a state of intoxication, but his greed tempted him to invest money in public-houses, where drink was supplied to poor wretches who, in order to gratify their unnatural thirst for stimulants, left their families to die of starvation.

Jack sometimes, after a hard day's work, would spend some of his earnings in drink, and for this he was only laughed at by Samuel. George took a different attitude with regard to Jack's failings. He said it was only to be expected that a working man should spend his wages, or a portion of what he earned, in getting drunk. As this gorgeous aristocrat never went into such a vulgar place as a public house, he saw no disgrace in drinking to excess in a club.

Jack was not a fool, in spite of his worldly disadvantages. He had more than once struck against the starvation wages allowed him by Samuel. He was shrewd enough to see that George's gentility "covered a multitude of sins." In the course of time he married a girl of the people, and had children. George and Samuel wedded girls of a different class. Jack's wife was naturally affectionate, and she wanted him to be happy, in spite of the life of hard work to which he was doomed. She gradually weaned her honest husband from the habit of even occasional tippling. After a time, the dwarf became a total abstainer. He was not ashamed of the work which won bread for his wife and his little ones. In spite of their prejudices, George and Samuel were forced to respect him. In the long run it was acknowledged that Jack was a man to be reckoned with, and that without him the others would perish. In the wonderful dwarf the power of the people was embodied. Work and virtue raised him above mere titles of nobility as well as above mere material wealth. He found happiness in the labour of his hands, and an earthly paradise in the sinless atmosphere of Home.

A Narrow Escape.

WITH no thought of danger, no fear of there being a possibility of their inability to return home safely at the close of the day, a merry picnic party started for Niagara Falls. Arriving there they viewed the mighty cataract from the best standpoint and gathered their little souvenirs of the spot, and when evening came gathered on board their steamer for the return trip. As they passed out of Chippewa Creek and entered the Niagara River they found they had not enough steam up to make their headway against the current. Slowly and steadily the vessel was borne the other way, and ten miles distant was the terrible roaring cataract. There was not a moment to lose. Every instant the "draw" downward grew stronger. There was not fuel sufficient to make a quick fire which should raise the steam to the needful degree. It was a dreadful moment to those two or three hundred excursionists. There seemed no chance of rescue, unless a miracle should be wrought to save them. The strongest and the bravest turned pale and trembled, and hearts were lifted up in prayer that had seldom prayed before.

At that fearful moment the engineer bethought him of the oil that he used for lubricating the machinery. In an instant it was thrown upon the fire and blazed up with an intense heat. More and more was added until the wheel began to move more rapidly. Then came a little pause, as though two giants were struggling for the mastery, and then there was a little upward movement, then a stroke further, and they saw the danger was past—they were steaming away steadily from the Falls in the direction of home and safety! Do you think that was a happy moment? Do you wonder that all knelt upon the deck while one of the party offered up thanksgiving aloud to the great God who had delivered them?

There are other dangerous rapids and many are going down them singing, laughing, and heeding not the danger, and believing not the words whispered by anxious friends who warn them. Some started on the excursion when they took their first glass of wine at a social gathering, afraid to say "No," because they might be thought "queer." There is only one way of safety, and that is in heading entirely the other way. Don't tamper with the danger.

The Deadly Cigarette.

By Rev. William Wood.

The man who smokes these filthy things.
These cigarettes I mean,
With clothes and breath offensive, vile,
Can never be called clean.

They stunt the growth of the physique,
The brilliant eye bedim,
Befog the mental vision, too,
For judgment, don't trust him!

If he's a servant anywhere,
This slave of cigarettes,
His service cannot be the best,
His duties he forgets.

My boy, don't use these "coffin nails,"
For surely if you do
You undervalue manhood's worth
And crush your spirits, too!

Say "No," when first you're tempted,
Say "No!" You surely can,
Say "No" to every evil,
Be first and last a MAN!

The Christ-Child.

EVERY little German child is told the following story of the Christ-child:—

There was once a poor cottager who lived in the woods. He had a wife and two children, a boy and a girl. They were very poor and had to work hard for their daily bread. One dark night in winter, when the snow was falling fast and the cold wind whistled about the cottage, they heard a gentle tap upon the window pane, and a soft voice cried out, "O pray let me in! I am so cold and so hungry. What shall I do? I have no home and I shall die out in the snow." Hans and Gretel jumped up from their seats at the table and ran to open the door. "Come in, poor child," they said. "We have not much to eat, but we will divide our supper with you." So they brought the little stranger in from the cold and darkness. They gave him half their supper and placed him in their little hard bed. They said: "Sleep there, dear little one. We will lie on the floor for this one night." The little child was very weary, and said, "Thank you, dear children, and thank God for all His kindness." Then the poor tired wanderer went to sleep, and the cottager and his wife and children slept too, and all was peace within the rude cottage.

Suddenly little Gretel awoke and called her brother; "Hans, Hans! awake and listen to the sweet music!" Then Hans, too, opened his eyes and listened. It was the sweetest music ever heard. It sounded like sweet voices to the tones of a silver harp—

"Oh, holy child, we greet thee!
With notes of love and praise.

"Oh, holy child, in peace sleep on
While over thee we watch till morn.

"Blest be the home that welcomes thee,
For there shall heaven's blessing be."

The children listened, while a holy peace filled their hearts. Then they stole quietly to the window to see what singers made such melody. The rosy light was just coming in the East, and there, in the soft glow, they saw a group of lovely children standing before the house, all clothed in shining white raiment, and playing upon harps of gold.

As they stood amazed, and could not speak for wonder and joy, a light tap made them turn their eyes back into the room, and there stood the little wandering child, no longer cold and forlorn, but clad in a dress of purest white, with a golden radiance about his head.

"I am the Christ-child," said he. "I wander through the world and bring happiness to all good children. Since ye welcomed me last night and gave me your own supper, and let me sleep in your bed, now I will feed you with heavenly bread and ye shall never know weariness or cold again."

Before the cottage door there grew a fir tree, and the beautiful Christ-child now broke from it a twig and planted it in the ground and said: "See, children! I have planted this little branch, and it shall grow to be a tree, and every year at this time, when other trees are bare and other fruit is withered, it shall grow green and bear fruit that shall be always ripe and beautiful." As he spoke, lo! he vanished, and with him went the choir of angel-children. But the fir tree twig had grown at once to be a tall and stately tree, and on its boughs were the fruits of paradise. Every year it blossoms and bears fruit at Christmas tide, and little children love it and call it "The Christmas Tree" in memory of the dear Christ-child.

One of the special features of this magazine for 1902 will be "SCIENCE DIALOGUES," by W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.

A man may be driven from the right road for want of encouragement.—RUSKIN.

CÆSAR AND TEMPERANCE.—In his historic "Commentaries on the Gallic War," Cæsar, speaking of one tribe, says:—"There was no access for merchants amongst them. They suffered no wine and other things pertaining to luxury to be imported; they thought that their spirits became enervated by these things and valour relaxed. They were men of great valour."

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Our Calendar.

1901.

Dec. 8th.—The great "Father Mathew" died 1856.

„ **22nd.**—Many Happy Returns to Dr. Dawson Burns.

„ **24th.**—The First Temperance Hotel was opened in England, 1834.

„ **30th.**—Anniversary of the formation of the Sunday Closing Association, 1863.

„ **31st.**—The United Kingdom Temperance and Provident Institution was formed, 1840.

A Modern Daniel.

A young banker, a member of the Church of Christ, was called upon to respond to a toast at the State Bankers' Association Banquet, in Indianapolis. He was asked to speak on behalf of the rising generation—the younger bankers of Indiana. He did so in a very honest, manly, and straightforward manner. At the close of his speech, he proposed to drink a health to the older bankers of the State, whose wise counsel and kindly consideration had so aided the younger men in their efforts; and there, in the presence of 200 guests, the wealthiest and most fashionable of Indiana's people, who had been sipping costly champagne and Rhine wine from thin and delicate glasses, this business young man, in his maiden speech, dared to say: "I propose that we drink a health to the older bankers of the State, and that we drink it in Clear, Cold, Pure Water!" Every glass was raised, and as they drank pure water, every guest felt the force of the object lesson. It took courage to teach that lesson, but it was well taught.

At a day school one of the teachers was giving a lesson on "steam" to a class of boys about eight years old. After having talked to them about half-an-hour, illustrating her lecture with a boiling kettle, she put the question:

"What are the uses of steam?"

First Boy: To make tea, mum!"

The teacher smiled, and asked the next.

"To burst boilers, mum!"

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honour lies.

A USELESS ACCOMPLISHMENT.—Amateur Yachtsman: How does it happen that you have always lived near the water, yet do not know how to swim?

Fisherman's Boy: I don't have to swim. I know how to sail.

JACK: Why do they give all these dishes French names? By their common English names they'd taste as sweet.

TOM: Yes; but they wouldn't cost as much.

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

The pledge which I ask of you and others to take does not enslave—it makes free.—FATHER MATHEW.

Murphy—Oi tell yez, Flaherty, th' public-house is th' poor mon's cloob. Troth, Oi don't see how he could git on widout it. Flaherty—He couldn't. Iv there wor no public-houses, there'd be no poor min.

A Specially Interesting Series of Articles, "THE BRITISH SOLDIER," will be contributed to this Magazine during 1902, by a Soldier recently returned from South Africa.

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No 4. **Vincent Yarley's Vision.** By T. H. EVANS. (2 males and 2 females.)
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No 6. **Our Future Fate.** (8 boys.)
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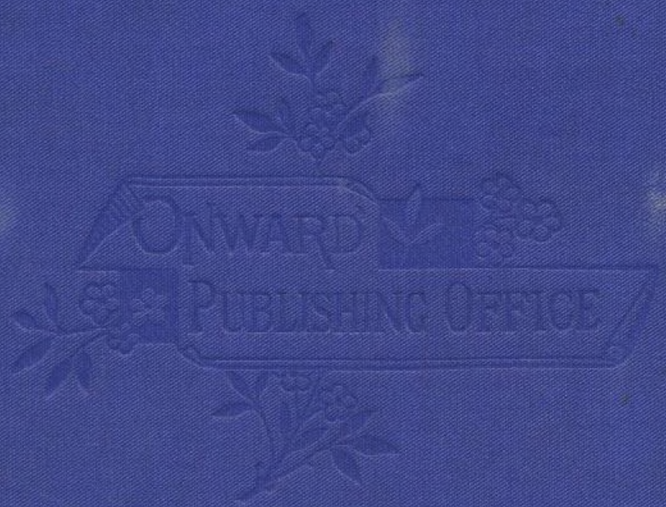
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