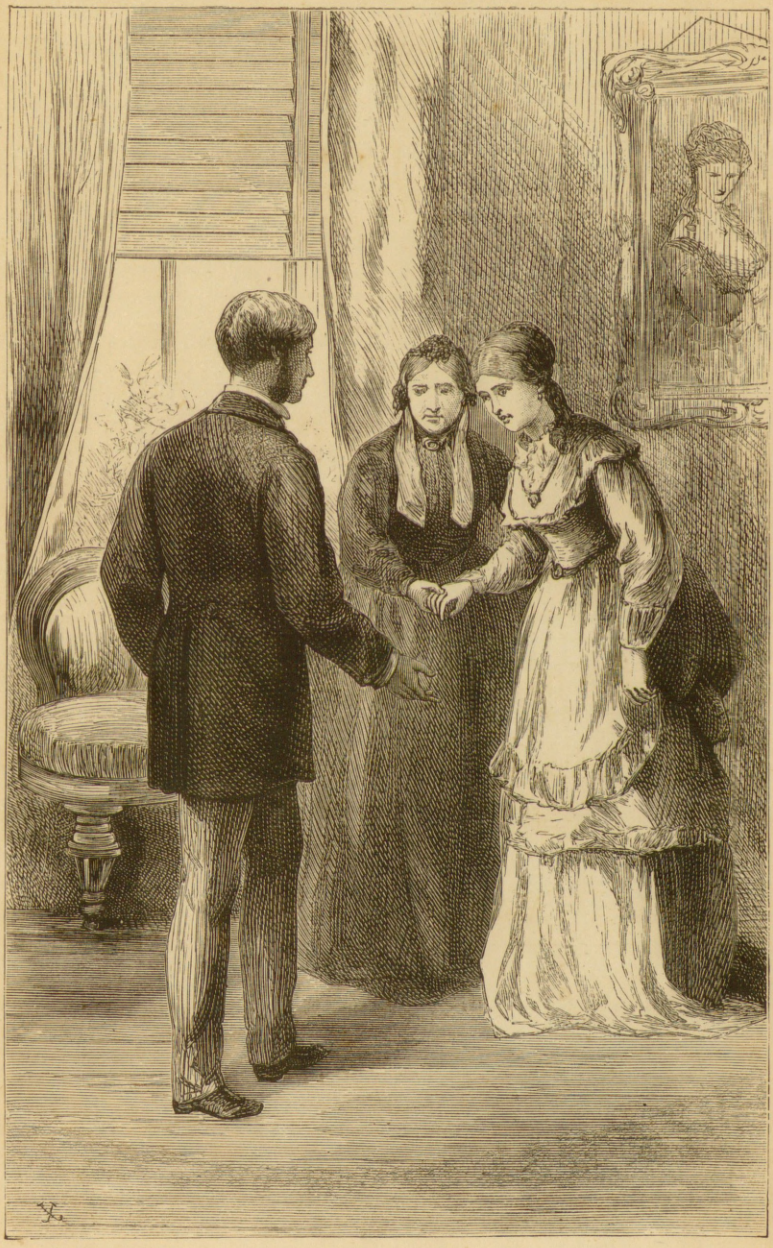
ONWARD

1874



"I can take this dear girl to my heart, and love her as my own child. God bless you both with wisdom and grace."—*Page* 226.

ONWARD.

THE ORGAN

OF THE

Band of Hope Movement.

VOLUME IX, 1874.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MANCHESTER:
LANCASHIRE & CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION, Barlow's Court, 43, Market-street; JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.

PRINTED BY WATSON AND HAZELL, LONDON AND AYLESBURY

ONWARD.

JANUARY 1st, 1874.

TO OUR READERS.

AMIDST the festive gatherings and the joyous greetings which at this season of the year float around us, we may not inappropriately join in the general chorus, and wish our readers, young and old, "A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR."

To-day, as we stand upon the threshold of another period of time, with another page of life's unwritten history before us, we are more than ever reminded of the rapid flight of time; and that the title of our magazine might graphically describe the clouds and sunshine, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments through which we journey. Life is Onward—the life that now is, and the life beyond.

When more than eight years ago we ventured to launch our magazine upon the literary world, we felt there was a work—a noble work—in which we might engage, and one demanding the highest energies of our intellect and life; and although we have fallen far short of accomplishing all on which we had set our heart, we can look over these past years with joy and thankfulness, and feel that when in many years to come the history of the greatest struggle in which the nation ever engaged—a struggle so fierce and so decisive as to be aptly described as "the war between heaven and hell"—comes to be written, "ONWARD" will not be unnoticed as having done its part manfully in the overthrow of our nation's Juggernaut.

But the struggle is not yet ended;—rather, the conflict is only just begun. Many a noble warrior shall fall in this long and bloodless fight; and more than one generation may pass away before the end comes, and the final shouts of victory are heard. Sufficient, however, for us to have faith in the righteousness of our cause,—to know our duty and do it,—to look on the marvellous progress of the past, and take courage for renewed effort in *the future*.

Eight years ago we addressed the boys and girls who are the young men and women of to-day, our best and truest soldiers in this mighty warfare.

Year by year we are replenishing our ranks. On every side our movement is spreading. The Christian Church is feeling its influence. A higher public opinion is being formed. Time-honoured customs (more honoured in the breach than in the observance) are being rudely shaken, and every sign of the times indicates not only the progress of the Temperance Reformation, but the special value of the Band of Hope movement as the chief instrument of its promotion.

Animated by the zeal which so noble a cause inspires, we pledge ourselves anew to lead on the glorious movement.

To-day we commence under new auspices. We rejoice to state that in our future editorial work we shall have the valuable co-operation of one whose zeal in the cause has been long known and felt.

Our list of literary contributors has also been largely increased by the addition of some of the leading temperance reformers of the day, who have engaged to supply articles bearing on the various phases of the Temperance question.

We propose to continue and extend all those special features which have given "ONWARD" a name and a place amongst the most acceptable and valued publications of the day.

Our MUSICAL DEPARTMENT will receive increased care and attention, so as to afford a selection of choice pieces unsurpassed by any similar magazine.

No efforts will be spared to secure the best TEMPERANCE STORIES from writers of known ability and position, with the view of conveying, through a pleasant and attractive garb, lessons of a high moral and religious character. The interests and requirements of our young friends will engage our special care. RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, and READINGS, original and select, with other matter specially designed to attract the youthful reader, will be made a still more prominent feature in the future.

The claims of the Band of Hope, its progress and its work, will receive from us that care and attention which its importance requires. We shall endeavour to stimulate and aid the movement by all legitimate and proper means; and when duty requires, we shall not be afraid to act the part of a censor in guarding it against earnest but injudicious friends, or in denouncing those excesses and exuberances which too often attend and retard even the best movements.

It will be still more than ever our aim to make "ONWARD" in all its features acceptable to young and old,—to supply a thoroughly HOME MAGAZINE and a WELCOME VISITOR at every fireside.

In order to carry out more fully and faithfully our designs, it has been decided to enlarge the size of our magazine *from sixteen to twenty pages*, giving an increased number of VALUABLE ILLUSTRATIONS by first-class artists, and thus adding to its value and appearance, and rendering it alike worthy of the regard of every class in society.

Having placed before our readers the objects and purposes of our work, we have only, in conclusion, to urge upon all those who have so kindly helped us hitherto, not only to continue their aid, but to redouble their exertions, so that our hearts may be cheered and our hands strengthened in witnessing a large increase in our circulation.

And surely if the readers and friends of "ONWARD" in any way appreciate our own voluntary editorial labours in this work of love, or are desirous of aiding the grand Band of Hope movement, we shall not appeal to them in vain.

We pray that God may guide and abundantly bless our work and that of our fellow labourers, so that in many years to come much fruit may be gathered; and that, finally, the grand mission in which we are engaged may be achieved, and this withering curse, which has so long filled our land with anguish and death, may for ever be swept away.

THE RAPIDS.

By JAMES H. KELLOG.

IN the whirling eddies and dashing waves,
The waters are lashed like the veriest slaves;
Hear the roar of the current, the rush of the stream—
Away drifts the ship like a swift-fleeting dream.

Over stones and rocks, past tree and isle,
The river is crashing and surging meanwhile;
The tide moves on with resistless power,
Moment by moment, hour by hour.

If child or youth should fall in its tide,
In the current swift and the channel wide,
In the arms of the wave-crowned giant grasped,
He'd be swept away to the ocean vast.

Never again would his youthful feet
Be heard in the city's clattering street;
Never again would he cheerily come
To gladden the hearts of dear ones at home.

There's a river of drink, with rapids of death,
From its surface blows a pestilent breath;
Its current is fierce, and it whirls and foams
With the madness of hell, as it sweeps through our homes.

The child or youth who seems to think
There's nothing wrong in beginning to drink,
Who sips at the wine-glass, will quaff at the bowl—
He is nearing the rapids of death to his soul.

FIRE PICTURES.

BY LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

SOME boys and girls will think I have chosen a queer title, yet which of them has not at some time or another dreamily watched the changing scenes and shapes which seem to appear in the glow of a winter's fire? It may be all fancy, but it is not children alone who see pictured forms and faces in the red-hot coals: many older and wiser people find startling resemblances to the thoughts passing through their minds in the shifting, changeful fire-light.

I am going to show you a pleasant, cheerful home, and introduce you to the inmates, although we ourselves shall be quite invisible. In one of our midland counties is a town called Barnwell, a quiet, unpretending place of very small interest to strangers, and, as it has little to do with our story, I shall not waste time by telling you about it now. However, in the High-street there is a small branch banking establishment, and the manager—Mr. Warren—who owns some private property, has a fine old residence about a mile from Barnwell, called "The Ivies," and most appropriately too, for surely never before was there such luxuriant growth of "the ivy green" in any one spot; ivy enfolds the walls which surround the carefully kept garden in front; ivy covers many an old, mossy trunk of apple or pear tree in the orchard behind; and, except where a space is kept clear for a grape-vine, ivy clings to every projection of the house itself, and having surmounted the roof now seems to be trying to clasp the tallest chimney with its tendrils. I confess to having a real love for this simple, hardy plant, whose meaning is "Friendship," whose ever-green beauty should make us think of the land

> "Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers;"

but in no other place have I seen such massive stems, such broad, beautiful, glossy leaves as are found at "The Ivies."

Mr. Warren has three children,—Margaret, the eldest, 12 years old; Bertie, a manly little fellow of nine; and round, rosy, four-year-old Florence, playful as a kitten, and pet of all in the house. Some months ago the mother of these little people was very ill, so ill that every one, even the doctor, thought she must die; but at last she began slowly to recover, and after a time could sit by the fire in her own room for an hour or two; still she did not get strong, but became worse again as the days grew damper and colder. A noted physician was summoned from London, and he gave his opinion that she could not live through an English winter in her weak state. Just at this anxious time Mr. Warren heard that an old lady and gentleman, who had known him when a lad, were going to the south of France for the most severe winter months. Arrangements were soon made for Mrs. Warren, with her nurse, to accompany them, and in October the party went right away over the narrow strip of water

called the English Channel, which divides our island home from the "cornfields green and sunny vines" of beautiful, unfortunate France.

Now, although there was a servant, some one must be found to take charge of the household, and of Margaret, Bertie, and Florrie: this *some one* came in the person of Mr. Warren's youngest sister, at this time nearly thirty years of age, just one of the sweetest, dearest aunties that any little children could have to love them. No one would think of calling her handsome, but she had such a *good* face, pleasant, gentle, brown eyes, soft hair brushed smoothly back from a white forehead, softly curved lips, which seemed made on purpose to speak kind, cheery words, a smile which came over her whole face like sunshine; this was the Aunt Nellie who came to be "mother" to the little Warrens for the winter.

A large room which used to be the nursery is now called the schoolroom, and here Margaret learns to sew and knit, besides studying with Bertie geography, arithmetic, and all the other things boys and girls must learn if they wish to be good for anything in the world; and Florence?—well, I am sorry to say Floss does nothing, but *pretends* to do all that the others do. These little people think they have had good times since Aunt Nellie came; but Bertie says the best part of the day is at night. I must tell you what this means: Auntie likes her "chicks" to have supper about six o'clock; then, as seven is bed-time, if she is not engaged, they spend the hour very pleasantly in the schoolroom, often with no other light than that of the fire; there they talk and sing; and sometimes, while little cold feet are warmed, and little locks of rumpled hair are smoothed and curled, Aunt Nellie tells about things she has read, or which happened when she was a girl. Their favourite way of sitting is like this: Auntie occupies a low wicker chair on one side the fire, with Florrie perched on her knee, Margaret sits opposite on her own particular stool, while Bertie rolls about the hearth-rug between them.

The other evening Margaret had been very quiet for some time, and then she said, "Aunt Nellie, how I should love you to tell us stories about the pictures we can see in the fire." "Oh, Auntie!" began Bertie eagerly, and then he rolled over on the rug, for he was just trying very hard but unsuccessfully to balance himself on one knee; of course they all laughed, and then Aunt Nellie said, "I think it would be very nice to do as Maggie wishes. I will try, if you like; suppose we begin to-night; you shall take turns in seeing the pictures about which I am to tell. Will you be first, Bertie?" "Oh, no, Auntie! Margaret first, because she is the eldest; besides, ladies should always be first," says gallant Bertie, who is really very shy, for all his make-believe courage. Margaret said "I should like Florence to be first, because she is the youngest, and I think she would like it." Floss had not spoken before, but now she called out, "Me first! me first!" and so it was decided.

But I must refer you to next month's *Onward* for the first of Aunt Nellie's stories about Fire Pictures.

(*To be continued.*)

Agnes knelt down at Miss Slater's feet and sobbed out, "Whatever and wherever I may be, I can never cease to thank you for all you have done for me." Page 10.

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

"What spell so strong as guilty fear?
Repentance is a tender sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

Wordsworth.

CHAPTER I.

A PARTING, IN WHICH AGNES LEAVES BOTH HER FRIEND AND HER CHILDHOOD, AND BEGINS HER CARES.

"NOTHING but a sad—a hard necessity should part us, my Agnes; and you know the old adage, 'Necessity has no law.'"

"Yes, dear Miss Slater—yes, I know I must go; and perhaps I ought not to feel so sad and so reluctant to return to those I belong to. Though, indeed, I feel as if I belonged to no one."

These remarks were interchanged between a pallid invalid lady and a bright, fair young girl of some seventeen years of age. The looks and voices of each were troubled, but the trouble was very different. The elder—Miss Slater—seemed feeble and careworn, as if "weary with the march of life;" the younger—Agnes—was vivid, sensitive, eager to do or if needs be to suffer; for hope was strong in her heart, and health bloomed on her cheek.

"Yes, child, you must go to those whom, as you rightly say, you belong to," resumed Miss Slater; "and as you will have to leave early in the morning, I will give you to-night all the directions that I want to impress upon you. First of all, if anything should go wrong at the end of your journey—I think the curate there is Mr. Bassett, who knew us at Kingsbridge, and is now at Cove-reach—and let the worst come to the worst, you have money enough to take the parliamentary train and come to me to my brother's, in the north, where we may find something for you to do. You have been well educated, and a girl of seventeen, with your advantages, ought to be able to maintain herself, though the world is hard to educated women—at least, so my poor sister Deane found it."

"And yet Mrs. Deane—Aunt Deane I must ever call her—took me a helpless child, and was a mother to me. Oh, I never felt her loss as I do at this hour!" The young girl's words ended in a sob.

"My sister Deane was all heart," replied Miss Slater. "She found you, Agnes, in the first weeks of her widowhood, at the house where she was lodging, at Cove-reach. She thought your mother neglected you, and being in trouble herself, she felt for the troubles of others, especially an innocent child, and she brought you home to us at Southampton, and I must own it was very much against my judgment that she did so. Don't think me hard, Agnes. My sister was left a widow in straitened circumstances, and we had to obtain pupils, and live by teaching. It seemed to me madness, her adopting you. But she loved you, and I think I have never shown anything but good-will towards you." She put out her hand to repress the exclamation that Agnes was about uttering, and continued, "I'm not romantic, you know, but I hope I'm just. I thought it right to correspond with those Cornish people my sister took you from, and I had reason for doing so, or we might have lost all clue to your connexions. Even as it was, when three years only had elapsed from the time my sister brought you—a little mite of two years old—to us, in those three first years your mother had died, and the only relatives you had left were Mr. and Mrs. Denby, your aunt and uncle, whom you are now going to."

"People I know nothing of," interposed Agnes; adding, "and if dear Aunt Deane had lived I should never have known anything of them, for I could never have left her—never. I would have lived with her, worked for her, died for her!"

"Well, Agnes, we both had reason to deplore her loss. Since her death nothing has gone well. I did wrong to sell the school at Southampton, and come into Devonshire. I had, as you know, promises of pupils who needed a mild air, and I was disappointed. My own health has failed; the sale of the furniture here will only pay what I owe, and my brother's invitation comes in the very nick of time. It is an open door when all else seems closed. I told your relatives—the Denbys—in my letter, that nothing but absolute necessity parted us; and indeed, Agnes, I feel it more than I say—more than you think."

Miss Slater's voice trembled, and a tear gathered in her eye. She brushed it away hastily, and regained her composure. In parting with Agnes, the cold, self-contained woman felt that she parted with the memory of her past happiest days. She had loved her deceased sister, Mrs. Deane, and for her sake had taken kindly to the child her sister had adopted. When she was called to resign her sister, and the burden of life fell entirely on herself, she felt her incapacity, and was thankful now to go to her brother and his family in Yorkshire, and yet not without a pang at giving up her home at Kingsbridge, and her young companion.

Agnes never had felt anything like the same affection for Miss Slater which she had felt for Mrs. Deane. Yet she was grateful for instruction

and kindness bestowed conscientiously, if not tenderly, and she had all a young girl's curiosity to know her own kindred. Her loneliness in childhood had made her dwell often on the thought of kindred, especially since Mrs. Deane's death. She had heard that the first letter ever received from her Cornish relatives was one in answer to Miss Slater, nearly twelve years before our story commences, when she was five years old. Since then there had come at long intervals a letter, and when Mrs. Deane died, and the circumstances of the surviving sister altered, there had been some money sent for Agnes—the halves of two separate five pound notes had come tardily. The last of these notes had been recently changed to buy some necessary articles of clothing for Agnes on her leaving, and she had three pounds surplus forced on her by Miss Slater, as a sum not to be touched until she had reached her new home. "I mean to pay your journey from Kingsbridge Road to Cove-reach," Miss Slater said, as she for Agnes' satisfaction produced the letters received during the intervening years since Mrs. Deane had, to use a common phrase, "taken a fancy to the child," and brought her home. There had been no adoption exactly, and no mystery about her residence with the sisters. She was known as an orphan from Cornwall, whose infant loveliness had attracted the childless widow Deane, just as her heart, bruised by sorrow, needed the balm of affection, and in Agnes found it. These letters from Cornwall were a great mortification to Agnes, as on that last night she looked over them; they were so miserably spelt and written that it was a terrible task to read them, and the young girl, with something of wounded pride in her tone, said, as she folded them away,—

"They must be quite common sort of people."

"They may be very worthy for all that, Agnes, and they evidently continue to live still in the same place, which speaks well for their respectability. If they can give you a home and protection, you might obtain teaching for your personal wants, and keep up your education."

"But how strange it is," said Agnes, "they have not answered your last letter; it has been gone a week. One would think, when you said I was coming to them almost immediately, they would have written."

"They never have written for weeks, after receiving a letter from me. I wrote once when you were ill, and it was three months before a letter came to ask how you were. You forget, Agnes, that we, living among letters and postal intercourse, are very different from people to whom a letter is a toil, and who are remote most likely from a post office."

"But they live at a Manor House—Cliff Manor House."

"Yes, but it must be as tenants, or care-takers, or servants of some kind. I looked carefully into a Cornish gazetteer, and I find that Cliff Manor House and Cliff Manor Farm, near Cove-reach, both belong to a family named Pencoran; I suppose, by the name, an old Cornish family. You have the address, my dear, and when you get to the Cambourne Station you'll take the coach on to Cove-reach, and I think Cliff Manor House is only a very short distance from thence. I said in my letter that if I did

not hear they suggested any other way of reaching them, I should forthwith send, taking no answer as an affirmative ; for you see, Agnes, I must go by to-morrow night's express to London, and thence the next morning to the north. I am glad, child, your journey is not so long as mine—and you are sure, Agnes, to win love; you are young, and can adapt yourself to people." This was said with an apprehensive sigh, for poor Miss Slater naturally felt the wrench from her surroundings, and the doubt whether she could fit into a new place.

Agnes, to divert her friend's melancholy, started up, busied herself about the room. The April twilight deepening into night, she lighted candles, and leaving the room soon returned with a neat supper tray, containing a very frugal meal of bread and butter, and a decanter of water. Agnes poured out a glass of the sparkling fluid and held it affectionately to Miss Slater's lips, who, taking a draught said, "There's one habit, my Agnes, we have taught you, which I trust you will never forsake : we have reared you a water-drinker."

"And I can never forsake that plan until I forget that Aunt Deane's husband was killed by a drunken coachman overturning the stage coach. I've heard too often of the grief that caused, to have anything but horror of strong drink and its doings."

The Bible was lying beside the supper-tray, and Miss Slater opened it at the 103rd psalm, and not without tears was the evening reading and devotion concluded. They separated early, and the next morning, soon after a hurried breakfast, Agnes knelt down at Miss Slater's feet and sobbed out, "Whatever and wherever I may be, I can never cease to thank you for all you have done for me."

"God bless you, Agnes, and keep you in the right way. I give you a motto for your life,—'Be sober, be vigilant.'"

(*To be continued.*)

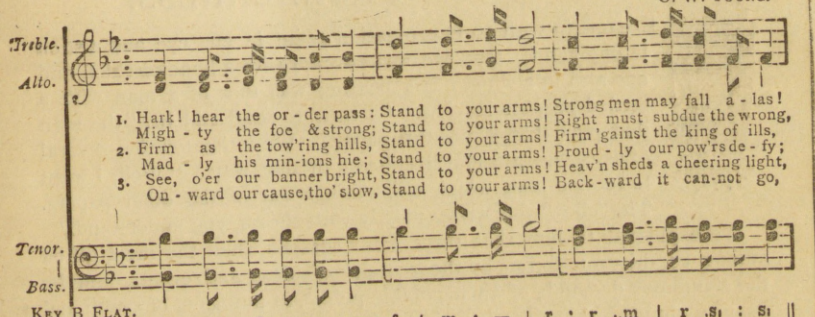
THE FOUR SEASONS.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

In Spring-time, Satan sowed the tares among the wheat ;
Both grew alike, and none surmised the cheat.
In Summer-time, the tares are plainly seen,
And blossom while as yet the wheat is green.
By Autumn-time, the tares, now grown and spread,
Are ripened ; but alas ! the wheat is dead.
In Winter, (as of wheat there is no yield,)
The tares are burnt, and burning burn the field.
'Tis thus the boy who, tempted to the bar,
Begins with cider or a mild cigar.
In youth, perhaps, the wine, and card, or dice,
Rival a mother's prayers and good advice.
In manhood, brandy has the full control
Of mind and body, brain, and even soul.
When old, a bloated wreck without a friend,
Who in a ditch or prison finds the end.

STAND TO YOUR ARMS.

O. W. YOUNG.



A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

HE came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief, and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view. "I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper." We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way. "Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional nsanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and indistinct through the recent loss of half-a-dozen or so of his front teeth:—"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him." Then he leaned his stick against our desk, and spit on his serviceable hand, and resuming his hold on his stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone—"Mister, I came here to see that ere man, I want to see him bad." We told him that particular man was not in. "Just so, I presume. They told me before I come, that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait." He then sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick; but his feelings would not allow him to keep still. "I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?" None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment. "Just so. I thought as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think, but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm at home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober he's all right if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk he goes home and breaks dishes and tips over the stove, and throws hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbours, and it ain't pleasant. Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk lately, and broke all the kitchen windows

out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece—it wasn't much of a piece —and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine of his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back." "Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied with increased emotion, "Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw, and Mister John Smith is a bigger man than me, and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently. "Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about all he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith—I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against; only I want to see the man what printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for." Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until six o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.

"WHO, THEN, CAN BE SAVED?"

REV. SAMUEL W. BUSH, who has been chaplain of the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum for over eight years, and who has recently resigned, gives the following extraordinary testimony from his experience in that institution:—

"How many have been permanently reformed can never be accurately known; it is feared but few out of a hundred. This I know, that only three of the eighty-two patients under the first administration have continued in a course of total abstinence; and all these eighty-two belonged to the higher class of society, and were intelligent, educated men. Many of these are dead, and died in a manner not pleasant to contemplate. The rest—alas! for them."

So much the more need of commencing with the young, and training them up to hate and shun the intoxicating cup. There is safety only in total abstinence.

DESERTED:

BY JOSEPH DARRAH.

SHE sat within a cheerless room,
And her babes (thank God!) were sleeping;
No ear her lamentations heard,
No eye beheld her weeping.

Her lips had lost their wonted smile,
Her form its winning grace;
And her long, fair hair disorderly
Fell o'er her careworn face.

She sat and thought of all the past;
Of her youth, undimmed by sorrow,
When health and pleasure blest the day,
And hope illumed the morrow.

The village maids were fair, but all
Said Mary was the fairest;
Their loveliness perchance was rare,
But hers!—oh, hers was rarest!

She lightly tripped across the green,
Like some embodied fairy;
And many a heart was sad, they said,
And all for love of Mary.

But from the city's distant din,
A handsome youth had been,
Who gazed with admiration, on
The bonny village queen.

He breathed his love into her ear
With rapturous emotion;
And vowed to pay to Mary, dear,
A whole life-long devotion.

Oh! sweet it is to hear at eve
Some plaintive voices singing;
And sweet the sound of village bells
O'er hill and valley ringing;

And sweet the warblings of the lark,
As it soars to heaven above us;
But sweeter are the tones of those
Who tell us that they love us.

His manly, honest words she heard,
With half-dissembled bliss;
And, as a token of her love,
She placed her hand in his.

Oh! happy were the sunny hours
Of their early wedded life;
And Edward's heart o'erflowed with pride
As he gazed upon his wife.

But soon a darksome shadow came
Across their pathway bright;
And threatened, like a frost in spring,
The bud of love to blight.

The wine-cup's syren charm had thrown
Its fatal cords around him;
And though he strove to cast them off,
They ever stronger bound him;

Until his eyes forgot to burn
With love's celestial brightness;—
And Mary's cheek began to turn
From rosy red to whiteness;

And often in the silent night,
At the heavenly Father's knee,
She humbly prayed that he she loved
A sober man might be.

She thought of Christ who healed the sick,
Who made the blind to see;
And she said, half smiling through her tears,
"He may listen unto me!"

"See, mamma, see!" the children cried,
"There's plenty here to eat!" Page 16.

But Edward deeper, deeper yet
In degradation fell;
And basely left his wife and babes
'Mid woe and want to dwell.

Oh! that was bitterest of all,
That he, who vowed to cherish,
Should trample on her loving heart,
And leave her there to perish.

And now, no word of comfort;
No friend to weep beside her;
No ray of hope to cheer the gloom;
No friendly hand to guide her:

Despair had seized upon her heart,
So sick with hope deferred;
Her reason reeled; she tried to pray,
But could not breathe a word.

And see! her children wake, and ask,
But ask in vain, for bread.
"No hope for us!" she wildly cried,
"No rest but with the dead!"

She clasped the baby in her arms,
And rushed with footsteps fleet,—
While madness lurked within her eyes,—
Into the crowded street.

The gay, the rich, the beautiful
Were thronging through the city;
They noticed not her blank despair,
Nor spoke one word of pity.

The shops were all ablaze with light,
And stored with viands sweet;
"See, mamma, see!" the children cried,
"There's plenty here to eat!"

"Oh God! that we should die of want,
With so much spread before us!
But come," she said, "and the river's flow
Shall close for ever o'er us!"

No pause, no doubt, no hesitance;
She did not stay to think,
But hurried breathless on, until
She reached the water's brink.

But hark! whose voice is calling?
Whose feet are giving chase?
Whose arms are those that clasp her?
Whose lips that kiss her face?

Whose words are those that murmur:—
"Mary, my love, forgive;
And from this hour I promise
A better life to live"?

'Tis he! Oh, God be praised! 'tis he!
Her prayer *is* heard at last;
And her toil and tribulation
Are for ever, ever past.

But oh! the anguish of the past
Had robbed her limbs of power,
And she, fainting, fell into his arms
Like a bruised and broken flower.

And weeks passed by before her eyes
Recovered all their brightness,
Before her cheek resumed its glow,
Or her step its wonted lightness.

Health came at last; and Mary's life
Once more with pleasure glowed;
And the tempter never entered more
Into her bright abode.

And as each night her little ones
Were gathered round her knee,
To lisp the praise of Him who calmed
The waves of Galilee,

With earnest, solemn tone she taught
Their sinless lips to pray
For the coming of that blessèd time
When the curse should flee away.

And though the powers of hell oppose,
THEIR PRAYER SHALL ANSWER'D BE;
"Yea! come what may to stand in the way,
That time the world shall see!"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PRIZES FOR BEST DIALOGUES.

WE have pleasure in offering three prizes, value 30s., 20s., and 10s., for the best three original Dialogues, suitable for Band of Hope Meetings. Manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editors of *Onward* not later than March 1st.

Competitors must be total abstainers, and under twenty-one years of age.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

A series of questions will appear monthly during the present year, and three prizes, value 30s., 20s., and 10s., will be awarded for the best sets of answers, which must be sent to the Editors not later than December 31st.

Competitors must be total abstainers, and under twenty-one years of age.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

1.—Give Scriptural proof of the physical, mental, and moral evils produced by intoxicating drinks.

2.—Give the first Scriptural approval of total abstainers.

3.—Name the first band of total abstainers mentioned in Scripture.

BARLEY SHEAF'S SPEECH.

By EDWARD CARSWELL.

I WAS made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,
My strength I'll employ:
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drunk, to destroy.

THREE ERAS.

By R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"MEAOW! Meaow!"
How now?
Kitty's in the apple bough.
What a pretty frightened face
Peeps from out its hiding-place.
Can't get up! Can't get down!
Kitty, kitty, what a clown!

Scratch! Scratch!
Lift the latch;
Mice inside for Puss to catch.
Softly, slyly, in she goes,
Velvet steps on velvet toes.
There they scamper; she is heard!
Pussy, Pussy, how absurd!

"Purr! Purr!"
Don't stir!
Mice are not afraid of her.
While she dozes, see them glide
Round about on every side,
Now in frolic, now in strife.
Poor old Tabby, such is life!

A WORD TO BOYS.

THIS page may probably come into the hands of some poor boy, and if so, we will tell him how he may become rich, or at any rate comfortable as to worldly circumstances.

We shall explain what we mean by a case. A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar-lad craved for a "few coppers for a night's lodging." The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor boy and inquired, "Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging." "Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment." "Nonsense," replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will. Now, listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me, 'Work, and don't beg; God helps those who help themselves.' I immediately left P——, and got out of the way of my bad companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me His help day by day.

I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings bought old rags. These I took to the paper-mills, and sold them at a profit.

I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this,—I have kept from beer and tobacco."

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and let me never see you begging again. If I do, I will hand you over to the police."

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstances until one day, when travelling through P——, he entered a respectable-looking bookseller's shop, in order to purchase some books that he wanted. He had not been many minutes in conversation with the bookseller before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired—"Sir, are not you the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of the street?" "Yes, I remember it well." "Then, sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, is the fruit of that five shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children.

He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty and dependence upon God's help, he had risen step by step

from buying rags to selling papers and tracts in the street, then to keeping an old bookshop, and ultimately to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place.

Before the happy party separated, the large old family Bible was brought, out of which a psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar.

Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments, silence, intermingled by subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose, and bid each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true: 'God helps those who help themselves.

It is better to work than to beg!'"

ANXIOUSLY LOOKED FOR.

THE fulfilment of the prophecy that wine will save us from drunkenness. Millions of gallons are manufactured and millions more imported and consumed, and yet no diminution in the list of drunkards is perceptible. On the contrary, hundreds have become and hundreds are fast becoming drunkards. We can thank wine for the "blessing!" How soon, O ye lying prophets of Bacchus! may we look for the fulfilment of your oft-foretold temperance millennium?

FOREIGN COMPETITION.

BY FREDERIC SMITH.

WE are often startled by the cry of foreign competition. If our workmen would only consider that every extra ear of corn grown, either in our own country or elsewhere, increases the general stock of food; that every extra article which is useful to man increases the stock available for human comfort; and that the mission of every new machine (if in proper hands) is to lessen the toil of the masses of humanity; instead of fearing the growing skill of their continental brethren, they would leave off their drunkenness, become possessors of their own machines, train their minds and the minds of their children to a love of the beautiful and true in art and in nature, and bid Godspeed to all International Exhibitions, and to every means which good and thoughtful men adopt in order to bring men face to face in friendship. We shall then not only cease to see women in Belgium harnessed with dogs, and drawing carts; women in Prussia carrying hay out of the fields on their backs; women in Austria climbing scaffolds, and working as platelayers, barefooted; but we shall cease to see in our own country little boys and girls, who should be at school or at play, wearing out their young lives in our factories and workshops; nearly every corner in our cities occupied by a flaring liquor shop; our prisons and workhouses crowded; immense wealth and abject poverty elbowing each other, and every large town garrisoned by hundreds of men living in enforced idleness on the labour of their fellow citizens.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT will ever be one of the nicest problems for a man to solve, how far he shall profit by the thoughts of other men, and not be enslaved by them.

THE common ingredients of health and long life are

Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.
—*Sir P. Sidney.*

NO man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. —*Lord Clarendon.*

NOTHING is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or great evil which does not reproduce its like. We imitate good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the depravity of our nature, which shame would keep prisoner and example set at liberty. —*Rochefoucauld.*

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume.*

THE bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from its rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same?—*Sam Slick.*

TRUTH, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatever is beside that, however authorized by con sent or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.—*Locke.*

POETRY is musick in words, and musick is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat.—*Fuller.*

IN the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. — *Dr. Johnson.*

A VINE bears three grapes,—the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance.—*Anacharsis.*

A DRUNKARD is a good philosopher, for he thinks aright;—the world goes round.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

THE maxim "in vino veritas,"—"a man who is well warmed with wine will speak truth," may be an argument for drinking if you suppose men in general to be liars; but, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE Scythian philosopher was asked by the Athenian how he could go naked in frost and snow? "How," said the Scythian, "can you endure your face exposed to the sharp wintry air?" "My face is used to it," said the Athenian. "Think me all face."—*Burke.*

I'VE heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
—*Butler.*

WHATEVER you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself.—*Sprat.*

MAN without religion is the creature of circumstances. Religion is above circumstances, and will lift him up above them.—*Hare.*

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

SINGING AND DRINKING ROOMS.

ALL who have interested themselves in the work of Sunday or Ragged Schools know the deadly nature of the influences to which those young persons are exposed who frequent, or are induced to visit, Music and Drinking Rooms; and all agree in condemning them as one of the most prolific causes of the immorality and profligacy which are so rampant in our cities and towns, to the disgrace of our boasted civilization. By far the greater number of their songs are merely silly and contemptible; but those which are received with the greatest cordiality and encored, are often of a licentious character, and are used by the habitués to corrupt and ensnare the casual visitor. In many of these places *sacred* music is sung on Sunday evenings, and special efforts are made to secure the attendance of young people of both sexes who are good singers, in order to add to the attractions of the room. It is truly horrifying on such occasions to hear a motley assembly—many of them the worse for liquor—singing the Old Hundredth Psalm and "A Day's March nearer Home."

It is scarcely possible for any young person—however pure—visiting these rooms to escape unscathed; for such is the seductive nature of the amusement, combined with the drink, that the path to ruin is made fearfully easy; and the enticing allurements of licentiousness, which would have had comparatively little power over virtuous youth, are rendered almost irresistible. The modest young girl who has been watched and tended from infancy, and who entered the place with doubt and misgiving, is soon seen—under the influence of drink—brazenly sitting on the knee of her seducer, listening to a bawdy song.

Our own children, even, are not safe; for, notwithstanding the zeal and ability which for so many years have been thrown into the work of the Band of Hope movement, we find that some of our most promising members are from time to time being enticed away from us by the mingled fascinations of music and drink. As guardians, therefore, of our young people, we call upon those to whom we have a right to look for protection, to disassociate the practice and enjoyments of a noble Art from

the base gratification of sensual and degrading pleasures. Seeing that the publicans and their allies intend to re-open the question of liquor legislation in the coming session of Parliament, we have ventured to call the attention of the friends of morality and order to one of the most glaring and destructive agencies which this hydra-headed traffic has at work to corrupt and demoralize our rising youth, and to suggest that any alteration in the Licensing Act should be made not for the benefit of a trade or a class, but in the interests of the people and for its welfare.

These representations have been made to, and pressed upon the attention of, the magistrates on many occasions, and almost on every opportunity, but all to no purpose. And we therefore hope than an enlightened public opinion may demand from the legislature such measures as may to some extent prevent the present wholesale destruction of morality and virtue amongst the sons and daughters of our working classes.

FIRE PICTURES.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

I.—TWO KINDS OF WINE.

FLORENCE knelt down before the fire, shut one eye, and screwed up the other until you could hardly see it, but she did not speak at first, not even when Bertie called out impatiently, "Oh, Floss, *do* make haste!" After a time, though, the little maiden said, "Me can see such a boo'ful house, just like ours, with a garden in front, and all up the windows green ivy and a vine-tree, just like ours, only the grapes are bigger; oh! such beauties! and —— that's all." Margaret laughed quietly, while Bertie whispered, "I guess it will puzzle even Auntie to make anything out of *that*."

Aunt Nelly thought a minute or two, and then began her story: "Many, many years ago, a man who had been a servant to a rich and powerful king offended his master and was put in prison; while he was in the palace his work had very much to do with grapes and grape-vines (not vine trees, Florrie), for he had been chief butler or cupbearer, and had used to fill the king's own cup with wine and give it him, so that he might drink. This was in the land of Egypt, and although some parts, called the corn growing districts, had very few vines, yet in others were found most splendid grapes, very much finer than even those which are grown in hot-houses here. There was one great difference in the vines too; ours are very weak, and must be supported, you know, or they fall to the ground and die; well, the Egyptian vines and those of Palestine did not need to be fastened to a wall, many grew up sturdy, strong, and self-supporting, like the peach trees in America; others were planted two or three together, so that they might strengthen each other; while several kinds ran along the ground, like the cucumber.

"When in prison, the chief butler often thought of the time when he prepared and gave wine to the king, and one night while asleep he dreamed about it, a very strange dream indeed it was. He thought a vine was before him with three branches, and as he looked buds came upon them, which changed to clusters of unripe grapes, and these again very soon became perfectly ripe; he thought in his dream that he held the king's cup in his hand, and that he gathered a bunch of grapes, squeezing the juice from them into the cup, and gave it to the king, just as he used to do. In the morning the butler told his vision to one of his fellow prisoners, a young man who loved and feared God; he had been brought from the land of Israel, and his name was"—

"Joseph," said Margaret, promptly.

"Yes, and God made known to him the meaning of the dream; but we shall talk more about Joseph another night; what I want to show you now is the difference between wine which is the pure juice of the grape, and the wines in use now. In the Bible such opposite things are written about wine that we see at once there must have been more than one sort; in one place it is said to cheer the heart of God and man, while in another we are told not even to look upon the wine when it is red and beautiful in appearance, for sorrow, woe, and unnumbered evils come upon those 'who tarry long at the wine.' By this is meant fermented, intoxicating wine—'makes people drunk,' that means, Bertie,—not that which filled the golden cup of the king, pure and fresh, pressed from the ripe, luscious fruit. I should not mind my children drinking that, but the other kind which is kept"—

"I know! I know!" says Bertie, tired of being quiet so long; "in bottles with corks all over red sealing-wax, and long necks."

"Very funny English," said Aunt Nellie, laughing; "corks with long necks. But that is the kind of wine I hope you will not have, because I am sure it will do you harm."

Bertie said, "I like wine, it's nice; not port, you know, that is so hot, but sherry and *nice* wine. Oh please, Auntie, I like it."

A look of pain passed over Aunt Nellie's face: she is and has been for a number of years a total abstainer; but Mr. Warren is not. She said, "I think we shall have time for a little story, we have had more like a talk to-night than usual."

"Is it to be a true story?" asks Margaret.

"Yes," says Aunt Nellie. "When your papa was getting a tall lad, and I was only a little girl, he had a favourite schoolfellow named Arthur Watson, who was at our house very much. We all liked him, he was so good-tempered and merry. When he went away to enter a lawyer's office we missed him almost more than they did at home, for his mother was dead, and his father, a stern, reserved man, appeared to take very little notice of his only son. For some time he wrote to Walter—your papa, I mean, only he was not *papa* then,—but the letters grew few and far between, some years ago ceasing altogether. I had heard nothing of him for a

long time, but the other day I was told he had got on well, that he had made for himself a good position, and was much respected; he had married a sweet, gentle girl, good as she was pretty, and had one dear little boy named Archie, four years old, like Florrie here," and Auntie fondly stroked the little girl's hair. "But Mrs. Watson's happiness did not last long; her husband began to stay from home until very late at night, and sometimes when he came he was so much the worse for wine he could not walk upstairs. Oh! Bertie, I trembled to hear you say you liked wine just now; Arthur Watson used to say that;—but I must finish the story.

"One night he came home quite intoxicated, and before Mrs. Watson could come with a light he commenced to stagger upstairs, singing the chorus of a song. Archie, who was very fond of his father, heard him, and slipping out of his cot ran to the top of the stairs. "Papa, papa," he cried, clinging to his father, who gave him a rude, hard push, and then, stumbling along to his bedroom, threw himself down and fell asleep; but poor little Archie, with a sharp, pitiful cry, fell down the steep flight, and lay a white, motionless heap at the foot of the stairs."

"Oh, Auntie! Auntie! was he dead?"

"No, Margaret; but his back was injured, and he never could walk again; for two years he suffered terribly, but that is over now, for a month ago little crippled Archie passed away, and his spirit went to the good Jesus who loves little children.

"Now you will see why I am afraid for you to get fond of this second kind of wine; it is not safe for anyone."

"Papa drinks it," said Bertie.

"Does he?" said a merry voice from against the door; and while Bertie and Florrie jump up with a glad cry of "Papa," we must say good-bye to them until next month.

(*To be continued.*)

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never only *wish* it done;
Begin *at once*, and *do it.*
For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it;"
But *present* strength is *surest* strength,
Begin at once, and do it.
And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER II.

AGNES MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE ON HER JOURNEY.—A STRANGE RECEPTION AMONG STRANGE PEOPLE.

THE most imaginative people never expect to meet with adventures (barring accidents) on a railway excursion in these days. Yet when Miss Slater had congratulated Agnes on not having to make a very long journey, she overlooked the fact that a cross-country route was often very tedious, even with all modern appliances. So it happened that Agnes had first to travel by omnibus to Kingsbridge-Road Station, thence to Plymouth, and there change on to the Cornwall line, and after a stay at Truro, it was afternoon before she reached Cambourne, the nearest town to the little fishing village of Cove-reach, on the North Coast. With all a young girl's interest in new and beautiful scenes she had enjoyed the views, as the train sped on over the loftiest series of viaducts in the kingdom, and gazed down with wonder into the deep ravines, clothed with hanging woods bursting into the first vernal green, or the towns that seemed to be sheltering under the arches of the iron road. It seemed to her that she was taking the flight of a bird, and she was glad as the April sunshine, it being the April of her young life. Her evident pleasure attracted the notice of a young man who sat opposite her, with the window of the carriage between them. He had a portfolio behind him on the seat, and he carried a book like a sketch-book in his hand, but his eyes were too busy, seemingly, for him to attempt to use his pencil; and once or twice he leaned out of the window and uttered exclamations of surprise at the height of the viaducts, a surprise that involuntarily was shared by Agnes. Without any conversation,—for by nature and education Agnes was reserved,—there seemed to be a sort of mutual interest between these two thus thrown together. When the train reached Cambourne, the young man, concluding that they parted there, lifted his hat as he turned towards a rough-looking omnibus, or rather van, which was waiting for passengers; but he heard Agnes ask the station-master how far it was to Cove-reach, and she was pointed to the van—a public conveyance so much more primitive than any Agnes had ever before seen, that she looked a little dismayed. The young "artist," as she had mentally, and indeed rightly, called her fellow traveller, was already bargaining with the driver for a place, and as the whole equipage was so very clumsy, and so much loaded with luggage as well as passengers, Agnes was glad to be helped up to her seat, amid baskets and market people from Truro, by the strong arm of the young man.

"As she was pondering what to do, she looked up and saw, at a side window a scared face peering at her—a woman's face."—*Page* 28.

In such circumstances a sense of acquaintanceship soon arises, and Agnes's very timidity made her glad of the civility of this stranger. He was less strange to her than the country people, whose speech at first she scarcely understood.

The van rolled on at the rate of some three and a half miles an hour, the passengers alighting to walk up hill, until all at once they descended a steep and rough road, into what the people familiarly called "The Cove;" and when the vehicle, with a final grinding jolt, like a weary groan, stopped at the "Five-Alls" tavern, Agnes was more tired than if she had travelled to London, or even gone through the great city to the northern route, which was Miss Slater's destination.

Fortunately the days were getting long, and there was a full hour yet before sunset; but Agnes began to be rather apprehensive. Cove-reach seemed such a very wild, scattered place, the rocks closed in the winding ravine, and houses were perched here and there on the declivities, the sea gleaming in the distance.

"If you please, sir, can you tell me where Mr. Denby lives?" she said to the landlord of the inn, who was bustling about, more intent on the customers who were, according to usage, thirsty, and likely to patronise the bar, than on the lonely girl who, amid the bustle of the unloading of the van, had shrunk into a corner of the house porch, half frightened.

"Why do you not attend to the young lady?" said the young artist, sharply, to the landlord.

"Why, dear me!" he answered, in a high Cornish voice, "be she aloone?" adding an apology that he thought she "coom along o' the young man, and not all aloone."

"I wish to go to Mr. Denby's," said Agnes.

"There ain't noo Muster Denby here-away," said a bystander.

Just then a farmer drove up in an old gig, and addressing the youth whom Agnes had mentally named the "artist," said, "Is it Mr. Herbert Bruce I am speaking to? My old horse takes it easy on our rough roads, or I should have been here sooner. I hope you've not waited long. Tho', to be sure, there's the parlour here," pointing, as he spoke, to the inn.

"No, I should have walked on," said the young man, returning the friendly grasp of the enquirer's hand, and adding, laughing, "The best side of these houses, to me at least, is the outside." He pointed to the sign, on which a king, a soldier, a priest, a judge, and a farmer were rudely daubed, and the explanations under them severally given as, "I rule all, I fight for all, I pray for all, I judge all, I pay for all." "It's wrong," he said: "fools' pence pay for all here."

There was a general stare at this, and the landlady coming forward, and tapping Agnes on the shoulder, the young girl retreated within the passage to make her enquiries, and in the next few minutes the youth whom she had heard called Herbert Bruce, looking round and not seeing her, concluded she had departed or been met by some friend; he leaped into the gig, and was driven off.

"A queer customer, that young fellow," said the landlord. "I wonder where Farmer Tresize picked him up. I never heard afore as the 'Five-Alls' were wrong. But didn't the little maid come with him? Hey! where's she gone? She wanted a Muster Digby."

"It's Davy Droney, as we calls 'un, she wants. He never was called Muster in my time, and he's earned the name of Droney," squeaked the landlady; "and she's got to go up to the Cliff Manor House."

Poor Agnes strove to look composed, but in reality she was frightened at the voices of the people, and hearing that it was only an easy walk, many hands pointing to an upland path that led to the top of the cliff, she left her luggage, with a promise of sending for it next day, and hastened on her way, the declining sun shedding a rosy light upon the wild path which led to a yet wilder stretch of land, when she reached the summit and looked round. The granite points cropped out, enamelled with beautiful mosses, amid the coarse and scanty herbage; and she saw in the distance, standing grim and bare, as if it too were hewn out of the granite, a large old house. As she drew near she saw that it had a centre and two projecting wings, a sort of half quadrangle, enclosing a courtyard with an old moss-grown fountain in the centre. The windows were many of them broken, and gave the place a skeleton-like look, as of eyeless sockets, ghastly and dark in the sunset. A broken iron railing, mended with hurdles, ran across the courtyard, enclosing it. She saw no gate or bell, and was fain, after a careful search, to move aside a hurdle and pass through, with the feeling of being a trespasser. She stood a few minutes by the broken fountain, that reminded her, in its dryness and desolation, of a useless, neglected old age. She stood in the hope of being seen by some one from the house, for she felt a strange fear creeping over her at entering the gloomy-looking dwelling.

As, however, no one seemed to see her, she took heart, and running, as a boy often whistles to keep his courage up, she beat on a postern door to the right. Then seeing a bell, she pulled it, and felt her heart beat in unison with its clangour, as it sounded ominously through that silent abode. A sense of desolation such as she had never before known crept over the poor girl. All the hopes with which she had set out in the morning, all the pictures which she, like most young people, had naturally made of the place and people she was to find and claim as kindred, and make a home with, vanished as she stood there forlorn, and shuddering at the sound of the bell.

She listened at the door, afraid to ring again, when, after a few minutes, as she was pondering what to do, she looked up and saw, at a side window, a scared face peering at her—a woman's face.

When people are frightened themselves, it is some consolation to see that others feel the same weakness, and Agnes was somewhat reassured by noticing that the woman who stared at her was evidently startled.

"Mr. Denby,"—she called out—"can I see Mr."—then remembering what had been said at the inn—"Mr. David," she added.

The face disappeared, and the door was unfastened.

"What do you want with Davy? Don't you know he's a-bed with rheumatism? Who are you?"

"I'm—his—" somehow the word "niece" would not come from the girl's lips, and she faltered out, "I'm Agnes, from Miss Slater's. Did you not have a letter?"

"Agnes!" said the woman, recoiling. "And you're come here?"

"Yes, I'm come; that is, Miss Slater has gone to her brother at Bradford, and she sent me——home."

Her voice sank to a whisper as she uttered the last word, and the woman, taking her hand, drew her out of the darkness of the entry into a little side room, where a strong red sunbeam threw a glaring shaft of light. They stood together, the woman and girl, in its glow, and looked earnestly at each other. The woman spoke first:—

"A letter did come, but Peg, the post-woman, threw it over the rails, and we never saw it till it had been soaked, it may be for days, in the rain, and Davy couldn't make it out."

"My uncle, do you mean?"

"Why, yes," she answered vaguely, "my husband. Davy Denby is for sure your—he's my husband."

"Then are you my aunt?" cried Agnes, in a tone whose disappointment she could not control.

"And you, then, are that child? Well, you may be thankful, I can tell you, for Davy——and—"

"Forgive me, I'm so confused. It's all so strange. I do not know how to speak," said Agnes, her voice broken with tears.

The woman lifted her forefinger for silence, and said, as she led the way along a passage, "Hush! Don't speak loud this side of the house. When we're past the end lobby you can speak."

In dread as well as silence, the girl followed until they reached a living room that opened on a neglected garden. A man swathed in flannels sat smoking a pipe in an easy chair. His face was puffy and his eyes dull. He had the par-boiled look which drinking and smoking gives.

"Davy—Davy, listen, do! Here's that child come,—Agnes, that the widow lady took from poor sister."

The man opened his eyes with a blank stare, let his pipe fall from his mouth, and said with a gasp—

"Why ever did you come here?"

Agnes began to explain about Miss Slater's altered circumstances, and added—"She thought she was sending me home."

"Home! This house is not mine; we're only servants. But there, there, I did the best I could by you. You can stay."

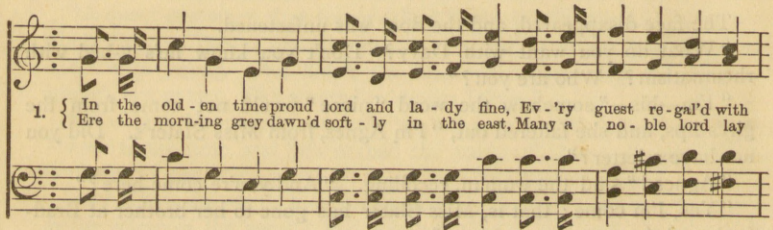
Agnes did not know what he could mean by doing the "best" for her. But she felt—bitterly felt—that she had neither a home nor a welcome.

(*To be continued.*)

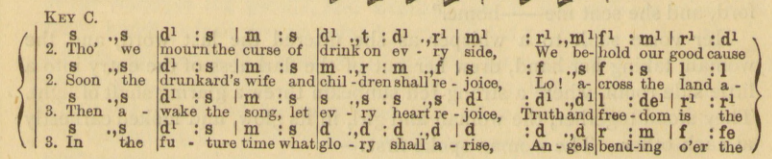
By Permission.

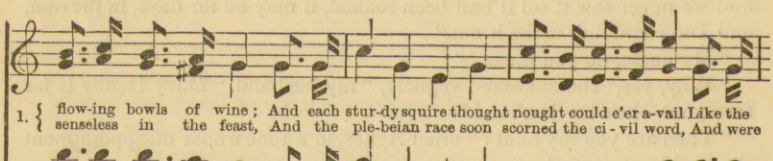
IN THE OLDEN TIME.

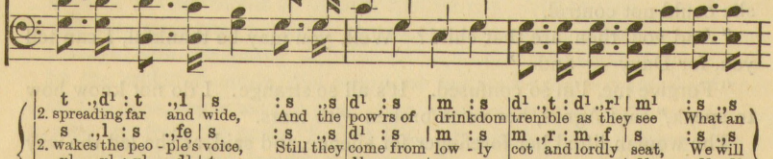
Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

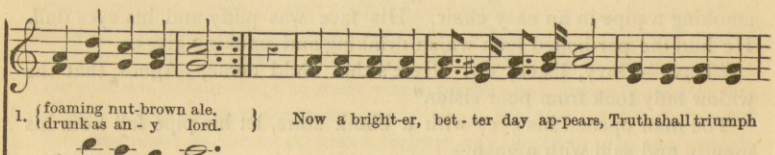


KEY C.

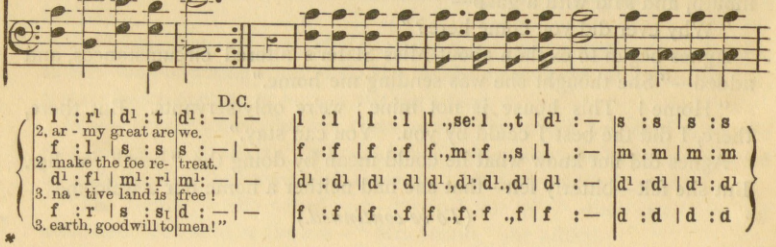


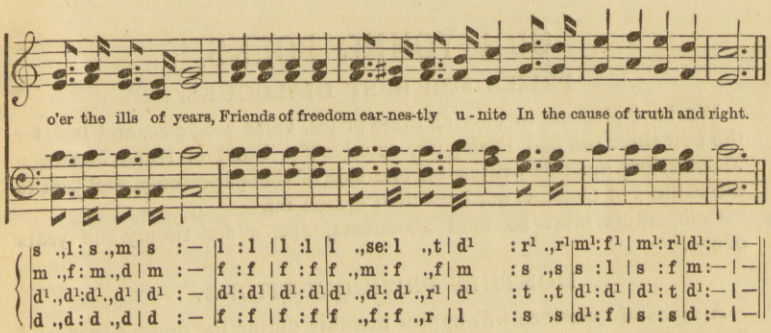






D.C.





WHAT DOES THE "CUP" CONTAIN?

THERE are four passages in the Scriptures descriptive of the Lord's Supper, which we print, and call the special attention of our readers to the phraseology :—

"MATT. xxvi. 27-29.—'And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it ; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

"MARK xiv. 23-25.—'And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many. Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.'

"LUKE xxii. 17, 18.—'And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves : for I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.'

"1 COR. xi. 25, 26.—'After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood : this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.'"

We presume many will be surprised that the word "wine" is not mentioned in these passages. It is "the fruit of the vine" which is in the cup, and there is no evidence that the "fruit" contained anything fermented. We are glad to know that an increasing number of churches are discarding the intoxicating cup, and substituting the pure juice of the grape, "the fruit of the vine," upon the Lord's table, emblematical of that which will be drunk anew in "my Father's kingdom."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PRIZES FOR BEST DIALOGUES.

WE have pleasure in offering three prizes, value 30s., 20s., and 10s., for the best three original Dialogues, suitable for Band of Hope Meetings. Manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editors of *Onward* not later than March 1st.

Competitors must be total abstainers, and under twenty-one years of age.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

A series of questions will appear monthly during the present year, and three prizes, value 30s., 20s., and 10s., will be awarded for the best sets of answers, which must be sent to the Editors not later than December 31st.

Competitors must be total abstainers, and under twenty-one years of age.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

4.—Give the derivation of the word Alcohol.
5.—Give the derivation of the word Intoxicating.
6.—What is Moderation?

WHY SHE PLANTED ROSES.

A BLACKSMITH had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time fond of the social glass; but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after, he observed his wife, one morning, busily employed planting rose-bushes and fruit-trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years; and yet I have never known you before care to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up drink. I had often thought of it before; but was persuaded that, should I do it, some strangers would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. But now, with God's help and blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

QUERIES.

By C. C.

A WISTFUL little face,
With great, brown, solemn eyes,
Comes haunting me each day
With questions of the skies.

Whether they're near or far;
Whether there *are* any stairs
Which lead up to the stars;
And "Tell about the bears,

"And 'bout the lion, too;
And will he roar and bite?
And did he make that noise
Called thunder t'other night?

"And, Auntie, if the moon,
That looks so big and bright,
Should drop down on the ground,
Some real cold winter night,

"How could they put it back?
And would the man that's in it
Jump out and run away,
Perhaps just in a minute?

"And if the sky is Heaven,
Why don't they have a door?
And, Auntie, what a billion
Of stars are on the floor!"

A wistful little face,
With its great solemn eyes,
So follows me each day
For knowledge of the skies;

Till oft I'm left to dream,
Until recalled by Maud,
Who whispers: "Auntie, dear,
Tell me, how big is God?"

PRECIOUS WORDS.

SOME precious words are born of earth;
Some others by the angels given;
But sweetest of celestial birth
Are these: My Mother—Home—and Heaven.

I LOVE LITTLE THINGS.

By W. A. ESSERY.

I LOVE the little lambkins,
So full of sport and joy;
Their lives seem made for gladness,
No cares can them annoy.

I love the little birdies
Because they sing to me,
Then fly away to heaven
Where I should like to be.

I love the little daisies,
And all the pretty flowers;
Because they laugh and sparkle
All through the sunny hours.

I love the little dewdrops,
Like crystals in the sun;
They make the world to glitter,
Whichever way I run.

I love the little star-lights,
So high above my head;
I often wish to touch them,
Or hear what they have said.

I love my Heavenly Father,
Who made these little things;
He sent them for my pleasure,
Although the King of kings.

WHICH SIDE?

By MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

ON which side, children dear,
On which side will you stand,
As we hail the New Year,
Throughout our broad land?

On which side, children dear,
Will you come, in your might?
And as troubles appear,
Will you stand for the right?

On which side, children dear,
Are you steadfast and strong?
In the conflict that's near,
Will you fight against wrong?

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

ASTELL.

I WATCHED a tiny snow-flake,
As, on its noiseless wings,
It fluttered near the window
In a path of mazy rings.
I noted how it wandered,
With intertwining flight,
Amongst a thousand other
Little sister forms of white.
At times its course was placid,
And it floated gently past;
At times 'twas rudely hurried
By the fitful winter blast.
But it bended ever downward,
Till on the earth it lay:
It rested there a moment,
And then dissolved away.
Ah! man, the tiny snow-flake
Is a fitting type of thee;
'Tis an emblem, telling truly
What befalleth thee and me.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do,
I would seek white lilies,
Roving woodlands through.
If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe.
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine!
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."
Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance,
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

A LADY had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from the poems of J. Clare. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory:—

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card. Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question, act in view of, and make preparations for, a future state of existence.

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that CAN die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend ETERNITY?"

THE YOUNG EAVES-DROPPER.

From the French of Madame G. Carraud.*

EMMA was a fine girl, who was very fond of her mother; she was also loving and hard-working, but she had one bad fault, which caused her to be disliked by all her neighbours and friends; she was so full of curiosity, that she was always striving to get to know all that was said or done in the neighbourhood. Her mother was a poor widow, who had no other comfort left in the world but her daughter; and as she was a

dressmaker, she was often visited by ladies who came to try on their dresses, and as they would rather not do so before Emma, she was often sent into the next room, which was very displeasing to her, and she was often caught with her ear to the keyhole of the door, trying to hear what was said. Emma's mother was very much displeased at this conduct of her daughter, for she saw very clearly that if this fault was not corrected, Emma would become an object of disgust and hatred to her friends, and

* Translated by kind permission of Messrs. Hachette et Cie., from "Children's Own French Book.

would not be loved by anyone when she grew up. She therefore tried to convince her that it was as dishonest to rob others of their secrets as to steal their money, for their secrets equally with their money belong to themselves.

When Emma went to the houses of her friends she was always listening to find out their affairs, and was often badly received. She returned home full of vexation several times when they had put her out of the houses where she had been playing the spy, and she resolved never to set foot in the house again ; but her curiosity caused her quickly to forget both her resolution and the affronts she had received.

One day a merchant came to the house of her mother, and asked to speak to her alone. He wished her to make a beautiful dress for his wife's birthday, and he was very anxious no one should know anything of the delightful surprise he had in store for her.

To Emma's great annoyance she was sent out of the room. When she was alone in the lobby, she crept softly back—for the door was not quite shut,—in order to hear what the gentleman had to say to her mother.

The merchant, who had commenced to speak, noticing, on turning his head, that the door remained a little open, got up from his seat and shut it. He had scarcely done so, when they heard a terrible scream, and running out of the room they found a girl in the passage, stretched on the ground, and unconscious. It was Emma, who had had her finger in the joint of the door when it was closed, and her finger was broken.

They brought a doctor. Emma suffered much, and her finger was more than three months in getting better. But it was a lesson to her, for whenever Emma felt her curiosity return, she looked at her finger, which was shorter than the others, and without a nail, and quickly found her desires pass away.

Thus she no longer troubled herself with the affairs of the neighbourhood in which she lived, but remained at home to work ; and it was not very long before those who knew her loved her as much as they had formerly disliked her, for she became a very good girl. She soon found herself so happy that she thanked God for having corrected her, although the punishment had been so severe, and one, indeed, of which she would be kept in remembrance all her life.

PRIZES FOR "ONWARD" CIRCULATION.

Robert Whitworth, Esq., has placed at our disposal the sum of FIVE POUNDS, to be awarded to the four Bands of Hope circulating the largest number of *Onward* during the year 1874 as follows :—First prize, 40s. ; second ditto, 30s. ; third ditto, 20s. ; fourth ditto, 10s. Let each Band of Hope TRY.

MOTTOES FOR THE STALWART.

By Mrs. E. C. A. Allen.

We have joined the Temperance army, strong in purpose, young in years ;
Marching 'neath an unstained banner, happy, willing volunteers ;
Girls as well as boys are mustering on this spacious battle-field.
Temperance truths our glittering weapons, and the Temperance pledge our shield.
Crafty, mighty, dangerous, deadly, is the foe we have to fight,
But we fear not, God will aid us, whilst contending for the right.
And the mottoes on our ensign, and the purposes we feel,
Are "*Right Onward!*" "*Ever Onward!*" *Each with heart as true as steel.*

Those who learned to love the liquor, but through mercy broke their chain,
Are not half as strong as we are, if unfettered we remain ;
Half their strength and care is needed to repress the foe within,—
The unhallowed, fearful craving for the Brandy, Rum, or Gin ;
In our bosoms black Intemperance finds no treacherous allies,
He has never bound our spirits,—never blinded our young eyes.
All around his victims perish ! These to rescue, these to heal.
Onward ! fellow soldiers, Onward ! Each with heart as true as steel.

The great contest we are waging hinders not life's daily work ;
Not one duty, not one study may we slight, neglect, or shirk ;
We shall need all useful knowledge that is placed within our reach :
We must strive by blameless conduct to enforce the truths we teach.
Every firm "No !" bravely uttered when the tempter would invite
Stamps us conquerors in the conflict,—heroes in the moral fight ;
Thousands yet unborn the influence of our Bands of Hope shall feel.
Onward ! then, young warriors. Onward ! each with heart as true as steel !

Set each face like flint unyielding evermore against the drink.
Firmly cling to Total Abstinence, lest your feet in quicksands sink ;
Let no false or cunning reasoning win one unsuspecting heart.
Never die the death of cowards ! Never act the traitor's part !
On each hand some task is waiting, for that hand alone to do ;
We shall noble deeds accomplish if to God and Conscience true.
Whilst the mottoes on our ensign and the purposes we feel
Are "*Right Onward!*" "*Ever Onward!*" "*Each with heart as true as steel.*"

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF DRUNKENNESS.

By GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

HEN a man is manufactured into a drunkard, he depreciates in value, because the "raw material is worth more than the article that is manufactured;" besides, the market is overstocked. In glancing at the unhappy and unfortunate men who drink to excess, we see how differently they are affected by habits of intemperance. One man is like the old-fashioned spirit-thermometer—the liquor rises to the bulb, and his head is drunk, while the rest of his body seems to be sober. He stands up straight, and walks in a direct line, but all the faculties of his mind are staggering and reeling under the influence of rum.

If he has taste (for anything but liquor), it is perverted and tipsy. His understanding (save that part of his person on which he stands) is drunk. His tongue staggers in speech, and his words come sprawling over his lips like simpletons hustled out of a saloon at midnight. He looks at you with drunken eyes. Hood says you can tell when a man has been at his cups by the size of his saucers. Another man, instead of getting drunk at the top first, appears to be hollow, and what is poured into him seeks the lower extremities; hence, his feet are affected first, and seem to be entangled with invisible twine. The toper moves as though he was stepping on a tread-mill. He carefully lifts his feet high above the ground, and then permits them to fall suddenly—a proof that great bodies do not always move slowly. He would walk on both sides of the road at the same time if he could, but that is a *feat* no *feet* can perform. The more he fills up his body with liquor, the less power he has to keep himself up; so he falls, and when on his back he feels upwards for the ground. Gin and gravitation are too much for a man of his calibre. His head, however, is not so far gone as his heels; he is "down at the heels," and his head is "above water"—not much above whisky and water. A very little of the ardent will intoxicate some finely organized persons, while others will swallow the poison with all the stiffness and solidity of stone bottles; and one will have to pour a great deal of new wine into such old bottles before they will burst. Talk about the drachms that make a scruple, they will take any number of drams without scruple. The morning nip, the noontide drink, the evening toddy, the eye-opener, the appetiter, the digester, the settler, the night-cap, the sleep-soother, are a few of the leading drinks they take, and the spaces between them are filled up with treats and calls. Such a drinker is a walking punch-bowl. Touch him with a lance, and he bleeds punch; walk him out in the hot sun, and he perspires punch; appeal to his tender sympathies, and tell him he cannot have another drop, and he weeps tears of punch;

tell him a funny story, and his laughter sounds like the gurgling of punch spilled from the bowl. A man of this stamp boasts of his capacity to hold a large quantity of liquor. He looks contemptuously on the poor tippler who holds only a pint or less. There is the facetious toper, who, if Darwin's ideas of the origin of man are well founded, must be the descendant of an ape; he chatters over the first glass, he becomes frisky over the second, and cuts up "monkey-shines" over the third, and degrades himself in the dirt and filth of beastliness over the fourth; he laughs when there is nothing to laugh at in himself, or in his associates—"*in vino veritas.*" He mistakes the pump for a police officer, and expresses a hope that the officer will not strike him with his club. He wonders what makes the ground undulate and heave beneath his feet. Is it an earthquake that makes him quake? The combative drinker is always squaring for a fight; he is the greatest enemy of himself; he cannot master himself; he is ever on the alert to resent real or imagined grievances with fist, dirk, or pistol, and represents that cruel and pestilent class of sots who keep the calendar of crime red with innocent blood. They are the wolves of society, but tenfold more dangerous than any beasts of prey, and their scalps are worth less.

THE WORLD'S SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." *Gal.* vi. 7.

THEY are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night:
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed,
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;
Rich will the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse, and in maddened brain,
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from their soil again;
Dark will the harvest be!

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad work-field or the shadowy path,
Sure will the harvest be!

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

HE who over-reaches by a false oath declares that he fears his enemy, but despises his God.—*Plutarch.*

NOTHING can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.—*Spectator.*

A LIAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.—*Shenstone.*

WERE I to be angry at men being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation ; but, alas! I have been a fool myself, and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?—*Goldsmith.*

"THAT was excellently observed," say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinions agree with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.—*Swift.*

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES may boast as ancient and honourable an ancestry as any in the world ; in some of their features they are as old as history, in others as modern as yesterday, and in all not inexpressive of certain of the wants and aspirations of society.—*Westminster Review.*

WITHOUT contradiction, in every age of the world there has been a total abstinence movement.—*Medico-Chirurgical Review.*

" HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."—*Tennyson.*

WASTE of wealth is sometimes retrieved ; waste of health seldom ; waste of time never.

IN this the art of living lies, To want no more than may suffice, and make that little do.—*Cotton.*

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it ; he who does one should never remember it.

I WILL not be as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that gives the headache.—*Goethe.*

IN these lives of ours, tender little acts do more to bind hearts together than great deeds or heroic words, since the first are like the dear daily bread that none can do without, the latter but occasional feasts—beautiful and memorable, but not possible.

" I AM so glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, " that *you* do not drink whisky ; but it grieves me that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it ; " we Indians use whisky, but we do not make it."

ABSTAIN from such articles as stimulate to eat when not hungry and to drink when not thirsty.—*Socrates.*

MR. JOSEPH DYSON, who has laboured for eight years in connection with the Sheffield Sunday School Band of Hope Union, has been appointed agent to the Yorkshire Union.

"AN ALARM AT THE INNER GATE."

THE moderate, fashionable, and daily use of wine and other intoxicating drinks forms the most powerful inducement to the formation of habits of intemperance, and is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the progress of the temperance reformation. It matters not how small the quantity that may be taken, nor how weak the liquor, for, as one of our poets remarks :—

> "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks to rivers, rivers run to seas ;"

and this is especially true of the habit of drinking.

The creation of the drunkard's appetite is slow, gradual, insidious, and almost imperceptible. Nor is any age, sex, rank, or station exempt from its evil consequences.—Old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, philosopher and fool, have alike felt the power of this appetite, and have had to suffer and lament its evil and disastrous results. It is unfortunate, too, that the victims scarcely ever feel their danger—although it may be evident to all their friends—until they are hopelessly involved, and it is too late to retrace their steps.

Cowper says :—

> "With caution taste the sweet Circean cup ;
> He that sips often, at last drinks it up ;
> Habits are soon assumed, but when we try
> To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive :
> He that abstains, and he alone, is right !"

We are essentially creatures of habit. The constant moderate use of strong drink terminates too often, alas ! in an inordinate craving, to satisfy which the wretched devotee sacrifices all,—husband, or wife, children and friends, body and soul.

It was an unfortunate day for this country when the Wine Bill passed the legislature, and introduced what was supposed to be a harmless kind of intoxicating liquor into new circles. The result is already but too manifest in the appalling amount of female drunkenness, and consequent neglect of home and children, which is arresting the attention of our

philanthropists. Women in the higher classes, who had a considerable amount of leisure at command and little to engage their time and attention, found their imaginary ills of body and mind alleviated temporarily by the use of wine. Women in a lower station drank for custom's sake, or to drown their cares, or to enliven their pleasures; and to such an extent have these habits gained on the women of our land, that some of the foremost medical men have been impelled recently to draw up and sign a protest and declaration against even the moderate periodical use of these dangerous stimulants. All may now know that intoxicating liquors are neither necessary nor desirable to persons in health, and should be avoided. This declaration was not a teetotal manifesto, but was extorted from the members of the medical profession by the alarming increase of female intemperance ; caused in some measure by the loose way in which many medical men had prescribed wine and other alcoholic drinks, to the injury, and, in some cases, to the ruin and degradation of their patients.

Now a new danger has arisen, and we at once hasten to warn our readers, in order that they may be on their guard against this new development of the working of our insidious foe, and if possible stay his ravages.

It has long been the boast of Co-operative Societies that by the free will of their members they had voluntarily abandoned the sale of all kinds of intoxicating drinks, and thus secured themselves from the temptation to buy wine and spirits with their groceries; and in every instance, so far as we are aware, has this measure been attended with advantage and profit to the societies acting upon it.

We were, however, horrified at seeing it stated the other day that a Civil Service Co-operative institution had determined to offer refreshments to its lady customers in the shape of a glass of sherry and biscuits. It is not to be expected that the shopkeepers who have to compete with Co-operative Stores will fail to follow such an example; and if the practice is persevered in we may shortly have a detestable rivalry between the two as to which can offer the greatest quantity of drinks as a bonus to their customers. We do not know if this action of the directors of the institution will meet with the approbation of the shareholders, but we hope that an effort at least will be made to save the Society from such a scandal and our families from this new danger.

We have ourselves resolved not to trade with grocers who turn their shops into liquor stores, and we hope our readers will form a like resolve. Thousands of women who would shudder at going to drink in a public-house are induced to make their first experiments in drinking in these places, and to such they are more dangerous than any gin palace. We have no right to expose our wives and daughters to such temptations, and if all who have the welfare of their country at heart will now speak out, we may be saved from an extension of these evils.

FIRE PICTURES.

BY LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

II.—ETHEL GREY.

"Bright water is the drink for me,
'Tis pure and cannot harm me."

THIS was what Margaret sang, as she sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, while she was trying to decide which picture to choose from the number which presented themselves.

Florence and Auntie made their appearance first, quickly followed by Bertie, all impatient to begin. "Your turn! your turn! What can you see, Maggie?" he said, almost before he had found his usual place on the hearthrug. Margaret answered in her quiet, gentle way: "There seems like a room—a library, I think; but, oh dear! the flames have come in, and my room is all on fire." Maggie drew back her flushed face, and waited eagerly for Aunt Nellie's story.

"One Christmas Eve, nearly ten years ago, two young ladies in evening dress sat by the fire in a cheerful bedroom. The taller of the two, whose name was Helen, had come to pay a short visit to her friend, Ethel Grey, a little, slight creature, with almost flaxen hair, and thoughtful, blue eyes. From the time when, as little girls, they became acquainted amidst the changing scenes of school-life, a close friendship had been kept up, and Helen returned the love of Ethel with affection equally as great. You will understand that the cordial feeling between them was not likely to become diminished when you know that Frank Grey, Ethel's brother, was in a short time to marry her friend. Their parents were dead, and, with the exception of a brother settled at a distance, only Frank and Ethel remained of a large family. They still lived in the old home, for Frank had succeeded to his father's practice, and the 'young doctor' was a greater favourite in the neighbourhood than even the old one had been.

"A happy party of young people had been gathered that 24th of December to celebrate Miss Grey's twenty-first birthday; at her request Helen came a day or two previously, to assist in discharging the duties of hostess. Everything had passed off pleasantly and well; but Helen, who was not a teetotaler, had been surprised and a little startled by the quantity of wine and liquor consumed by her lover.

"Were Helen and Ethel talking about the wedding?" said Margaret timidly.

"Yes," said Aunt Nellie; "and the subject proved so interesting that it was long past midnight before they thought of retiring. Just then they became aware of a strong smell of burning, and after a rapid glance round the room, Ethel determined to open the door and see if all was safe in the

house. Passing into the corridor, both heard a faint crackling sound in the library, and throwing open the door, discovered Frank Grey sitting in an arm-chair by a large fire, apparently asleep ; and on the table before him were an empty glass, and a bottle labelled 'Brandy.' Some loose papers scattered on the hearth had been burning, and had set fire to a light screen. While Ethel ran to alarm the servants, Helen shook Frank violently, and found to her horror and dismay that he was helplessly drunk. She turned from him only to see Ethel's light gauze dress take fire, as she attempted to tear down the muslin window curtains. Helen caught up a heavy shawl, which she threw over her friend, and folding it round, crushed out the flames before serious injury was done."

"Was Helen hurt, Auntie?" said Margaret.

"One arm was burnt severely, and she has the scar to this day," was Aunt Nellie's reply.

"The servants carried the young doctor to his room, stupid and insensible ; for the house was not burnt down, although the library, with its many valuable books, was totally destroyed. Ethel Grey did not live long after that night. It might have been the same : we cannot tell : but her nervous system received a shock from which she never recovered. Helen remained with her until the last ; but neither saw Frank again. When he came to himself and knew what had passed, he was like a man who had lost his senses. Overcome with shame and sorrow, he left home next morning, and never returned. They had one little note, saying he was going abroad, and should never come back to Thornton ——"

"Thornton ! Why, Auntie, that is where you used to live. Did you know Ethel and Frank?"

"Very well indeed, Bertie."

Before saying "Good-night," Bertie whispered, "Aunt Nellie, I shall never, never drink wine or any other such stuff again as long as I live."

Aunt Nellie kissed him, with a feeling of thankfulness that the lesson she wished to teach had been so successful.

Later that night, as Auntie passed through the room shared by Florrie and Margaret, the latter said very softly, "Aunt Nellie?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Isn't your right name Helen, Auntie?"

"Yes, Margaret. What then?"

"I wondered—I mean—I thought—about the scar——"

"This is it, Margaret," said Aunt Nellie, throwing back her sleeve, and showing a scorched and shrivelled place on the white arm.

"No wonder," thought Margaret, "that Aunt Nellie is an abstainer." Then very, very softly, for fear of awaking Floss, she sang to herself, for the second time that night—

"Bright water is the drink for me,
'Tis pure, and cannot *harm me.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER III.

ONLY A GROAN.

SADLY on the young heart falls the first hard experience of life. Agnes had known what it was to part from Mrs. Deane, the benefactress who adopted her. But that death-bed parting, sad as it was, had been preceded by so gentle a decline, and was so brightened by Christian hope, that Agnes fully realized the sweet consolation that if earth was made darker to her by the loss of her friend, Heaven seemed brought nearer.

Miss Slater, too, had shared her home with Agnes as long as she had the means to keep a home, and the young girl never was allowed to feel herself an intruder. Oh, the change now !—the bitter change that fell to her lot in this strange, dreary old house, with the two old people who said they were "all the kindred she had," and from whom her shrinking repugnance was all the greater that they were her kindred ! It seemed like a wearing disease in her bones that she could not get rid of.

Two mornings after her coming, a boy brought up her box from the "Five Alls," and when she asked why he had not brought it before, he said, "I was kep all day to work, and I couldn't coom up to here arter dark, noo how." He decamped almost before the words were out of his mouth, leaving Agnes to wonder at his evident terror, and to drag her box across the yard and into the side-door herself.

Never were there more silent people than the Denbys, and Agnes, in a sulky sort of gloom, settled down.

Needle-work, blessed needle-work, which I hope no modern philosophy will wholly take from woman's fingers, was poor Agnes's chief solace; though she helped poor, toil-worn Mrs. Denby, in waiting on her husband and doing the housework. Once she asked if she might read to them, and began to do so ; but "Davy," as his wife called him, said "he couldn't bear it."

Fortunately the weather became very fine and warm, and his rheumatism or his crossness—a little of both, added to his natural indolence—passed off. He began to lounge about, his pipe in his mouth, doing what he called "his work."

"Soon Agnes saw that it was a large hand-bell, rung vigorously by a young man."—*Page* 47.

Agnes thought him the most idle creature she had ever seen. He would lean for hours on the broken fence, smoking and staring blankly before him : Agnes hardly knew how people "blowing a cloud" are lost in it. His empty tobacco-pouch alone would urge him to saunter into the village and re-fill it. One thing, as old Davy grew better, puzzled Agnes. She never knew when he went to bed. She thought he sat up until it was really time to rise ; but why or wherefore she knew not. She never crossed the lobby where, on her coming, Mrs. Denby called "Hush!" A door there shut off the left wing of the house.

One night the howling of a dog in the rear of the building roused her, and looking out into the moonlight, she saw old Davy pulling at the arm of a tall man, and evidently trying to induce him to come into the house. The man broke away angrily, and walked off in the direction of the rocks. A clock in the living room below struck three as Agnes stood looking out of the window. A few minutes after, a great dog, which had evidently been loosed by Davy, bounded off in the direction the man had taken—not angrily, but joyfully, as if accustomed to follow, and perhaps take charge of the wanderer.

Next morning Agnes spoke of having heard the dog, and Mrs. Denby said eagerly,—

"Never you venture to the back of the house, nor anywhere about this place but where I send you, for that dog would tear a stranger to pieces."

When Agnes retired to her room the following night she found the shutters of the larger window nailed up, and merely the opposite casement, from which she could see the fore-court, left open.

The next day was very fine, and laying down her work in the afternoon, she asked Mrs. Denby "If she might go for a walk." She half began to fear that she was a prisoner.

"Yes," said the woman, reluctantly ; adding, "don't you be going into Cove-reach. Davy—I mean your uncle—won't have no gossiping, and they doos nothin' else down there but gossip. You goo 'long over the moor, and there's a great look-out over sea and land there away."

Agnes had written a letter to Miss Slater, and wanted to post it herself, as she had given a very full account of the desolate house and its inmates, and feared to trust it to other hands.

"I'm sure I do not wish to gossip," she said, as she hastened to avail herself of Mrs. Denby's half-reluctant assent, and departed.

As she went along a rising road, she found, rather to her surprise, that many people were going the same way,—working-men, the toils of the day just over, and decently clad women ; groups of young people were also coming on, as if to one place. When she gained the summit, and looked over a wide space to where the ground sloped a little down to a gentle valley, she saw in the distance a large barn, and the sound of a bell struck her ear.

There was laughter and some cheering from the groups of people as they now hastened on, and soon Agnes saw that it was a large hand-bell,

rung vigorously by a young man, whom she instantly recognised as the companion of her journey—the travelling artist—whom the farmer had called Herbert Bruce.

Poor girl! the days had as yet been few that she had passed at the Manor House, but they seemed to her an age, and the sight of even a casual acquaintance was a joy such as only the desolate could know.

With fleet footsteps she reached the barn, and soon saw the reason of the people gathering, for there was a large bill hung up over the door, "TEMPERANCE MEETING."

I must own it increased her joy when the young man, seeing her, put down his bell and came forward to welcome her with open hands and a beaming smile.

Already a goodly company had come, and Herbert Bruce, giving a last peal at his bell, entered with her, and gave her a seat near the temporary platform.

Ah! in dear old Cornwall, in the times of John Cassell and James Teare, many such meetings were first held, where now there are commodious halls and large societies to testify against Britain's most common and flagrant vice.

Herbert Bruce was to be the principal speaker on that early evening. The fault that critics could alone allege against him was the fault of youth; that one fault which differs from every other, as it mends itself every day. He spoke simply and earnestly, as one whose heart throbbed in every sentence, and who, thinking all of his subject and his audience, entirely forgot self.

A testimony had recently been published from the working-men in many laborious trades as to the benefit to health and strength derived from perfect sobriety; and as he read and commented on this, the fishermen, the miners, and the agricultural labourers of the audience were won to attention. He ventured a word to mothers—speaking of the example of his own mother in tones of filial tenderness that went to many a womanly heart. He wound up by addressing the young men present, and to them he had a terrible incident to relate, which had recently occurred. He told them that at the Sunday School of the place of worship which he and his mother once attended, there had been a scholar, who, forsaking the safe way of sobriety, fell in early manhood into intemperance and those sins which follow it. Job Ward was the dupe of bad companions, and deserting his parents' house, he took lodgings with some dissolute people, and adopted their ways. One Saturday night, returning intoxicated to his miserable room, mad with drink, fatigue, and hunger, he found the landlady was out, and the only sound that greeted him on his entrance was the cry of a poor child who lay wailing and screaming in the cradle. He was just so completely under the influence of the drink-fiend that he was ready to do himself, or anyone, a mischief. Snatching a hammer from the basket of tools on his shoulder, he hurled it with an oath at the cradle. Oh, frightful aim! It struck the poor infant on the head, and killed it instantly. The infuriated wretch, knowing nothing of the conse-

quences of what he had done, sat down satisfied, in his stupidity, at the child's silence, and fell asleep.

Thus he was found an hour after. Bad as the negligent mother was, she became frantic when she saw her child murdered, and with Job Ward's own hammer.

The result of that deed is well known. The wretched young man suffered the extreme penalty of the law, declaring, in his last interview with the minister who attended him in prison, that when sober he loved the poor child, and had no remembrance whatever of having killed it.

A strange circumstance occurred just as Herbert Bruce brought his narrative to a conclusion. Agnes had for some time noticed, as she sat by the wall near the platform, a hand from some one outside pushed stealthily through a gap in the wooden planks, and pulling gently back a bough of laurel, as if to get a better sight or hearing of the speaker. She would not have had her attention called from the terrible narrative, but that the hand, though bony and long, was very white and tremulous. She was just about to pull the branch fully away, so as to aid the out-of-door auditor, when, as Herbert Bruce repeated mournfully,—

"Yes, strong drink made a murderer of him! Strong drink was the real murderer that slew both the innocent and the guilty victim!" At that instant a groan so loud and deep resounded in the awe-struck silence of the meeting, that there was a general shock, in which each looked at the other as to the meaning of that slow, moaning gasp of horror. After a minute's pause many rose and went out. Agnes then noticed that the hand was gone. She was sure the groan came from the place where she had seen those white, trembling fingers.

The men who returned whispered to Herbert, "There's no one there; the sound must have been made in the meeting."

"No, it was from behind here," said Agnes to Herbert. But her words were unnoticed, for another speaker, fearing the meeting might disperse prematurely, mounted the platform, holding an open pledge-book, and said,—

"You all know me—Paul Tresize. I've put down my name here; I mean to be on the sober side, and I hope my neighbours and friends will be the same. It's getting dark in here, let's go outside; there's light enough to write by, and to listen by, for an hour yet."

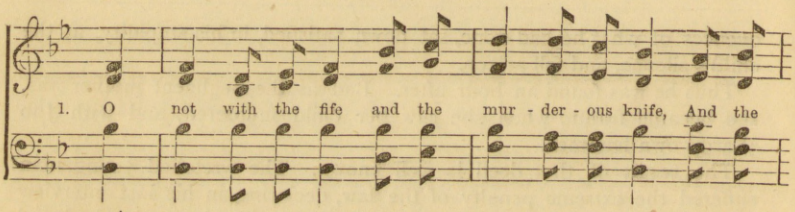
The stir thus caused as the people at once streamed out at the door, and the level rays of the western sunlight, reminded Agnes that she must not stay any longer. In the bustle she missed the opportunity of speaking to Herbert, and departed unnoticed, rather to her regret; but her mind was full of the strange interruption to the meeting, or rather the emotional comment on the words of the speaker. Never before had she heard any shriek or cry so awful and pathetic in its anguish as that long-drawn, involuntary groan; it seemed as if it rent its way from the very heart of the utterer.

(To be continued.)

Words by S. Burleigh.

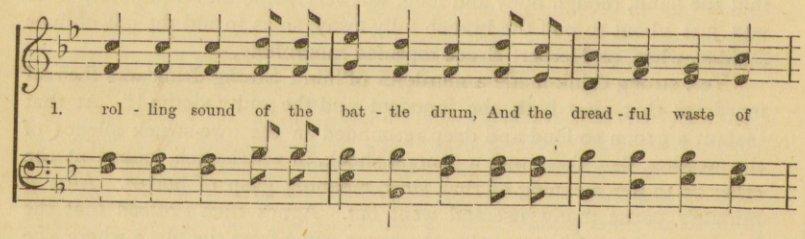
O NOT WITH THE FIFE!

Music by Fisk.

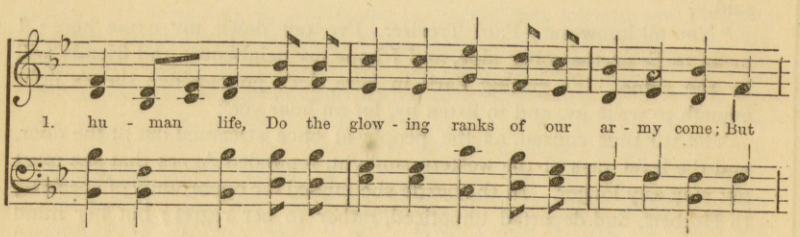


Key B♭.

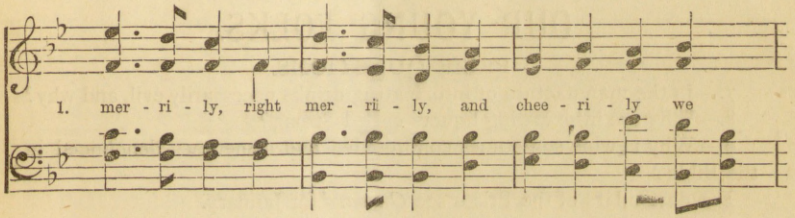
	s1	s1	: m1	.f1	s1	: d	.r	m	: m	.r	d	: t1	.d
2.	With	glad	voice of	song	we	are	mov	-	ing	a - long,	While the
	m1	m1	: d1	.r1	m1	: s1	.l1	s1	: s1	.f1	m1	: f1	.m1
3.	O !	boys	and ye	girls	with the	soft,	sun - ny	curls,	Come and
	d	d	: d	.d	d	: d	.d	d	: t1	.t1	d	: r	.d
4.	There's	no	one so	young	but can	bat	-	tle	with wrong,	There is
	d1	d1	: d1	.d1	d1	: m1	.f1	s1	: s1	.s1	d1	: s1	.s1



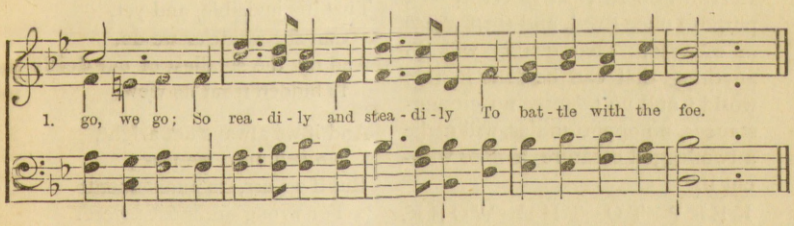
	r	: r	r	: m	.m	f	: m	r	: m	.r	d	: t1	l1	: d
2.	breez - es	soft	on our	ban - ners	blow ; 'Tis the	chil - dren's ar - my
	s1	: s1	s1	: s1	.s1	l1	: s1	s1	: s1	.f1	m1	: s1	f1	: f1
3.	join the	band	of the	brave and	fair ; See, our	ban - ner,	look ! how
	t1	: t1	t1	: d	.d	d	: d	t1	: t1	.t1	d	: d	d	: l1
4.	no one	liv - ing too	old to	mend ; Come and	help to	slay the
	s1	: s1	s1	: d	.d	f1	: d1	s1	: s1	.s1	d1	: m1	f1	: f1



	s1	: m1	.f1	s1	: d	.d	r	: r	f	: m	.r	d	. t1	d	s1
2.	brave and	strong,	And we	march where the clear	running	wa - ters	flow,	O'er
	m1	: d1	.r1	m1	: s1	.s1	f1	: f1	l1	: s1	.f1	m1	: f1	m1	: s1
3.	bright it un - furls,	Per-	fumed by the	kiss of the	fra - grant	air.	U-
	d	: s1	d	: d	.d	l1	: l1	r	: d	.l1	s1	: s1	s1	: s1
4.	mon - ster	strong,	And the	reign of	King	Al-co-	hol	shall end.	We'll
	d1	: d1	d1	: m1	.m1	f1	: f1	r1	: m1	.f1	s1	: s1	d1	: s1



	f	:—.m	r	:s$_1$	m	:—.r	d	:t$_1$	l$_1$	:d	t$_1$	:d
2	moun	- tain	side	the	foun	- tain	tide,	in	bound	- ing	pride,	is
	s$_1$	:—.s$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$	:—.f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	f$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$
3.	nite	with	us	to	fight	with	us	and	smite	with	us	the
	r	:—.d	t$_1$	:t$_1$	d	:—.d	d	:d	d	:d	f	:m .d
4.	wat	- er	him	and	slaugh	- ter	him	and	bu	- ry	him	run
	s$_1$	:—.s$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	d$_1$	:—.d$_1$	d$_1$	:m$_1$	f$_1$	:m$_1$	r$_1$	:d$_1$.m$_1$



	r	:—	—:	s$_1$	f	:—.m	r	:s$_1$	m	:—.r	d	:s$_1$	l$_1$	:d	t$_1$:r	d :—| —
2.	seen, is	seen,	Now		leap	- ing	down	and	sweeping	down	Thro'		all	the	meadows	green.
	s$_1$	:fe$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	r	:—.d	t$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$	:—.f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	f$_1$	:l$_1$	s$_1$:f$_1$	m$_1$:—| —
3.	foe, the	foe,	Then		won	- der	- ing	and	thun	- der	- ing	He	soon	shall	feel our	blow.
	t$_1$	:l$_1$	t$_1$	:s$_1$	t$_1$	:—.d	r	:t$_1$	d	:—.t$_1$	d	:d	d	:r	r :t$_1$	d :—| —
4.	low, full	low,	Be		yond	the	reach	of	all	who	teach	The	drunkard's	way	to	go.
	s$_1$	:r$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	s$_1$	:—.s$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	d	:—.s$_1$	d$_1$	:m$_1$	f$_1$	:f$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$	d$_1$:—| —

WHAT TO DO WITH STRONG DRINK.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

"SHALL I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own?"
The drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.
Drink not the poison, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
Mayest rule it as thou list, and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I kept the round.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

7.—Is the manufacture of intoxicating drinks necessarily evil, and why?

8.—Why are intoxicating liquors called Strong?

9.—Why is wine sometimes commended and sometimes denounced in the Bible?

For particulars of the Prizes see *Onward* for January.

A WORD TO BOYS.

By Sir Fowell Buxton.

"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination — a purpose once fixed, and then *death* or *victory*! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a *man* without it."

KEEP TO THE WORK.

Sir Charles Napier.

At the battle of Meeanee, an officer who had been doing good service came up to General Sir Charles Napier, and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard!" The general looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began to speak to someone else; upon which the officer repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard!" The general turned sharp round upon him, and said, "*Then take another!*"

FOUR GOOD REASONS.

By Dr. Guthrie.

I have four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.

WHAT IS A FAIRY?

By Cyclamen.

They say there is a being fair—
Its power none may tell—
Which exercises over us
A good or evil spell.

That 'tis invisible, and yet,
Can see whate'er we do,
And not the smallest of our deeds
Is hidden from its view.

And if we always act aright,
No evil need we fear;
But if we err, its punishments
For wrong are most severe.

Methinks it is a spirit good—
A being bright and fair;
And when you do a kindly deed,
There is a fairy there!

BAND OF HOPE.

By Annie Clegg.

Band of noble-minded youth!
Anxious for the spread of truth,
Never let your zeal decrease,
Dare to fight the Foe-of-Peace!

Of God's blessing you shall know,—
Faith to gild the cloud of woe,—

Hope to point to joys above,—
O'er you cast His robe of Love:
Patient tend that Onward way,
Ending in the "Perfect Day!"

I DRINK WITH A GOODLY COMPANY.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

"I DRINK with a goodly company,—
With the sun, that dips his beams,
And quaffs in loving revelry
The pure and sparkling streams;
The laughing streams
That catch his beams,
To flash them back in light:
The glitt'ring streams
Whose ripple gleams
Like liquid diamonds bright.

"I drink with a blooming company,
With flowers of every hue,
Where fragrant lips take daily sips
Of sweet and od'rous dew;
Of morning dew
So fresh and new,
That tenderly distills,
The balmy dew,
So pure and true,
That every petal fills.

"I drink with a merry company,—
With every bird that sings,
Carolling free a strain of glee,
As he waves his airy wings—
Wild soaring wings—
And upwards springs,
Filling the air with song;
The woodland rings,
And echo flings
The warbling notes along.

"I drink with a noble company,—
With all the stately trees
That spread their leafy shade abroad,
And flutter in the breeze,—
The playful breeze
That loves to please
My comrades great and small;
I'll drink at ease
Pure draughts with these—
They're water drinkers all."

TRUST AND TRY.

BY OLD JONATHAN.

"CANNOT," Edward, did you say?
Chase the lazy thought away;
Never let that idle word
From your lips again be heard.
Take your book from off the shelf,
God helps him who helps himself;
O'er your lesson do not sigh—
Trust and try—trust and try!

"Cannot," Edward? Scorn the thought;
You can do whate'er you ought;
Ever duty's call obey—
Strive to walk in Wisdom's way;
Let the sluggard, if he will,
Use the lazy "Cannot" still;
On yourself and God rely—
Trust and try—trust and try.

BABE WISDOM.

"WHICH love you best, Mama or me?"
One to his darling quoth.
The child a moment paused, then said,
"Papa, I love you both."

"But I," said he, "work hard all day
To earn you bread, you know."
"Oh, yes, I know it well—Mama
So often tells me so.

"And when I pray for you, Papa,
She makes me speak much slower;
And if you were her own papa,
She could not love you more.

"And this I know, of all my prayer
That part I like the best;
For then she prays with me, and then
I know you *must* be blest!"

The father clasped his little one
Close to his heart, and quoth:
"Oh, ever while we live, my love,
So love and link us both."

"TOO LATE! TOO LATE! YE CANNOT ENTER NOW!"

By Mrs. E. C. A. ALLEN.

CAN this be home again? Ah, me! how altered!
Surely it is, yet it is not, the same;
Is this the threshold from which my feet wandered,—
Wandered to tread the dark pathways of shame?
Yes! Here I passed the bright season of childhood,
Joy of my mother,—my dear father's pride;
Here, to this door, in my proud, early manhood,
Brought I home to them my lovely young bride.
Fond, tender mem'ries that cling round the old spot,
How ye can torture and madden my brain!
How my heart yearns in its desolate anguish,—
Yearns for the joys it may ne'er taste again!
Drink! thou destroyer! beneath whose fell influence
This coward hand struck to earth that fair wife,—
Struck her to earth with my babe at her bosom,
Both of them dearer to me than my life!
How hast thou cursed me, thou spirit of evil!
Tearing my heart from its anchor of rest;
How hast thou made me a wand'rer and outcast!
How hast thou bound me with fetters unblest!
How hast thou goaded me on to destruction!
How hast thou lured and enticed me astray!
Why did I yield to thy fatal seduction?
Why did I bow to thy merciless sway?
Might I but see them once more ere I perish,—
Perish, the victim of Drink's deadly power!
Are they alive yet? 'Tis years since I left them.
Oh! but to bask in their smiles for one hour!
Did the blow kill her? Heart, stop thy wild beating!
What if it did not? and should she still live,
How will she give the poor Drunkard a greeting?
How his unkindness forget or forgive?
Round to the casement, so well known in boyhood,
Cautiously, silently, thread I my way;
How every scene, rich in old recollections,
Peacefully sleeps 'neath the moonlight's cold ray.
Ah! I can see them,—my father,—my mother,—
Furrowed each cheek and white hairs on each head;
Mother and child too,—*my* child and its mother;
Oh, God! I thank Thee! She is not then dead!

Lies there the Bible I knew in my childhood ;
Hark ! from its pages my old father reads.
See, now they kneel ; list ! he prays,—Is that *my* name ?
Yes, 'tis my name : for the wand'rer he pleads !
Oh ! let me drag myself into the circle !
Death's hand is on me, but let me die there !

Canst Thou, my Saviour, forgive the poor prodigal ?
Yes ! for I feel that Thou hearest that prayer !
Can that bright girl be the babe I remember ?
Effie, they call her ; yes, that was her name.
Like the loved scenes and the home of my childhood
How she is altered and changed, yet the same.
Go not to rest yet, my Effie, my darling !
Let thy poor father embrace thee once more.

Wife! Father! Mother! oh tarry one moment,
Till my faint limbs totter round to the door!
Dimmer my eye grows,—the scene fades before me;
Vainly I strive to the threshold to come;
Which is the way? I am blind! I am helpless!
Let me not perish in reach of my home!
Is the moon shining? I cannot perceive it;
I am too weak e'en to utter a cry;
Prostrate and powerless, sightless and voiceless,
Friend of the friendless! Lord, save me! I die!

* * * * * * *

Cold was that winter's night,—loudly the wild winds
Wailed a lament for the life passed away;
Fast fell the snow and sleet, scattering a winding sheet
Over the motionless form as it lay.

* * * * * * *

"Mother! dear mother! come see, in our meadow
There's a poor man lies asleep on the ground."
Ah! 'tis a long sleep! Thy father the sleeper!
Effie, *his* Effie, her father hath found!

CHEERING REPORTS.

WE are hearing on all hands of the great work that is being prosecuted by Bands of Hope in circulating "ONWARD," and we are much cheered by the news. Scores of societies who never took an interest in the matter before are now working earnestly, to the profit of their members and the welfare of the neighbourhood in which they labour. We earnestly hope that all the Bands of Hope who have not yet commenced to circulate temperance literature will at once send 1½d. in stamps to our publishers for "Publication Departments and How to Form them," and set to work canvassing their neighbourhoods. Wherever there is one young man or woman to take the matter in hand and direct the little ones, success is easy. To show what can be done we need only say that Chancery Lane Band of Hope, Manchester, has just had its annual presentation meeting, when prizes to the amount of £30 19s. 9d. were presented to its publication canvassers. All can help, and we say with all our hearts to each Band of Hope conductor and friend of humanity—

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WE should not say that the use of tobacco was inconsistent with Christian living; but the highest type of Christian character is the highest type of manliness, and this involves personal cleanliness, self-denial of injurious indulgence, and a scrupulous regard for the comfort of others—three elements not easily combined with chewing, smoking, and spitting.

A DOCTOR'S TROUBLES.

BY HENRY MUNROE, M.D.

A MEDICAL man's life, what is it? For years, a struggle for bread; a constant worry of mind; a wear and tear of body; a fagged-out existence by day, and a sleepless rest at night. Who would be a doctor? Though called to heal the sick, he should never be ill himself. Though with never a moment to call his own, he should ever be, like a policeman, in readiness to go immediately when wanted. He should be possessed of an eye like a hawk, a voice as gentle as a dove, a heart as brave as a lion, a hand as soft as a lady's, a temper as pliable as wax, and a constitution like a cab horse. How often have I, on going to rest, tired out and faint with continued professional labour, held an argument in my mind, whether or not I should tie up the night-bell. How often I have wished that man who invented the night-bell might have his own head turned into one and rung out of existence. All other professional men and tradespeople can have their pleasure, their holidays, and their rest from work; but the poor doctor, like the first dove sent out of the ark, is ever on the wing.

Well do I remember, though it is now many years ago, walking home about four o'clock in the morning, having attended a very severe case. The night was dark, the air was cold and damp. Not a soul was astir; not a sound was heard, save the patting noise of a stray policeman's boots upon the pavement. I was jaded out in brain, worn out in body; and as I walked slowly down the broad street of large houses where I lived, I heard the bells of the parish church chiming—"Home, sweet home!" As the music of those sweet bells, borne along by the fitful wind, stole over my senses like the music of a dream, I thought of my errand of mercy,—that I had been the means of relieving one poor, suffering human being, and made one happy by my night's journey. Then I thought of my own home; but what was the use of it when I was always out? Then the music of the bells, as I walked up the steps, mockingly seemed to chime, "There's no place like home!" When I got inside of the house, I thought, "Well, there is no place like home. If there is only a washing tub, an umbrella, and a pair of pattens, it is home, 'though ever so homely.'" When I got into my bedroom, I noiselessly undressed, fearful I should disturb my wife; but more especially afraid of waking the youngest baby, who had the wonderful power of alarming everybody in the house until his wants were supplied. I laid my head upon the pillow, thinking that the respectable individual who invented bed ought to have a monument erected to his memory as high as the clouds.

In a few minutes I was in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of the sweet music of those bells—happy homes—and summer's sunshine, when

off went the night-bell, such a thundering peal, enough to wake a man out of an epileptic fit. I knew by the ring it was one of those uncouth, unmannerly bobbies, who was at the other end of the wire. A policeman always entertains an idea that everybody, at night, is hard asleep, just because he is obliged to be wide awake; and deems it a duty to alarm everybody, in case of emergency, to show that he is an important official. Before I could get myself roused up, and my eyes rubbed open, another peal was pulled off as loudly as a fire-bell at the church. I opened the window,—for speaking tubes were not in use in those days,—to listen to the voices of the night, and thrusting my head out in the cold, I called out, "What's the matter?" The man in blue, covered with a big top coat of grey, shouted out, "You must come, immediately, with me to Green Lane, as I've found a gentleman near the house, drunk and incapable, and starved to death. We've got him in, but it's impossible to rouse him. I've pulled him twice from the ground by his back hair, and used other like restoratives, but all of no use; he's never showed any signs of feeling or coming to."

"I will be with you in a few minutes," said I. I quickly dressed, tired though I was, and soon found myself by the side of the stern guardian of the night, trudging along to keep ourselves warm.

"Do you know the gentleman?" I inquired.

"Well, yes; I know him, certainly, by sight," answered the talkative P. C. "He's quite a gentleman, for he treated me the other night to a glass of something warm, at the 'Dog and Duck.' Your money's all right, Doctor, this time, I'll be bound. Besides, I shall make a report to the sergeant of fetching you, which will be booked; and so you will be sure to get paid for your visit by one of us. Who knows but what we might have an inquest, and then you will be sure of two *quid*. You talk of being tired, lor' bless you! it would take me a long time to get tired at the rate of two guineas a visit."

"Where did you say the house was?" asked I again of the policeman.

"Well, it's that nice little cottage with a little garden before it, at the end of the lane," replied the bobby. "I was just flashing my bull's-eye into the faces of some impudent cats, holding a sort of convivial meeting, when I saw something black laid upon the ground. On walking up to it I discovered the party all of a lump, as stiff as an old brush, and as cold as an ice candle. While I was trying my simple restoratives to wake him up, out comes his wife, as sensible a woman as I ever saw. She didn't blubber and scream, or sky-lark about, or even faint away, as women in general do, just to show off before a policeman, but she helped me to get him into the room, laid him before the fire, rubbed his cold hands, undid his necktie, and said she would give me half-a-crown to run for you. I never met with a cleverer woman during the whole of my extensive experience as a P. C."

"Nor a more generous one," I chimed in.

"Well, you know," replied he, "it would be unmannerly to refuse a gratuity from a lady; indeed, I never knew a policeman, in our force, that had the heart to refuse half-a-crown from any body. I should not like to have it on my conscience that I ever was guilty of such a sin, though it *is* against the rules of the force. But, lor' bless you! what's them rules when life's at stake. If a policeman thinks himself affronted by the offer of half-a-crown, I say, let him pocket both. But here we are, this is the house. Let me go first and show you a light." So flashing his bull's-eye on the walk, we entered the house.

During the absence of the policeman the wife had been diligent in restoring the starved, drunken husband. With some little difficulty, yet, with the assistance of the P. C., who was a kind-hearted, humane individual, we managed to undress the patient. While we were thus engaged the wife had got the bed well warmed; and, after I had given him some restorative medicine, and directed certain applications to be made, I left, promising to see him again in a few hours.

The policeman had the promised half-crown slipped into his hand, unseen by me; but I knew that he had received it, for I heard him say, *sotto voce*,—"Well, marm, before I go off my beat I shall be glad to call, just to ask how the gentleman is, and if there is anything else I can do for you."

When we got out of the garden gate, bobby says—"Them's nice folks after all. How quietly she slipped it into my hand, as if she did not want you to see her do anything against the rules of the force. Poor woman! I could excuse her doing a thing of that sort in her trouble."

"Have you ever seen the patient at the 'Dog and Duck?'" asked I wishing to know something of the habits of the sick man.

"No, not until lately have I seen him coming home with a deal more drink on board than was safe for him to carry," replied the police-constable.

"Well," I said, "I am not a teetotaler, *you* know, but I now think there is safety *only* in abstinence. If all persons were to be abstainers, doctors would have very much less to do, and, especially, would there be a very poor prospect of my getting those two *quid* you spoke of a short time ago."

"Yes, and very few policemen would be wanted either. I guess my clothes would soon be to let, and 147 Y would consequently be a private individual," sentimentally sighed the watchman of the night.

We parted at the lane end—the civil and good-hearted bobby to patrol round his beat, and I homewards, to obtain a few hours' rest before beginning the rounds of another day. I soon was in my haven of rest, thinking what a curse drink was, and ever had been; how many patients it had brought me; how many families it had ruined; how many it had sent to a premature grave; how many bright hopes it had blasted; and —I—fell asleep.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number.

IN speaking there are three principal ends—to inform, to persuade, and to please. They correspond to the three departments of the human mind: the Understanding, the Will, and the Feelings.—*Bain.*

A MAN may be great by chance; but never wise nor good, without taking pains for it.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—*Shakespeare.*

THE superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE goodness of to-day will not blot out the sin of yesterday.

SOME hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

CONSCIENCE is a sleeping giant; but his starts are terrible when he awakes.

NOBLE actions are best seen when looked at with an eye to emulation.

THE Working People's Temperance Christian Association, Pendleton, has distributed 68,000 tracts, and circulated 13,000 copies of *Onward*, *British Workman*, etc., during the past year; and, in addition, has carried on Band of Hope and Temperance meetings, a Mothers' Mission, a Penny Bank, a Ragged School, etc., with an average attendance of over 500 persons.

A PROSPEROUS merchant has for his motto—"Early to bed and early to rise; never get drunk, and advertise."

THE late Robert Cassidy, an Irish distiller, said: "I tell you, James Haughton, we'll put the folly of mankind against the wisdom of mankind, and we'll beat you teetotalers ten times over."

"HE who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave."—*Byron.*

"WHAT time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause, you see, there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

"HERE'S TO YE."—"Take example by the horse you drive," said an employer, remonstrating with his drinking Irish driver; "the horse drinks only when he is thirsty, and when he quenches that thirst he drinks no more." "Arrah," replied Pat, "musha, sir, the horse has no one to sit forninst him and say, 'Here's to ye!'"

A WELL-KNOWN bald-headed banker, who always prides himself in being a self-made man, during a recent talk with a friend, had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "W-w-what d-did you s-say?" asked the friend, who stutters. "I say, with pride, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself." "Hold!" interrupted the friend. "W-while you were m-m-making yourself, why the dickens d-did-didn't you p-put some more h-hair on the top of y-your h-head?"

THAT HORRIBLE DRUNKENNESS!

SO the phrase goes. The newspapers are full of it; even those which rant and rave about the bigotry and fanaticism of teetotalers, assure their readers that they abhor and detest the drunkard; whilst all the time they are pleading for the moderate use of the DRUNKARD'S DRINK.

Members of Parliament who are doing their best to rivet the chains of the unholy traffic on the necks of an unwilling people, and who refuse any concessions that will enable the people to protect themselves, "Detest Drunkenness as much as any men."

The priest or bishop who urges the unscriptural nature of the pledge and secures "the warmest approbation of the Licensed Victuallers," "hates drunkenness."

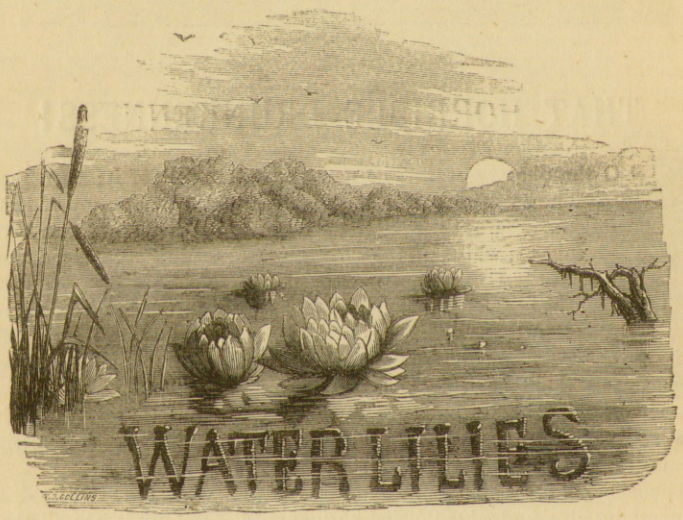
Thousands of respectable well-to-do people who take their drink moderately, also undoubtedly dislike inebriety. But what are all these very good people doing to check the fearful habit caused by the drinking customs of Society? If teetotalers urge the privilege and duty of personal abstinence, which they know to be a certain cure for the disease, they are met by sneers and disparaging remarks on fanaticism. If Social Reformers press the claims of the people to a voice and a vote to enable them to prevent the degradation of the neighbourhood in which they live, they are met by unmeaning cries of the "liberty of the subject," as though the liberty of the subject was not interfered with in a thousand ways already, and especially by the drink traffic.

"Don't rob a poor man of his beer," cry the rich, the respectable, and the publican; and if you suggest to them your willingness to leave the matter to the decision of the poor men themselves, their hands are held up in horror at what they are pleased to call your intolerance.

Do not let us be misled,—let us keep our motto always before us;—TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL—PROHIBITION FOR THE STATE. And the harder we work, the more we shall feel still remains to be done, in order that the blighting curse, which has eaten into our national life like a huge canker, may be effectually removed.

Above all let us be constant in season and out of season in urging the safety, the privilege, the duty, and the happiness of the pledge.

If our advocacy be faithful, vigilant, and diligent, we shall do much to lay the foundation of an enlightened public opinion before which all monopolies that live and fatten on the vices of the people shall fall, never —never to rise again.



By Mrs. Clara L. Balfour.

FAIR lilies on the sedgy brook,
How pure and beautiful you look!
Each bloom a pearly chalice—
Laid on a broad leaf's circling fold,
And centre'd with a star of gold,
Gemm'd like a monarch's palace.

There's a lesson in your purity,
That tells my soul what I should be
While floating on life's stream.
My spirit, like the lily's cup,
Should from its lowly state look up
And woo the heavenly beam.

Not overwhelmed when troubles come
With surging flow around my home;
But resting on His tender care—
That, like the lily's sheltering leaf,
Holds me, and bathes my every grief
In the pure dew of *Prayer!*

FIRE PICTURES.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

III.—THE STORY OF A POET.

AUNT NELLIE happened to be engaged for a short time on the evening it was Bertie's turn. Of course that impatient young gentleman could not wait; so he hurried Maggie and Floss into the schoolroom, turned the lamp nearly out, and proceeded to make himself comfortable, and to astonish his sisters by the most extraordinary things he could imagine. "You girls," he said, "can't make out anything grand: just se what wonderful pictures I shall find." And most certainly he did: soldiers, sailors, ships, and icebergs; robbers in caves; forests and mountains; Jack the Giant-Killer, and Daniel in the lions' den. But time would fail me to tell one-half of the things Bertie Warren saw, or pretended he saw, in the fire that night.

"Now," he cried, "there is a beautiful park with trees all about it, and deer drinking at a broad stream; right back a grand castle rises, so high! and more trees, thick as a wood, shut it all in: against the outside wall, *just here*" (Bertie nearly touched the bars in his eagerness), "I can see a boy lying on the grass"——

"Not scorching his face, I hope," said a quiet voice; and two hands came over Bertie's eyes from behind, and drew him back from the fire.

"Oh! Auntie," said Florrie, "Bertie's been seeing such lots of pictures; it will take you till *Trismas* to tell them all."

"Then we must take the last," said Aunt Nellie, laughing. "I came just in time to hear it. I want you to suppose the beautiful place Bertie has been describing to be 'Burghley House by Stamford town.'

"One Sunday morning in spring, a little, thin-faced boy, very poorly clad, hurried along the road towards Stamford, arriving there very early, for he had started soon after midnight. Patiently for three hours he waited before a bookseller's shop; then asking a lad in the street when they would open, received the reply, 'Not at all to-day, for it is Sunday;' and the tired little traveller turned homeward, bitterly disappointed. Poor, ignorant, and untaught, he had seen a book of poetry, to be obtained for 'eighteen pence,' so its owner said; and by great exertion and several small loans, having made up the amount, and after his long walk not to be able to get it, was very hard, he thought. Poor lad! no one had taught him anything about Sunday.

"On his way back he thought over many plans, one of which he carried out. His work next day was to take charge of his master's horses and lead them to pasture: with two pennies which he contrived to obtain, he bribed the cowherd of a neighbouring farmer to look after the horses for an hour or two, and *not to tell.* Then on Monday morning, after a sleepless night, he left the horses with the lad, and started once more at

a brisk trot for Stamford doing the seven or eight miles in little more than an hour. When the quiet, respectable bookseller opened his door, he was startled by a little, forlorn-looking country lad rushing in and asking for a copy of Thompson's 'Seasons.' The good man tried to question his customer, but did not gain much information, except that he came from Helpstone; that his name was John Clare; his parents were on the parish, and he was servant to Master Gregory of the 'Blue Bell.' With pity in his heart, the good shopkeeper said, 'Keep the sixpence, my boy; and almost in a moment John Clare caught it up with the book, and rushed off as fast as his legs would carry him. On the way he could not help taking little peeps into his book. It was the first real poem he had seen—although his heart was full of intense love for all that was beautiful and poetical—for his parents were miserably poor.

"As he passed by the park in which Burghley Hall stands, he could wait no longer; clearing the low wall at one bound, he threw himself down on the grass, and read the book twice through from beginning to end.

"That was him I saw," said Bertie; "he looked poor."

"John Clare felt happier than ever before in his life; and while the birds sang sweetly above, and the spring flowers blossomed around, he drew a pencil and bit of crumpled paper from his pocket, and for the first time began to write poetry. Now I must pass on very quickly. He made brave, but sometimes mistaken, efforts to improve his education, and continued to write verses at every opportunity. The ignorant people of Helpstone, on the border of the fens, whispered strange things about the young poet, and said he had dealings with evil spirits. He lived a dreamy, unsettled life, wandering about at night, full of his own thoughts, for hours sometimes. For want of means he was unable to learn any trade, and being too weak for farm-work, his parents thought him on the highway to fortune when the head-gardener at Burghley engaged him as an apprentice. However, he fell into foolish and bad habits while there. His master and some of the under-gardeners were thoroughly intemperate, and John Clare joined them. Many nights he lay under hedges or trees in a state of intoxication, and the exposure brought on rheumatic disease for life. But this was not all: mind suffered more than body from such a reckless, wicked course; and probably the sad results of after years may be traced to this source.

"After about a year, being then sixteen, he became tired of his work, and ran away; but soon, being nearly destitute, he returned to the hut—for it was little better—of his parents. Afterward for a time he lived with a gipsy tribe encamped on Helpstone Heath; but left them and tried to obtain a living as lime-burner. For years the poet lived a changeful, half-wild life, filling up his leisure hours by writing verses on every scrap of paper he could find. Some of these fell into the hands of those who saw at once, in spite of the author's bad writing and shocking spelling, that he had real talent and genius.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER IV.

A MORNING SALUTATION.

WITH a beating heart Agnes got out of the meeting into the open air. The groan which had startled all had been so near her that it seemed still to vibrate in her ears Anxious as she now was to be at the Manor House before the darkness fell, she yet went round the off side of the barn to the part which was behind where she had been sitting. There certainly was no one there, but some clustering weeds were trodden down, and part of a bough of laurel which had been placed inside, was drawn through a broken board; and stepping upon a stone amid the weeds she found that she could look through, and that the aperture commanded an entire view of the platform. Some one, she was sure, had stood there, and from that person had come the groan which so thrilled the meeting, and herself in particular. She looked keenly around, but all the audience were collected about the doorway and the opposite side, and not a creature met her gaze. The only object that broke the monotony of the space was a haystack partly cut away. Her path, she recollected, was past this; and she went on, still looking nervously about her, and listening with keen ear, as if for some expected sound, or, it might be, a repetition of that groan. The cheerful murmur of the crowd was all she heard, and quickening her steps she passed the haystack. There a dark object she thought was crouching in the deepest shadow. It moved as she drew near, and passed or crawled round, as if dodging out of sight. It was no part of her intention to discover who, or what this object might be; the twilight was each moment deepening, and the part of the moor before her was wild and lonely. She had outstaid her time and she was rather glad that no one had started up in her path, or was following her. Still she seemed to be certain that from some unseen hearer that groan had come, and that the same hearer had found a hiding-place under the shadow of the old haystack. But why should there be any one hiding, and why, but from some guilt-oppressed spirit, should there have been such a moan of horror and anguish? These questions both perplexed and frightened her, and she took refuge from her fears in flight, as swiftly as her feet would carry her. She tore on across the moor, and stopped not until the Manor House loomed in the distance; nor indeed then, for she fled panting on until just by a broken fence that skirted a field, out leaped, with a threatening growl, a large dog, and caught the skirt of her frock. Her involuntary cry was answered by a voice nearly as harsh as the dog. "Down, Keeper!—Why, it's the little maid. Plague take her! How came you here?"

"And through the serene stillness of the morning, the young man's voice floated up to her, 'Mr. Pencoran, I presume.'"—*Page* 69.

The last words were addressed to Agnes, and for once she rejoiced in hearing the rough tones of Davy Drone.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, breathless; "I've been running fast to get in."

"What business had ye to be out, eh? If you be a-spying about, it's as much as y're life's worth, and so I tell'e, once for all!"

This was the longest and most energetic speech that Davy had ever addressed to her; and her only reply was to repeat his words to the dog, "Down, Keeper!"—the animal ceasing to growl, and looking up at her as she uttered his name with a scrutinizing and not unfriendly gaze.

"Get in with ye, get in," said the old man impatiently; and as she obeyed, getting over a rough stile into the field, she did not turn her head until she approached the house; but she heard the old man speak to the dog, and caught the words, "Fetch him, boy! Go, fetch him."

She had to go round to the fore-court and the broken hurdle; there she found Aunt Denby, as she called her, who angrily hailed her return, adding to her first reproach the words, "I be too overdone with work to be a watching after you. If Davy—your uncle, I means—caught you a gadding off at this time o' night, there'd be a pretty stir."

Agnes threw off her bonnet and bustled about to help the old woman, who was in truth working early and late with a scared look ever on her face, the only expression that relieved its stupidity.

A something of compassion had sprung up, amid the natural disappointment of the young girl's mind, as she contemplated the life of this poor creature. No machine ever performed more monotonous toil, no ray of hope or joy broke the gloom of her heavy leaden countenance. Dread, sometimes rising into terror, was the only human look ever seen on that wasted face.

As Agnes stirred up the fire, and swept the hearth, setting old Davy's chair in the most comfortable corner, she began, as a sort of relief to herself, as well as apology, to speak of the meeting. Mrs. Denby made no remark, but she did not forbid Agnes's narration, and gradually the speech of Herbert Bruce was repeated. The old woman, who was half hidden in a cupboard, where she was arranging or preparing some food, evidently paused to listen; until, as Agnes spoke of Job Ward, the child murderer, she started out, and shutting the door came close up to the fireplace, trembling, and muttered, "Whatever made him tell such a thing here away?"

"Why not here? Is there any reason why an incident that happened some time back in London should not be told here? Is there any one it specially concerns? If there is, that accounts for a very strange thing that happened."

She then spoke of the groan she and others had heard; but the way in which that sound had startled her, was as nothing compared to the effect of the relation on Mrs. Denby. She stood with wide open, terror-stricken eyes, not uttering a word, and when the young girl ended by saying, "but don't let me frighten you—it was only a groan—a dreadful groan, and nothing

came of it," the old woman recovered herself with a sudden start, and went off immediately into the interior of the house, and Agnes heard her pass that door in the lobby which she had heard, but never seen open. If she went to communicate, or search for anything, her task was soon done, for she returned in a very little time to the room where Agnes stood pondering, and going up to her, said in a hollow whisper,—

"Never you tell that to noo one—as you value your life—mind now, never."

Twice on that evening Agnes had been threatened or warned, in words in which her life had been spoken of. She turned cold with a nameless dread, and drinking a glass of water, asked that she might go to her room. She trembled at the thought of the old man's return, and wished to avoid him.

Once in her room she regained composure to think calmly. "I can surely live," she said, "by my industry, as thousands, less instructed than I am, do. I will leave this place. People who have done nothing for me can have no claim on my obedience." Then she began to calculate the time that must elapse before Miss Slater's answer to her letter could come. She resolved to prevent the postwoman from tossing the letter over the fence, by being on the look out; and commending herself to the protection of Him who has said, "Lo I am with you alway," she was tranquillized, and fell asleep.

She must have slept some hours, when a noise woke her. She listened, and found it was voices outside raised in anger. She could not see out, for the window had been nailed up; but she distinctly heard, as she stood by the crevice of the shutters, the words—

"I've done a dog's work watchin' on you, and waitin' on you, and I've been faithful as a dog,—I couldn't ha'been faithfuller,—and all for what?"

"I neither want your watching, nor your fidelity. Denounce me, and save me the trouble. If you don't, I will."

"There'd be a fine endin' on the old Pencoran name. Here, master, take a drink. Do, now! You're a bit too low." There was a sound of a struggle, and presently a crash as of a bottle breaking, then swift retreating footsteps. Soon after, Agnes heard the growling of Davy's voice in the room underneath, and the old woman seemed to be pacifying him. In a little time the two came creeping upstairs to their room. Meanwhile Agnes looked out from her little casement, and saw the first streak of light on the eastern horizon. Her slumbers had been too completely broken to be resumed. She dressed herself and sat by her window, thinking of plans for the future. As to asking any information about her parents or her infancy from Mr. and Mrs. Denby, she had learned enough of their sulky, churlish ways to know that was hopeless. And if these people were indeed all the relatives she had, she felt sure she had better try to return to the condition in which they had so long left her. She felt sorry for Mrs. Denby,—she seemed so cowed and spirit-broken,—and

a wish to do her some good, rose in her heart; but her first plan, she felt must be to escape from old Davy.

Her reverie was broken by seeing the morning light blushing red upon the wild moor; beyond the railings, and looming large on the great disk of colour, came a form she soon recognized. It was Herbert Bruce. He advanced to the broken fence, and stood, sketch-book and pencil in hand, evidently tracing a sketch of the broken fountain. In her friendlessness she thought she might venture to speak to him, but timidity withheld her. Suddenly he noticed the open casement, and, stepping a little aside, at once saw and recognized her.

Agnes descended the stairs, but feared to open the door; she then, after some moments' consideration, mounted a staircase leading to a floor above her room, and managed to get out on to the parapet of the roof, behind a broken cornice that once had ornamented, but now added to the dilapidation of, the place. If Herbert had waited when she left the window, he now was gone from the front of the house; and refreshed by the sweet morning air, Agnes clambered along the roof in a perfectly safe walk to the other side of the building, and from thence saw the moor, the edge of the rocks, and the gleaming sea sparkling in the sunshine. But nearer objects met her gaze. An elderly man, with thin white hair, stood gazing out sea-ward; and to him with rapid step Herbert Bruce approached apparently unseen and unheard until he spoke; and through the serene stillness of the morning the young man's voice floated up to her: "Mr. Pencoran, I presume."

(*To be continued.*)

DRINK AS A HINDRANCE TO CONVERSION.

By Rev. Charles G. Finney.

AT one time it was more common than it is now, for people to drink spirits every day, and become more or less intoxicated. Precisely in proportion as they are so, they are rendered unfit to be approached on the subject of religion. If they have been drinking beer, or cider, or wine, so that you can smell their breath, you may know there is but little chance of producing any lasting effect on them. I have had professors of religion bring persons to me, pretending they were under conviction; for you know that people in liquor are very fond of talking upon religion; but as soon as I came near them, so as to smell their breath, I have asked, "Why do you bring this drunken man to me?" "Why," they say, "he is not drunk; he has only drunk a little." "Well, that little has made him a little drunk. He is drunk, if you can smell his breath." The cases are exceedingly rare where a person has been truly convicted, who had any intoxicating liquor in him.

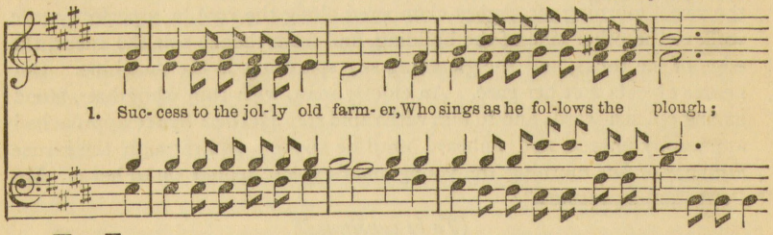
CONRAD THE CHIEF.

BYRON.

E'ER for his lips the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board, would scarce deny.
But while he shunned the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seemed nourished by that abstinence.

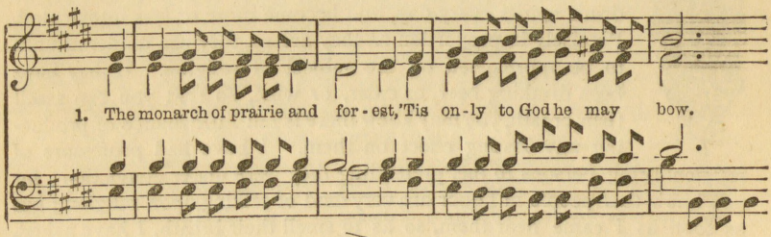
THE FARMER'S SONG.

Music by BRADBURY.

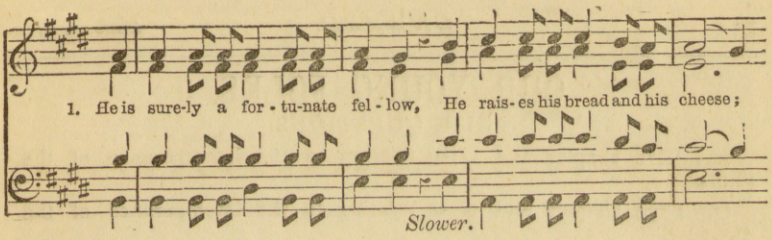


KEY E

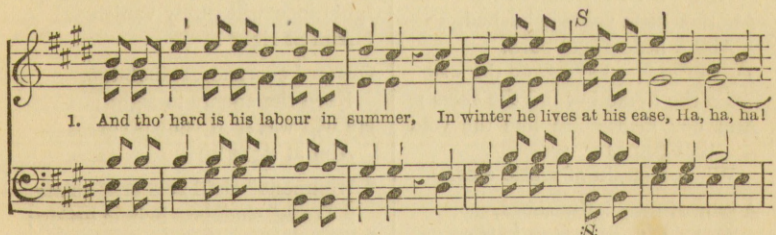
:m	m:m.m | r . r : d	t_1 :— | d : r	m:s . s | l . l : tu . tu	s : — | —
2. When the	reign of the winter is	bro - ken, And	spring comes to gladden &	bless,
:d	d : d . d | t_1 . t_1 : d	t_1 :— | d : t_1	d :r . r | m . m : r . r	r : — | —
3. His	banks are all charter'd by	na - ture, Their	credits are ample and	sure;
:s	s : s . s | s . s : s	s :— | s : s	s :s . s | d^1 . d^1 : l . l	t : — | —
4. When his	crops are all gather'd &	sheltered, When his	cattle are snug in the	fold, la, la, la
:d	d : d . d | r . r : m	f : — | m : r	d : t_1 . t_1 | l_1 . l_1 : r . r	s : s_1 . s_1 | s_1



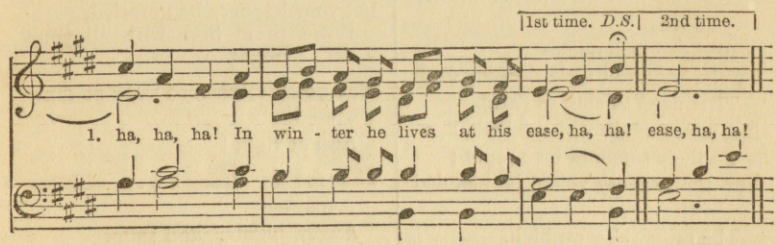
:m	m : m . m | r . r : d	t_1 :— | d : r	m : s . s | l . l : tu . tu	s : — | —
2. When the	flocks in the meadows are	sporting, And the	robin is building her	nest,
:d	d : d . d | t_1 . t_1 : d	t_1 :— | d : t_1	d : r . r | m . m : r . r	r : — | —
3. His	clerks ne'er elope with de-	po - sits, Pur-	sued by the curse of the	poor;
:s	s : s . s | s . s : s	s : — | s : s	s : s . s | d^1 . d^1 : l . l	t : — | —
4. He	sits himself down by the	fire - side, And	laughs at the tempest and	cold, la, la, la
:d	d : d . d | r . r : m	f : — | m : r	d : t_1 . t_1 | l_1 . l_1 : r . r	s : s_1 s_1 | —



:f	f : f . f | f : f . f	f : m | : s	l : l . l | l : s . f	f : — | m
2. The	farmer walks forth to his	labour, And	manly and firm is his	tread
:r	r : r . r | r : r . r	r : d | : m	f : f . f | f : d . d	d : — | —
3. His	stocks are the best in the	market; His	shares are the shares of the	plough;
:s	s : s . s | s : s . s	s : s | : d^1	d^1 : d^1 . d^1 | d^1 : t . l	l : — | s
4. A	stranger to pride and am-	bition, His	duty he strives to ful-	fil,
: s_l	s_l : s_l . s_l | t_l : s_l . s_l	d : d | : d	f_l : f_l . f_l | f_l : f_l . f_l	d : — | —



: s . s	d^1 : d^1 . d^1 | t : t . t	t : l | : l	s : d^1 . d^1 | t : l . t	d^1 : s | m : s	
2. As he	scatters the seed for the	harvest, That	yields to the nations their	bread, Ha, ha, ha,	
: m m	m : m . m | r : r . r	d : d | : f	m : d . d | r : f . r	d : — | — : —	
3. They	bring the bright gold to his	cof-fers, And	pleasure & health to his	brow, Ha, ha, ha,	
: s . s	s : s . s | s : f . f	m : m | : r	m : s . s | s : s . s	m : m | s : —	
4. De-	termin'd what-ev - er be	tides him, To	let the world jog as it	will, ha, ha,	
: d . d	d : m . m | s : s_l . s_l	l_l : l_l | : t_l	d : m . m | s : s_l . s_l	d : d | d : d	
				Ha, ha, ha.	



			1st time, D.S.	2nd time.
l : f | r : f	m . s : f . m | r . f : m . r		d : m | s	d : — | —
2. Ha, ha, ha, That	yields to the na - tions their		bread.	bread.
— : — | — : d	d . m : r . d | t_l . r : d . t_l		d : — | t_l	d : — | —
3. Ha, ha, ha, And	plea-sure and health to his		brow.	brow.
f : l | — : l	s : s . s | s : s . f		m : — | r	m : s | d^1
4. ha, ha, To	let the world jog as it		will.	will, ha, ha.
f : f | — : f	s : s | s_l : s_l		d : d | s_l	d : — | —
la, ha, ha,	ha, ha, ha, ha,		ha, ha, ha.	ha.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

10.—Give chapter and verse relating to the intemperance of the Philistines.

11.—Give chapter and verse relating to the intemperance of the Amalekites.

12.—Give chapter and verse relating to the intemperance of the Syrians.

ANOTHER LITTLE ANGEL BORN.

Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet have gone the way
To the home beyond the skies;
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook,
Where the flowers love to grow—
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds that sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

DRUNKENNESS.

Bacon.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness.

AIM AT RIGHT.

By I. Thompson.

Courage, brothers, ever onwards,
Walk with firmness to the fight
Ignorance will surely vanish—
Aim at right!

Onward ever, never doubting,
Keep the enemy in sight;
He will waver at your progress—
Aim at right!

"Argument" shall be a breastplate;
"Truth" shall be a helmet bright;
Forward, then, into the battle—
Aim at right!

Christian fathers, won't you lead us?
We must all as one unite;
Christian brothers, won't you heed us?
Aim at right!

Let your banners be unfurled,
Raise them high with all your might
May your watchword ne'er be dimmed—
Aim at right!

The foe is strong: you will encounter
Anger, bigotry, and spite.
Trust in God, names ne'er will hurt you;—
Aim at right!

Mothers, sisters, you may help us;
Pray for us with all your might;
God will prosper and will bless us
If we aim at right.

BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.

By the Rev. Frederic Wagstaff.

Have you boys ever heard of Billy Boosey's donkey? If not, listen to me a few minutes, and I will tell you about that same animal. But first of all, I must tell you who Billy Boosey himself was. Billy was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the common years ago, when I was a lad; and while he was ready to turn his hand to all kinds of work, he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden, and the money which he could earn by means of a donkey and cart. Billy treated his donkey as kindly as it was possible, and although he could neither afford to buy corn for it, nor keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in good condition, and would draw a heavy load behind him, or carry one on his back, at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey; though, if the truth must be told, Neddy was seldom as willing to be ridden by us as we were to ride.

One day Neddy's unwillingness to "go" amounted fairly to obstinacy; and when Johnny White had paid his penny and mounted in gleeful anticipation, not a step would Neddy budge. "Make him go, Billy!" was the cry; for if the owner of the donkey used a stick or whip himself, when occasions imperatively demanded, it would have been equal to everlasting banishment from his favour for anyone else to use either the one or the other. So the cry arose on all sides, "Make him go, Billy!"

Thus urged, Billy shouted, whistled, and flourished his arms, clapped his hands, and resorted to a great variety of other devices, with a view to urge his beast to action. All in vain. After a great delay, and only when the stick was applied pretty vigorously, did Neddy condescend to start. And when he *did go*, he *did go*, as people say. At full speed, off across the common; boys, Billy, and all, shouting at his heels. It was rare fun!

Presently Johnny White began to feel uncomfortable. Neddy was going at full speed towards the big pond, and not the slightest use was it for Johnny to pull with all his might at the reins. The cry now was, "Stop him, Billy! make him stop!" To this Billy could only reply, far in the rear, "Pull, Johnny! pull!" The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a standstill, and over went Johnny, splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out. When we had done so, Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all hands with, "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Boys!" said Billy, as soon as he could recover his breath, "Boys, I could make him go, but I couldn't make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, and not get into bad habits, or it 'll be easier to start than to stop. Specially take care of the drink. If you get started there, you'll maybe

find yourselves shot over into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out off."

They were simple words; but we have often thought of them since. We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed, and had a terrible bad cold after his ride. He is dead now, poor fellow. He gave no heed to the advice he had received. When he grew up he got to love drink, and the end was a drunkard's grave. I never see a young man indulging in drinking habits, smoking, and associating with bad companions, but I think to myself, "Poor young fellow, I'm afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey."

ONLY A TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY REV. J. B. DUNN.

ONE night, while a child by the hearth
Sat chanting a temperance song,
Her poor mother wept at each word,
And her father sobbed, though he was strong.
But still the child sang and sang on,
While father's broad brow throbbed in pain,
Till clutching her up to his breast,
Oh! he vowed he would ne'er drink again.

That home wore a comfortless air,
The hearth had a sad, sullen look,
Cold penury chilled every place,
While the gentle child sang from her book:
But now what a change! 'tis so gay,
So happy, that hearth and its throng;
Love-smiles have shamed old care away,
And 'tis all from a temperance song.

So now where the child sat so lone,
And sang her soft temperance strains,
Sweet hymns from the saved ones are heard,
And pure-hearted tenderness reigns.
The past and its frowns, like a cloud,
That threw its cold shades on the earth,
Is gone since the sunlight of peace
Shone around the temperance hearth.

Come, children, then sing while we may;
Though young, age comes pacing along,
And who knows what child may to-day
Be doing some good with a song?
And if that sweet child with her book
Could melt a strong heart that did wrong,
Let each give and do what he can,
Should it be but a temperance song.

THE LAND OF THE TRUE AND THE BRAVE.

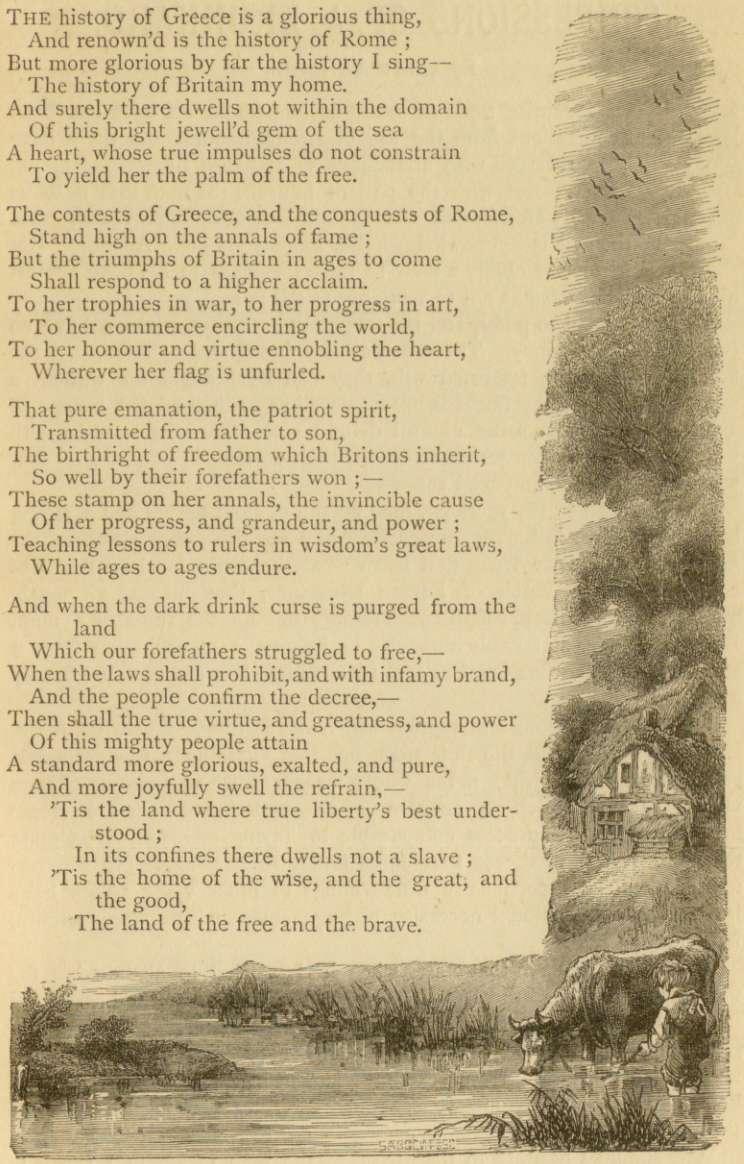
BY JAS. REWCASTLE.

THE history of Greece is a glorious thing,
And renown'd is the history of Rome ;
But more glorious by far the history I sing—
The history of Britain my home.
And surely there dwells not within the domain
Of this bright jewell'd gem of the sea
A heart, whose true impulses do not constrain
To yield her the palm of the free.

The contests of Greece, and the conquests of Rome,
Stand high on the annals of fame ;
But the triumphs of Britain in ages to come
Shall respond to a higher acclaim.
To her trophies in war, to her progress in art,
To her commerce encircling the world,
To her honour and virtue ennobling the heart,
Wherever her flag is unfurled.

That pure emanation, the patriot spirit,
Transmitted from father to son,
The birthright of freedom which Britons inherit,
So well by their forefathers won ;—
These stamp on her annals, the invincible cause
Of her progress, and grandeur, and power ;
Teaching lessons to rulers in wisdom's great laws,
While ages to ages endure.

And when the dark drink curse is purged from the land
Which our forefathers struggled to free,—
When the laws shall prohibit, and with infamy brand,
And the people confirm the decree,—
Then shall the true virtue, and greatness, and power
Of this mighty people attain
A standard more glorious, exalted, and pure,
And more joyfully swell the refrain,—
'Tis the land where true liberty's best understood ;
In its confines there dwells not a slave ;
'Tis the home of the wise, and the great, and the good,
The land of the free and the brave.



CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

By Charles Lamb.

THE favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages has been dehortations from the use of strong liquors, and these have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. Not force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of a liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayest virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is

myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful a measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such antagonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that

faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that, though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

GRAHAM.

FROM the moral necessity of the case, it is evident from the sacred record that the guests of the feast had been drinking freely of wine before the mother of Jesus desired Him to furnish more, and they must have become so much stimulated before they were furnished with their new supply, that had the good wine which Jesus made been intoxicating there would have been the utmost danger, nay, moral certainty, that they would have become intoxicated.

Now one of these three propositions is necessarily true; either Jesus was ignorant of the real nature and condition of man, and of the effect which alcohol would have upon him,—or else He was not the philanthropic and holy being we believe Him to have been,—or else it was morally impossible on such an occasion, in such circumstances, and for such a use, to make an intoxicating liquor by the special exercise of the Divine power which the eternal Father had given Him to be exerted to the glory of God and the good of man.

But that Jesus did accurately and fully understand the whole nature of man, and all that relates to man, is clearly demonstrated in the perfect adaptation of this gospel to man in every point and in every respect; and that He was truly the philanthropic and holy being which we believe Him to have been, is fully demonstrated by the infinitely holy and philanthropic spirit and economy of the Gospel.

It was, therefore, morally impossible for Jesus, on the occasion we are considering, to make an intoxicating liquor for the guests of the feast to drink—it was not possible for Him to choose to do it, without ceasing to be a holy and benevolent being.

Hence it is certain that the wine which Jesus made at the marriage feast at Cana, was not in the least degree an intoxicating liquor.

ALWAYS JUDGE KINDLY.

LONGFELLOW.

THE little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take up the history of one heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggle and temptation it has passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Charles Watson, Esq., has presented a Dissolving View Apparatus, worth £250, to the Halifax Band of Hope Union. An example well worthy of imitation.

The only way to avoid cannon shot is to fall down. No such way to be freed from temptations as to keep low.—*Spurgeon.*

All men who have done things well in life have been remarkable for decision of character. — *T. Fowell Buxton.*

True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which makes us active for God, but always within the sphere of love.—*Cudworth.*

England is governed more by custom than by law.—*Disraeli.*

A change is desirable in reference to grocers' licenses. The reason is unanswerable. It lies in a few words,—the fatal and portentous growth of secret drinking. —*Morning Advertiser.*

Give yourself a due amount of rest, plenty of ordinary food, and man to man you will work against those who use stimulants.—*Dr. Calderwood.*

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue.—*Johnson.*

One-fifth of the entire population of the globe are total abstainers, a number sufficiently large to show that intoxicating drinks are not necessary to human existence, health, or enjoyment.—*Buckingham.*

Wine and wassail have taken more strong places than gun or steel.— *Chesterfield.*

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shopkeeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

"A bumper at parting," as the drunken man said when he ran up against the post.

London papers relate curious stories of the blunders made by Oxford undergraduates in the Scripture examination which they have to pass before taking their degrees. It is told of one that, when asked to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking," the undergraduate thought for a moment, and then replied: "Balaam's ass. This is one, sir." "What is the other?" Undergraduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face, as he replied: "The whale! The whale said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The King, being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, His Majesty asked "how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached." The Archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."

LIBERTY.

MAY-DAY once more! All nature is gay; the hedgerows have put on their new green dress, the trees are again verdant with coy young leaves, the birds are twittering once more under the cover of fresh foliage with which their nests are brightly overhung; "the lark, singing, up to Heaven's gate ascends"; everything is full of fresh, joyous life. Who does not feel his blood running to-day with a quicker pulse, even though he be some town-imprisoned labourer out of sight of one green bud or blade? For even from his view man has not been able to hide God's grand blue vault of sky encompassing all; as though the Creator would by it ever remind us that "The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works."

Who does not feel somewhat in harmony with nature as she bursts open her snow-clad and winter-bound garments, and uncovers her bosom to the Spring influences? Who could not sing a song, or compose an essay, or make a speech, on Liberty to-day? Surely he who could not is not to be found in England; where we have known a long winter of feudalism and bondage; but where the sun of liberty has slowly yet most surely unbound our chains and set us free from the icy grasp of many a tyrant—time-honoured prejudice,—social taskmaster, or trade-crippling monopoly. So that now Britain is known through all the wide world as the home of Freedom. Cowper says of her:—

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing.

We are proud of the distinction and jealous of the honour. Consequently we would press forward in the work of emancipation, and leave no slave in bondage.

Teetotalers, who would further resist the sale of alcohol, are charged by the publican and those, higher than he, who are interested commercially in the drink-traffic, with seeking to trample on the liberty of Britons. Let us investigate the charge.

Perfect liberty of speech and action is not compatible with existing human nature. Because, as it is imperfect and liable to passion and error, the freedom of one might be injurious to another or to many. For this cause Law is necessary to secure the greatest safety and consequent liberty of ALL. And *all* laws are *restrictions* to the perfect liberty of a subject.

For this cause dangerous lunatics must be confined that common safety may be assured. Powder magazines and baneful manufactories must be banished into secluded spots, where the lives of many shall not be held in jeopardy by the dangerous work. Immoral publications and prints must not be permitted to be sold anywhere throughout the land, for fear lest the liberty of one may for personal profit demoralize and enslave a host.

From these instances it is clear that in order that Liberty may abound, liberties must be restricted.

And now we assert that the greatest madman, the most dangerous highwayman, the most cold-blooded murderer, Giant Alcohol, walks about in our midst at liberty, endangering the peace, property, and safety of all, and filling his thousand haunts with poor slaves, whom, stripped of all power to resist or escape, he is keeping alive but to gloat over their lingering deaths.

We say this Giant is at liberty in our midst; for the fetters that are upon him by our law do but remind us of Samson going forth with the green withes and rushes upon his brawny limbs. They hamper not his course, they only adorn him with a nation's sanction and smile.

America nobly set four millions of slaves free in her country, not counting the cost. Let us rise, in the name of Right, Liberty, and God, and free our country from the Tyranny of Drink.

FIRE PICTURES.

BY LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

THE STORY OF A POET.

(*continued.*)

"IN course of time," said Aunt Nellie, when the children had seated themselves next evening, "a volume was published, which proved a great success; all the country was talking about the 'Peasant Poet,'—the 'English Burns,' as he was called,—and it seemed as though the sun of prosperity would never more be clouded. The poet was praised and flattered; noblemen wrote, and visited the once obscure little home; but better than all, John Clare found some few real friends, with whom he corresponded

for a number of years. In 1820 he visited London, and received invitations to a continual round of parties and entertainments, of which he grew heartily tired, and gladly entered the rumbling old coach which carried him away to Stamford. Arriving there late at night, he hurried away at once to the little abode where dwelt his wife and babe.

"I wish we could leave him thus happy and peaceful; but I must, if possible, tell the remainder of his life, sad though it is.

"After John Clare's visit to London, he returned to his old work in the fields, but was continually sent for by visitors of every description, who came out of curiosity to see the new poet and his home. Of course much time was taken up by them, and sometimes after they were gone he would go to the public-house instead of returning to his work. This was not the worst effect of fame on the poet's life: many men, both young and old, came from Peterborough, Stamford, and even from London. They invited him to the tavern, where carousals, enlivened by music and singing, were kept up for hours and sometimes whole days. John Clare's resolutions of amendment gave way before such attractions; and with none to warn him or stay his course, he fell deeper than ever before into habits of intemperance.

"After many events, some pleasant, others painful, preparations were made for the publication of another volume of poems, which appeared in the summer of 1821, entitled 'The Village Minstrel.' At this time Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Southey, Shelley, and others were giving to the world works which will remain so long as the English language lasts. Amidst so much genius and learning, John Clare—poor and ignorant—seemed to stand almost alone. His book sold very slowly even at first, and, although containing much which surpassed anything in the former volume, it was passed over by most as unworthy of consideration.

"Visitors still continued to call; and unfortunately Clare formed a habit of meeting them at the 'Blue Bell' instead of at his own comfortless home. Sometimes he visited friends at a distance; but there also ale and spirits flowed freely, and were consumed eagerly, as at Helpston. This period altogether was a fatal one to the warm-hearted but too excitable poet.

"You would be very tired if I told you all the struggles and disappointments, the weary battles between pride and poverty, of the next few years. Occasionally for a short time the sun of prosperity seemed to shine on the poor poet, and then dark clouds of sorrow and adversity seemed to shut him in. His heart sank with a sickening feeling of dread and despondency, while he tried to drown in drink the memory of bitter failures.

"Does Margaret remember her visit to Peterborough? In the dim, grey shadow of its grand old cathedral there is a marble tablet, and outside in the grassy burial-ground a polished granite slab in memory of the wife of Herbert Marsh, Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Mrs. Marsh was one of John Clare's warm friends and admirers; but the good old lady little understood his peculiar nature. She invited him to her mansion,

and prepared for a grand entertainment in his honour; but he was so much alarmed when he heard of it that he contrived to run away from the house unseen.

"The winter of 1832 was a time of severe trial. Without money, and with scarcely sufficient food for his family, John Clare wept bitterly when his seventh child, a little son, was born. Previously to this he had removed from Helpston to a little cottage belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam, at Northborough, three miles distant. The poet's health failed, and for a time he could not leave his bed. As spring came on he improved in body, but his mind began to give way. Mrs. Clare was quite frightened to hear him speak of 'John Clare' as another person; but after careful nursing and great quiet his thoughts became once more clear. He knew his reason had been disturbed, and was full of dread lest such a season should return. He made touching appeals to former friends for help, but received no answer. After that, all was quiet at the pretty cottage at Northborough. The last struggle was over.

"Months passed on with little change until 1835. During March and April he was better, and able to write a preface to another book about to be brought out by his publishers. The ill-success was greater than before, not sufficient copies being sold to pay the expense of printing. Soon after, his quiet behaviour changed, and he gave way to violent fits of excitement; but very few at this time, besides his own family, knew that the 'Peasant Poet' was a madman. His condition could not long be concealed; and he was taken to a private asylum on July 16th, 1837.

"After residing there for nearly four years he attempted to escape several times unsuccessfully, but at last succeeded. After passing through most terrible suffering, so nearly starved as to eat grass, with torn and bleeding feet, he made his way to the neighbourhood of Peterborough; resting his weary body on every stone-heap. Some Helpston people chanced to see and recognize him; they told 'Patty,' his wife, who came and conveyed him home in a state nearly of delirium.

"For twenty years after this he lived in Northampton Asylum, and passed away from earth on May 20th, 1864. His body does not rest in strange soil, but away under the green grass of Helpston churchyard 'lie the hopes and the ashes of John Clare,' 'one of the sweetest singers of nature ever born within the fair realm of dear old England.'

"When you grow older and read a full history of the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet, I believe you will agree with me that strong drink painted many of the dark shadows in that sorrowful life. Now, before you go, there is a verse I want you to learn:—

> "Be good—and let who will be clever;
> Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and the great forever,
> One grand, sweet song."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER V.

DANGEROUS SECRETS.

THOUGH Agnes heard the clear, ringing voice of Herbert Bruce floating up on the morning air as he saluted "Mr. Pencoran," she did not hear any reply given, nor any rejoinder of the young man's. Yet she saw what seemed to her a strange scene. If it was Mr. Pencoran, he started back towards the house, as if frightened or bewildered. The youth kept bowing and holding out his hands, as if pleading or deprecating any intention of causing alarm or annoyance. Then she saw him put his hand in his pocket and draw out something sufficiently small to be hidden in his hand,—a letter or a card probably. He made a final effort to give it to the grey-haired man, who, still retreating, kept turning his head away, and waving him off; the growl too of a dog sounded like a threat. At length Herbert put on his hat, and turning on his heel walked away as if offended or insulted, or giving the matter up; and the other had drawn so near the house that Agnes could not see him any more. She descended by the old staircase to the door of her room, and regained it without rousing the old couple, whom she was beginning to fear. It seemed a weary waiting until the Denby's rose, for the sun was high in the heavens before they and Agnes sat down to their miserable breakfast of the very coarsest food. Denby ate nothing, his pipe being his meal.

Agnes resolved to ask again to go out; and having seen that the old man was as avaricious as he was idle, and always watched her as she ate her food with a grudging look, she prepared her plea accordingly: "I do not want," she said tremulously, yet with resolution, "to be a burden to you. I am no use here in helping Mrs.—that is—Aunt Denby. I'm not used to the kind of work, and she says she does not want help; but I could sell fancy work or drawings if there is a ladies' shop at Cove-reach, or any town near. Or I could put an advertisement in one of the papers," she continued, becoming rather desperate at the fixed stare and lowering frown of old Denby, who seemed struck dumb at her audacity.

"Goo out! seek work!—Gad about to shops!—Advertise in papers!" he said, bringing out the sentences in separate gasps, and giving out a puff of tobacco smoke between each clause. Then he paused, took his pipe finally from his mouth, and, laying it on the table, he clenched his fist and brought it down with a thump that sent his pipe off on to the floor, breaking it to fragments, while he said slowly—

"You coomed yere, look-ee, and now you be yere, yere you stays. And the less you doos o' prying, or o'gadding, or o'talking, the better it'll be for all parties."

Agnes saw him go to a cupboard, take up a big case bottle of spirits, and drink a long draught.
Page 87.

"I'm sure, Davy, I never thought as it 'ud anger you for the little maid to take a bit of a run yesterday," said his wife in a terrified voice.

"You 'never thought,'—noo ; trust you for thinking! I've got all that to do, and no end of worrit besides. There, it's no use picking up they bits ; get me another pipe and let me out : I'm sick o' the place, and all they in it."

While his wife went in search of another pipe, Agnes saw him go to a cupboard, take up a big case-bottle of spirits, and drink a long draught, then he looked round at her with a gloomy scowl and said, "First and last, a fine plague you've a-bin to me."

"I am very sorry. Let me go away, and I'll trouble you no more."

"I say NO!" he shouted, in a voice so loud that Agnes sunk trembling into a chair, and was thankful that he snatched the pipe from out of his wife's hand as she re-entered the room, and then shambled out in the fore-court, where she saw him leaning on the broken fountain and puffing out a great cloud, which had one merit—it hid his malignant face from her gaze.

"Davy's bark is wuss nor his bite," said his wife apologetically,—"oh, much wuss. He aint quite hisself, what with his rheumatics, and the late hours, and them as grows wus and wus. And troubles about money too, I suppose—though Davy is so close, he don't tell me—but he's a'most worrited out of his senses, that's what he is: so doon't you mind him, my maid."

"'Mind him!' how can I help being wretched?" Agnes said, her voice breaking into a sob; and pointing in her excitement to the big spirit bottle in the cupboard, she added, "I've been reared to know *that* makes bad worse. It frightens me. Oh, do let me leave, and try to earn my living ; or let me go to Miss Slater."

The old woman drew near, and, putting her hand not unkindly on Agnes's shoulder, said—

"Don't you be afeared about what Davy drinks. He ain't no drunkard. That is, drink takes no much effect on him. He ain't like the mas—" she checked herself and added, "he ain't like some. Nobody calls Davy a drunkard. Why, bless you! my maid, he'd drink a dozen men blind and stupid, and yet be hisself—Davy would."

Agnes opened her eyes at this new version of sobriety. She did not know how sometimes a man becomes a sponge, and values himself on what he can imbibe. But her disgust and terror increased as she looked from the window at the bloated drone ; and as she saw his huge, swollen, stiff limbs, and heavy yellow visage, she thought he gave the lie in every limb and feature to the words of his almost idiotic wife,—'The drink takes no much effect on him.' Ah! the drink-demon always leaves his stamp on body, mind, and soul.

After a long lounge and smoke, Davy Drone—as he was well nicknamed—shambled off to the rear of the house, and Agnes tried to fix her mind on her work ; for Mrs. Denby was toiling in and out at the house-work. At

length, with a weary sigh, she said, "I must goo down to the out-house for wood: Davy's rheumatics won't let him bring up a stick." Agnes jumped up and followed the feeble steps of the old woman, saying, "You must let me help you." "Well, child,don't speak so loud, and you may," was the answer, as Agnes went after her along a stone passage into a yard where there were several out-houses and the dog's kennel. He was chained up, but he gave a welcoming bark to Mrs. Denby; and Agnes, in her bitter need of human sympathy, felt grateful for the look of friendly recognition in the dog's bright eyes. "Poor fellow! Good dog!" she said, and ventured to lay her hand on his head, a caress which the intelligent creature received with pleasure. "He at least has his senses," thought Agnes. She noticed that there was a half-glass door—broken like all the rest in that place—which appeared to communicate with some living rooms; but Mrs. Denby pulled her frock and made signs for her to enter a wood out-house at the side. She had scarcely got in, and her eyes were too unaccustomed to its darkness for her to see much within it, when there arose the sound of voices. Presently a gentleman, followed by Davy, came out of the glass door into the yard.

Mrs. Denby shrunk within the doorway of the shed, and concealed both herself and Agnes; but the two men were so near that their words were quite distinct.

"I tell you I'm tired of you and your threats. While my son lived I'd a motive to hide my—my trouble—or crime—or whatever it was. Now he's gone I'm careless,—I'm desperate. Man—brute!—whatever you are, leave me."

"Well, master, early and late—early and late—night and day, I've waited on you, and watched you. And as for the bit of money I've had it's done no good. I've a-put it in mines, and it never coom out. It's my belief as a sight more money goos into Cornish mines than ever do coom out; leastways, if a man ain't got no time to look about him, and watch the markets and the rogues. And I've had all my watching——"

"Who wanted you to watch? I tell you I shall let Tresize improve his farm. I sha'n't ask or trouble him for rent."

"That woon't do for me, master."

"It must do. You can go. I fear you no more."

"Not fear me! A pretty start it 'ud be in the county if it was known that the last of the Pencoran's was a——" He drew near and whispered a word, and there was a sound as if the other man reeled and fell against the wall. "There, there, master, keep up, there's no harm done; coom in-a-doors, and I'll mix you summut as 'll keep off the blues. You been a trying to do without that as puts heart in you, and it woon't do. You gets the miserables."

Then there was a sound like a long convulsive groan—not so loud nor so deep as that which Agnes had heard at the meeting, and which still lingered in her ear, but a faint echo of the same;—then after a pause of a few minutes, as if resisting the help of Denby, there came a panting,

half suffocating voice, saying, "Don't touch me. The kindest thing you can do—all I ask you—is to leave me alone. Take what money there is—whatever comes—and go. Man, I tell you, I heard my own story last night."

"Master, now do be quiet,—that ain't possible. Nobody knows but me, and I've kept it all dark and close, as you knows, for years."

"Dark! Close! As a fire is kept till it bursts out into a flame. Better it bursts out than consume me with its hidden torment—burning as it does now." His words died in a wild plaint.

"Master, do come in-a-doors and take summut."

Then there was a shuffling sound as of the two passing in together, and the glass door closed quickly.

Pale as death, and sick with dread, Agnes gazed at the old woman, who had turned round and was looking with an inquiring glance, as if to question how much the girl knew or understood of the conversation.

The terror in Agnes's face added to the woman's alarm, as she put up her hand for silence, and both of them crept away, forgetting the wood they had come to fetch; and neither spoke until they were once again in the room which was not a kitchen exactly, but what in many common dwellings is called a keeping-room, and used for household purposes.

Scarcely had Agnes sat down when the old woman said,

"Never you take on, as you've heard what the master said."

"But it is dreadful!" faltered the girl.

"Oh, he's off his head," said the old woman, lifting her forefinger to her own forehead. "It ain't nothin' more." Then she added, "It's the drink. He can't carry it as Davy do."

At that instant Davy returned, and without noticing either his wife or Agnes, went to the cupboard and took the large bottle out with him, muttering as he left, "The master's store is out."

"And he gives that poor madman drink," said Agnes.

For a moment the eyes of the woman and girl met, and a look of antagonism came into both faces.

"I tell you what, Agnes," said the old woman crossly, "if you don't hear, see, and say nothin' in this house, you're as good as done for. My Davy mayn't be not all as I'd like, but I won't have him becalled by no one,—least of all by you, as he've done so much for."

"Let me go, pray let me go," pleaded Agnes.

"I dunnow as I can, now you've heard and seen what you have."

Agnes burst into tears. She thought she would promise not to breathe a word about the place or people, but somehow she was in doubt if she ought to make such a promise. "Have no fellowship with the workers of iniquity," was a passage she had read that morning in a little book of daily exercises, and it seemed to sound in her ears like a warning.

Hearing the voice of old Davy calling his wife, she made her escape upstairs, and there, falling on her knees, found what a blessing to the destitute is the refuge of prayer.

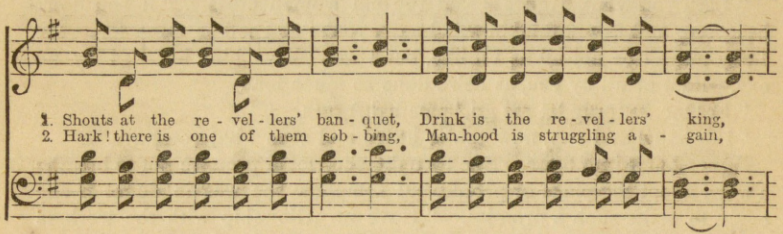
(To be continued.)

THE WELSHMAN AND HIS GOAT.

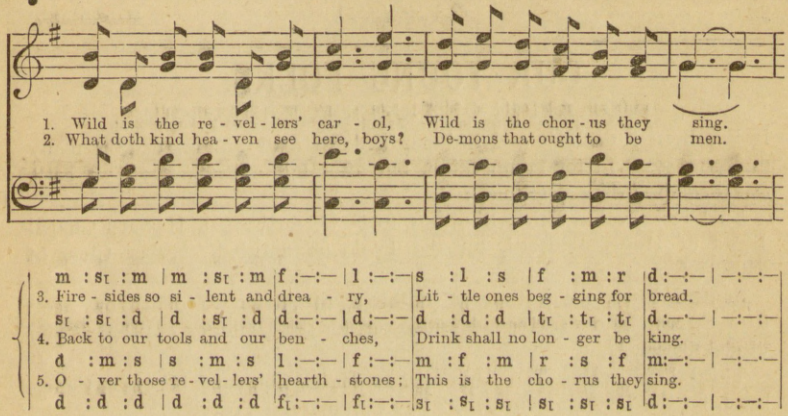
A THOUGHTLESS Welshman, with a thirsty throat—
So goes the tale—possessed a favourite goat
Who followed him, when once to play the sot
He sought the taproom and the foamy pot.
He gave her drink, when, by the cheerful blaze,
Strangely forgetting all her sober ways,
She reel'd about and roll'd upon the floor
As never goat had roll'd about before.
The giggling topers so enjoy'd the sight
That they would have the fun another night.
The Welshman took her, but the goat, alas!
The portal of the pothouse would not pass.
Her master uselessly tried every mode,
Both pats and punches freely were bestow'd.
The landlord strove, and did his best, they say,
But all in vain, for Nanny won the day!
Cuffing and coaxing both alike she bore,
Nor could they get her through the pothouse door.
The wondering Welshman, now no longer blind,
Ponder'd the thing a moment in his mind,
Then prudently adopted, in the end,
The wise example of his shaggy friend,
Forsook the pothouse, and reform'd his plan,
And from that hour became a sober man.
Ye drunkards all, this prudent lesson follow,
Or own, in sense, a goat has beat you hollow.

THE REVELLERS' CHORUS.

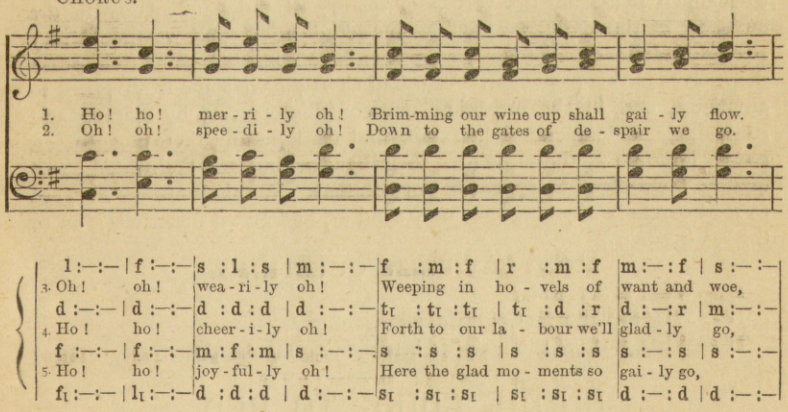
Music by B. R. Hanby.

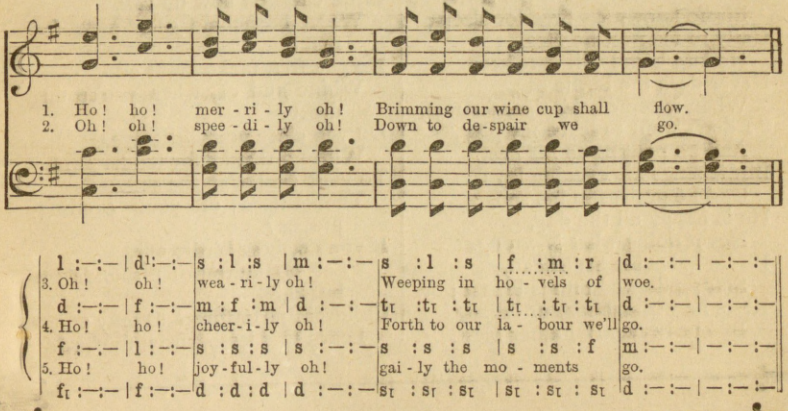


No. 15.]


1. Wild is the re - vel - lers' car - ol, Wild is the chor - us they sing.
2. What doth kind hea - ven see here, boys? De-mons that ought to be men.
3. Fire - sides so si - lent and drea - ry, Lit - tle ones beg - ging for bread.
4. Back to our tools and our ben - ches, Drink shall no lon - ger be king.
5. O - ver those re - vel - lers' hearth - stones; This is the cho - rus they sing.

CHORUS.


1. Ho! ho! mer - ri - ly oh! Brim-ming our wine cup shall gai - ly flow.
2. Oh! oh! spee - di - ly oh! Down to the gates of de - spair we go.
3. Oh! oh! wea - ri - ly oh! Weeping in ho - vels of want and woe,
4. Ho! ho! cheer - i - ly oh! Forth to our la - bour we'll glad - ly go,
5. Ho! ho! joy - ful - ly oh! Here the glad mo - ments so gai - ly go,


1. Ho! ho! mer - ri - ly oh! Brimming our wine cup shall flow.
2. Oh! oh! spee - di - ly oh! Down to de-spair we go.
3. Oh! oh! wea - ri - ly oh! Weeping in ho - vels of woe.
4. Ho! ho! cheer - i - ly oh! Forth to our la - bour we'll go.
5. Ho! ho! joy - ful - ly oh! gai - ly the mo - ments go.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ADJUDICATION OF PRIZES FOR DIALOGUES.

It has been a difficult and arduous task to read and re-read the many dialogues sent in for competition, but after full consideration we have awarded the prizes as follows :—

First Prize, value Thirty Shillings, to F. J. Northwood, Howard Chapel Band of Hope, Bedford, for the Dialogue entitled, "Steer Clear of Danger."

Second Prize, value Twenty Shillings, to Arthur Richardson Scott Elm Street Band of Hope, Manchester, for the Dialogue entitled, "The Model Colony."

Third Prize, value Ten Shillings, to Myles Coupland Hitchen, Cadishead, for the Dialogue entitled, "The Commercial Traveller."

We feel sorry we cannot give a prize of some kind to each of the competitors, for nearly all the contributions show promise, but we have been much struck by the very poor quality of the handwriting in the majority of the dialogues sent in for adjudication, and we would very strongly advise each of our young friends to spare no pains to improve themselves in this particular. We shall shortly have some fresh prizes to announce, and in the meantime our contributors can, by reading and studying good temperance literature and then putting their thoughts on paper, improve at the same time their handwriting and their minds, and qualify themselves to appear in our columns. We shall always be glad to read carefully anything they may send us, and give it insertion, if up to the mark.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

13.—What is a poison?

14.—Why are intoxicating drinks poisonous?

15.—What parts of the body do intoxicating liquors principally affect?

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

When the sun has left the skies,
Birdie knows 'tis time for sleep;
Gaily to his nest he flies,
No late hours will ever keep.
Never does the birdie say,
When it comes, *his* time for rest,
"I don't want to leave my play,"
And go pouting to his nest.
Birdie sings his evening lay;
God he praises in his song;
He is happy all the day,
Never doing what is wrong.
Birdie hides his little head,
Softly pillowed on his breast;
Rests he without care or dread,
By our heavenly Father blest.

Little children how do *you*,
When has come *your* hour for rest?
Do you fret, make great ado,
Whine and cry when you're undrest?
Do you close your little eyes,
With no thanks for tender care,
To your Father in the skies,—
Thoughtless of your evening prayer?
If you do, hear birdie say,
"Let no murmuring sounds be heard,"
Children, ne'er forget to pray;
Learn this lesson from the bird.

SPEECH OF THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I AM an old apple-tree,
Dying, you see,
Though the best in the orchard
I used to be.
I have borne many apples
For Farmer Brown.
To store in his cellar or
Sell in the town.

He has *eaten* my apples,
Both green and dry,
When stewed and when roasted,
In pudding and pie.
Thus used, they were good, giving
Pleasure and health,
Increasing his comforts,
His strength and wealth,

And his laughter and mirth;
For it was I
Who furnished the fruit for
The dainty pie.
Thus it was in times past, and
Would be still,
Had no apples been sent to
The cider-mill.

Now Brown's children are ragged,
His wife is sad,
And the farmer himself has
Gone to the bad;
For drinking his cider,
Led on to worse,
And that sent as a blessing
He made a curse.

And this is the moral: 'Tis
Foolish in man
To try to improve on
The Almighty's plan.
What *He* gives us for *food*
You'll find, I think,
Does harm and no good, if
Made into drink.

WHAT THEY DO IN HEAVEN.

By MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"WHAT do they do in Heaven, mamma?
I want to know
Before I go. [long.
I've wished and wondered ever so
If an angel to-day
Should come this way,
What do you think he would say?"
"Heaven is made of love, my child.
To learn of love
Is to climb above;
And so an angel would say, I think.
You have the key,
And heaven is free:
Unlock the door and see."

VOWELS AND CONSONANTS

IN Arabic and Turkish books generally the consonants only are printed, and the readers must supply the vowels.

As different words frequently have the same consonants, *e.g.*, hat, hate, hot, heat, dog, dig, deg, dug, the exact word is to be inferred from the connection.

It is amusing to see Turkish readers puzzling over some doubtful word.

Perhaps our young friends would like to try their hand at a little of the Queen's English in this style of printing. nd th brght yng chldrn t Hm, tht H shd tch thm; nd Hs dscpls rbkd ths tht brght thm. Bt whn Jss sw t, H ws mch dsplsd, nd sd nt thm, Sffr th lttl chldrn t cm nt M, nd frbd thm nt fr f sch s th kngdm f Gd.

Wn s mckr, strng drnk s rgng; nd whsvr s dcvd thrb s nt ws.

THE "COMING MEN."

By Ella Wheeler.

Hurrah! for the good time coming,
When the boys of to-day are men!
Do you think you'll find them idling,
An army of loafers, then?

Do you think on every corner
They'll hang as men do to-day,
And smoke, and stare at the women
And the girls who pass that way?

No! *we* are the men that are coming—
We, the cold-water band;
And we shall not grow into loafers,
I'd have you to understand.

We are ashamed of the idlers,
Ashamed of them, one and all;
And we scorn cigars and tobacco,
And we *hate* old Alcohol.

They call us the *little* children,
When they see us passing by;
But if we are not nearer manhood
Than they, I'll ask you, Why?

It is purity, truth, and honor
That build up a manly man;
Now, which of us secures the title?—
Just tell me, if you can.

Do you think you'll find us sneaking
Behind a painted screen,
Ashamed of the place we enter,
And hoping we won't be seen?

Yet this the way these *men* do!
But I'd have you understand
That *we* set a better example—
We the cold-water band.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR SONG.

By Henry Holmes.

Temperance men, your country's glory,
Weak and strong, and young and hoary,
Aim for battle, battle gory,
'Gainst a powerful foe.
He would bind our land of beauty,
Take our children for his booty,
Englishmen, now do your duty,
Lay the tyrant low;
Side by side together,
Through the gloomy weather,
Hand in hand, now firmly stand,
And never never sever;
Work for parents, work for brothers,
Work for sisters, work for lovers;
You may work as well as others,
Do the best you can.

Drink has ruined our relations,
Hurled the brightest from their stations,
Bowed in dust the noblest nations,
Filled the world with shame;
Spread around disease and sadness,
Envy, grief, heart-broken madness,
Now's the time, with joy and gladness,
This great foe to tame;
Strike, for time is flying,
Strike, for men are dying,
Now for right we march to fight,
Whilst victory! victory! crying.
Drink is falling, drink is falling,
Now no more for sights appalling,
Cheer up! we shall soon be calling,
"Drink, great Drink is slain."

THE GOOD CREATURES OF GOD.

By Jabez Inwards.

It is a favourite argument of the moderation advocate, that as the Almighty has sent beer and wine, it is right to use them. I deny that He sent them: He sent the materials from which they are made. He sent the materials from which false gods are made, but I deny that He sent false gods.

BESSIE LEE.

By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

BRIGHT as the summer morning
Was little Bessie Lee ;
Sweet smiles her face adorning,
Her eyes brim full of glee.
Her wicker basket bringing,
She sought for wild flowers sweet,
She loved to see them springing,
Around her tripping feet.

Her mother's silent blessing,
Fell on the child like light ;
No words, that look expressing,
Could tell her heart's delight,

As Bessie sang a measure
Her Band of Hope had taught her,
A ditty full of pleasure,
In praise of sparkling water.

BESSIE'S SONG.

"The mist upon the mountain
Falls in fertile showers;
The fresh spray from the fountain
Revives the languid flowers;
The sunbeam welcomes early
The sparkling drops of dew,
That tremble pure and pearly
On buds of varied hue.

And wild birds chirp and twitter,
On every blooming spray,
And watch the bickering glitter
Of the brooklet's laughing way;
And the little streams keep running
Just like the merry play
Of children full of funning
On a summer holiday."

So singing she would gather
Flowers to deck her home;
And please her dear, kind father,
When he at eve should come
To seek his humble dwelling,
And gratefully to prove
That joy—all joy excelling,
Of pure domestic love.

Oh, Love! earth's dearest treasure,
How would your joys increase,
If man would seek for pleasure
In innocence and peace!
Spurning the senseless revel,
The drunkard's hateful bowl,
And rise to life's true level,
The bliss of mind and soul.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

By Charles Lamb.

(*Continued from page* 78.)

I SHOULD repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realise it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone——

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em
To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats

which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication:* for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, until the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.*

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago, I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day

* When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand, and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which though never very particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A CLENCHER.—An eminent firm of brewers adopt as their trade mark an open hand. Bearing in mind what brutal wife-beaters will do under the influence of John Barleycorn, would not a clenched fist be a more fitting emblem?

GREENLAND has no traffic in alcoholic beverages, and, as it appears, *no crime*. The "Juniata," then in search of the "Polaris," reached Hamburg Island, July 16. While the expedition touched at Supperstopper, the Governor paid a visit to the "Juniata." As the reports say, during the conversation, "*the Governor said that crime was unknown there, which fact he attributes to the absence of spirituous liquors.*" The lesson is obvious.

A WESTERN publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend $50 for "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it. Better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall-Street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said his friend, "looks as though you'd gone 'short' on your soap."

THE following is the latest American style of describing a catastrophe: "Mrs. Swan, of Cochran, N. Y., lighted her fire with kerasene on Monday, leaving a husband and one child."

A PRINTER out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says: "A boy from the country preferred."

A RURAL gentleman, standing over a register stove in Danbury, attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife: "Mariar, I guess I'm going to have a fever; I feel such hot streaks a runnin' up my legs."

THE late Charles Burton, the great brewer, wrote: "The struggle of the school, the library, and the church against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell."

"THIS WAY FOR FIVEPENCE."—"Well, how goes it, Pat?" asked a friend of an Irishman who was holding on by the wall, after being expelled from a grog-shop. "Boys, dear," was the reply, "I'm this way for fivepence."

OUR friend, whose eye-sight was not good, was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest drinking-saloon, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

A SALOON-KEEPER, having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh!" said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will suit you exactly."

A LADY who made pretensions to the most refined feelings went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How can you be so barbarous as to put little innocent lambs to death?" "Why, madam," said the butcher, "you surely wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

THE LIQUOR INTEREST.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

RAMP, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching: how many of them? Sixty Thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp,—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp,—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What, in God's name, are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, concerning every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast, so incalculably vast, that the only wonder is that the people do not rise as one man, and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

There is no question before the world to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon our view of this matter at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to

be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in America and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realise that Christian civilisation is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

A respectable magazine reports, as a fact of encouraging moment, that of the fifty thousand clergymen of the Church of England, as many as four thousand actually abstain from the use of spirits! So eleven-twelfths of the clergymen of the English Church consent to be dumb dogs on the temperance question. How large the portion of wine-drinking clergymen there may be of other denominations we do not know, but we do know that a wine glass stops the mouth on the subject of temperance, whoever may hold it. A wine-drinking clergyman is a soldier disarmed. He is not only not worth a straw in the fight; he is a part of the *impedimenta* of the temperance army.

We have a good many such to carry, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, and who very soon will be. Temperance laws are being pressed on the Legislature, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid; some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way; some reel along in pitiful weakness; some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs; some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment; some go bound in chains, from which they seek in vain to wrench the bleeding wrists; and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget: there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests. Still the tramp, tramp, tramp, goes on, and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.

"AT THE LAST IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT AND STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER."

FIRE PICTURES.

BY LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

IV.—A STORY WITHOUT THE PICTURE.

ONE evening Mr. Warren came home rather earlier than usual. He walked right into the schoolroom where Auntie sat with the children, and held up—what do you think? Why, a letter really and truly from their dear mamma, who had been away now for five long weeks. Now do not for one moment suppose that this was the first time news had come from the absent ones. Mr. and Mrs. Falkener were good correspondents, and had carefully sent everything which they thought would be interesting. At first the reports of Mrs. Warren's health were not encouraging; the journey had shaken her very much; but after a short time, each letter was more cheerful and full of hope; and now she had become strong enough to write herself.

I cannot describe the fuss and talk there was after Mr. Warren had read the letter aloud. It was a long one, and contained many loving messages for the children, such as only mothers can send; numbers of questions to answer; pleasant little stories about their daily life and amusements; and laughable tales of good old nurse Hester, who said, "she couldn't abear these foreign ways and places," and that "she would never have left Old England, but for love of the mistress she had held in her arms as a little baby."

Nearly at the close the letter said, "We have made very few acquaintances; but Mr. Falkener has taken a great fancy to one gentleman, an invalid, who is staying here for the benefit of his health. He is well educated and clever, but peculiar on some subjects. One day, after they had got on speaking terms, (for English people do not stand much on ceremony here), Mr. Falkener asked him in to take a glass of wine. He refused, almost rudely, and walked on. But, next day, when they met while out walking, he apologised, saying in a tone whose sincerity could not be doubted, 'I would rather cut off my right hand than take a single glass of wine, or any kind of intoxicating drink; it is bad for those who are well, and, except in rare cases, worse for those who are ill.' Then Mr. Falkener began to talk about my case, and said I could not have lived without stimulants, for I had scarcely been able to take anything beside. He said, 'Tell the lady, if she wishes to improve, she had better take every bottle of that description outside, and smash them on the flag-stones.' 'But,' said Mr. Falkener, 'look at the value.' 'I do not value the whole lot at a penny,' said this out-spoken gentleman, twirling his stick fiercely round, as though about to commence the work of destruc-

tion. 'Tell your friend, from one who has studied the subject in all its bearings, that plain food, fresh air, and pure water are better medicines than can be found in bottles of any shape or size.'

"Well, after Mr. Falkener told me what had passed, I thought it over in my mind, and at last determined to try this different plan. I have tried, and find myself better in every way since I left off taking wine and spirits. I am strong enough now to take moderate walks, and come back with an appetite quite ready to do justice to Hester's good cookery. If I am spared to return to you all once more, my influence will be used on the side of Abstinence. I think I shall be as firm a teetotaler as Aunt Nellie herself."

"Is not that a pretty state of things for a man who likes his quiet glass?" said Mr. Warren, trying hard to look serious. "I can see I shall soon be in a miserable minority of one. And look at this!"

This, was a small, neat handbill, stating that several speakers would deliver addresses on the Temperance question, in Barnwell Schoolroom, next evening. Every person interested in the matter was earnestly invited to attend, as efforts would be made to organize a Band of Hope.

Florence was getting tired, and did not take much notice, but Margaret and Bertie pleaded very hard to be allowed to go. Mr. Warren, however, only teased them, until Aunt Nellie said, "Temperance meetings do not come in this direction very often. I think, Walter, we must go."

"What! you too," he said, in such a comical tone of pretended surprise that the children laughed. "Why, how do you think you could get back?"

"Oh! papa," broke in Bertie, "we could walk over—only not Floss, she is too little—and then, if you would just wait an hour or two, and drive us home, it would be splendid."

"And what should I do with myself all that time, I wonder?"

"Why, papa, of course you must go to the meeting," said Maggie; "we can call in High Street for you."

"Well, I confess myself beaten," said Mr. Warren, as Mary rapped at the door—a signal that bed-time had come and gone. She carried off sleepy little Floss in her arms, and Bertie, stopping behind just a minute or two longer, declared that "although they had seen no fire-pictures, yet mamma's letter and the Temperance meeting together, had made a capital story." This is the reason why I have told you about them.

I may just add that the meeting next evening was thoroughly good in every way, and most successful. At the close, many signed the pledge, and among others Margaret and Bertie Warren, with their papa's full consent, were enrolled as members of Barnwell Band of Hope, of which I guess you will hear more another time.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DARKNESS DEEPENS.

FOR some days after the incident recorded, Agnes had the added vexation of seeing that Mrs. Denby, who had previously been in her way friendly, now regarded her with suspicion. She felt now sure that the house was becoming a prison to her.

Agnes was a girl of principle. Christianity with her was not a form or a creed merely, but a vital influence that was to regulate her actions. Had these miserable old people who claimed to be her relations trusted her, she would have felt grave doubts as to whether she should ever have spoken out of the house of what she had seen in it—unless compelled. But, distrusted, deceived, and denied her liberty, she felt bound to use every effort to leave the place, and if she could to make known to some influentia person—clergyman, magistrate, or medical man—the condition of the master of the Manor House. She thought of that Mr. Bassett, the clergyman whom Miss Slater had named. Young as she was, she had heard enough of strong drink to know that it was a cause, and not a cure, of mania ; and if this wretched Mr. Pencoran were really a lunatic, he ought to be properly attended to and cared for.

One relief to Agnes was the time of year, and the lengthening days. In the mornings the Denbys were always late down. Night hours with them were late ; and often the sound sleep of youth would be broken by some sounds which, though distant and undefined, woke Agnes up with a terrified start, and banished any further rest. As well as she could judge, these sounds were wild or angry cries,—cries that rose sometimes clear above the low growling murmur of Davy's thick voice. "The madman and his keeper," as Mrs. Denby, when she spoke of it, would have her believe.

"I wish to go to church," she said to Mrs. Denby the third Sunday after she was there, — showery weather having afforded the readily adopted excuse before. On this particular Sabbath day it was so fine that Agnes had put on her hat and mantle, and made herself ready, before she entered the living-room and spoke of her intention. Adding "I have never in my life stayed away from a place of worship when well enough to go."

"Then all I can say is, as you must stay away now. You don't ought to ask 'why?' as you are a doing now, for Davy says I ain't to be left alone. You sees I be but weakly, and only my poor old hands to do anything : you don't ought to goo."

"You're religion ain't taught you much, niece Agonies, if it han't taught

Opening it, she read, "A Reward to my Faithful Servant Jane, from Helen Pencoran."
Page 108.

you to help them as is weak," snarled Denby, who just then entered the room.

The poor girl hated her own name as Davy always pronounced it "Agonies," though it reminded her of her suffering, but she ventured to say—

"What did Aunt Denby do before I came? I'm willing to help her, more than she'll let me. But it is my duty to go to public worship on the Lord's day."

"Dooty! doon't you be palavering about dooty. You're dooty now you've coome yere is to do as we bids you. And as to the Lord's day, be you a Methody? Ain't every day, if you coom to that, the Lord's day?"

His scoff seemed to please him, for he turned away with a grimace he meant for a smile; and Agnes's spirit being roused she said—

"Yes; the Lord gives us every day. They are His. But He requires us to give Him specially part of one."

"Well, give it an' welcome under this roof, but you doon't go a gallanting out, as you did to that meeting. Old Tresize had no right to lend his barn; and so he'll find afoore I've done with him.". He lighted his pipe as he spoke, and went out smoking.

Agnes retreated to her own room, and with a heavy heart put off her outer dress, and sat down trembling, with indignation as much as with fear. She thought of Miss Slater and her parting words, "Be sober, be vigilant." "I need be vigilant," she said; and there arose a wonder that her letter to Miss Slater had not been answered. Then she all at once remembered she had asked Miss Slater to address her reply to the Post-Office, Cove-reach, and no doubt there it was awaiting her. Gradually the tumult of her thoughts subsided; though she found, as many have, that try what they may they cannot in their Sabbath day loneliness realize the delight which is felt in social worship. Still while thinking regretfully of her solitude, poor girl! she knelt down and uttered the old pathetic plea "Hast thou not another blessing? Bless me, even me also, O my Father." And among the many worshippers in great congregations that day, perhaps none felt more than our lonely Agnes.

One reflection afterwards, as her mind recurred to her expected letter, was about her name. It happened that the name of her mother, from whom Mrs. Deane had taken her, was "Dale," and the resemblance of these two names had probably been the cause that she had been always called Agnes Deane, and had herself adopted it from use, without any intention to deceive. In her note to Miss Slater she had suggested that her initials only A. D. should be put on the letter, as she feared some treachery, and meant to fetch it herself.

A singular incident occurred on the afternoon of that Sunday. She and Aunt Denby—as she tried to call the old woman—took their midday meal together in silence, and Agnes having helped to put the dinner things away, went again to her room, and taking out her writing case began to make an outline of what she would say to Mr. Bassett if she could find him, when Mrs. Denby came in and said—

"Don't be moping here: there's a closet of old books you can look at. I'm no reader myself no more than Davy. May be they'd be as good to you as walking out. Or you can goo if you choose into the forecourt. Nobody wants to keep you from a breath of fresh air, but 'tain't proper for young maids like you to be a rambling by theirselves—'tain't proper, noo how."

The word "books" was pleasant to Agnes. She locked her writing case, and going down was shown a closet in a room adjoining the living room, in which there was a tumbled pile of mouldering books. The sight disappointed her: she had thought there might be an old library in the place. Mrs. Denby saw the disappointed look and said,—

"Surely there's some in all that lot as 'll please you? There, just you look 'em over. You can't tell what they be till you look, even if you are sich a scollard."

A faint smile came over Agnes's pensive face at the charge of scholarship, though certainly her training and attainments made her present companions a trial to her, apart from all the sorrow, and, as she feared, sin, in that house. However, she was not sorry when the old woman went back into the living room and left her standing before the book closet. Old magazines of the past century, a tattered Gazetteer, Farming books, "Coasting Pilot's Guide," were not inviting, and most of these fell in tatters as she opened them; but just as she was turning away there was a little book neatly wrapped in a paper cover fell on to the floor from between two volumes of sermons. She picked it up, and found it had very neat clasps, and was in good preservation—"WESLEY'S HYMNS." Opening it she read "A reward to my faithful servant Jane, from Helen Pencoran." Under this, and with a date of twelve years later, was the startling inscription, in a stiff handwriting, "*I shud like this boke, bein all I has of my dear old missus's, to be giv to little Agnes, when I'm gone.* JANE DALE." That was her widowed mother's name, and surely she herself must be the Agnes named. She read the words over and over, and taking off the paper covers saw that it was bound in Morocco,—such a book as a lady would give as a prize to a young servant. This Helen Pencoran was most likely the wife of the now desolate lunatic. And Agnes, in reading her mother's name, pictured to herself a time when the old house was not desolate; when a kind and probably a pious lady dwelt in the place; and when most likely her own mother had married away from there. How hard it seemed that she could not question either Davy or his wife! Had sobriety been the rule with them, however cross or eccentric they might have been, she could have ventured to speak to them; but the drinking of this old man, who, as his wife asserted, was never drunken, was enough to make him so morose—(and his pipe added stupor to his gloom) that she trembled at the mere thought of him; and as to his wife—the little intellect she ever had had been all scared away by his brutality. To creep about grumbling incessantly all day, and then to stultify herself with gin and water at night made up her life.

Agnes put the book into her pocket, feeling it was hers, and giving a glance at some other books, in one other of which she read the name of "Jonas Dale, Master Mariner," who she concluded was her father. How long she staid thinking over this she scarcely knew; her reverie being broken by a summons to help to get the evening meal.

Soon after daybreak next morning Agnes crept downstairs, and on trying to open the door at the foot of the staircase found it fastened. She had noticed the rusty lock, but it had never to her knowledge been used. She examined it, and soon found that the staple into which the lock shot was loose and yielded to her hand. She pulled it aside without noise, and then undid the bolts of the side door, as she had often done on other mornings, and went out. Something in the sense of recovered freedom tempted her to leave the forecourt and push her way through the broken hurdle, and so on to the open cliff. She went as far as she could beyond the outlook from the house, though it was hours she knew before Davy or his wife rose. Her dread had been that the dog would be roused, but her tread had been noiseless. Now as she hurried on, she seemed to have no settled purpose. She did think that it would be a comfort to meet Herbert Bruce. Then she blushed at the thought. "What do I know of him, or he of me?" she said to herself angrily.

Suddenly the sound of wheels on the hard road that swept round the base of the cliff struck on her ear. She hastened to descend a path that led to it, and at once recognized and was seen by Farmer Tresize, and to his salutation she instantly replied that she wanted to go to the Post-Office. "You're an early bird, but you're not earlier than the post folks," he said; adding, "Jump up, if you're in a hurry. Why, you are all of a tremble-like! Mr. Bruce talks to me about you. I mind you came to the Manor House the same time as he came."

Agnes accepted the farmer's invitation, glad to see, if only for a few minutes, an honest-looking face.

"Well," said he, "and how do you like yon queer place?" pointing up as he spoke with his whip.

Agnes shook her head, but she did not trust herself to reply. She merely asked, "Is Mr. Bassett the curate at Cove-reach?"

"No, no; he left six months ago. The place didn't suit his health, or it was too dull, or something. But if he'd had as much zeal to do good as my young friend, the artist, he'd not have left without trying whether he couldn't have emptied the tavern and filled the church. I've signed the pledge, and so have a good many of my men and the neighbours. You should sign, Miss. It's good for the old, but it's doubly good for the young."

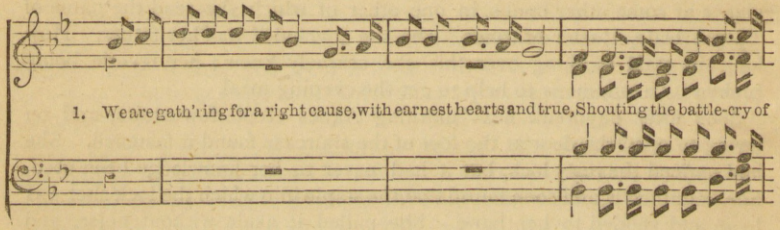
"I'm a member, sir. I have been from my childhood."

"Why, heart alive! then how do you get on at the Manor House?"

(To be continued.)

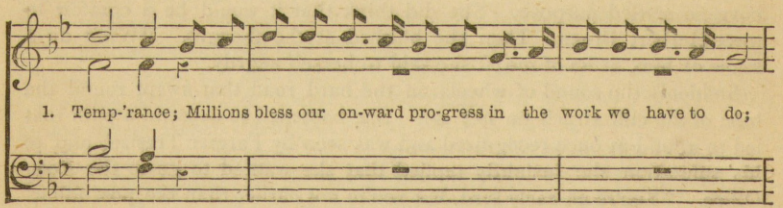
THE BATTLE-CRY OF TEMPERANCE.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.

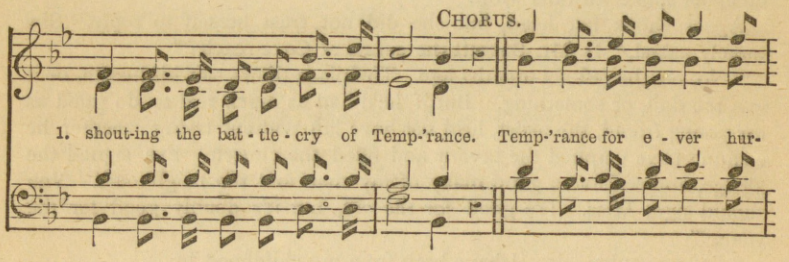


Key B♭.

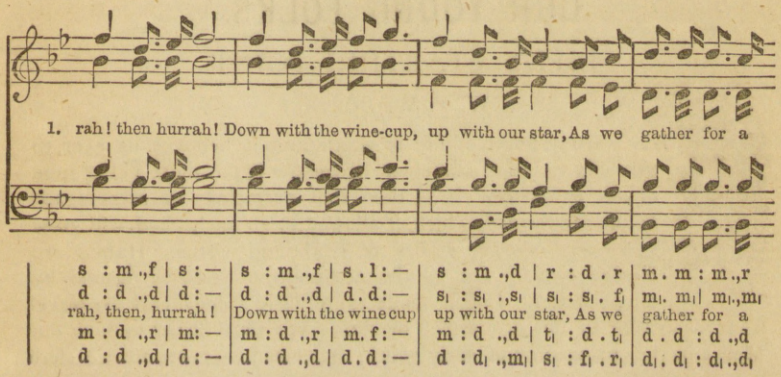
: d . r	m . m : m : r | d : l₁ ., t₁	d . d : d ., t₁ | l₁ : —	s₁ : s₁ ., f₁ | m₁ . s₁ : d ., r
:	: : | :	: | :	m₁ : m₁ ., r₁ | d₁ . m₁ : s₁ ., s₁
2. We are	gath'ring round our standard the	young, the old, the true,	Shouting the battle-cry of
:	: : | :	: | :	d : d ., d | d . d : d ., t₁
3. We will	raise the fallen up, and we'll	make them sober men.	Shouting the battle-cry of
.	: : | :	: | :	d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | d₁ . d₁ : m₁ ., s₁

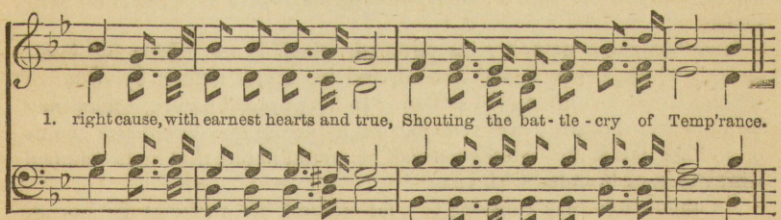


m : — | r : d . r	m . m : m ., r | d . d : l₁ ., t₁	d . d : d ., t₁ | l₁ : —	
s₁ : — | s₁ :	: | :	: | :	
2. Temp'rance; For to	ba - nish al - co - hol is the	work we mean to do,	
d : — | t₁ :	: | :	: | :	
3. Temp'rance; Till the	hills and val - leys ring, this	Temp'rance song we'll sing,	
s₁ : — | s₁ :	: | :	: | :	



			Chorus.
s₁ : s₁ ., f₁ | m₁ . s₁ : d ., m	r : — | d :	s : m ., f | s . l : — s	
m₁ : m₁ ., r | d₁ m₁ : s₁ ., s	f₁ : — | m₁ :	d : d ., d | d . d : — d	
2. Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of	Temp'rance.	Temp'rance for ever. Hur-	
d : d ., d | d . d : d ., d	t₁ : — | d :	m : d ., r | m . f : — m	
3. Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of	Temp'rance.	Temp'rance for ever. Hur-	
d₁ : d₁ ., d₁ | d₁ . d₁ : m₁ ., m₁	s₁ : — | d₁ :	d : d ., d | d . d : — d	





HOW THEY TREATED THE EARLY TEETOTALERS.

A PLACARD, of which the following is a copy, was extensively circulated in Oswestry in 1838 :—

"The Proprietors of Sweeny New Colliery have come to the resolution not to employ any Tee-Totalers ; therefore none need apply. The Proprietors conceive that this resolution is a duty which they owe to the Agricultural Interests of the Country, as well as to the welfare of the public in general.

"*February 19th*, 1838."

In accordance with this notification, the pledged men received a week's notice to retract and violate their conscience, but nobly refused, and were in consequence discharged. They were thus exposed, with their families, (altogether eighty in number) to all the miseries of privation and want, and that in the depth of winter.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LIFE'S STARTING POINT.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

THE starting-point of life is youth, and it behoves us ever to carefully examine ourselves, because it is the most fickle time of our existence. It is then that pernicious or extravagant habits are formed, which, if allowed to go unchecked, will grow and overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. Habits are formed one by one, as the mountain of snow is formed by single flakes. Life is made up of little things, and we travel from the cradle to the grave step by step. We must learn to love our Maker in the spring-time of early youth, that when we grow old we shall not depart from Him. Let us seek to render evil unto no man, but live honestly in the sight of God, avoiding intemperance, pride, and sensuality.

Man has three natures; his physical, which is the body; his intellectual, which belongs to the mind, and his moral nature, by virtue of which he may be either good or bad. In his physical nature, a man may be a giant or a dwarf; in his intellectual nature he may be either a genius or an idiot; but it is in consequence of his moral nature that he is stamped with virtue, or branded with vice.

An unjust man may emigrate to a far-off land, but, so far as the journey goes, he is unjust still, although every object around him may be new. Mountains may stretch themselves out before his eye, plains more extensive may be trodden by his wandering feet, strange beasts may bound past him, and birds of more beautiful plumage may sing in the trees. The scenery of night, with all its beautiful constellations, may seem full of new grandeur to him, but all these things cannot change his moral character or his heart. Whatever he may have left behind in his native country, he has not left his corruption. Long journeys by rail, the traversing of seas, and the climbing of stupendous mountains cannot change him. Therefore, when the soul escapes from the body, and the end of the journey of life is reached, the "unjust man shall be unjust still," and the "righteous shall be righteous still."

My friends, let us not be deceived by the false lights and signals which Satan holds out, to betray the footsteps of youth, and to mislead and divert us from the proper track. With the Bible as our chart, and God for our Guide, we cannot err. He will protect us from the violence of every storm, from the pitfalls that lure us to destruction, and from the obstructions that may be placed in our way. Let us seek to set a good example to those around us, shunning the storms of the mighty sea of intemperance, and in due season we shall reap our reward in that bright and blissful land where drunkards can never enter, and where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

16. Is Alcohol a natural production?
17. How is it generated?
18. Can *Wine* exist without Alcohol?

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

By JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THEY were all at play, on a winter's day,
In the garret so large and wide,
Where with blocks and chips they were building ships
To sail on a stormy tide.
The wind blew keen o'er the frozen green,
The hollows were heaped with snow,
And they'd coasted well for a good long spell
On the hill that was just below.

They were all at play, where the shavings lay
In a heap on the garret floor,
For the workmen there had been to repair
The beams, and insert a door;
When one of the boys, with a gruesome noise,
Exclaimed, "I'm as cold as ice!
My fingers and toes I believe are froze!
Oh! wouldn't a fire be nice?"

Then spoke Johnny King: "It is just the thing!"
A nod and a wink were enough.
The matches were brought—the shavings had caught,
With a lot of inflammable stuff.
The men were away at the foundry that day,
And the mother was all alone,
And fancied the boys were content with the toys
That over the garret were strown.

But children, you know, into danger will go,
However their course you would shape;
For ever inclined the whirlpool to find
Their elders would have them escape.
And soon, with a plunge, a scream, and a lunge,
The boys from the garret descend,
And never once stop till they enter the shop,
With every hair standing on end.

"Quick, father!" cried John, out of breath with his run,
And trembling with awe and affright.
"Our house is on fire! The flames leap up higher!
Oh! Oh! 'tis a terrible sight!"
The engine comes down with a shriek through the town,
The church-bells extend the alarm,
And the fire is put out in the garret, without
Doing any particular harm.

But Johnny next day didn't feel much like play,
Though meekly his trials he bore,
For he didn't know when, if ever, he'd been
So near the equator before.
Though the weather was cold and snow-drifts were rolled
By the north wind, that cut like a knife,
He's free to confess—'twas a horse-whip, I guess—
He was never so warm in his life!

AMBITIOUS LITTLE FRANK.

By ANNIE CLEGG.

ERE little Frank to school first went
He had just learned to spell ;
And when to go he gained consent,
His joy no words can tell ;
Then to his dear mamma said he,
With eager, sparkling eyes,
"The Best amongst the Good I'll be,
And Wisest of the Wise !"

And so, each day to school with speed,
With willing steps he ran ;
And very soon he learned to read,
And soon to write began.
One day before mamma he stood,
When he had gained a prize,
And cried, "I'm Best among the Good,
And Wisest of the Wise !"

"My son," she said, with faltering tone,
"Know thou the God of Truth,
And Jesus Christ, His only Son,
In this thy early youth ;
And serve Him wholly as we should,
And sinful ways despise,
Then thou'lt be counted with the Good,
And reckoned truly Wise."

THE GIN PALACE.

A PALACE reared ! and lo ! *in quest* of gin,
Thousands, *sans* scruple, pass for drams within ;
Water they'd spurn, e'en from Geneva's lake,
Gin ever—not Geneva's—they *will* take :
In quest of *that*, when they no more can run,
Wakley his *inquest* holds, and all is done !

NOT A DROP.

By Dr. MUSSEY.

THROUGHOUT the wide-spread kingdom of animal and vegetable nature, not a particle of alcohol, in any form or combination whatever, has been found, as the effect of a single living process ; but it arises out of the decay, the dissolution, and the wreck of organised matter.

MOTHER'S EVENING DUTY.

By Mrs. M. F. BUTTS.

NOW take off his stockings,
And take off his shoes,
How happy he looks,
How softly he coos !
Undo all the fastenings,
Pull off the long clothes ;
There he is, pink and white,
Like a newly-blown rose.

Throw him into the tub
While the pure water flashes ;
How he frolics and laughs,
How he tumbles and splashes !
All dimple and curve,
All motion and beauty :
It's a great pity, baby,
That dress is a duty.

Take him out of the water,
He musn't stay long ;
Put on his white gown,
And sing him a song ;
Then open his crib,
His own little nest,
And give him a kiss
From the one he loves best.

What a pretty white bed—
What a darling within it !
His lashes are drooping,
He's off in a minute.
Be careful, don't wake him,
I'm going away ;
'Tis the first time I've taken
A long breath to-day.

MENE! MENE! TEKEL!! UPHARSIN!!

By JOHN A. DORGAN.

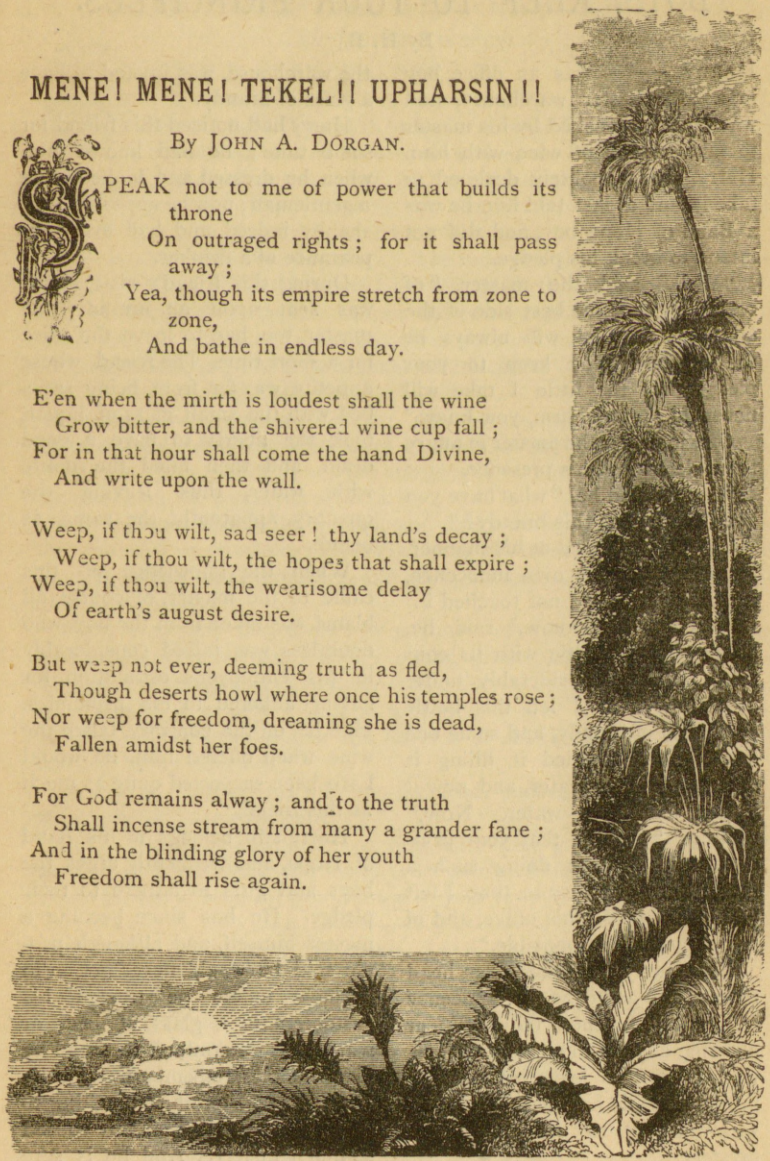
SPEAK not to me of power that builds its throne
On outraged rights; for it shall pass away;
Yea, though its empire stretch from zone to zone,
And bathe in endless day.

E'en when the mirth is loudest shall the wine
Grow bitter, and the shivered wine cup fall;
For in that hour shall come the hand Divine,
And write upon the wall.

Weep, if thou wilt, sad seer! thy land's decay;
Weep, if thou wilt, the hopes that shall expire;
Weep, if thou wilt, the wearisome delay
Of earth's august desire.

But weep not ever, deeming truth as fled,
Though deserts howl where once his temples rose;
Nor weep for freedom, dreaming she is dead,
Fallen amidst her foes.

For God remains alway; and to the truth
Shall incense stream from many a grander fane;
And in the blinding glory of her youth
Freedom shall rise again.



BOYS, KEEP TO YOUR PRINCIPLES.

By H. B.

HARRY ——— was an office boy in a Manchester warehouse, and was repeatedly asked by his master to take a glass of wine with him. Harry always politely declined to take it, and at last told him he was a Band of Hope boy, and did not intend to break his pledge.

"Well," said the master, "of course yours is the best side of the question, and you will always be the better if you keep to your pledge, but the little I take will never do *me* any harm, you know."

One morning the master in angry tones demanded his presence.

"Now," said he, "what have you been doing with this brandy?"

The boy, alarmed at his manner, but assured of his own innocence, replied that he had not touched it.

"Well, all I know," said he, holding up the bottle with its contents looking considerably under proof, "is that I left this bottle nearly full of brandy, and some one has almost emptied it, filling it again with dirty water, and now it is just like ditch water. Now," said he, "I know that your principles are against doing such a thing, but at the same time I left you in charge of this office, and of course you are responsible."

Poor Harry, trembling from head to foot, and asserting his innocence of having touched the bottle or allowing anyone to enter the office, was ordered to leave his master's presence, while he, poor fellow, was vainly trying to understand the mystery.

Now it appears that the day previous a friend, having called at the warehouse, was invited to have a glass of brandy.

Harry had noticed this friend for some time; he had known him when he dressed and looked quite a gentleman; now he appeared very shabby indeed, and had every appearance of a drinker.

During this friend's visit, Harry was sent upon an errand; the master, too, had to leave the office for a short time. The friend, whose appetite was far from being satisfied with the small glass of liquor, took the liberty to have a good drain, and then filled the bottle with water, thus leaving the quantity apparently the same as before.

When the knowledge of this came to the master, of course all blame was taken from the boy, who doubtless was raised considerably in his employer's estimation for having adhered to his principles. Had he, on the contrary, taken the wine when offered him, he would have been suspected quite as much as this friend.

Harry still belongs to his Band of Hope, and frequently urges the boys and girls to adhere to their pledge. He has since become a master himself, and although people said he would never get on in business unless he treated his customers to a glass of beer or wine, he is determined to stand by his principles, remembering that by *God's help* he promised neither to *give* or *take* that which has caused so much misery. And he is sure he will never be a penny the worse for it.

A WORD TO TEETOTALERS.

By JOSEPH LIVESEY.

BROTHER TEETOTALERS!

We must work harder, spend more time and more money, and be more devoted than we have been for some time, if we hope to obtain any decided victory in the Temperance Cause.

With all our boasting, we are but just now maintaining our ground. Even allowing for the increase of population, the quantity of intoxicating liquor does not diminish.

We should not deceive ourselves. The only true test of progress in the abstinence cause is the returns of Government as to the home consumption of intoxicating liquors. When the present yearly consumption of 100 millions' worth is reduced to 90, then we shall have a proof that we are succeeding, and when the amount is reduced to 50 millions, then we may proclaim the hope of a decided victory.

I repeat, *we must work harder*, and not stand looking on, vainly expecting a drink-loving legislature or drink-loving constituencies to do our work. Our money, time, and energies should be concentrated more upon making the people teetotalers.

Every house should be visited, and every family should have something to read on teetotalism; weekly or nightly meetings should be held in every village and every town, and always, when the weather is favourable, in the open air.

Pray, let me ask the *reader*: What have YOU done towards rescuing your fellow mortals from the fury of the drink plague? A moral conflagration is raging throughout the land; do you help with all your might to extinguish it, or do you look on with indifference?

We have many that pocket the benefits of abstinence, but do next to nothing for its extension.

In Tracts, many people will send for a 6d. packet, instead of flooding the district with teetotal papers.

Could you not give an order, or meet with some good Teetotaler, or a number of Teetotalers, who would order as many Handbills or Tracts as would be one at least for every house in your town?

LATE HOURS AND WINE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"THOU art not well. Thou hast indulged
Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.
Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these
Will ruin thee! thou art already altered—
Thy looks are haggard—nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine."
"Nothing, fair cousin, nothing—not even deep sorrow—
Wears it away like evil hours and wine."

THE STRONGEST MAN.

MILTON.

MADNESS! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drink our chief supports of health,
When God, with these *forbidden*, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook.

NOW BOYS, YOU CAN'T STAND IT.

PHYSICIANS are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations, especially in France, have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny, I do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after a while.

WHAT WE WANT.

By ELLA WHEELER.

WE have scores of temperance men,
Bold and earnest, brave and true,
Fighting with the tongue and pen,
And we value what they do:
But, my friends,
To gain our ends,
You must use the ballot too.

When we tell about our cause,
Politicians only smile;
While they mould and make our laws,
What care they for rank or file?
"Preach and pray,"
They sneer and say,
"We'll make liquor laws the while."

We want men who dare to fling
Party ties and bonds away;
Who will cast them off, and cling
To the RIGHT, and boldly say,
"No beer bloats
Shall get our votes."
Then shall our cause gain the day.

NOBLE LIVES.

McDOUGALL.

THERE are hearts which never falter,
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks which never alter,
Watching through the darkest night;
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a nobler daring;
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering or wrong;
Though the way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to His gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mould
By His loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
'Tis to bind the bleeding heart;
And to teach the calm submission
Where pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels bearing to us
Love's rich ministry of peace;
While the night is nearing to us,
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy, and hate;
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
No earthly power can crush them,
They dread not the tyrant's frown;
No fear, nor favour hush them,
Nor bind their spirits down.

These, these alone are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live, they never die;
But, clothed with immortality,
When they shall lay their armour down,
Shall enter and receive the crown.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SMITH (who was slightly inebriated) said he was pursued by a host of demons; Jones (who was a chemist) said they were only spirits of wine.

MAN is the only animal accustomed to swallow unnatural drinks, or to abuse those which are natural.—*Rees.*

"NOBODY knows what strength of parts he has till he has tried them. And of the understanding one may most truly say that its force is greater generally than he thinks, till it is put to it. This is certain: he that sets out upon weak legs will not only go farther but grow stronger too, than one who, with a vigorous constitution and firm limbs, only sits still."—*Locke.*

COULD NOT TRUST HIMSELF.—A native of Fribourg presented himself a few days ago at the window of a Post-office at Lausanne, and asked for an order for 100 francs. The clerk asked: "Who is the sender?"—"Jacques Mathieu."—"What is the name of the payee?"—"Jacques Mathieu, poste-restante at Estavayer."—"Is he your brother?"—"No, it is myself."—"Do you mean to say that you are sending a post-office order to yourself at Estavayer?"—"Yes, I am going there."—"But why can't you take it yourself?"—"Ah! there it is," said the simple fellow. "You see I know myself; and if I were to take the money with me, the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while by sending it through the post-office, I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall require it."

THERE are 175 churches in Philadelphia and its surroundings who have discarded the intoxicating cup from the Lord's table, and substituted the unfermented wine—the pure juice of the grape—in its place.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman in Boston performed the marriage ceremony, and the couple walked away without bestowing any fee. But the bride turned and said: "We are very much obliged to you, sir; and I hope one of these days we shall be able to retaliate."

AN Irish housemaid, boasting of her industrial habits, said, quite innocently, that she rose at four in the morning, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds "before a single soul was up in the house."

IT is told of an Oxford undergraduate that, when asked who was the first king of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and, wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scripture was, he added, confidently: "Saul—also called Paul."

A NEWLY-MARRIED gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a newly-married couple fall out so soon!"

A POOR young girl, who earns a living by working on hoop-skirts, in reply to an inquiry, stated that she had "spent the summer at the springs."

DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!! DRIVE ON!!!

By W. M. THAYER.

HISTORY proves that Tullia, wife of Tarquinius, was the incarnation of iniquity. Her name has come down to us associated with deeds that are infamous beyond description. All nations and ages loathe the memory of her guilty career.

It is told of her that she was riding through the streets one day, when the dead body of her father, weltering in its gore, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses, and was about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out, at the top of her voice, "*Drive on! drive on!*" With the crack of the whip, the fiery steeds sprang forward and dashed over the lifeless body, crushing it to pieces, and spirting the blood upon the daughter's dress. How shameful has been the name of Tullia for this dreadful deed! The blood curdles in our veins when we think of the cruel wretch. Mankind can scarcely find language to express their detestation of the worse than murderess.

Yet this deed is not more heartless and cruel than the acts of many a drinkseller carrying on his traffic in spite of virtue, happiness, and tears. Dead men do not stop them; no, nor live men going down to ruin and shame. Point them to the bloated, staggering wreck of manhood, still dear as life to some broken-hearted wife or mother, and beseech them to stop their traffic, that not merely mangles dead men, but kills live ones, and they cry out, in utter defiance of appeal and threat, "*Drive on! drive on!*" and away dashes the Juggernaut of drink through town and city, crushing hearts and hopes, life and limb, rich and poor, high and low. Every drinkseller in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms. The crushed hopes and happiness of the living are really a louder call to cease their traffic than any fact or reason belonging to the dead. If the drinksellers' business were only insult to the dead, even robbing the graves of loved ones, and dragging the mute tenants forth in fiendish derision, it could be borne. But the traffic lures and destroys the living. It enters blessed homes, and curses them. It attacks happy hearts, and crushes them. It degrades manhood, womanhood, everything. It puts vice in the place of virtue, poverty in the place of riches, misery in place of bliss. There is nothing fair, noble, just, or lovely in mankind that it does not blight and wither. It transforms kind fathers and husbands into demons. It converts sons into brutes, and makes daughters more remorseless than Tullia herself. It not only inebriates but murders sixty thousand men and women of our land annually. And what a wail of lamentation and mourning ascends from the wretched families which these dead men represent! It is a long, loud appeal from one end of the land to the other for drinksellers to desist. But they sell on, bidding defiance, and cry, "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!" Pulpits interpose and plead; churches exhort and pray; authorities denounce it; prisons threaten. And still the drinksellers, defying all that is good and true, snap their fingers at public benefactors, and shout madly, "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!"

FIRE PICTURES.

By LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

IV.—THE LITTLE FAIRY.

WITH a very grave, serious face, Florrie explained her picture. It was only "a little girl sitting in a little chair, sewing patchwork." Aunt Nellie smiled kindly, and stopped Bertie, who was beginning to make fun, by saying, "It will be a tale for little girls to-night; if you do not wish to hear you can go to bed at once." Bertie *did* wish to hear, so did *not* go to bed, and this was the story.

"A girl named Milly Cross sat one warm morning with her work before her, doing very little though, for this reason—she was grumbling, and that never helps any one to work. 'Oh dear me!' she said, with a long sigh, 'I can't get on with this stupid old quilt. I know it will never be done, so what is the use of sewing and sewing little bits together. I can't think how all the quilts and things get done. Then I ought to write that letter to Jennie Green. When she went to live with her aunt, we promised to write to each other as long as we lived. Now it is my turn, but I can't do it; the letters will go crooked, and the ink will blot. Oh dear me!' and another sigh.

"Now all this time, you know, Milly had not taken a single stitch, and very soon she began to grumble again. 'I am a good-for-nothing girl, I am afraid: at Band of Hope the gentleman said we were all to do something for temperance, but I can't do anything. There is Isaac Carter the drunken cobbler; if some one could only get him to sign the pledge, how good it would be! His poor little girl has such ragged clothes, and no shoes at all; she can't go to school, and some days since her mother died she has not had enough food to eat. If they could but get him! but I can't do anything. How I wish fairies would come to help you!'

"'What did you say, miss?' said a funny voice from the table, just as if a little bell rang. Milly turned very quickly, and there, sitting on the big pin-cushion, was the queerest little fellow ever seen. He was only two or three inches high, but dressed like a man. Taking off his tiny hat, with a very polite bow, he said again, 'What did you say?'

"Milly felt quite confused, but managed to stammer out, 'I was only wishing for fairies, because I can't do any of the work which wants doing.' 'So I heard,' said the visitor; 'but I tell you this, Milly Cross, you say I *can't* too much by half, and I have come to give you a lesson.'

"Jumping down, he began to sort the pieces of print, and in about a minute Milly felt her patchwork jerked away, while the little fairy, sitting tailor-fashion on the table, began working away faster than any sewing-machine. In the shortest space of time a beautiful quilt—all pretty

diamonds, stars, and blocks,—lay quite finished. Before Milly could feel surprised, the little fairy had fetched the inkstand and a sheet of paper, to show her how to write a letter; she could not help laughing, for he got astride the penholder as if it were a horse, and raced backwards and forwards across the page, leaving little neat lines of writing all the way. Finishing quickly he took his place on the cushion again, this time sitting on the head of a large pin, and swinging his legs about very fast. 'Now about that other matter,' he said. 'If you want the father to sign, get the girl—get Annie Carter first: two heads are better than one: then try for him.'

"'Oh! I will,' said Milly, 'I never thought of that. If she has one of my frocks and some shoes, I know she will be pleased to go to the next meeting.'

"'Very good,' said the little fairy, nodding his head, and swinging his legs faster than ever; 'but don't say "I can't" to her above six times on the way.'

"'Please, sir,' said Milly suddenly, 'will you tell me your name?'

"'My name!' roared the little fellow, in a voice so tremendous it made her jump. 'It is TRY!' and then ——. Well, Milly found she had been asleep, and that her school-boy brother Harry was shouting in her ear through a rolled-up copy-book.

"That dream did Milly Cross good. Since then she has changed 'I can't' for 'I'll try,' and instead of grumbling over her patchwork, she works away cheerfully, feeling sure that if she keeps on trying it will be finished *some time*. That letter you have heard about was finished, and although there were several crooked words, and even one or two blots, Jennie Green was so pleased, because it showed her friend had not forgotten her.

"And this was not all. For Annie Carter became a Band of Hope girl through the influence of Milly Cross, and together they talked over many plans by which to gain the father. This was easier than they had thought, for after attending several meetings he signed the pledge. Some ladies and gentlemen were there who wished to hold the hand of the poor drunkard with a warmer, firmer clasp than a temperance society can give. These visited and talked to him, until in a short time you might have heard once-drunken Isaac Carter singing merrily as he hammered away at the shoe he was mending,—

'The inebriate's fate shall ne'er be mine,
For the Templar's life-long pledge I'll sign.'

"He did sign it, and since then has been a happy Good Templar, while Annie is one of the best little housekeepers in the land since she has had something to keep house with. Milly Cross goes to see them sometimes, and whispers, as she looks round the neat tidy home, 'All this came about through my dream and the little fairy *Try*.'"

(*To be continued.*)

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"NOT to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,—
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping every eventide
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threat'ning ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host.
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,—
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at every evening weary come.
For man, for man, the luscious food I fill,
With busy care;
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil,
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird, with lusty pinion, sings,—
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings,
And bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet warbles on its pebbly way,—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay:

I sing unto the common bleak and bare
My gladsome tune :
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone."
Forget not, Man—earth's honoured priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain a part ;
Chiefest of guests at life's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown ;
Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

DAWNING HOPES.

"WHY, however do you get on up to the Manor House?" had been Farmer Tresize's natural question on hearing that Agnes had been reared an abstainer. There was in his voice such a tone of surprise, and the words conveyed such a knowledge of the intemperance of the inmates of the House, that Agnes's nerves, long strained by doubt and terror, gave way, and she could not answer him for tears. Her nature recoiled from testifying against those who, to her sorrow, called themselves her kindred. She said, at length, "They are my relations."

"Who? Surely not Davy and his wife? Why, I never heard of anyone belonging to that surly old drone. Yes, I do mind something about a sister of his—a widow, called Dale. She died years and years ago."

"She was my mother," said Agnes, sobbing. "A lady took me from her when I was two years old."

In his surprise Mr. Tresize checked his horse, and turned round in his seat to look at Agnes, saying, "Well, you're not the cut of that lot, my maid. Doon't you mind my way of speaking. We say 'maid' in Cornwall, as they say 'lass' north'ard. If you're Widow Dale's daughter, she was sister to Davy, and she lived in service when young up to the Manor House, in Mrs. Pencoran's time, and married away to one of Penzance. I mind she came back a widow to a house now pulled down, and, I think,

"My fellow-traveller! I have wanted to see you. How came you to leave the meeting so quickly the other night?"--*Page* 128.

let lodgings. But here we are close to the post-office," he said, giving the reins a jerk.

Agnes looked up pleadingly in his face as she said, "You knew my mother, sir: am I like her?"

"No more like her than you're like old Davy. But there's very pretty mosses grows even on to granite boulders. Eh! the place isn't open. I'll rouse 'em," he said, knocking with his whip-handle on the shutters.

"I hope they'll come soon," said Agnes, "for I want to get back quickly: they don't know I've come."

Farmer Tresize looked at her very gravely as she spoke, and alighting, he soon got an answer from the post window.

Agnes asked for a letter to "A.D.," and was answered shortly that there was none.

She looked so distressed that the good farmer said, "You just tell the people here that I may have it, and I'll ask for your letter every day, if you cannot come yourself."

This promise was a great relief to Agnes, and she was about descending from the vehicle when Mr. Tresize, returning to his seat, said, "If you're out without leave, and want to get back sharp, I'll drive you back to where you got up, and that's almost within hail of the old place. But let me tell you, I like all straight and above-board, and a maiden like you ought to be fair in deeds, as well as fair in face." He turned his horse, and drove on in silence.

Agnes saw that her getting out without leave seemed wrong to him and she said, with a tremor in her voice, "Oh, don't judge me harshly! I didn't know what to do. I'm so——so—very——unhappy." Her voice sunk into sobs.

"They don't ill-use you, eh?" he asked sharply.

"No; but they have forbid my going out, since I went to the meeting at your barn; and they are so strange—so different to all I've ever been used to. I want to get my own living, sir. I could, I know. I don't want to be a burden on re—la—tions."

The words came with difficulty, and the honest farmer said gravely, "You can't tell me more of Davy than I know. Why he should want to keep you there though, puzzles me a bit. What you've got to do is to be patient and prudent. I've got a long score to settle with Davy. I'll see his master, I'm determined. Mr. Bruce, being a stranger, I suppose, frightened the squire. Anyway, he got no satisfaction by meeting him."

Agnes knew this alluded to the interview she had seen, and she replied, "I think a doctor, sir, should see the poor gentleman they call Mr. Pencoran."

"Since old Doctor Pollard died," answered the farmer, "no one has crossed the threshold there. 'Tis said that since the Squire quarrelled with his son, nothing has gone well with him. His ventures in mines and at sea have all failed; but the worst is—it's no secret, my maid, hereaway—Mr. Pencoran has drank himself stupid or mad, or both. But here's the

shortest cut for you to get back, and mind I'm your friend. I'll keep an eye on the place, and see what I can do for you. But you mustn't break bounds on the sly. I can't help you in that."

As the horse stopped, and he helped her down, he added in taking leave, as if partly to himself, "If my dear wife was alive, I might offer a shelter to this poor maiden; but as it is I can't."

Agnes made the best of her way up the steep path of the cliff; some rude steps cut on its face helped her to mount to the summit quickly. Just as she gained level ground a shadow came across her path, and looking immediately before her, she saw Herbert Bruce standing sketch-book in hand, and so busy with his pencil that he did not at once observe her, though a moment after he recognised her and said, "My fellow-traveller! I have wanted to see you. How came you to leave the meeting so quickly the other night? But first do allow me to ask your name?"

"I am called Agnes Deane—Dale, I mean, Mr. Bruce," she replied, hesitatingly.

"Our journey to this wild place was so pleasant that I, at all events, have not forgotten my companion, and I blamed myself that I neglected to ask after one not easily forgotten."

A flush of pleasure mounted to Agnes's cheek, though she replied gravely, "You must excuse my being in haste. I have to get back as quick as possible." She raised her hand as she spoke in the direction of the Manor House, and kept on walking.

The young man, continuing at her side, said, "Pardon me, I want to ask you if you live, or are only a visitor, at the Manor House. If either, you would perhaps oblige me by obtaining me an interview with Mr. Pencoran. I have a letter of some importance to deliver into his own hand. I may tell you that I have tried to speak to him, and unfortunately only succeeded in alarming him. I met him and offered him the letter, and he fled like an insane person. You are suggesting sending by post," he continued, as if Agnes had so spoken, "but my mother—the letter is from her—has written so often and had no answer that she wishes me to obtain an interview. In his own house he could not exactly run from me. Nor do I know why he should."

"He is dreadfully nervous," said Agnes, adding, "I have no power, sir, to get him to see you. I have never spoken to, and only by accident seen, Mr. Pencoran. Mrs. Denby might help you. Why not come openly in the day, and demand to see the master?"

"I have, and failed. Miss Agnes, unless I am mistaken, this is one of those cases of suffering and ruin brought on by strong drink. My mother has told me that she remembers Mr. Pencoran a clever, active, good man, until he fell into habits which, from all I learn from Mr. Tresize and others, have made him the mad or foolish dupe of wretches like that old Drone—."

"Sir! they are my re——my rela——"

She did not finish the word, but he started back, understanding it, in mute surprise.

"I must go in," she added. "Pray do not come any nearer to the house. You will be seen. I must not stay. No, not a moment longer."

"Are you, then, not free to go out or in, and to speak for a few minutes, as you are now doing?" cried the young man, recovering himself, as he held out his hand to her. But without another word she had fled—a terror in her eyes—like a startled fawn. He stood still and watched her as she drew near, and crouching down, crept between the hurdles, and then in the shadow towards the side door. To Agnes's great relief she found it on the latch as she had left it. Her heart beat so loudly, she feared its sound, even more than her footsteps, she went along the passage to the staircase-door, and pulling aside the rusty staple, entered and replaced it over the bolt. She made, however, some little grating noise in doing this, and, her knees trembling with fear, she sank down on the stairs in a sitting posture. At that moment a shrill voice called to her from Denby's room:

"Agonies, you bea'nt to goo out 'till we cooms down."

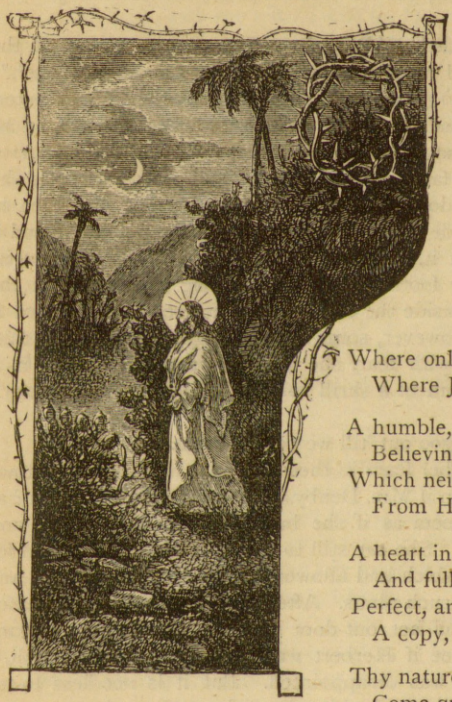
There was great relief to her fears in these words. Her escape had not been known; and now, even if Mrs. Denby came and found her in her hat and jacket, it would only seem as if she had made ready to go out and was hindered by their bolt. She sat still to compose herself, thankful for the rent in the woodwork, which had allowed her to move the staple, and yet troubled at resorting to such plans. After a while she slowly retreated to her bedroom, and took off her out-door clothing, not without looking eagerly to the window to see if Herbert was within view. Her wish, if wish it was, in this respect was disappointed. But it is needless to tell my young readers that a girl in her lonely and peculiar circumstances would be likely to think more of Herbert Bruce's friendly looks and words than she might otherwise have done. In the darkness the eye dwells lovingly on any chance ray of light.

Recalling what he had said about his mother's former knowledge of Mr. Pencoran, she inferred that in early life Mrs. Bruce must have known him well; and if he had been once the man she had described to her son, how terribly time had altered him! Time? Ah, Agnes, time is man's friend if well used. It ripens and develops his best qualities. The autumn and winter of a good man's life is rich in bounty and blessedness. His hoary head is a crown of glory, on condition that it is found in the way of righteousness. DRINK, not Time, blights and destroys.

Somehow, as Agnes pondered, she no longer felt quite friendless. She told herself that Farmer Tresize had promised to be her friend; and perhaps also another name filled her mind with thoughts, and her heart with hopes.

(*To be continued.*)

A COPY, LORD OF THINE.



By Charles Wesley.

FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

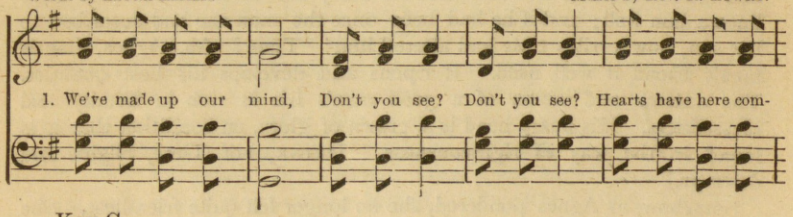
A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

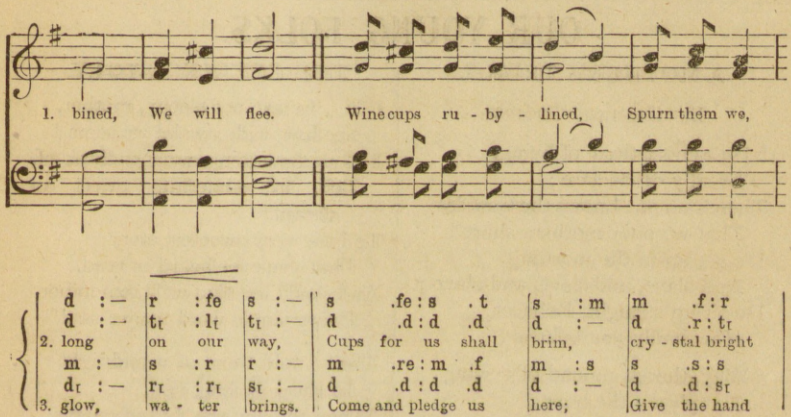
WE, THE UNDERSIGNED.

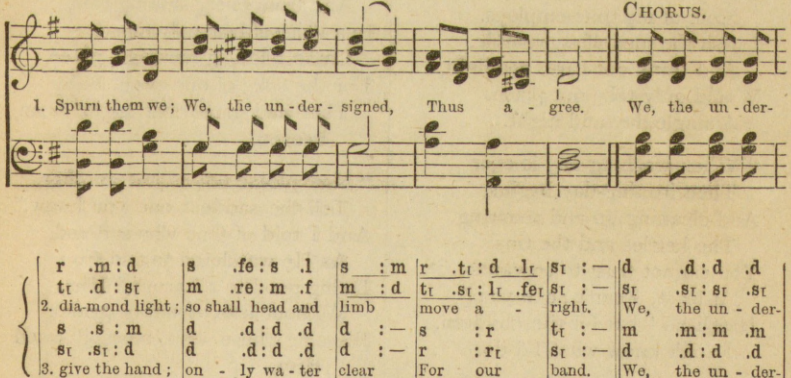
Words by Laura Elmer. Music by Rev. R. Lowry.

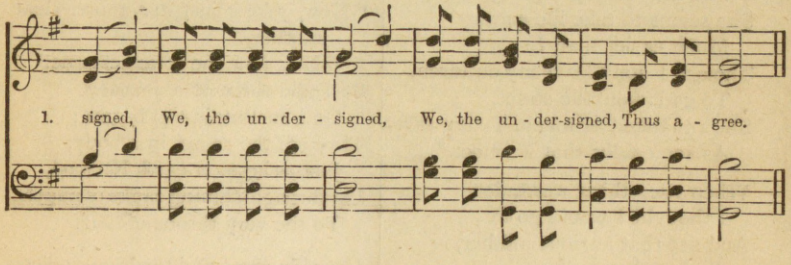


Key G.

m	.m : r	.r	d : —	t_1	.r : r	d	m : m	m	.m : r	.r
d	.d : t_1	.t_1	d : —	s_1	.t_1 : t_1	s_1	.d : d	d	.d : t_1	.t_1
2. This	shall be	our	song,	Ev -	'ry day	Ev -	'ry day;	Shout we loud and
s	.s : f	.f	m : —	r	.s : s	m	.s : s	s	.s : f	.f
d	.d : s_1	.s_1	d_1 : —	s_1	s_1 : s_1	d	.d : d	d	.d : s_1 . s_1
3. Sweet	and spark -	ling	flow,	Bub-	bling springs,	Pur -	ling springs,	Pure the grateful


1. bined, We will flee. Wine cups ru - by - lined, Spurn them we,
2. long on our way, Cups for us shall brim, cry - stal bright
3. glow, wa - ter brings. Come and pledge us here; Give the hand


CHORUS.
1. Spurn them we; We, the un - der - signed, Thus a - gree. We, the un - der-
2. dia-mond light; so shall head and limb move a - right. We, the un - der-
3. give the hand; on - ly wa - ter clear For our band. We, the un - der-


1. signed, We, the un - der - signed, We, the un - der-signed, Thus a - gree.
signed We, the un - der-signed, We, the un - der-signed, Thus a-gree.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"I'M almost tired of living,
I really do declare;
There's no one knows the troubles
That we poor mothers share!
It's get up in the morning
And slave, and slave, and slave;
Do sit up straight, Rebecca,
How badly you behave!

"Why, there's no end of sewing
To tidy up the boys;
And then the darling baby
Most of my time employs.
I wish the men who grumble,
And think our cares are light,
Would only take our places
A single day and night.

"When washing-day is over
Then ironing-day begins,
And cleaning up and scouring
The kettles and the tins.
You cannot trust to servants—
At least, I can't; can you?
Heigh-ho! but for the children,
I don't know what I'd do.

"Good-day, dear; call and see me
The next time you go by.
She seems to take life easy,
Much easier than I.
Though I don't leave my children,
To gad about the street,
She's thanked as much, I dare say,
As some folks that we meet."

When everything was quiet,
I thought I would go in
And see that anxious mother,
And try her smiles to win.
Two bright eyes hid so shyly
As I stood by the door:
Sweet housewife! happy dollies!
A family of four.

THE EVENING STORY.

"No, we are not sleepy, mother,
See how wide awake we seem!
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.
Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we'll remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,
In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet Baby
That had come that night from heaven.

"Now please tell us just another,
Tell the saddest one you know."
And I told of One who suffered,
As He wandered to and fro:
Doing good to all around Him,
Without fear, or sin or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used Him,
For whose sake at last He died.

"Now, *please* just *one* more, dear mother,
Tell us now the strangest one."
So I told them of a journey
On a mountain-top begun;
Through the azure, in a body,
Just as here on earth He trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels,
To the very throne of God.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done,
Then they cried, "Why, that was Jesus,
These three stories are but one."

WINE IS A MOCKER.

PRIOR.

UNHAPPY man, whom sorrows thus and rage,
Two different ills, alternately engage,
Who drinks, alas ! but to forget—nor sees,
That melancholy, sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

19. What is Ale, and of what is it made?
20. What is Porter, do.
21. What is Brandy, do.

"LET YOUR MODERATION BE KNOWN TO ALL MEN."

By REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS.

WHAT an illiterate and thoughtless reader of the Scriptures should sometimes mistake the meaning of this passage, may not awaken much surprise ; but that studious men and scholars should ever produce it as a license for drinking poisons, is a painful fact which we are sorry to have forced on our attention.

Every scholar knows that the Greek term signifies mildness, gentleness, submission, clemency. The root from which it springs, means "to yield," because a person who is mild or gentle is of a yielding disposition, and instead of being impatient or revengeful, patiently submits to the afflictions he may be called to endure.

To suppose that the apostle meant that the Philippians should drink a moderate portion of poison, because "the Lord was at hand," is one of the most outrageous interpretations that was ever given to a passage of Holy Writ. The whole context shows that he only intended to say, "Let your gentleness and meekness be known to all men ; the Lord is at hand."

WAYS TO WORK.

By Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

An immense amount of moral power is being generated every day in the public mind, and this power must not be allowed to go to waste or to be blown off in mere noise. Every pound of steam should be turned on to the practical machinery of *action*. The question everywhere is, "What can we do?"

1. The first thing every man or woman can do who hates the drink-curse is to sign a pledge to neither drink, nor sell, nor buy, nor offer intoxicating liquors. Then pass the pledge to your friends, or your children, or any you can reach. A young convert in our prayer-meeting arose last evening, and, opening a total-abstinence pledge, said, "Here are twelve signatures of men got to-day; to-morrow I mean to get twelve more." Now is the time to secure new strength to the temperance sentiment, and to stamp people's hearts and consciences with total abstinence.

2. This is the time to *scatter the truth*. The public is eager for facts, arguments, and appeals. The number of attractive public speakers is limited; the best of them are over-worked already. But everybody can *read*, and there ought to be no lack of good reading in any community. Churches, divisions, and temperance societies should circulate thousands of volumes and millions of tracts within the next few months. The soil is ready. Excitement is ploughing up the public mind. The daily press is stirring the ground deep; the religious press is "bearing down on the beam;" above all, God is awakening men's minds by His Spirit. Brethren, sisters! let us *sow* the *truth broadcast!*

3. Bring your influence to bear upon your *grocer*, if he keeps liquors for sale. He may be a good, honest man, who only keeps them "for family use" or for "cooking purposes." The mischief of it is that the family *do* "use" it, and in a way to stimulate appetite and engender habits of drunkenness. If a respectable grocer sells intoxicants, he gives respectability to the business of rum-selling. He ensnares those who would not go near a grog-shop. A worthy friend of mine, who has kept liquors in his grocery, saw the thing in the true light last week, and *cleared out his stock* like a man. Try your hands on your grocers.

4. Encourage your minister to preach on this vital topic at once. Bring it into your prayer-meetings and your closets. A mighty baptism of God's Spirit will be a cleansing flood to sweep out the decanters and the drink-shops.

"ONE WAS TAKEN, AND ONE WAS LEFT."

By ELLA WHEELER.

TWO harvesters walked through the rows of corn,
Down to the ripe wheat fields, one morn.
Both were fair, in the flush of youth,
With hearts of courage and eyes of truth.
Fair and young, with the priceless wealth
Of strength, and beauty, and glowing health.

Loud and clear was their mellow song
On the morning air, as they strode along,
And the reaper clashed on its yellow track,
And the song of the driver answered back
To the harvesters, as they bound the wheat
That sheaf on sheaf lay at their feet.

High rose the sun o'er the golden plain,
And the binders rested by the grain,
And sitting there, 'neath a friendly shade,
Each quenched the thirst that their labour made;
But one drank from the water mug,
And the other from the whiskey jug.

Back to their tasks went the binders twain,
Binding the sheaves of the yellow grain;
On sped the reaper, to and fro,
Slaying the wheat with a cruel blow,
Leaving it slaughtered, rank on rank—
And again the binders paused and drank.

Higher and hotter rose the sun;
On sped the moments, one by one—
And again the binders stopped and quaffed
From the mug and the jug a cooling draught,
And slowly, slowly, they bound the wheat,
As the sun shone down with its scorching heat.

Slower, still slower, one youth goes round:
He falls—he lieth upon the ground.
A cry for help, and the workmen come,
And carry their stricken comrade home.
"And one is taken, and one is left."
Weepeth the mother, "I am bereft."

One youth alone, on another morn,
Walks to the field through the rows of corn.
He who drank of the sparkling tide
Walketh still in his manhood's pride;
But he who drank from the jug lies low,
Dead in the morn of his manhood's glow.

THE COMIC SIDE OF INTEMPERANCE.

By GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

LIFE has its sunny side, its shady side, its money side, and its funny side. The temperance idea has become an institution, and presents various phases, one of which is seen from its comic side. When the drunkard on his back feels upwards for the ground, when he goes to the pump to light his pipe when he attempts to walk on both sides of the street at the same time, when he endeavours to keep his spirit up by pouring spirits down, when he refuses to drink water because it has a flavour of sinners since the flood, when he counts the fire-bell and swears it is fourteen o'clock,—we are forced to laugh, although conscience utters her protest, and as Prince John would say, it seems "like whistling at a funeral. The tone of voice, the speech, the gait, the attitudes of the toper, are irresistibly ludicrous.

He is ready to fight or to shout, and sometimes the hidden secrets of sobriety leak out of that fissure between his chin and nose, so that we often hear men exclaim, "In vino veritas."

The drunkard is often a jolly fellow, and has a good share of mother wit, and that makes him a magnet of attraction in the bar-room. Gough used to sing a song well, and tell a good story, and he was one of the most popular drinkers of his day. Liquor-vendors could well afford to furnish such customers with "free drinks." They are the landlord's pets; they draw full houses, and give an air of jollity to the traffic.

"Why," said a physician to his intemperate neighbour,—"Why don't you take a regular quantity of rum every day,—set a regular stake that you will go no farther?"

"I do," replied pimple face, "but I set it down so far, I get drunk before I reach it."

We see the bead on the whiskey wit of that man. Sometimes the laugh comes in at the expense of the drunkard,—his odd reply to a straightforward question, his strange comments on the words and actions of others, his awkward response to something said or done, may make him the laughing-stock of the whole community.

George Haydock, the ex-wood sawyer and ex-drunkard, was in the habit of saying things as sharp as the teeth of his saw. He was making a temperance speech one Sunday on the dock, when one of his bibulous auditors interrupted him.

"Shut up," said George.

"What for?" inquired the toper.

"Because you are violating the law."

"How is that?"

"It is unlawful to open a grog-hole on the Sabbath," was the rejoinder.

There is a story of a "gentleman" who was called upon to apologize for words uttered under the influence of wine.

"I beg pardon," said he; "I didn't mean to say what I did, but I've had the misfortune to lose some front teeth, and words get out every now and then, without my knowing a word about it." Now, any man having a particle of good nature would excuse such a man, and laugh at his originality and wit—or rather humour.

"Betsy, get up and get something to eat," said a drunkard, who came reeling home during "the small hours."

"Why, John, there is nothing cooked," replied the wife.

"Well, get up and cook something."

"There is nothing to cook," was the answer.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, get up; get a clean knife and fork; I'll go through the motions anyhow."

A New Jersey lawyer, having imbibed pretty freely at the bar of Gambriness, on Broadway, got mellow on a hot day some time ago, and made an attempt to proceed to his law-office.

He took up a white hat, and with a puzzled look made an attempt to put it on sideways. It did not fit. He was surprised. He held it up to the light, and read his name, "Jonas Shooter, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Jersey City."

"That's my hat; of course it is," said he, and made another attempt to put it on sideways.

"No use," said he, holding it up and reading his name.

After making still another attempt, he began to examine his head to find out whether or not his bumps had expanded. Another trial was made still sideways. There he stood, a picture, or rather a statue of astonishment. An idea lighted up his face, and he called the waiter.

"Waiter, can you read writing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, will you be good enough to tell me whose hat this is?"

The waiter read, and replied, "It belongs to Jonas Shooter, of New Jersey."

"Does it?" said Shooter, looking around with a comical air—"Does it? Then who the (*hic*) dickens am I?"

A drunkard was eating a bowl of bread and milk, when he swallowed a ball of thread, which had fallen in his way. Feeling a tickling sensation in his throat, and finding the end of the thread, he began to pull it through the "red lane," and he was in a fearful state of alarm, crying out: "Wife! wife! wife! come here quick! bring a light quick; I am unravelling."

Another hungry toper, coming home in the dark, took from the pantry-shelf what he supposed was a dish of rice and milk, and devoured several spoonfuls, when he remarked to his wife that the "rice had a mighty queer taste, and slipped down his throat like ile." The good woman struck a light, and, holding it up, exclaimed: Why, Will, you are eating up my lard."

How can we account for the feeling of mirth which follows the idiotic performances of drunken men and women? Is it not partially due to the fact that we look for dignity, discretion, and common sense in a man; but when we find the opposites of these attributes we are jostled out of the rut of propriety by the suddenness of the contrast, and are forced to laugh, "like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head?"

We see a human being endowed by his Creator with reason, judgment, taste, imagination, and conscience, violating the laws of his nature clouding his intellect, and debilitating his body. He was created a little lower than the angels, and he sinks a good deal lower than the brutes He was made to stand erect, with his face towards the stars; but he cannot stand at all, and his face is in the dust. He was made eloquent of speech; but his tongue fails to perform its functions aright, and staggers under the load upon his brain.

He was made to think, and the organs of the head were the grand jury to render verdicts in all questions coming up before the throne of his judgment. But he shows less wisdom than the mere animals, whose instincts teach them to turn from alcohol. We laugh in spite of the protests of taste, of humanity, of conscience—we laugh with tears in our eyes at the comic side of drunkenness. We look at the outside; we listen to gibberish of the drunkard, forgetting his responsibility, his awful fate, the dreadful evils which creep out of the cup he puts to his lips, and we laugh until we are swept from the moorings of our own good sense of propriety. We are led on by the inundation of mirth, which has its fountain-head in the tomfoolery of the drunkard.

Gough tells a story of a minister who met a drunken man, and said to him:—

"You are drunk again; I am sorry—sorry—very sorry."

"Are you sorry?" inquired the victim of Bacchus.

"Yes, I am very sorry."

"*Then I'll forgive you,*" said the tippler.

"What a fine lot of chickens our cat has got!" said a drunkard, as he came reeling into his kitchen. Now there is no wit, no humour, nothing remarkable about such an outburst of nonsense; and yet it is laughable. It is less philosophical than baby-talk from the lips of a full-grown man, "a babe with a beard on." The man who drinks is constantly blundering. If he drinks to quench thirst he blunders, because alcohol kindles a fever which quickens and perpetuates thirst. Having started wrong—taking whiskey instead of water, and keeping his head above water unless he stumbles into the river—he continues to blunder. He attempts to walk in a direct line, but his path is crooked as the serpent, and he thinks the ground rises like the waves of the sea under his feet; so he takes high steps to avoid the billows of earth before him, and when he falls, he imagines that the brick house was gliding down street, and struck him before he could get out of the way, or that he was floored by an upheaval of the sidewalk. Before he regains his feet, he probably concludes that

the sewer is his bed, and the curbstone his coverlid. If he strives to make a speech, he will probably take off his hat and address the lamp-post—in a manner peculiar to his condition—putting consonants in the place of vowels, and splitting his sentences until his words sprawl upon his lips, and his rhetoric reels like its author. At home he finds the chairs and tables moving; the spirit moves them. He endeavours to take a seat; but the chairs are too swift for him as they dance around his apartment, and he falls between them, uttering an oath at the spry and springy things which refuse to hold him in their laps. A committee of two lead him to his bed, which is whirling in his bed-chamber, and he considers himself fortunate that he is thrown upon it so skilfully that his brains are not knocked out by "twinkling bed-posts." Having slept off his drunken fit, he awakes in the morning, or rather noon, and the first thing he seeks is "a hair of the dog that bit him." A toper of that stamp once called upon a tavern-keeper, who refused to supply his old bumper patrons unless they could give a good reason why they should have their drams.

"I want a drink," said Dick, with parched lips, in words that rasped a thirsty throat.

"Can't have it unless you can show cause," exclaimed Boniface.

"Well, I'll tell you, landlord; the truth of the matter is this: my wife is a-going for to have cod-fish—dry, salt cod-fish—for dinner to-morrow, and I am very dry."

AWAKE! AWAKE!!

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

AWAKE, awake, ye noble band;
Come raise your standards high;
Like mist before the morning sun
We'll bid the traitor fly:
Come, let our trusty sabres gleam;
March forward one and all;
And we will sweep in triumph o'er,
And see the foeman fall.

Awake, awake, come chase away
The clouds that shroud our isle;
Our cause is right, and God shall bless
And cheer us by His smile.
March on, ye comrades, one and all,
Heed not the strife and din;
Unceasing let the warfare be,
And we the day shall win.

Awake, awake, for freedom's cause,
And blest shall be your name;
Your country save from drink and sin;
Restore her injured fame:
O, may we boldly march along
To conquer or to die;
And soon the song of victory
Shall echo through the sky.

Awake, awake, to meet the foe;
Loud sounds the bugle call;
With firm resolve to win the day
March onward brothers all.
Beneath our army's crushing stroke
The traitor knave shall die:
Then every tongue shall swell the song
Of victory on high.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

JOSH BILLINGS was asked "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation tew git up in the morning I have known to be 3 quarters uv an hour goin' 2 pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

A CANADIAN editor announced that "he had a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His contemporary over the way said he hoped his friends would take it from him, for he might commit suicide.

THIN Party (to street urchins): "Boy, what do you suppose that dog is following me for?" The youngster casts a knowing look at him, and readily replies: "Guess he takes you for a bone!"

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Mackrel inhabit the sea generally; but those which inhabit the grocery alwus taste to me as though they had been fatted on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eat'n, and always arterward. If I kin have plenty of mackrel fur breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

DRUNK OR SOBER.—A witness in a drunken case was once asked by the magistrate whether he could positively swear that the prisoner was drunk. The witness replied, "Well, your Worship, as to positively swearing, I can't exactly say; but, whether a sober man would wash his face in a mud-puddle, and dry it on a door-mat, I leave your Worship to judge." The prisoner was fined.

"Do you think I am a fool?' a violent man asked the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the Doctor, "I would not have ventured the assertion; but, now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A MAN from one of the rural districts recently went to London to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said: "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't," replied John, "I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I hain't come to London to sit on the floor."

A ROMAN ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest. Saying to him that he had an important question to propose, he asked, "Is it under any circumstances lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction. If you ask me Is it lawful to baptize in soup in general? I say 'No!' If you ask, Is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup? I say 'Yes!' for there is really no difference between it and water."

A WITTY little Aberdeen boy, suffering from the application of the birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better. Let anybody get such a plaguy licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

FIRE PICTURES.

By LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

V.—NO COWARD.

"AUNTIE," said Bertie, "let us have something for boys to-night, it will only be fair. Please do, for I can see a boy rowing in a boat. No, it is an engine: there is the driver and stoker; it's a passenger train, puffing away like mad. Now, Aunt Nellie!"

"Auntie is *finking*," said Florrie softly.

"One afternoon in August," said Aunt Nellie, "a party of schoolboys were talking about what they should do when they had grown to be men. Various trades and professions were mentioned by one or another of the group. 'It is all very well,' said the tallest of the lads, 'but not one of you will get on as I shall. None of your paltry little trades for me. I mean to be a brewer like my uncle. You should just see his establishment! and he does not live there either, but has a beautiful home right away, and keeps his carriage. When I am a year older, he will take me into the concern, and I shall be as good as a gentleman at once. And what shall you be, Mr. Pumpwater?' he said with a sneer to a lad, Harry Walton by name, who had listened quietly, but with a bright intelligent face, to all that had passed. He looked straight at Ned Townley, and answering slowly and deliberately, 'I shall be a teetotaler,' walked away.

"Harry Walton was the only abstainer among all these boys, and, although *he* was a general favourite, his principles did not meet with much favour, for he was teased unmercifully by some of the older lads, who thought by smoking cheap cigars and drinking little glasses of spirits to make themselves appear young men. They never made a greater mistake in their lives.

"Mrs. Walton was a laundress, and she worked early and late to keep Harry at school for a short time longer. When he was a baby they had been well-to-do people, but his father, riding home intoxicated one evening, was thrown from his horse, and carried home senseless, only to linger until the night and morning met; for as another day was born to wake up the world Harry was fatherless, and his mother a widow totally unprovided for.

"After leaving his companions—Ned Townley shouting 'You muff! you cold water coward! you are a muff not to know what is good, and a coward to be frightened to take it!'—Harry walked in a direction he had often taken before. Across two fields by the side of the line stood a little house or rather hut belonging to a pointsman, whose home was a short distance away. Harry expected to find him on the alert, for the express from Middlesboro shunted here, and after the six o'clock passenger train had passed he would be off duty.

"Although the express was nearly due no one seemed to be about, and

Harry, with a feeling of alarm, went into the one room and found John Green sitting with his head resting on his hand, evidently much the worse for drink. He only looked up with a vacant stare and muttered indistinct words as Harry turned hastily away, his face white to the lips and something like despair in his heart; for, unless the points could be turned, or the express stopped, it would dash along, and, meeting the six o'clock, who could tell what fearful mischief would be done?

"There seemed no time to do anything—scarcely time for thought, and yet the boy who had been called 'coward' carried out a plan which few would have been brave enough to attempt. Evening shadows were gathering around as he carried out everything combustible from the little hut, smashing up an old chair and table and placing them on the pile beside which he stood with the lighted oil-lamp in his hand, right in the track of the coming train. So he stands waiting for a sound that strikes his ear at last, and quick almost as thought the mass of straw and wood is lighted, and in front the brave boy waves his arms and shouts, but his tiny voice is lost in the roar of the approaching train. Will they see the signal? or seeing will they stay? They have seen it, for a shrill, clear whistle peals along, and as the warning is heard again and again Harry will not stir, but as the engine comes into sight he wrenches apart the lamp, and the oil falling upon the burning mass shows the boyish figure in front with greater distinctness. Nearer, still nearer, comes the train, and still the undaunted boy keeps his place in front of the blaze, determined to die rather than give up his attempt to save the unconscious passengers. When he had almost given up all hope, his heart wildly beating, surely they were slackening speed! Yes, it was so; the brakes were on, and in a few moments the train came to a stand within a foot or two of the brave boy who had risked his life, and not in vain either.

"There were hurried questions and explanations; fervent, grateful thanks from the few, chiefly business men, who were in the express; and then, the points having been turned, it glided away along the other line of rails, just as the six o'clock came into sight and passed without a suspicion of the narrow escape they had had through the boy who was a noble-hearted hero and 'no coward.'"

To be continued.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

By Gay.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate;
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
This night our minister we name,

Let ev'ry servant speak his claim ;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd :

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal ;
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies ;
Still working when he seems supprest—
A most tenacious, stubborn guest.

Cancer urg'd his growing force ;
And next Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd :
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack—secure, though slow.

Cholera showed his rapid pow'r
To thin a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne :—

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician spoke his right?
None here ! but fees their toils require.
Let then INTEMP'RANCE take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
Whom wary men as *foes* detest,
Forego your claim ; no more pretend ;
INTEMP'RANCE is esteem'd a *friend!*
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

THISTLES AND LAW.

By Edward Carswell.

Frank.
Good-day, Farmer Johnston,
Pray how do you do?
You stand as if thinking,
And look rather blue.

Farmer. That is just it, my boy;
I am not over-wise,
And some things I see (yes,
And hear) with surprise.
The traffic in liquor
We all know is bad;
The results, as *you* know,
Being sad, *very* sad.
Yet thousands are selling,
And thousands will drink,
And thousands just shrug
Up their shoulders and wink.

F. Yes, yes, Farmer Johnston,
It's terrible stuff
When a man, *like a fool*,
Takes more than enough.

Far. When I've weeds on my farm,
Their *growing* I stop,
And don't fool around till
They ruin the crop.
I don't pull up a few,
Nor cut off the shoots,
But just hoe the *whole of*
Them up by the *roots*.

F. Yes, sir, there you are right;
The weeds are your own,
So let *me* take *my* grog,
Or let it alone.
It is nobody's business
But mine, I should think,
What *I* eat at dinner,
Or what I may drink.

Far. Suppose my *next neighbour*
Has thistles; you see,
You may say that *his* thistles
Are nothing to me.
Ah! yes, but they *are!*

F. Well, how, sir, and why?

Far. Well, because the winds blow,
And thistle-seeds fly;
But thistles an't licensed;
I *may* beg and implore,
Then, if he don't cut 'em,
I *make* him by *law*.

F. I fail, sir, to see, in
The pictures you draw,
What rum has to do
With your thistles or law.

Far. The air's full of blasphemy;
Curses can fly;
They come through our windows
To you, sir, and I.
Not only the drinkers
And people who sell
Must suffer, but innocent
People as well.
The wife of the drunkard,
Friend, mother, and child,
Yes, and even the air
His breath has defiled,
And thousands who drink not,
Through drinking, you'll find,
Are suffering intensely
In body or mind.

F. But people will have it,
If it's to be had.

Far. Still law should be right,
If *people* are bad.

F. Good-day, Farmer Johnston;
I see you are right;
So count *me another*
Recruit for the fight.

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT'S WATCHING.

AGNES was so unused to concealment that she would certainly have betrayed herself as to her morning's walk, when she at length sat down to breakfast with Mrs. Denby, only that the poor old creature seemed as confused as herself.

The only incident which varied the monotony of the day was a rough man coming in the afternoon to the fence, and giving a peculiar whistle, which Davy, lounging, pipe in mouth, about the premises, heard at once, and roused himself with so much more alacrity than usual, that Agnes, looking from the window, was somewhat surprised, and hoped it was either Farmer Tresize or Herbert Bruce come openly to demand an interview with Davy's master. She was mistaken in this. The gate in the iron fence was opened for the first time, and a man, heavily laden with two barrels — "kegs" he called them—was received with what looked more like a salutation than Agnes had yet seen old Davy give to any one. He actually shook hands with the man when he had helped him to put down his load. Little as Agnes knew of the apparatus of strong drink, she rightly concluded they were kegs of spirits, and she at once understood old Davy's pleasure when she heard him say—

"We began to run desperate low. We've been upon short 'lowance, a kind of 'six upon four,' and that don't suit *him*," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder towards the rear of the house, "nor it don't suit me; with my rheumatiz I wants more and oftener. I don't want doctor's stuff, as my wife bothers me to take; I wants 'double tides,' and that 'ud float me all right in no time."

The last part of this speech was so near the open window, that Mrs. Denby, who was coming into the room, heard it. With a frightened look she gazed out, and then sat down in a chair behind Agnes, and panted with fear. To the inquiry "if she were ill?" she merely shook her head despondently, and left the young girl to conclude with natural sagacity that the coming of the man with the fresh supply of drink was an added trouble.

It was a relief to Agnes that Davy took his visitor to another part of the rambling old house. She found by Mrs. Denby being summoned, and the contents of the larder, such as they were, and drinking-glasses, being called for, that the stranger stayed for a drinking bout with old Davy.

Agnes remembered the boast of Mrs. Denby that "drink took no effect on Davy," and was surprised, therefore, at the terror of the old woman, who evidently had had some reason lately to distrust her own theory.

Agnes held again the glass ot water to his fevered lips.— *Page* 148.

"Davy is weaker," she muttered, as she tottered about to and fro. "His bones give him no rest, and then he's so bothered."

One thing Agnes felt sure of, that both she and her husband did not want Mr. Pencoran to hear any noise, or to be disturbed.

As the night came on, Agnes could hear riotous voices now and then, and the dog seemed roused up, and gave short restless barks. By-and-bye the repeated faint ringing of a bell smote on her ear. She did not recollect having before heard that—a shrill whistle had been the only sound that seemed to her intended as a call, since she came there.

Mrs. Denby in great perturbation came into the room, and said—

"I don't know whatever to do: the master keeps ringing, and Davy can't go to him. He's that dead asleep, I can't rouse him nohow. Humphreys mustn't go to the squire."

It was evident to Agnes that the little sense Mrs. Denby had was all bewildered. She had not waited on her husband and his companion without in some degree partaking of their carouse; and though, as far as her observations had gone, the feeble creature was no drunkard, she was certainly not sober. Long before drunkenness is reached, reason is beguiled in stronger heads than Mrs. Denby's.

Agnes had dreaded lest she should be required to assist in waiting on the men, whom she had at intervals heard over their cups, and it was a relief to her when she was told in reply to her offer—"Yes, you must answer the master's bell. That is, only goo to the door. Just look in and say Davy is ill."

"Ill! That won't be true, will it? How can I say that?"

"Oh, he's bad enough. There's the bell ringing again. My maid, do goo and quiet him. With one worrit and another I'm a'most out of my mind."

Agnes went at once, and crossing the closed inner lobby, saw a doorway shielded by a curtain, which she drew aside, and knocked at the door. A feeble, yet petulant, voice cried out—

"Why don't you come in? What do you mean by knocking there? Am I to lie here and die?"

Agnes opened the door, and was explaining that it was not Davy, when her words were cut short with—

"Idiot! If your husband cannot come, come you. I must have water water! I'm dying for a drink of water."

Agnes was too horrified at the intensity of the cry to set right his mistake. She rushed back at once, and got a jug of water and glass, and then softly in the fading light went across the room to a low couch opposite the door, on which, wrapped in an old dressing-gown, with a table and a hand-bell at his side, lay a man whom she knew was Mr. Pencoran. He took the glass and emptied it at a draught, and held it out to be refilled, and drank again; then, and not till then, he looked at her. His eyes, accustomed to the gathering gloom, saw her even more clearly than she saw him.

"Who are *you?*" he cried, trembling violently. "Am I dreaming still? Dreaming ever of young faces—dead faces? Yes, dead! Infant faces! They fill the room—they are all round—everywhere. Who are you, I say?" His voice rose from its first fretful tone to a hoarse wail.

He sat up, and Agnes recoiled before his glaring eyes, and wild words. She was ready to fly out of the room, but reaching out his hand he caught her by her dress, and pulled her to his side. She noticed that his grasp was very tremulous, and that his face, though terribly distorted with fear or pain, was worn to the bone. Her self-possession returned, and she said, in those calm tones which often have so soothing an effect, —"I'm come to do anything I can for you. No one else is able to come just now. You know they are getting old. Let me put your pillow straight, sir."

"Old! I'm old. A guilty conscience ages more than years. Oh, far more than years! It makes the hours as long as days, and the days as years. I'm thirsty. Give me some drink."

Agnes held again the glass of water to his fevered lips, but this time he dashed it away and pointed to a bottle on his table, saying, "It's empty. Fill it again."

"No, no!" she said. "You try this cool draught; it will make you sleep."

"Sleep—what, and dream? That wretch Davy always tells me to drink, and go to sleep—always. And he's taught you to say that, eh? —you." He looked hard at her again, and said, "You are not his child, are you? No, he has no child. I have no child. I had. Children once played in this old place.—Yes, and a good woman reared them. Three died. I'd thank God, if I could, for that. They went, and their mother went, before my son took to drink. Ah, he did, and took up with a low creature. I'd have none of her! She never darkened these doors. But listen: she tried to make me take——. What was I saying? Give me drink."

This time Agnes got him to drink another glass of water, and then he loosened his clutch on her frock; his head fell back on the pillow, and he slept. She stood a long time in silence, pondering on what he had said, and gazing through the gloom on the wasted face. Suddenly, round the angle of the house, the moon rose, and the calm light made the worn features of the sleeper look so white and sharp that a terrible fear stole over Agnes. Was he dead? No; she heard his breathing, and now and then a moaning catch in his breath. One thing her troubles had taught Agnes, as we have seen before; for now, not knowing what to do, and yet wanting if she could to do some good, she knelt down and tried to pray, though the only words that came were—"Lord, help me! Lord, have mercy on him." Simple, all-prevailing prayer! The litany that the helpless have been uttering for ages, and never in vain—never! The help comes, if not in removing the evil dreaded, in giving strength to bear and to surmount it.

She remained long in the room, and then going to see after the other inmates, found that Mrs. Denby, with the help of the man she called Humphreys, who had only just gone, had managed to get her husband to bed. She herself, she said, "meant to sit up all night with Davy," for she either believed, or wished Agnes to believe, that he was ill.

She never spoke,—indeed, appeared to have forgotten,—about having sent Agnes to Mr. Pencoran, a circumstance the girl was glad of. Agnes supplied herself with a candle, and took some bread and milk as if for her own supper, and returned again to Mr. Pencoran's room.

Whether Mrs. Denby thought Agnes had gone to her own chamber or not she did not know. One thing was plain, the invalid was not fit to be left; and no sooner was Mrs. Denby gone upstairs, than Agnes began to kindle a fire in the master's room; and having nothing else but her own slender fare to give the sufferer if he woke, she prepared the means of scalding the bread; for, as she rightly conjectured, strong drink had usurped the place of food, and was sapping the springs of life in mind and body.

About twelve Mr. Pencoran woke, and moaned so terribly that Agnes grew frightened. She tried to give him a spoonful of bread and milk, but he never noticed her, and she resolved that, with the morning light, whether she offended or not, she would go for a doctor.

"It's murder!" she said, not conscious that she spoke aloud; but a terrible echo came to her words.

"Murder! Murder!" moaned the wretched man, as he tossed to and fro on his pillow, but without waking. He repeated that awful word at intervals all the night.

Being young and healthy, it is likely that she fell asleep awhile in the big chair in which she sat; but at all events, she roused soon after daybreak, and made her way out of the house.

To her utter amazement she was no sooner beyond the fence than Herbert Bruce came up to her, saying, as he held a letter towards her—

"I came last evening to give you this—it was enclosed in one I had from my mother—also to see Mr. Pencoran if possible. I heard such sounds of drunken revelry that I thought you were not safe in this house, and that for the night I would watch the place. Leave it, I beg. Mr. Tresize has an aunt at Cambourne, and you can go to her."

Agnes took the letter eagerly, and saw it was in Miss Slater's handwriting, but she was too full of her purpose to be delayed. She told him of her night's work, and what she had resolved to do, adding, "If I left him he must die, and it's wicked to desert the sick."

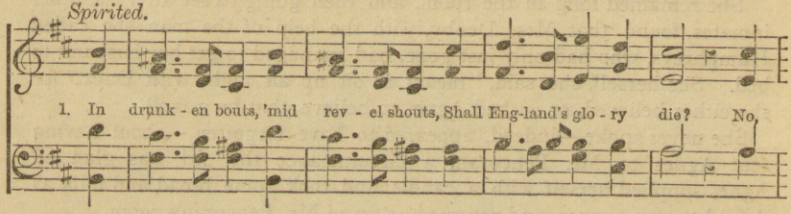
In an instant Herbert offered to take her errand to a doctor on himself. She saw him set off across the moor, and felt that whatever happened to her, she had done right by the miserable master of the Manor House.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE MILLIONS.

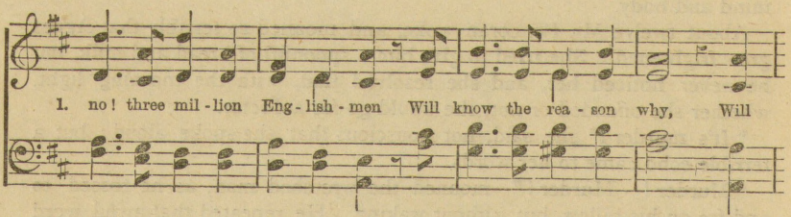
Words and Music by C. E. Moberly.

Spirited.

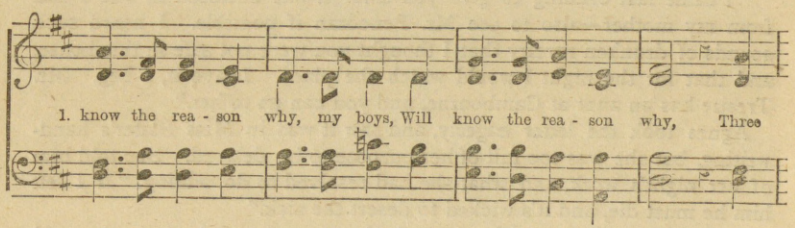


KEY D.

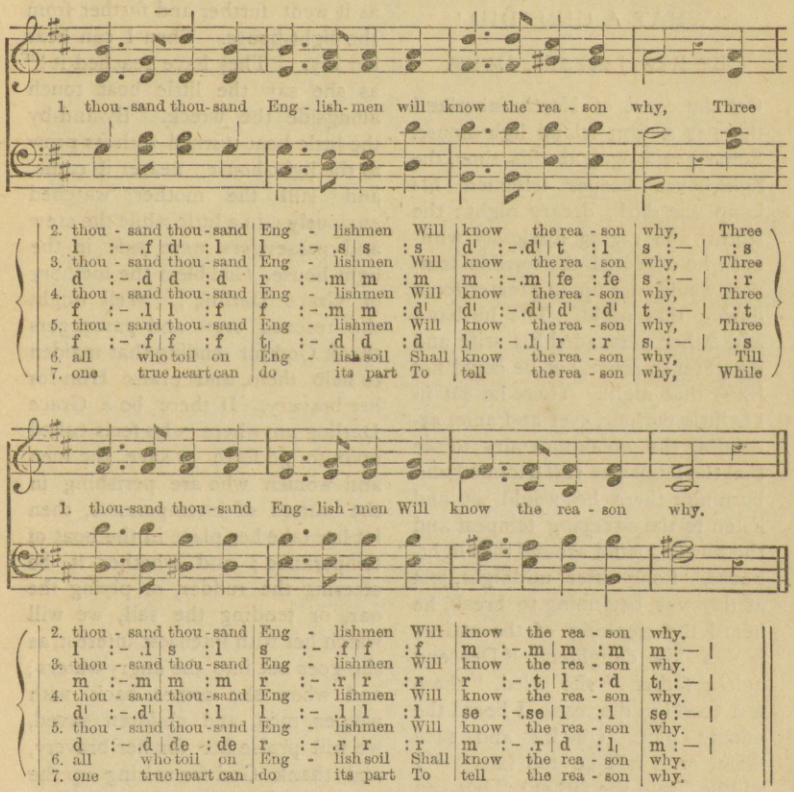
2.	Tho'	wise men preach, tho'	states - men teach To	pass the plague-spot	by,	Three
	:l	se :-.m | m :l	se :-.m | m :t	d' :-.l | r' :d'	t :- |	:t
3.	Shall	Eng - land's skill, shall	Scot - land's will To	shame like this com-	ply?	No,
	:m	m :-.d | t$_l$:m	m :-.d | t$_l$:m	m :-.d | r :f	r :- |	:r
4.	Shall	law con-trol our	chil - dren's soul Still	in the mire to	lie?	In
	:d'	t :-.l | se :d'	t :-.l | se :se	l :-.l | l :l	s :- |	:s
5.	Oh,	shall the yoke be	nev - er broke? Still	must we vain - ly	try?	It
	:l$_l$	m :-.m | m :l$_l$	m :-.m | m :m	l :-.s | f :r	s :- |	:s
6.	With	loy - al start each	no - bler heart To	aid the truth shall	fly,	Till
7.	Then	pray and strive, keep	trust a - live, The	cause shall nev - er	die	While



2.	thou - sand thou - sand	Eng - lish - men	Will	know the rea - son	why!	Will
	d' :-.s | d' :s	m :d | s :.s		l :-.l | r :l	s :- |	:s
3.	no! three mil - lion	Eng - lish - men	Will	know the rea - son	why!	Will
	d :-.t$_l$ | d :d	d :d | t$_l$:.r		r :-.r | r :r	r :- |	:t$_l$
4.	God's name, no! three	mil - lion men	Will	know the rea - son	why!	Will
	s :-.f | m :m	s :m | r :.t		d' :-.d' | d' :d'	t :- |	:s
5.	shall! three mil - lion	Eng - lish - men	Will	know the rea - son	why!	Will
	m :-.r | d :d	d :d | s$_l$:.s		f :f | fe :fe	s :- |	:s$_l$
6.	all who toil on	Eng - lish soil	Shall	know the rea - son	why!	Shall
7.	one true heart can	do its part	To	tell the rea - son	why!	To



2.	know the rea - son	why, my boys, Will	know the rea - son	why,	Three
	s :-.m | m :r	d :-.d | d :d	f :-.f | s :r	m :- |	:s
3.	know the rea - son	why, my boys, Will	know the rea - son	why,	Three
	d :-.d | d :t$_l$	d :-.d | d :d	d :-.d | r :t$_l$	d :- |	:d
4.	know the rea - son	why, my boys, Will	know the rea - son	why,	Three
	m :-.s | s :s	s :-.s | ta :l	l :-.l | s :s	s :- |	:m
5.	know the rea - son	why, my boys, Will	know the rea - son	why,	Three
	d :-.d | d :r	m :-.m | m :f	r :-.d | t$_l$:s$_l$	d :- |	:d
6.	know the rea - son	why, my boys, Shall	know the rea - son	why,	Till
7.	tell the rea - son	why, my boys, To	tell the rea - son	why,	While



DEATH'S DEPUTIES.

YOUNG.

IN our world, death deputes
Intemperance to do the work of age;
And, hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch
Sends forth licensed butchers; bids them slay
Their sheep, (the silly sheep they fleeced before,)
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us!

WHAT A GIRL DID!

By Rev. James B. Dunn.

On the coast of Northumberland there is a firm island light-house. Some years ago, at this time, the light-house keeper trimmed his lamp one dark, dreary night; the storm was raging fearlessly without: he expected the terrible tempest would rise up in greater force during that night. The husband and father persuaded his wife and daughter to retire, but he could not leave that night. There he sat in his little parlour, ever and anon ascending the creaking stairs to see that the lamp was still trimmed and burning; there he would sit and listen to the sweeping tempest and the howling wind around that light-house. Long after midnight, just as day was beginning to break, he heard the creaking of the stairs; it was his daughter. "Descend quick, father!" she cried, "there is a vessel in distress. I heard the minute gun. Quick! and save them, or it will be too late." "I will go," said the father; "but you will wait and mind mother." "I will go, too," says the girl of sixteen. "No, you must stay by mother: it is no night for a girl like you to be out on the water. I can manage the boat." "But, father, I can help you." And this girl pleaded, and the mother gave her consent, and father and daughter took their place in the boat. It went tossing over the white-crested billows, and I can imagine I see the mother standing by that little window in the light-house, with a glass to her eye, just as the day was breaking, watching the movements of the little boat, as it went further and further from the light-house. Then I can hear her cry, "They have reached it!" as she saw the little boat touch alongside the wreck. By-and-by the little boat turned with its prow to the light-house; nearer it came, and still the mother watched anxiously; in a little while the crew and passengers were safe in the light-house. God bless the memory of Grace Darling! Well might the rescued crew and passengers thank God for sending that maiden to help them, and praise Him for her bravery. If there be a Grace Darling anywhere who feels called upon to go forth to save the men and women who are perishing in the waters of intemperance, then let her take her place in the boat of temperance; and whether it be steering the rudder, or plying the oar, or tending the sail, we will watch her with intensest interest, as she goes out into the angry waters; and when she comes back with women, men, and children saved, we will praise her for her bravery, and thank God for raising up the women and sending them forth to help mankind in its hour of need.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

Bryant.

Upon the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
A soul a thousand years.

MORE PRIZES FOR ESSAYS.

WE have much pleasure in informing our young friends that we are able to offer three prizes, value 30s., 20s., and 10s., for the writers of the best Essays on

TOTAL ABSTINENCE—IS IT SCRIPTURAL?

Manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor of *Onward* not later than October 1st.

Competitors must be total abstainers, and under twenty-one years of age.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

22. What is a stimulant?
23. What is a food?
24. Is alcohol a food?

"THAT, TOO, FOR WHISKEY!"

By Rev. F. W. V.

PASSING down the street one evening, I saw a lady looking in at a show-window of a large jewellery store. Being acquainted with one of the firm, I stepped in. For some time the lady kept her position at the window. At length she came in, and said, "Please let me see that ring," pointing to a beautifully-carved and well-studded ring hanging on a hook within the case. The gentleman proceeded to do so, saying, "A valuable ring, madam."

"Mine, mine! Where did you get it? Look! are not the letters——
——carved within and the date?"

"Yes, madam," replied he.

"That, too, for whiskey!" replied she. "I know all. Oh! little did I think the evening he placed that on my finger he would ever take it therefrom! All else is gone, and even this. O God! Please, please sir—"

Oh! what will not some men sacrifice for strong drink! Clothing, bread from the child's mouth, and even steal from the hand of the wife the marriage-ring, and sacrifice for whiskey, drink, until the heart is set on blaze with the fires of hell. Women, plead, pray against strong drink!

STOOPING TO CONQUER.

There is mention made of two famous philosophers falling at variance, Aristippus and Æschines. Aristippus comes to Æschines, "Shall we be friends?"

"Yes, with all my heart," says Æschines.

"Remember," saith Aristippus, "that though I am your elder, yet I sought for peace."

"True," says Æschines, "and for this I will always acknowledge you to be the more worthy man, for I began the strife and you the peace."

This was a pagan glass, but may very well serve a great many fiery-spirited Christians to see their blemishes in. How usual it is now for man to say, "I will be revenged upon such or such a one; he hath done me wrong; I will be even with him." And so he may too; but I'll show him a way how he can be above him. How is that? Forgive him; for by yielding, pardoning, putting up with the wrong, he shows power over his passions, over himself, and that is a far greater thing than to have power over another.

WHO WAS THE COWARD?

I was sitting in the second story of the house, with the window open, when I heard shouts of children from beneath me.

"Oh, yes, that's capital! so we will! come on now! here is William Hall! come on, William! we are going to have a ride on the road; come with us!"

"Yes, if mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh, oh! so you must run and ask your ma! Great baby, run along to ask your ma! Are you not ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor *I*," "Nor *I*," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice: "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live. Don't you see we're all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group: he was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word *coward* was rankling in his breast.

"Will he prove himself indeed one, by yielding to them," thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer; for I feared that the evil principle in his heart was stronger than the good. But no: "*I will not go* without I ask my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion, "and I am no *coward* either. I promised her I would not go from the house without permission; and I should be a *base* coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his resolute tone. It was the power of a strong soul over the weak; and his companions all at once quietly yielded him the just tribute of respect.

AT THE WINDOW.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"I'm tired looking out at the houses
And up at the patch of sky,
And down on the streams of people,
That never and never get by.

"I wonder how long I have waited,
Evening by evening here,
Sure that I saw him coming;
I think it must be a year.

"I needn't have stood and listened
At the top of the stair all day,
If only I'd heard them saying
A word of his going away.

"And nobody ever told me
When he went; but I miss him so!
And the house is all strange and empty,
And that is the way, I know.

"I'm hungry to have him kiss me;
I'm tired, and I long to creep
Right into his dear warm bosom,
Like a baby, and go to sleep,

"While I'd hear him mumble '*Darling!*'
With his mouth against my hair;
Oh! now, when the quiet dark comes,
I think he must want me there.

"When the lamps in the streets are lighted
And their flare on the wall shines dim,
I wonder if ever his heart aches
For *me* as mine aches for *him!*

"And then I have so much to show him
Of all that I think and do;
For somehow it doubled the sweetness
If only he shared it too.

"I've waited so long to tell him
That I've heard three blue-birds sing,
And that down in the sunny border
A daisy is blossoming.

"Hark! There's a step on the pavement
Like his; but . . . *it passes by.*
I'll hide in the folds of the curtain,
Where nobody sees, and cry."

Ah! pitiful little weeper,
Nursing your griefs so dumb,
You are but one of the watchers
Whose darlings will never come!

CONSCIENCE.

By Annie Clegg.

There is a voice, "a still small voice,"
That speaks in every human breast;
When Right is done, it says, "Rejoice!"
When Wrong, it causes sad unrest.

Oh, listen to its whisper low,
Whene'er it speaks to warn of sin,
Or faint and fainter it will grow,
Till wholly lost 'midst worldly din.

True Voice of God! first heard at eve
In Eden's forfeit, sin-stained bowers,
Speak now to us, and bid us grieve
And weep for all these sins of ours.

But let Thy *cross*, dear Lord, appear,
That *there* we may our burden lay;
And *there* contrition shed the tear
Thy Pardoning Voice shall chase away.

So shall the "single" eye be bright
To find out God by Thee, "the Way,"
And all the soul be filled with light
Increasing to the "Perfect day."

"BUY A SECOND EDITION, SIR?"

By John Henry.

It was on a dark November night, and the rain was beating on the shop windows and in human faces, as the words, plaintively uttered, were again and again repeated, "Buy a second edition, sir?"

The words, so importunately and entreatingly spoken, were addressed to me by a poor, half-clad boy—one of those of whom there are so many in our city—sharp and pinched in their faces;—"cute" and knowing; watching every opportunity for plying their art; diving into the midst of cabs, carriages, and 'buses; heroes of daring, miraculous in their escapes; suffering stamped on the countenances of all of them; crime marking many of them for its votaries; most of them the irresponsible victims of a terrible social curse!

"Buy a second edition, sir?"

"What makes you ask me, when I tell you I have one paper already? and that's as much as I shall have time to read to-night."

"'Cause I want to make fivepence."

"And why do you want to make fivepence so badly?"

"'Cause mother's bad i'bed, an' says me and Jim is to make fivepence afore we go in."

"But it's a pity you should be out on such a night as this—so cold and rainy. But, here, let me have a paper; a 'second edition' as you call it. And here's a little extra to help to make up your fivepence. Where do you live?"

"Down this 'ere street, and along yonder, and up that entry by the pawn-shop."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes."

"And how is it that he lets you come out selling newspapers, and you so little?"

"Mother sends us, 'cause father drinks so; and every time he gets drunk he breaks the things, and licks us and mother; and if we didn't sell papers we shouldn't have no grub."

"What does your father work at?"

"I don't know; but mother worked hard to get a shop up at our house, for him to work in, but he soon smashed it up."

"Well, come and show me where you live, and let me see if I can do anything for your mother, as she is so poorly."

The boy conducted me down three or four streets, and then suddenly disappeared. I looked round, but could not see my little guide anywhere; but in a few moments he darted out of the "entry by the pawn-shop," of which he had previously spoken. He had gone on, thinking that I was following him, but missing the sound of my footsteps, he quickly returned.

"It's up this 'ere entry where mother is," he said, as soon as he saw me.

He again led the way, and we entered the yard in which they lived. I was horror-stricken at the sight of the women and children who seemed to form the bulk of its crowded population; the indigent, miserable character of which was partly revealed by the glimmering candle-light that faintly illumined the wretched apartments, the doors of which opened on the court. One little fellow that we met had fallen down and broken a jug that he was "going to fetch a gill in."

"A gill! What is a gill?" I asked, to test the little fellow's knowledge.

"A gill 'ud a been about *that* much off the top," he said, measuring "*that* much" with his finger, which indicated that the jug would have been half full; the knowledge thus displayed affording proof of the frequency with which he went on similar errands.

Leaving the boy to gaze ruefully at the scattered fragments of his jug, we resumed our march, for I could see that my young hero was anxious to be going forward. Having reached the last house in the row, the boy placed his hand on the latch, and looked behind to make himself sure that I followed.

On entering, he looked first at me and then at his mother, who had risen since he went out, and was now sitting near the fire-place with a baby in her arms; but there was so little fire to be seen, that it is questionable whether she felt any of its warmth.

I advanced towards the woman, and said, "I have come to see if I can do anything for you, having learned from your little boy that you were poorly, and that his father was in the habit of taking that which produces more misery than anything I know of. I mean *the drink*."

"Ah! sir," she said, "we should never have been like we are, with hardly a thing in the house, or victuals for the children, if it had not been for him taking to drinking. We have known what it is to have a comfortable home, and we should have been in one now if he had let the drink alone."

"Can't you persuade him to give it up?" I asked.

"I did once get him to leave it alone for a short time," she replied; "but he was worse than he had ever been before when he took to it again."

"Did he sign the Temperance pledge then?" I asked; "or did he ever sign it?"

"No," she said; "I don't think he ever did. Perhaps if he had he might have kept it; but I don't know," she continued, wearily: "he has promised many a thing that he has never fulfilled; ah! things quite as sacred as the pledge! things that he promised when we were married; and now he thinks no more about them than if he had never said them. If he did think of them he would not allow me to be as I am, without fire or victuals, and the poor lads that ought to be in bed, out selling papers in the rain and cold! But it's not him, it's the drink; for there

never was a better husband until he took to drinking and staying out at night!"

"Do you expect him in soon?" I asked.

"He may be in in an hour, or it may be two or three hours; there is no telling, especially as he has got money, for he should have some to-night. He is leaving where he has been working lately, and going to another shop."

The woman had scarcely done speaking when I heard footsteps up the yard, each step approaching nearer, till at length the door was opened and in walked the husband, as sober as when he went out in the morning, much to the surprise of his wife.

He seemed not a little surprised to find a stranger in the house, and showed some signs of confusion; but I soon made him feel that I was not a foe, but wished to be a friend. So, with a shake of the hand and a "Good evening, sir," I commenced the following conversation:—

"You will wonder, I daresay, what brings me here; but I have just called to see your good wife, as I heard from your lad that she was very unwell. We have been talking over different things, and I was wishing that you would come in while I was here, so that I might have an opportunity of speaking to you on the Temperance question; for I find that most of the unhappiness that you and your family have passed through is attributable to the use of intoxicating drinks."

"Well, sir," he said, "it's strange that you should call this very night, for I have been thinking of what I should do upon going to work at a fresh shop, as I have finished up at the old place to-night; and I can assure you that it has been hard work for me to pass a house that I frequent without calling; but something seemed to say, 'Take it home;' but the next minute something said, 'Spend it;' and if I had once gone in there wouldn't have been much left when I got here."

"Well," I returned, "I am glad that you have overcome the temptation to spend the money that you have worked so hard for, and which your sick wife and little children stand so much in need of. Now, don't you think it would be a good thing if, with your new shop, you were to begin a new life? And one step, and a most important one, would be to sign the pledge."

"Well, I may do many a worse thing," he replied; "and it passed through my mind more than once to-night to do that very thing; and if you will call with a pledge book, I'll sign."

"Now there is no need," I said, "to wait until I call with a pledge book. I will write out a paper and you can sign that; for you may have changed your mind by the time I should call with a book."

I thereupon took from my pocket some paper, on which I wrote as follows:—

"I hereby agree to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and to discountenance the causes and practices of intemperance."

Handing him my pencil, he appended his name—"James W——."

"Now," I said, "place the paper upon the shelf, and every time that you feel tempted, let your eye catch a glimpse of the pledge you have taken."

While this was going on the wife was anxiously looking first at me, and then at her husband; and when he had signed the paper, the aspect of her countenance changed from one of gloom and care to a look of radiancy and joy almost indescribable; and the smile which suffused her face reminded one of the sun after a dark cloud has passed over it.

As it was now late, I began to think of retracing my steps; but not without asking Him who is alone able to keep the tempted and tried one, to keep James W—— firm to the pledge he had taken, and to lead him to a sense of his duty to those around him.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE'S PRAYER.

By John Henry Lockwood.

SOFTLY! What's that voice I hear,
Sweetly murmuring a prayer?
By its mournful tones I fear
Griefs and sorrows harbour there.

Softly! Listen how she pleads:
"Father, change his erring heart;
Thy redeeming grace he needs,
Save him now, for soon we part.

"Weary, I have waited long,
Hoping fondly every day;
Hope which made my weakness strong
Fadeth now, and that for aye.

"Nightly now I'm all alone,
Coldly values he my love;
Soon, yes soon, I shall be gone,
Happy with the blest above.

"Broken tho' my heart may be,
Freely do I him forgive;
Though he cannot live for me,
Father, for Thee may he live!"

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

We have not such a word as "Retreat" in our vocabulary; it is all Onward, Upward, Victory.—*Gough.*

I never got wet through—never further than my skin.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which, whosoever hath, hath not himself; whom, whosoever doth commit, committeth not a single sin, but becomes the centre and slave of all manner of sin.—*St. Augustine.*

An ardent politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased member of the legislature, says: "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to Heaven. We were bosom friends, but now, alas! we shall never meet again."

The publicans know the power of *one glass.* Persons never say, "Come, let us go and have *two glasses;*" but the *one* becomes *two*, and the two becomes a day's drinking in numberless *instances.* —*Joseph Livesey.*

He who *wants* to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"What! Mr. M.——," said a wedding guest to a clergyman, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply: "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy—to take a little wine for his infirmity." "I have no infirmity," was the sententious reply.

The way to argue down a vice is, not to tell lies about it—to say it has no attractions, where every body knows it has—but rather to let it make out its case just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the divine armoury.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.—*Shakspeare.*

Dobson says his friends seem determined to give him the title of doctor. His butcher, baker, and all the rest do so; but they put Dr. *after* his name, instead of before it.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.—*Spencer.*

Let the truth and falsehood grapple; truth was never yet worsted in an encounter with falsehood.—*Milton.*

A clergyman who was travelling stopped at a hotel frequented by wags and jokers. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbours. One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh! yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

ABSINTHE.

By Prof. J. W. Mears.

ABSINTHE is another name for common wormwood, a roadside and garden plant well known for its strong, bitter taste, and having considerable reputation for its tonic and medicinal qualities. Steeped in alcoholic drinks, it communicates to them a peculiar aromatic flavour, which has grown amazingly in favour with the tipplers of France. Introduced by the army of Africa, its consumption has arisen to an enormous height. But its effects, though gradual, are those of an active and terrible poison.

Experiments have been tried upon dogs, rabbits, and other animals, with a view to bringing out distinctly the effect of absinthe apart from that of alcohol. A dog intoxicated with alcohol presents the usual signs of human drunkenness; but with essence of absinthe, the symptoms instantly become violent, and take the form of veritable convulsions. The body is bent into an arch; the jaws are locked; the paws outspread. This is the first stage. Then all at once abrupt jerks begin and follow each other like discharges. The teeth chatter and clash together; the jaws are covered with foam; the tongue, frequently bitten, is bloody; the whole is a faithful copy of an epileptic fit with the two stages which it presents in the human subject. Alcohol paralyzes the dog; absinthe gives him an epileptic fit.

Such a violent result of a substance which forms the base of one of the most extensively used of all spirituous drinks deserves the attention of men who are watching over the public health. Its effects are especially seen in hastening on the later stages of the drinker's career. His alcoholic delirium and *delirium tremens* may come on slowly. Months and even years may be required to bring on these more acute symptoms; but in the case of the victim of absinthe, only a few weeks, or even days, are sufficient to develop them. All the indications of drunkenness are accelerated by the use of this drug. When a man, after a very few instances of excess, comes at once to the advanced stages of alcoholism to frightful hallucinations, or to epilepsy, one may be sure it is due to absinthe.

The authorities, for a long time indifferent to the evil arising from the use of this drug, have at last been stirred up to lay a tax upon the article of nearly eight shillings per gallon in Paris, and something less in the provinces. They have also forbidden the manufacture of the concentrated essence, and limited its sale to apothecaries. Some are asking for more radical measures—prohibition, in fact. The general council of Finisterre, in 1872, expressed the wish that the sale of absinthe might be formally prohibited. It is announced, however, after a year of trial of the tax law, that the consumption of the liquor has diminished by nearly one-half in Paris.

FIRE PICTURES.

By LIZZIE CHAMBERLAIN.

VI. TIRED LITTLE TOM.

THE members of Barnwell Band of Hope were going out for a day's pleasure. This was the children's all-absorbing theme of conversation in the schoolroom at the "Ivies." Since that night when Margaret and Bertie signed the pledge, Mr. Warren had been much more favourable to teetotalism; some arguments used by the speakers impressed him more than he cared to own even to himself, just at first. Soon, however, Aunt Nellie was gratified to know that her dearly-loved brother was proving quite to his own satisfaction that abstinence is best for both body and mind. So it came about, that when an excursion was spoken of, he readily agreed for Margaret and Bertie to go, with Auntie as care-taker, and made a handsome present to the Society's funds to help to pay expenses.

Even quiet Margaret was more than usually excited; but as for Master Albert Edward Warren, he seemed nearly wild with delight. "Oh! it will be *splendid!*"—(that was such a favourite word of his) "three miles in waggons to the station, sixteen by train, and three along the water in corn-barges. I wonder what they are like, and how fast they go. Hurrah! for Barnwell Band of Hope! Wait for the waggon! wait——" Here Bertie trod on pussy's tail, so she finished the chorus with a terrible howl, and ran under the table as Aunt Nellie came forward to her seat, and Maggie knelt down on the hearthrug to study the fire.

"There is a man, a kind man he looks, carrying a little ragged boy in his arms; and another boy, bigger but quite as ragged, walking by his side. That is the best I can see, Auntie."

"Not very much, certainly," said Aunt Nellie; "but we must make it do for a foundation, and build our story upon it.

"The days were growing shorter and the evenings colder, as out in the country trees began to exchange their green, summer robes for an autumn garb of red, yellow, and russet brown. In the large town where John Manning lived, people were thinking about overcoats and winter clothing, for the season was unusually severe—more like Christmas than September, every one said. There had been a lecture in the Temperance Hall, and as John—a bright, active, life-teetotaler of four-and-twenty—was walking quickly along to his lodgings, he stopped suddenly before a fine house, and peered closely at what seemed like a large bundle, nearly hidden in the shadow of the portico. With some difficulty he made out the form of a child, and in a voice much sterner than his face, he asked,

'What are you doing here?' A weak, pitiful voice made answer 'Nothing, please sir, only resting; little Tom was so tired. Be you a bobby, sir?' 'Oh, no,' said our friend John, 'but who is Tom?' 'My brother, sir, here he is.' Pulling aside his tattered remains of a jacket he showed another child huddled close to him. John Manning bent down, and then suddenly lifted up the light form, saying, in a voice now soft and kindly as his face, 'Little Tom will never be tired again; you had better come with me, my boy.'

"Carrying the youngest, and with the other lad trotting barefooted by his side, John passed along the street, and soon astonished his landlady (a kind, motherly old body,) with this pair of unexpected visitors. Little Tom was not dead, as John Manning had feared; but cold and hunger had done their work. A doctor was called in, and every means tried; but it was all in vain. Before many hours had passed, a still, white form lay on John's bed, and tired little Tom had gone to rest.

"'Gone to be glad for aye,
In the land which knows no morrow;
Never again with pain to cry,
Never to feel a sorrow.'

"And now, what do you think was the reason these boys were without home or food? Their mother spent every penny she could obtain in gin. That day she had pawned the last miserable remains of furniture and clothing; even the shoes which a kind lady had given to little Tom were stripped from his feet and sold. The money was soon spent, and still the fearful craving for 'more' would not be satisfied. She had sent out the two boys to beg or steal, and after wandering for hours through street and lane and alley, they returned to the one miserable room, hungry and footsore, only to have the few pence they had received snatched from them, and to be driven out again, with blows and curses, to seek for more. They had walked on and on until, as his brother said, little Tom was 'so tired,' and then they crouched down on the steps where John Manning found them."

"Oh! dear, Auntie, it is dreadful; but what became of Martin? I hope he did not go back to his wicked, bad, old mother. She ought to have just been hung, an old villain!"

"Hush! hush! Bertie, that is not nice talk," said Aunt Nellie. "Instead of calling hard names, I want you to think how much misery might have been saved if only Martin's mother had been taught to be a water-drinker while young. You ask what became of him. Well, a situation as errand boy was obtained in the large house of business where John Manning was employed, and with his help Martin soon became a fair scholar, and was very useful. He did not stop after learning to read and write though, but almost every evening tried so hard to improve himself, and so,—

"'Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got.'

And now he is junior partner in the very firm where he started as errand boy, while his beloved and honoured wife is the youngest sister of John Manning!"

"Good John Manning," said Florrie, half asleep, "I like you."

(*To be continued.*)

JAMIE'S FABLE.

By Miss E. N. Hatheway.

Aunty:

Jamie, what has happened to you?
Tell me where you have been so long.
See your frock, so soiled and torn!
I fear my boy has been doing wrong.

Jamie:

I was only playing out in the yard,
Building some houses all in a row,
And a bear walked through the garden gate,
And said "Good morning!" growling just so.

He tore this hole with his paw, I guess;
And I struck him then with a great big stick!
I almost broke his back, I s'pect,
For I tell you, Aunty, he went off quick.

Aunty:

Jamie, look at Maggie's new doll,
With her rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes.
What do you think should be done to her
If she should speak and tell naughty lies?

Jamie:

If Dolly should ever tell naughty lies
Her head should be cut right off, I think!
What do you b'lieve its stuffed with? say.
My knife would do it quick as a wink!

Aunty:

And what should be done to a little boy
Who tells his aunt a story so wild?

No bear could say "Good morning!" to you,
Then why do you talk in this way, my child?

Jamie:

Don't you 'member the other day
You read me a story about some bears?
And they talked together like anything,
And slept in some beds and sat up in chairs.

Aunty:

But, Jamie, that was a fable I read;
I told you then it wasn't true.

Jamie:

Well, Aunty, that's the matter with this;
My bear is a fable story too.

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER AND INQUIRIES.

NO young heart would be likely to be uninterested in such an avowal as Herbert Bruce had made to Agnes. He had "watched the house all night," fearing evil might befall her. As she re-entered the place all sense of loneliness had fled. She was no longer an uncared-for waif on the tide of humanity ; a strong arm was stretched out to shield her, and though full of perplexity she felt her spirits rise to meet any emergency. Her thoughts naturally went across the moor with her faithful messenger. His words, and more than his words, his looks, dwelt in her mind. It was a wet morning, and as the rain beat with a genuine West of England downpour against the windows, it only served to show her how resolute had been his watchfulness in the night, and how persistent his service to her in the morning.

She entered the living room and sat down to snatch a few moments to read her letter from her old governess. How strange that it should be sent enclosed to Herbert Bruce!

A few lines, however, soon explained that. Mrs. Bruce was a neighbour of Miss Slater's brother.

"My dear Agnes—,

"Your descriptive letter pained me very much, the more that my brother has a near neighbour, Mrs. Bruce, the mother of the young artist you have met. This lady is an active member of the same temperance society as my brother ; and meeting her we each talked of our absent ones, and I soon found that you had gone to a place I never would have sent you to, if I had known or guessed the Denbys were what you describe, or the master such a person as Mrs. Bruce fears he has become through drink. She gets no answer to her letters to him, though she is a distant relation—what we used laughingly to call a 'Scotch cousin'—of Mr. Pencoran, and she has some information to give him of importance, about his son, I think, who died here lately.

"If it is needful, my dear, to have your letters directed to the post-office, with initials only, I think it best to send this to Mr. Herbert

Agnes pondered this letter longer than she thought for. Page 167.

Bruce, a young man all speak well of. These relations of yours—the Denbys—have no claim on you as they gave you up so many years ; so, my dear girl, leave them at once.

"I am not well, for I grieve about you. I sometimes hope Mrs. Bruce may do as she says, and make a journey to join her son, then you could travel back with her."

The letter concluded with many reiterated kindly wishes.

Agnes pondered this letter longer than she thought for, and she rose at length, and placing it in her bosom, began to kindle the fire, and prepare breakfast. She went once along the passage, and listened at the door of Mr. Pencoran's room. All was quiet ; and as she rightly judged, Mrs. Denby would be very weary after her last night's agitations, Agnes, with her renewed energies, bustled about the domestic work to good purpose. She thought she might venture to make a cup of tea for the invalid ; it was such weary waiting for Mrs. Denby coming down to breakfast. Accordingly the tea was made, and placing it on a little tray more neatly than she had ever seen the master served, she went to his room. Her knock at the door, though she repeated it again more loudly, did not rouse him ; and after listening a little while, she entered, and the first thing that startled her was a rush of cold air. Looking towards the couch she saw it was empty ! Through an open doorway to another room there was the broken glass door into the yard, where she had tremblingly overheard Davy contending with his master. It was plain that the invalid had escaped ; though how, in the weak state in which she left him, he could do that, amazed as well as terrified her.

Setting down her tray she rushed through the other room and out of the broken door into the yard. She was ready to scream aloud for help, but the rain as it fell seemed to check her panic. The dog tugged at his chain, and barked wildly at her, more in joy than anger, she thought. He evidently anticipated being set at liberty. She went boldly up and called him by his name. He laid down and fawned at her feet. From him she had nothing now to fear ; he knew her as belonging to the house ; but she hesitated to unloose him. She passed by his kennel, and the door of the shed where she had hidden, and found a gate in the wall that swung back at her touch, and the open moor bounded by the edge of the cliff was before her, the distant sullen roar of the tumbling waves adding to the dreary rushing of the rain.

"A sick man out, half dressed, in weather like this !" she thought, and not seeing any passenger on the moor, she started back, and for the first time ventured to the Denbys' room with the cry—

"Help ! Help ! Mr. Pencoran has fled !"

There was a confusion of voices in reply, but she heard the words—

"Has the dog gone too ?"

"No. Shall I loose him ?" she said.

"Aye, my maid, do," faltered Mrs. Denby. "Oh, stop, he'll fly at you. I'll be down presently."

Before the last words were spoken, Agnes had rushed down and loosened Keeper, who startled her for a moment by leaping up at her, but only in play; she, pointing to the outer door in the wall, said—

"Find him, Keeper,—fetch your master," and the intelligent creature bounded off straight across the moor, and was soon lost to sight.

That morning was destined to be full of incidents. No sooner had Agnes returned to the kitchen, than she heard Mrs. Denby's wailing voice, as she seemed to be struggling to help her husband downstairs. It was difficult, as they both came shambling into the room, to say which looked the worse of the two. The old woman was worn and ill; the man's brute strength seemed to have quite deserted him. His hands were so swollen they hung down useless, and not being able to hold his stick, his feet dragged after him along the floor, as if he would fall every instant. This gouty unwieldy mass of disease and helplessness, bloated with drink, and yellow with tobacco, was, as Agnes could not but think, a strange specimen of his wife's frequent boast—"Drink don't take any effect on Davy."

He sat down with a groan, and growled out—

"I'm dead beat." Then turning savagely to Agnes, he added, "There, you needn't look as if you'd never seen a sick man afore. It's a-doin' my dooty, that's what it is, as have broke me down."

One thing she noticed, he did not blame her for Mr. Pencoran's escape; most likely knew nothing of her having been sent to wait on him.

But her thoughts were not long engaged with the old people, for before the wretched meal was ended, there was a sound of fast-trotting horses' hoofs. Two riders, one of whom Agnes saw was Herbert Bruce, were calling at the fence to be admitted. Denby gave a perfect yell of rage or alarm as he saw them, but his limbs refused to let him rise from his chair.

"Woman, fool!" he shouted to his wife. "They've found him. They've heard him. They've ——"

"It's only Mr. Bruce and the doctor, I think," said Agnes; and before they could forbid or prevent her, she was out of the house, and though she could not undo the gate, she showed the way of entrance between the hurdles. Throwing the bridle of his horse to Herbert, the doctor alighted, and entering the room with Agnes, said authoritatively—

"I'm come to see Mr. Pencoran. Show me to him at once. My name is Hugo; I'm the successor to Dr. Pollard."

In vain both the man and woman said, "You cannot see him now. He's not to home." He did not believe them. Evidently there had been reports abroad, for when at length Denby did manage to pull himself up, and lean against the side of the fire-place, growling—

"You bean't wanted. You get along. 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' bain't it? If the squire chooses to shut himself up away from fools like you, ain't he a right so to do?" These were meaningless well-

worn phrases, long used to stave off inquiries, but they did not answer now.

"If an Englishman's house is his castle, it isn't his jail; and it's my belief you're just a jailor here; and mind, if you resist my seeing Mr. Pencoran I'll get a magistrate's warrant to compel you."

He was a resolute young man, and as Davy sunk down helpless in his chair, his pallid wife, trembling in every limb, signed to Agnes, who led the way into Mr. Pencoran's room; and there, as she threw open the doors, she told the history of the night and of his flight. Her words were so manifestly true, that the doctor returned to the Denbys, and said—

"I shall have Mr. Pencoran found. The reports of his state of mind are doubtless true, and he must be put under care."

"He be under our care," faltered the old woman.

"To look at you, you want care yourselves," said the doctor sharply, and then going out he remounted his horse. Agnes had attended him to the fence, and repeated to Herbert her account of the master's strange escapade.

She saw them gallop away through the mist and rain, and then returning, found the old woman grovelling on the ground before her husband's chair, and sobbing out—

"Oh! Davy, it's no use a-trying to hide it. Do tell! You done nothing as they can hurt you for. You done the right thing, any way, by the child."

If the miserable man could have used his swollen hands he would have felled his wife, as she crouched and wept before him. His looks and words were so terrible, that Agnes was glad to obey him when he told her to go, and cursed her for a meddling fool, and wished her dead. Once in the shelter of her own room, she sat down and tried to think; resolving to obey Miss Slater's letter, and not to spend another night, if she could help it, in that house. Evidently some great crime had been committed there, which had thrown Mr. Pencoran into the power of Denby, whose cunning and greed had not been quite enough to overcome the consequences.

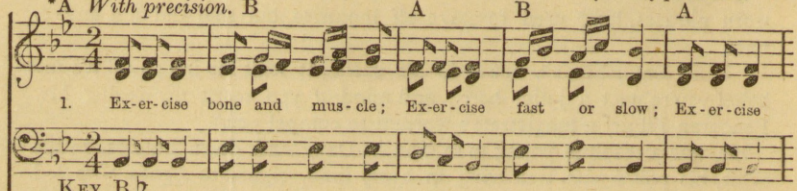
Hour after hour passed, and the day cleared up. She heard Mrs. Denby help her husband along the passages to Mr. Pencoran's rooms, and was sure they were trying to seek him. Late in the afternoon she ventured up the old staircase to the roof of the house, and to her great joy saw Herbert Bruce at a quick pace walking towards the place. She no longer felt afraid, but descended at once to the basement, and out at the back, where Davy had managed to crawl, and there she heard the resolute words in Herbert's voice, "I must have some conversation with you, Mr. Denby, about two subjects. One is Mr. Pencoran; the other about the young lady who recently came to this house. Do you mean to tell me she is your niece?"

(To be continued.)

EXERCISE BONE AND MUSCLE.

{ From "The Blackbird," by permission.

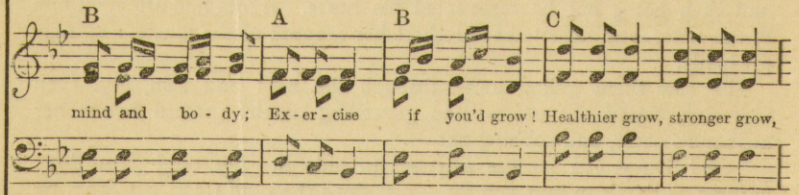
*A *With precision.* B A B A



KEY B♭

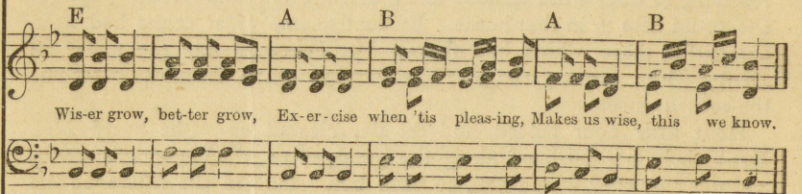
s, .s, : s,	l, l, ,s, : l, ,t, .d	s, .s, : s,	l, ,d .t, ,r : d	s, .s, : s,
2. Ex-er-cise	thought and feeling;	Ex-er-cise	as we go;	Ex-er-cise
m, .m, : m,	f, .f, : f, ,s, .l,	s, .f, : m,	f, .f, : m,	m, .m, : m,
3. Ex-er-cise	young or a-ged,	Ex-er-cise	high or low;	Ex-er-cise
d, .d, : d,	f, .f, : f, .f,	m, .r, : d,	f, .s, : d,	d, .d, : d,

B A B C



l, .l, ,s, : l, ,t, .d	s, .s, : s,	l, ,d .t, ,r : d	m .m : m	r .r : r
morn and ev-en	Ex-er-cise	makes us grow;	Cheerful grow,	Graceful grow
f, .f, : f, ,s, .l,	s, .f, : m,	f, .f, : m,	s, .s, : s,	f, .f, : f,
now and ev-er	Ex-er-cise,	then we'll grow!	Thrifty grow,	Thoughtful grow,
f, .f, : f, .f,	m, .r, : d,	f, .s, : d,	d .d : d	s, .s, : s,

E A B A B



d .d : d	t, .t, : t, .l,	s, .s, : s,	l, .l, ,s, : l, , t, .d	s, .s, : s,	l, .d .t, r : d
Courteous grow,	Grateful grow!	Ex-er-cise	when 'tis varied	makes us wise	this we know.
m, .m, : m,	s, .s, : s, .f,	m, .m, : m,	f, .f : f, ,s, .l,	s, .f, : m,	f, .f, : m,
Virtuous grow,	Happy grow!	Ex-er-cise	when 'tis carnest,	makes us wise	this we know.
d, .d, : d,	s, .s, : s,	d, .d, : d,	f, .f, : f, .f,	m, .r, : d,	f .s, : d,

* In Choirs where this piece is sung, A denotes clapping hands, B raising both hands, C moving right hand up and down, E both hands ditto.

No. 17.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JOE BLACK.

BY EDWARD ABBOTT.

THE first time I ever saw Joe Black he was out on the sidewalk in front of the house where he lived. It was a sharp winter morning. He had a coat on, but no hat. A boy who goes out of a winter morning without any hat on will be almost sure to catch cold, get a sore throat, and perhaps have the croup and be very sick indeed.

There were a number of boys out on the sidewalk too, and Joe was looking on to see them play, rather than playing with them. Some of them were sliding along on the ice in the gutter, others were snow-balling, and all seemed to be having a fine time.

Pretty soon a man came along. Joe was busy watching the boys, and did not see or hear the man until he was close upon him. The man had a heavy bundle upon his shoulder, and called out rather angrily to Joe: "Get out of the way."

Joe was not a little frightened at the harsh tone in which the man spoke to him, and got out of the way as quickly as he could.

Some boys would have answered this rude man rudely back, and perhaps told him to get out of the way himself; but Joe took the roughness very meekly.

The next morning Joe was out again; only this time he had not got as far as the sidewalk, but was standing on the doorsteps, looking up and down the street and wondering what he should do. While he was so standing and wondering, the same man came along who had spoken to him so unkindly the day before. He had what looked like the same bundle on his shoulder. The man did not see Joe, but Joe saw him and recognized him. But he kept perfectly still and watched him go by.

Presently the man, as he walked along, put his hand in his side-pocket and pulled out his handkerchief. In so doing, he pulled out one of his mittens too. It fell unseen by its owner upon the sidewalk. When he put his handkerchief back in his pocket he did not miss the mitten. There it lay just where it fell, the man walking faster and faster away.

Some boys in Joe's place would have been glad that such a cross man had lost his mitten and would hope that he might never find it.

Not so Joe Black. He saw what had happened—the handkerchief taken out, the mitten fallen and left lying on the walk, the man unconscious even that he had dropped it. It took him but a moment to decide that he ought to go and restore the mitten to its owner. I don't know that he so much as thought of the cross way the man had spoken to him the day before. If he did, he did not cherish any resentment. So off he started down the steps and along the walk until he came to the mitten. Picking it up, he ran on after the man as fast as his legs could carry him. Instead of calling out to him, he waited until he got close behind him, and then gently touched his hand.

The man turned round to see who touched him.

There stood Joe, holding up the mitten.

"Well done!" said the man, recognizing the mitten and feeling in his pocket at the same moment. "Well done! Where did you find that?" And he took the mitten and put it back in his pocket.

Joe only wagged his tail; for he was nothing but a great Newfoundland dog, Joe Black, and he couldn't speak a word. But I have sometimes thought that he was more of a gentleman than the man who dropped his mitten. At any rate, he knew how to return good for evil. Do you?

YES AND NO.

BY ALICE CARY.

My dear little children,
I think I may guess
That you have learned early
The way to say Yes.
Now that is a good word,
Kept strictly for use,
But bad as it can be
To lie around loose!
All sorts of disasters
Behind it will press,
So be careful, my little ones,
How you say Yes!

And there's another word
That you can spell,
I'll dare say, but may be
Can't use very well;
It will keep you from debt
And keep you from drink,
And will help you to stand
When you're ready to sink.
My lad, have it ready
Wherever you go,
And in time of need, speak it
Out manfully, NO!

YE BILLY GOAT.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

It was ye little Billy goat
That played upon ye street;
He gamboled to ye grocery.
His dinner for to eat.

In luscious heaps, outside ye store,
Ye vegetables lay—
Ye turnips and ye marrowfats,
Likewise ye cabbage gay.

"Ye grocerman he feeds me well,
How good he is to me!"
This Billy goat said to himself,
His tail then twinkled he.

He stripped ye cabbage, leaf by leaf,
Ye blithest goat in town;
For orange-peel he cared not then,
Nor for ye paper brown.

It was ye angry grocerman
Who ran out to ye door,
Whereat ye little Billy goat
He left and ate no more.

Then did ye irate grocerman
Throw turnips two or three
After this little Billy goat,
All for his knavery.

Ye bounding turnips missed their mark,
So back this goat did run,
And, at a distance, nodded thanks
And munched them one by one.

While softly to himself said he:
"This is ye kindest man,
He throws me vegetables plump,
To feed me all he can.

"And let him strike me, if he may,
My joy he shall not kill;
For I will gather all he sends,
Returning good for ill."

It was ye grocerman who sighed
And turned him from ye door,
To serve ye customers who thronged
The grocerman his store.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Prizes of 30s., 20s., and 10s., are offered for the best Essays on

TOTAL ABSTINENCE—IS IT SCRIPTURAL?

For particulars and conditions see "Onward" for August.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

25. What King of Israel was charged with the crime of drunkenness, and what was his end?
26. Where in the Bible is the thoughtless tranquillity of the rich compared to the fixed, unbroken surface of fermented liquors?
27. The Lord is represented as holding in His hand a cup of mixed wine,—give the passage.

THE GEM.

BY CHARLES HARRISON.

A PRECIOUS gem we each possess,
A gem beyond compare;
Oh! should we not great care bestow
Upon this jewel rare?
For, if once lost, 'tis ever lost;
Found, it can never be;
Once gone, it is for ever gone,
As if dropt in the sea.
Its worth we cannot calculate,
It is not bought for gold;
Rubies, beside it, are as dust,
And yet, it oft is sold:
Yes, many a one has sold this gem,
And sold it cheaply too,—
Sold it for nothing, all because
Its worth they never knew.
We have a case, a work of art,
In which this gem to keep;
How careful should we ever be,
Lest curious eyes should peep,
And seeing, should attempt to steal
This jewel from its case;
And we with shame, be left to mourn
Our folly and disgrace!
What is this gem, this precious gem;
What is this jewel rare?
And what the case in which 'tis kept?
I pray, their names declare:
The case, or casket, where is stored
This jewel rich and rare,
Thy body is—the gem, thy Life;
What can with these compare?
And do not many let a thief
Enter, and steal this gem?
In fact, the case they open wide;
Oh! who can pity them?
One thief is Drink—how oft it steals
Its victim's Life away!
Little by little, piece by piece,
It takes it, day by day!

WERE I A MAN GROWN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WERE I a man grown, I'd stand
With clean heart, soul, and hand,
An honour to this land.
I would be good and true,
I would not smoke and chew
As many grown men do.
And these two lips of mine
Should never taste of wine,
Though it might glow and shine.
No wine, no beer, no gin,
No ale, no rum—within
Each drink lurk shame and sin.
And I'd not swear. Ah! when
We boys grow into men,
You'll see true manhood then.
For we shall be and do
Just what I've said; and you
Had better try it, too.

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS CURE.

By Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder.

INTEMPERANCE creates in man an ungovernable appetite. You and I, thank God, not having been drunkards, cannot tell what it is. Men who have fallen have told us it is not a desire, not an appetite, not a passion; these ordinary words fail to express the thing. It is more like a raging storm that pervades the entire being; it is a madness that paralyzes the brain, it is a corrosion that gnaws the stomach, it is a storm-fire that courses through the veins; it transgresses every boundary, it fiercely casts aside every barrier, it regards no motive, it silences reason, it stifles conscience, it tramples upon prudence, it overleaps everything that you choose to put in its way, and eternal life and the claims of God are as feathers, which it blows out of its path. Really, a drunkard would sell his body and soul, would barter away heaven, and covenant with you to jump into hell, if you would give him what he asks—more drink.

What does it do to man's body? It diseases it; it crazes his brain, it blasts his nerves, it consumes his liver, it destroys his stomach, it inflames his heart, it sends a fiery flood of conflagration through all the tissues; it so saps the recuperative energies of man's body that oftentimes a little scratch upon a drunkard's skin is a greater injury than a bayonet-thrust to the body of a temperate man. It not only does this, but the ruin that it brings into the nervous system often culminates in *delirium tremens*. Now, I am a physician as well as a clergyman. I have seen the *delirium tremens*. Have you seen it? Have you ever seen a man under its influence? Have you heard him mutter, and jabber, and leer, and rave like an idiot? Have you heard him moan, cry, shriek, curse, and rave, as he tried to skulk under the bedclothes? Have you looked into his eyes and seen the horrors of the damned there? Have you witnessed

these things? Have you seen the scowl on his face so that the whole atmosphere was filled with tempest? Have you seen him heave on his bed, as though his body was undulating upon the rolling waves like a fire? If you have, then you know what it does to the body.

Look at the will. It enthrals the will. A man's will ought to be king. The will of the drunkard is an abject slave. The noblest and the mightiest men have been unable to break off the chain when it is once riveted. I verily believe there have been no worse wails of despair out of hell itself than have gone up from the lips and heart of the drunkard who knew he never could be recovered.

What does it do to the heart? If a man is made in the image of God's intellect, a woman is made in the image of God's heart. A tender woman is tenderest to her child. Is there anything that can unmother a woman, that can pluck the maternal heart out of her, and put in its place something that is powerful and fiendish? There was a woman tried for this. She was drunk; she was drinking up all she had; she wanted more; she had pawned everything, and she did not know what to do. Finally her eyes fell upon her boy—a fine boy that she had. He had on a pair of boots. She seized him, threw him down, and, in her effort to pull them off, the boy resisted, and she, in her drunken fury, forgetting that he was the boy she had brought into the world and had suckled and had watched over, threw him out of the third-story window on the pavement. I ask if there is any other agent on earth, or even in the world of the damned, that can so transform a mother's heart into something for which thought itself cannot find similitude? I say drink can do it, and did it in this case.

Look at character. It wrecks character. It is a double shipwreck; the drunkard not only loses his own respect, but he loses the respect of everybody else. His own character with its real worthiness and with its reputation is gone, and his worthiness in the estimation of other people is gone too—both of them slain, are buried in one grave; and the grave-digger and the murderer, who are they? Drink. It wipes out the likeness of God from the soul, and makes a man a mixture of the brute and the demon, evolving the stupidity of the one and the philosophy of the other; and the Bible tells us that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.

It brings a peculiar curse upon woman. It reverses the very order of life. Man is not naturally cruel to woman; that is not his disposition. When man came out of Paradise, he came out with a woman, hand in hand with her. That nature was to her a true nature; it was significant of the fact that courtesy to woman had outlived the fall. There is a second serpent that tempts man. It is intemperance. It betrays him into a lower fall. I ask, who is it that vilifies the woman whom he has married and sworn to protect? Who is it that defiles her pure presence with the obscenity of the slum and the gin vault? Who strikes her fair face? Who starves her, body and soul? Who sells her marriage vesture and

her wedding jewels? Who plunges into her breast the murderous knife? How is it that man is brought into condition to do these things? There is one agency that can do it—drink.

What shall we say of the social iniquity that has grown so great in our cities? There are streets through which your children cannot safely go to school—through which they cannot go without hearing obscenities and witnessing sights suited to contaminate their innocent souls. What is the stimulus and inducement to that iniquity? It is drink.

Lastly, it breeds crime, fills our prisons, penitentiaries, houses of correction, and houses of ill-fame. It feasts the thought of robbery, makes it appear feasible, promises it immunity; it nourishes the conception of murder, and gives courage to the shrinking murderer; it is the thief's cunning; it is the forger's emboldener; it is the assassin's inspiration; it is the strength of the seducer; it is the weakness of the seduced; it nerves the suicide; it impels every year myriads of men and women across the boundaries of virtue into the territories of brutal vice and hopeless guilt. If there is any atrocious evil to be perpetrated, the man who intends to perpetrate it brings himself up to the work by strong drink.

Now, what shall we do about it? Shall we let it alone? Shall we give up the work of controlling it? Shall we say, "The thing is so tremendous an evil, is so far-reaching and so deeply pervading, that we cannot do anything with it"? Suppose, when the ocean threatened to submerge Holland, that the Hollanders had said, "We are little men, and this is a great ocean; one surge may carry a thousand of us away like so many egg-shells; we cannot do anything." But they did not say that; they said something different: "The ocean shall *not* overflow our fields, shall *not* destroy our harvests, shall *not* drown our cities," and they backed up their sturdy words with sturdier deeds. They built dykes which were the admiration of the world. They kept out the ocean, saved their fields, harvests, cities, and populations, and the surf which would have devastated them is now walled out for ever, and, as it strikes ceaselessly their bulwarks on the outside, can only utter in a hoarse voice its perpetual amen to the grand triumph of those resolute Hollanders. I say, if intemperance threatens our country as the ocean threatened Holland, let us act as the Hollanders did. God helps courageous souls. If we are bold, brave, and faithful, we shall yet build dykes that shall yet save our country and our race.

Now, there are two things that we can do, and the first is to check this evil at its beginning. You may cut down twigs and branches, you may lop off and trim as much as you like, but the tree will grow faster than you can cut. It will continue its tremendous persistency of growth; its horrible vitality rising with it, it will grow so fast you cannot check it; for its long, stout roots run down and spread far and wide in a very fertile soil, and that soil is the convivial, social usages of the community. Moderate drinking is the soil in which these roots of intemperance run, and from which it derives its moisture and its life. There is the wine-cup on the table of the master's house pressed upon his guest; the mistress

of the house, with a tempting smile, passes it. It is at the public dinner; it is on the sideboard; it is in the ball-room; wherever there is relaxation, this custom of society asserts itself; poetry, song, music, and numberless fascinations encompass it, and it runs its roots into the soil. What would you think of a man undertaking to stop Niagara by taking out a pailful of water at a time? Niagara is the outcome of great lakes, and you have got to stop those lakes before you can stop the cataract. The lakes out of which the Niagara of intemperance flows in its destructive course, carrying thousands of precious men and women every year, are the moderate-drinking habits of society. We have got to stop it there; and therefore we should make it our aim especially to educate the young men and women of the country to total abstinence. That is moral effort.

Secondly, we should put forth legal efforts to suppress the traffic. Look at our spirit vaults. I have often crossed streets and encountered three tippling-saloons on the four corners, and I daresay there are places where all four corners are drink shops. I have often encountered several in a row, of every kind, from the lowest slum where the meanest drunkard crawls, to the flaunting rum-palace where well-dressed gentlemen go with jaunty air. These saloons promote drinking, and the more they increase the more they gain; and when the gaily-dressed emissaries of the brothel lure their victims, they make use of social, free facilities for drinking. Men get away from their homes, and sustain each other in their carousals in these dens of iniquity. It is the place where vagabonds frequent, where tramps grow; it is the place where burglars are educated and murderers are bred. They are fountains of defilement, death, and damnation. If the scenes that are enacted in the drink shops could be set before us just as they transpire—all the scenes that take place in a single year—and we were told to look upon the horrible spectacle, it would be fairly like gazing into the abyss of hell itself. Now, over all this iniquity and ruin, the state spreads its broad shield; it licenses it all; it legalises it. The drink-seller brings his license, and says, "Look there, I am an honest man; I act under the sanction of the state; my calling is a respectable one, because it is legal; I am just as good as you are; I act under the patronage and protection of the Government." Now, let us who are citizens, we who are the sovereign people, we who have the right to make our own laws through our representatives, we who have the inalienable right of self-government; let all who love their country and their fellow men, and all who wish to arrest vice, all who wish to advance virtue—let all of us unite in demanding that there shall be no more licensing of tippling houses, and that there shall be universal suppression. Let this in future be our battle-cry: "No more license, but suppression." A license is needed. Why? Because prohibition antecedent is in full force before any license is granted, and is in force without the enactment of any specific law. So that it appears that prohibition is originally natural and universal; prohibition is normal, and prohibition abnormal; license is the exception. The dam of prohibition is naturally

built in the heart of the community, and license is making the breaches in it, saying to one man, "If you will pay me so many dollars, I will let you make a hole to let the flood of damnation through it." So Government makes hole after hole in the dam of prohibition. Hence, when we ask for a prohibitory law, we ask for that which is right, which cannot by any possibility be wrong. It is only a legal affirmation of that which naturally and justly exists, and therefore prohibition is the very essence of rectitude. A prohibitory law is just as right as it possibly can be.

There is just one other question I will speak about. That is this: Is it constitutional to do it? The people say, after all, ought Government to do it? I aver that granting licenses is not establishing justice, but directly the contrary. It is not just to allow a set of men like liquor-sellers to tempt other men as they do. It is not just to authorize these men to ply their catalogue of arts upon the drunkard, who is a man incapable of defence. It is not just for these men to exercise an unfair advantage over the property which they do possess, inasmuch as they take the toil and earning of the labourer who is their victim, and get what he has laid up in the savings-bank. It is not just to allow these men to inflict the ineffable sufferings which they bring down upon the heads of innocent women. It is not just to let these men prosecute a trade to contaminate our children who are to be the support of our state.

The government of Sparta went as far as to take the children out of the households, and bring them under strict, rigorous government, and educated them to be abstemious, patriotic, and brave. The reason why Sparta had increased for five hundred years was because she had such laws and thoroughly enforced them. But the government that makes license lawful succeeds in afflicting our children with hereditary diseases and weakening them; succeeds in depraving homes, out of which they shall not emerge good citizens, but vagabonds. The greater part of juvenile crime among us is the product of our license laws. It is not just to inaugurate a license system which necessarily imposes great taxation upon the virtuous part of the community—which is obliged to pay a great deal of the expense incurred solely by the sale of intoxicating liquors—thus upholding bad men and making good men pay for it. And it is not just to the criminals, that are made such by rum-selling, to condemn them, and at the same moment set the rum-seller where he can say, "I have done it, and will do it again." I say licenses are not just.

The prohibitory law has been tried in Maine. It has been eluded? Will you tell me where any law, in any state and any kingdom under the sky of God, that has been enacted has not been eluded? There are laws against gambling and houses of ill-fame, against the printing and circulation of obscene literature. Is there no gambling, and are there no houses of ill-fame? Are there no obscene papers and books printed? If the argument is correct that the prohibitory law against selling intoxicating drinks is useless because it will be eluded, there ought

to be no laws against gambling, obscene literature, and there ought to be no law at all, because someone will break it. Following out this argument would kill all law, government, and society, and introduce universal anarchy and ruin. When good laws are enacted, and when the purpose of their enactment is to tell people what right and wrong is, government, in enacting such laws, fulfils the part of that education which it is under obligation to infuse into its citizens. If the law against gambling cannot be enforced, what then? It stigmatizes the crime of gambling, and that is a high moral end gained. And if a prohibitory law is passed, and men do elude it, if it is not thoroughly enforced, notwithstanding it pronounces the criminality of the act, and men when they are driven to sell drink, do it secretly and clandestinely, and feel they are stigmatized, a moral end is obtained. But the Hon. Woodbury Davis of Maine has uttered this sentence: "The Maine law has produced one hundred times more visible improvement in the character, condition, and prosperity of our people than any other law that was ever enacted." That is good testimony.

I say, therefore, in closing, that it is the duty of all good citizens to agitate from pulpit and platform and press until we get a prohibitory law. That is the duty of all good citizens. See what they have acquired already. In fact the greatest antagonism to the temperance cause in this country to-day is the political power that drink has acquired. What is the influence most potent in political caucuses? Drink. On what do wily politicians and manipulators of elections most confidently rely? On drink. What influence sways most votes? Drink. The drink-sellers are subtle, they are united, they understand themselves, they have a definite aim, they move together, and their object is to control the land. They consider drink the magic key that will open all locks; and if things go as they have gone for the few years past in this country, we shall, before long, be governed by publicans. They are fast advancing to national supremacy. I say good men weakly withdraw from politics, and leave the thing in the hands of these bad men; and if our temperate, virtuous, incorrupt citizens do not arise in their might and make a clean sweep of these men, we shall be ruled by an oligarchy of drink-sellers.

ABSTINENCE AND PRAYER.

CHAUCER.

BUT herkeneth, lordings, O word I you pray,
That all the soveraine actes, dare I say,
Of Victories in the Old Testament,
Thrugh vaery God that is omnipotent,
Were don in abstinence and in prayere;
Loketh the Bible, and there ye mow it lere.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

CAREFULLY viewing the matter from the standpoints of the chemist, physician, and artisan, we unhesitatingly declare that the world in its present advanced stage *has no need of alcohol;* it is simply convenient, but *not necessary.*—*Journal of Chemistry.*

MR. BOFFIN.—It's a excellen' thing having refreshments in the Academy. Enables you to see (*hic*) double the number of pick-shers.—*Judy.*

"I AM now on the shady side of half a century, but I expect to see the time when there will not be a dram-shop in this land. I can't tell just how they will be abolished, no more than I could tell twenty years ago how slavery would be ended. But the day will come when open liquor-saloons will be a thing of the past."—*Hon. Schuyler Colfax.*

THE man who has illustrious ancestors is like a potatoe. The only good belonging to him is underground.—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

A PHYSICIAN is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day required to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.—*Voltaire.*

WHENEVER a fellow is too lazy to work, he gets a license, sticks his name over the door, calls it a tavern, and, nine chances to one he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy and as worthless as himself. —*Sam Slick.*

SIR THOMAS MOORE advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before, it was neither rhyme nor reason."

"I HAVE heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the test laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy — heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

AND now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? But now methinks I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher: he is never out of his diocese; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. Where the devil is resident, and hath his ploughs going, there away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles,—yes, at noonday. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent, up with decking of images; up with man's traditions and his laws, and down with God's traditions and His most Holy Word.—*Latimer.*

HELP! SAVE THE CHILDREN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written against intemperance, and the injurious action of alcoholic liquors upon the human body, the revenue returns still show an increase in the consumption of these deleterious beverages. Such an increase must necessarily cause a decrease of home comforts, and all that tends to make home happy, and an increase of vice, immorality, and poverty, and everything that tends to make homes miserable; and of such misery the poor children have to bear their full share. It is now a common matter to see young children, *sent by their mothers*, coming from the liquor shops with the poisoned draught, sipping it as they go along, and thus the foundations are rapidly and surely laid for a worthless life, and a miserable death.

Is it any wonder that a taste for intoxicating liquors is formed, that a habit of visiting the public-house or the beershop is engendered, and that the yearly total of young persons apprehended for drunkenness is annually increasing, so long as parents show themselves so criminally careless of their duty?

It is said that at least two millions of children are prevented from attending Sunday-school through the drunken and profligate habits of their parents, and this compels us to ask, WHAT ARE OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS DOING to remedy so awful a state of things? Many of them, thank God, are already up and at work, but we are afraid the great majority have not yet realized the fearful extent of the evil and the magnitude of the interests at stake. It is clear that the ordinary machinery of the Sunday-school will not accomplish the work; for not to speak of the two millions of neglected children outside who are tacitly given over to the devil, and allowed to grow up a danger to the commonwealth, how small a proportion of the children inside the school realize the fond expectation of their teachers and join the Church!

Is it not also an awful fact that of the three-and-a-half millions of children attending our Sunday-schools, notwithstanding all the efforts put forth by ministers, conductors, and teachers, only *one* in *ten* joins the Church?

Where are the nine, and what is the cause of their fall? Let every Sunday-school teacher earnestly and prayerfully ask himself this question, and in the vast majority of cases he will be compelled to answer, DRINK did it. For while the teacher has been sowing good seed, an enemy has also been sowing tares.

The legalised temptations carefully placed in the path of the young, week-day and Sunday alike—by a so-called Christian Government– have borne their bitter fruits. Drunkenness has more than kept pace with the increase of population. And the drinking customs of society—meeting as they do with the sanction of so many Christian people, and accompanied by such fascinating temptations as gardens, music-halls, and singing saloons, ever present—are constantly robbing the home and the Sunday-school of their brightest and most promising youths, and are beyond question the chief causes of their ruin.

A movement is needed that will secure the co-operation, engage the sympathy, and, at the same time, throw a shield around our young people. They must be made to feel that they have a mission : that they can lessen the amount of misery in the world ; that the school is their school, and that its glory belongs to them. Such a movement, wisely directed, will prevent the loss of our elder scholars, will put new life into the teachers, will bring in the absentees, and will strengthen and invigorate the whole school. And the Band of Hope will do this—old and young, male and female, will all find employment suited to their age and disposition ; the city Arabs may be gathered in and a reformation effected, the full value of which will never be known until the great Day of account ; and it is not too much to ask that those who have denied themselves so much already, will now go a little further and help to throw down this great stumbling-block.

And of all the months in the year, this is the best for commencing work : with dark nights the scholars will gladly avail themselves of the privilege of attending the Band of Hope meetings, and a much better attendance may be secured than during the summer. Oh, that we could induce each Sunday-school teacher to enter the field as missionaries of the temperance cause, as subservient to the cause of Christ, and as tending to a speedier realization of His kingdom !

If they would wish to save the children, to have the thanks of the wretched wife, and the hapless mother, the approbation of all true men, the serene peace of a good conscience, and the smile of the Saviour, let them in this matter also deny themselves, and take up the cross for the sake of these little ones.

THOU SPARKLING BOWL.

PIERPOINT.

THOU sparkling bowl ! thou sparkling bowl !
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee ; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings !

FIRE PICTURES.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

VII.—BERTIE'S FRIEND.

DAYS and nights passed on, and Aunt Nellie's stay at the "Ivies" was soon to come to an end. Very regretfully, indeed, our little people looked forward to the time when there would be no more stories about "Fire Pictures." For all that, though, they were almost counting the days which must elapse before Mrs. Warren's return. This was to be very soon, for the last letter said she was growing well, strong, and such a teetotaler! all through following the advice of that English gentleman I told you about, with whom she had become acquainted through Mr. Faulkener.

After the most severe winter weather was over, Bertie attended a school at Barnwell as day-boarder, going and returning morning and evening with Mr. Warren. Of course some of the boys teased him about his Band of Hope membership, but firm little Bertie never flinched, and had one great ally in his particular friend 'Siah Darcy, a lad rather older than himself. 'Siah, or, to give him his proper name, Josiah, was tall and rather slight, with dark hair, and clear, full grey eyes. He was very sensitive about a scar which had once disfigured his face, but now grew more and more imperceptible every year. I am going to tell you how he received it. When a little tiny fellow he had met with a terrible accident, which every one expected would terminate fatally. While playing with other children in the paddock near his home, he had received a fearful kick from a horse grazing there, against which, in childish unconsciousness of danger, he had ventured. Poor little 'Siah! when he was carried into the house that day, quite insensible, covered with dust and blood from a frightful wound crushing the upper part of his face, his mother did not think he would ever become the straight, upright lad who was considered one of the best scholars in Barnwell Grammar School. When talking confidentially about the accident to Bertie Warren, 'Siah said, "Depend upon it, little as I was, if my blood had been poisoned and my body weakened by drink, or if I had been forced then to take stimulants, I should not have lived; but my father and mother were, and are still, strict teetotalers; so through all that dreadful time I did not have one drop of strong drink, and nothing on the wound but cold-water bandages."

"Cold water and teetotalism again!" said a boy walking past where they were sitting; "I can't think what you can see in it."

"We can see it is best," was Bertie's prompt reply—"best for the body, best for the mind, best for the health, best for the pocket."

Aunt Nellie had wonderfully changed the opinion of her nephew, you see; for this was the same Bertie Warren who had declared—not so long ago either—that he "liked wine, it was nice."

'Siah Darcy came over to the "Ivies" one evening to spend the day following, which was a holiday. As he had heard very much about Aunt Nellie's stories, he gladly made one of the party gathered around the schoolroom fire, and by common consent was chosen to find the picture.

"Now, old boy, look sharp!" was Bertie's encouragement, as, with a face both amused and puzzled, 'Siah looked into the glowing coals, to "see what he could see."

"There is just like water, Miss Warren; and a boat tossing about, full of people, it looks. Ah! now it has gone down—down, and the waves seem to heave and swell above it."

"Hundreds of years ago," said Aunt Nellie, "a ship sailed amidst mirth, music, and great rejoicing. Brave knights and fair ladies were on board, their gay robes and bright jewels gleaming in the sunlight. Spectators lined the shore to watch the departure of a gallant young prince and his noble train for their native land. After many delays, they started as evening shadows were gathering; and regardless of the calm, still beauty of the night, high revel was kept on board. Casks of wine were opened, and freely distributed among the sailors. The passengers and crew together gave themselves up to riot and feasting. Before long they ran out of their course, and with none but drunken hands to hold her helm, or guide her aright, the ill-fated vessel swept swiftly on, and struck a hidden rock.

"Through the splintered and crashing timbers poured torrents of water; and, partially sobered by the fearful danger, the captain caused boats to be lowered. Into one of these, with a few companions, the young prince —England's future king—stepped safely; but after starting from the wreck, obedient to his word, the rowers returned to save his sister, who, with many others, was crying for help from the deck of the doomed ship. Seeing the boat below, the maddened, excited, crowd tried to leap into it, and in a moment it was engulphed in the waves, which rolled around as though hungry for their prey.

"Of all that gay and mirthful company, only one reached Britain's shores to tell the tale. Perhaps you have heard that beautiful poem commencing,—

'The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on,
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?'

"Probably you can tell me the unfortunate young prince's name, and that of the king, his father?"

"It was Prince William, Duke of Normandy, Aunt Nellie," said Bertie.

"And the king was Henry the First, who 'never smiled again,'" added 'Siah Darcy.

(To be continued.)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER X.

THE SCOURGE OF CONSCIENCE.

NOTHING so completely confounds a guilty person as a plain question; and as soon as Herbert Bruce confronted Denby, the man's coarse face turned livid, his jaw fell, and his whole look was so ghastly that pity prompted the young man to say, "I asked you a simple question, Mr. Denby. You sent, at long intervals, some money—two five-pound notes—to Miss Slater, for the use of Mrs. Deane's adopted child. Who gave you that money? And what is the young lady to you?"

Denby muttered indistinctly, "My sister—a widow woman—let lodgings—died here—Widow Gale." Before he could get out the last word he reeled on the bench on which he sat, and would have fallen but that his wife came forward, caught him in her feeble clasp, and Herbert at once assisting her, they managed to partly drag and partly lift him into the house, and lay him on a mattress in one of the nearest rooms. It was evident that he was in no condition to be questioned further, and in the meanwhile where was Mr. Pencoran? Agnes, as Herbert met her in the passage, anxiously asked "if he was found?" and being answered in the negative, suggested, "You should call the dog. His name is 'Keeper.' He has not come back. He is, no doubt, with his master, in some place familiar to both."

On this useful hint Herbert, telling Agnes that he would bring back the doctor to see Denby, left again to resume his former search; and Agnes saw that he was joined in the distance by Farmer Tresize and some labouring men. Meanwhile she busied herself getting vinegar and water to bathe the old man's throbbing head. But as soon as he partially recovered, he showed such aversion to her coming near him, that Mrs. Denby entreated her to go away and to keep out of his sight, sobbing out, "Oh, why ever did you come? Everything has got worse since then."

So to pacify them she went away to her room, and took up the little book of Wesley's hymns, looking again at the brief inscription with a yearning desire to know her mother's history. As she absently turned over the leaves, her eyes rested on these words—

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed.
He hears thy prayers, He counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head."

They seemed like a special message to her, and while her spirit was tranquillized she heard voices in the distance, and many footsteps, accom-

Herbert, Tresize, and others, bear in the master of the house, sodden with wet and apparently dead !—*Page* 187.

panied by the troubled bark of a dog. She went down through Mr. Pencoran's room to the door at the back, and there saw Herbert, Tresize, and others, bear in the master of the house, sodden with wet and apparently dead !

To her hurried inquiry there came the grave answer from the doctor,—

"There is life in him, and that is all. You've kept up a fire, I see ; that is right."

She had shown the way into the room from which Mr. Pencoran had fled, but Mrs. Denby, who now came, opened another door to an inner bedroom, which seemed to be the first of a long suite of rooms in the east wing of the house. As Agnes withdrew she heard the doctor say, "Cold and exposure in his state have complicated the case, but yet he may recover."

He had been found down in a hollow on the face of the cliff, which some rough-hewn steps from the summit led to. A beetling crag jutted out from beyond that hollow, so long and sharp that it was called "DEATH'S BLADE." Here, sunk down between the granite points, he lay ; and but for the kindly warmth of the dog, who crouched close to him, the miserable man must have perished. Ah, it was not the first by many a time that the good dog had preserved his wretched master, for the place, almost inaccessible to any stranger's foot, was the frequent resort of Mr. Pencoran, when his conscience tortured him with its lashes.

That night, though Davy—owing to the size of the house—did not know it, there were, for the first time for many years, neighbours beneath the roof,—Tresize, the tenant of Cliff Farm, Mr. Hugo, the nearest leading medical man, and Herbert Bruce. But one thing Agnes learned, as she ran about carrying jugs of hot water and flannels for Mrs. Denby to the sick man's room,—no woman in Covereach could be got to come to the Manor House as nurse. The reputation of the house, and the master, and his attendants, as a something Satanic, had so impressed the minds of the imaginative Cornish people, that it was vain to seek for any help but that given by Mr. Tresize and his friend and visitor Herbert.

Agnes was so weary with her previous night's watching, and the agitations of the past two days, that she was thankful when Mrs. Denby said,

"I'll call you if you're wanted. But it's no use your coming a-nigh Davy, and the men folks with master must do their best—ah, and their worst too," she added with a sigh, as she turned into her bedroom and left Agnes on the stairs, too tired to resist the desire for a quiet night.

She slept as she had not done since she came beneath that roof, and the sun was high in the heavens when she woke. During that whole day Agnes did not see any one but Mrs. Denby, who seemed to walk about as if in a dream, though she gave full employment to the young girl's active hands and anxious mind. At night she heard that Mr. Pencoran was better ; he had recovered consciousness, and was with difficulty prevented from attempting to rise ; and had again sought to elude his

attendants by crawling out of the room. It was evident he could not endure the place.

"Take me out of this room," he moaned, "I can never rest here. Do you know I've never slept in a bed at night for years?—years. Put me on the couch in the other room."

It was a pitiful plaint, as it reached Agnes's ears, while waiting by the fireside in the room in which she had first seen him. She put the couch in order, and when Mr. Tresize came out of the bedroom to take a cup of tea she had made, she pleaded that the sick man might be brought back, adding,—

"I don't think he did ever rest at night. I think the little he slept was by day."

The good farmer, as he drank his tea, seemed impressed by her words, and told her he would name it to the doctor, and get him to yield to the patient's wish, saying confidentially,—

"If I never saw the benefit of temperance principles before, I see them now." He added, "There was a time when Mr. Pencoran was respected by all. A handsome gentleman of good repute. He lived, as it is called, freely. When his three children, and then his wife, died, he drank to drown his sorrow. And his only son drank too. His father it was who told him to take his glass like a man. Then he ran into debt and wild ways. The squire thought he had a right to be angry, but he set the example: a slippery path is soon slid down by young feet. As to the why and wherefore of his queer ways these late years, I know no more, my maid, than you do. He had that trembling kind of frenzy drunkards have, more than once, in old Doctor Pollard's time, and I heard he wasn't sane, and that all was going to rack and ruin; and worse—to a lazy scoundrel who I know robbed his master. For I was forced by the squire's own handwriting to pay my rent to Denby, and I've tried times and oft to rouse the master to look to his own interests, and only got insults for my pains, and not a bit of repairs done for me. The 'Five Alls' is the squire's house, and that, I'm told, is promised to Denby. It must be a bribe."

"Why should he be bribed?" said Agnes, feeling shame for the man who called her his niece.

Tresize looked keenly at her, and replied, "My maid, that's a hard question for you and me. Only this I say—the Lord defend us from the drunkard's sin and shame."

On the following day,—the third now of his illness,—the patient was brought back to the room in which Agnes had first seen him, and insisted on being partially dressed. Under the regimen of entire abstinence some faint trace of an appetite seemed to revive, and the young girl knew how to make some little invalid comforts.

Strangely enough, during the whole day and the next, Mrs. Denby did not go near the sick room. Agnes would have thought that Davy was worse, but that she heard him pottering about his bedroom. Towards the evening Mrs. Denby went out, and returned an hour after with the

man named Humphreys, who had brought the kegs of spirits. Agnes saw him enter the side door of the house, but she was called by Mr. Tresize, and, therefore, was not surprised on returning that she had not seen Humphreys leave. She would have named that he was there, in the hope that he, perhaps, might be able, from some distance, to obtain the womanly help which, by this time, the house so much needed. But Herbert Bruce, who had taken turns with the good farmer in watching the patient, had gone,—probably, as Agnes thought, to get assistance, for the sick man was again flagging.

Agnes reproached herself with sleeping so soundly at night; but her toil was great in the day, and at work she had not been used to. Weariness and youth combined to bring dreamless sleep to her pillow.

But what was her surprise to find, on rising the morning after she had seen Humphreys come in with Mrs. Denby, that the doors below were open, and that on ascending to Mrs. Denby's room, that was empty. The old people had decamped! Then she called Mr. Tresize, who had slept in the squire's room. He said at once, "Ah, they've put off from the Cove in Humphrey's boat, to meet the Irish steamer as she passes to Plymouth, that's what they've done."

Agnes missed a box she had seen in Denby's room, but she was not able to make much search about, or indeed to dwell long on the strangeness of their flight, for soon after she had cleared away breakfast, Herbert Bruce came to the now open gate at the front, bringing a lady with him.

At a glance Agnes felt sure it was his mother. And it having been so long since she had seen a gentle, tender, motherly face, the young girl welcomed her with tears, and felt as if all her cares were ended when she was clasped in her embrace, and heard the welcome words, "Miss Slater told me I was to take care of you for her sake, my dear. I shall do so for your own."

It was not until the afternoon of that day, when Mr. Tresize had left, and Mrs. Bruce was rested and refreshed after her long journey of a day and night, that Agnes led her into the sick chamber, for she had said urgently,—

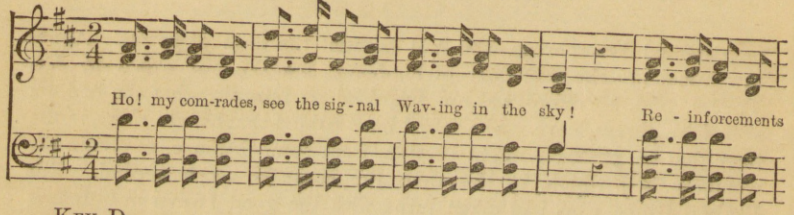
"I can nurse, my dear, and if no one else is to be had, why I am equal to it. Besides, I think I shall be able to make myself known to Mr. Pencoran. Though he may have forgotten that he ever saw me, he cannot have quite forgotten all the past."

Very gently did Agnes and her welcome friend enter the sick chamber. Herbert had left it, and was within call in an inner room. They drew near and saw the invalid sitting up, with his head clasped by his wasted hands, bent over the side table. If ever despair was shown in a man's attitude it was then in Mr. Pencoran's.

Mrs. Bruce paused a moment to wipe away a rush of tears from her eyes, and then went gently forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

(*To be continued.*)

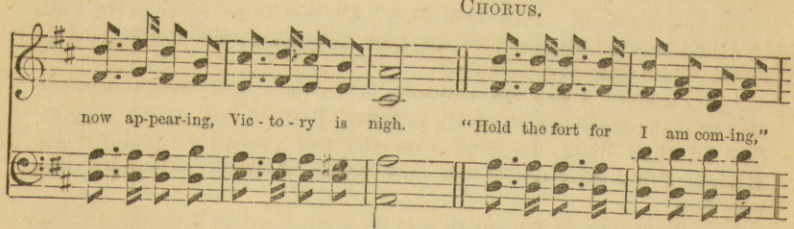
HOLD THE FORT.



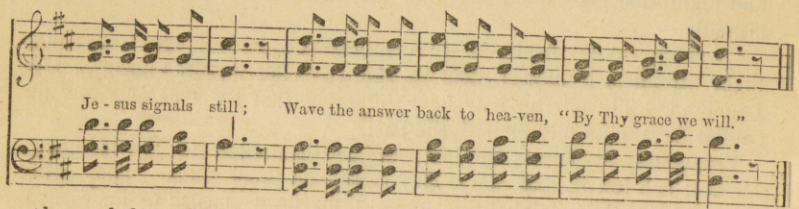
KEY D.

s ,l : s .m	d' ,r' : d' .l	s ,l : s .m	r :-.	s ,l : s .m
See the migh - ty	host advancing,	Satan leading	on,	Mighty men a-
m ,f : m .d	m ,f : m .f	m ,f : m .d	t :-.	m ,f : m .d
See the glori - ous	banner waving,	Hear the trumpet	blow,	In our Leader's
d' ,d' : d' .s	s ,s : s .d'	d' ,d' : d' .s	s :-.	d' ,d' : d' .s
Fierce and long the	battle rages,	But our help is	near,	Onward comes our
d ,d : d .d	d ,d : d .d	d ,d : d .d	s :-.	d ,d : d .d

CHORUS.



d' ,r' : d' .l	t ,d' : t .l	s :-	d' ,d' : d' ,d'	d' .s : m .s
round us fall-ing,	Courage almost	gone.	
m ,f : m .m	r ,m : r .r	t, :-	m ,m : m ,m	m .m : d .m
name we'll triumph	Over every	foe.	"Hold the fort, for	I am coming."
s ,s : s .l	s ,s : s .fe	s :-	s ,s : s ,s	d' .d' : d' .d'
great Com - mand-er	Cheer, my comrades	cheer!	
d ,d : d .d	r ,r : r .r	s, :-	d ,d : d ,d	d .d : d .d



l ,l : l .d'	t :-.	d' ,d' : d' .d'	r' .d' : t .l	s .s : l ,t	d' :-.
f ,f : f .f	r :-.	m ,m : m .m	f .f : f .f	m .m : f ,f	m :-.
Je - sus sig - nals	still,	Wave the answer	back to heaven.	"By Thy grace we	will."
d' ,d' : d' .l	s :-.	s ,s : s .s	l .l : t .d'	d' .d' : t .r'	d' :-.
f ,f : f .f	s :-.	d ,d : d .d	f .f : f .f	s .s : s ,s	d :-.

"THY DAUGHTER IS DEAD: TROUBLE NOT THE MASTER." (Luke viii. 49.)

E. C. A. Allen.

"JAIRUS! thine errand is in vain. Thy daughter now is dead.
Trouble not thou the Master, for she is beyond His aid."

And he, to whom that message came, stood there transfixed with grief,
His strong frame quivering with its pain, like a wind shaken leaf.
Dead? and he was not there to catch the last faint whispered sigh!
Dead? and he was not there to watch the closing of her eye!
How hardly had he torn himself from the bedside away!
How had each moment seemed an hour throughout that anxious day!
Hope had been strong within him that the prophet's healing touch
Might come in time to save his child; had he then hoped too much?
Oh! that he had but earlier to the wondrous healer come!
But now his child was dead, and he was absent from his home.
His daughter—yea, his only one, that he had loved so well.
Wild raged the storm of grief within: how wild, no tongue can tell.

But hark! He speaks, Whose voice the raging billows can control:
"Fear not! Believe! Only believe, and she shall be made whole."

Sweet as a mother's soothing word, those accents met his ear;
Hope lit again her radiant lamp, and Faith's hand dried the tear;
Whilst He, with step of majesty, and air serene and mild,
Passed through the mourning throng, and sought the chamber of the child:
Then, whilst Faith trusted,—whilst Scorn laughed,—whilst Wonder held its breath,
The startling accents, "MAID, ARISE!" rang through the vaults of Death.
That call awoke her to new life, more beauteous than before,
The light of Love re-lit those eyes, smiles wreathed those lips once more:
And laughing Scorn, ashamed, o'erawed, hung low her guilty head,
And Faith exultingly rejoiced to see Death captive led.

Ho! ye who mourn, and ye who weep hot, bitter, blinding tears,
Over the withered, blighted hopes of many future years,
Now shrouded, coffined, laid away to sleep in kindred dust;
Look up! the Master standeth by, asking your heart's deep trust.
Trust in His love. Those souls to Him were dearer than to you.
Trust in His wisdom; safely trust: He knows best what to do.

Trust in Him: He shall tenderly bind up the broken heart;
He sympathizes with your grief; He sees the hot tears start.
Trust Him, for He shall never lose His wondrous power to save;
Your risen Saviour holds the keys of Death and of the Grave.
As sure as that young maid arose, obedient to His word,
As sure as when He cried, "COME FORTH!" the sleeping Lazarus heard,
As sure as at Nain's city gate His voice awoke the dead,
So sure your loved ones too shall hear, and leave the grave's dark bed.

To all that live on earth it is appointed once to die;
The means,—the time,—the place—belong to Him who rules on high.
Fear no mistakes. He cannot err. When heaven's unclouded light
Shines on life's pages, ye shall own, *He hath done all things right.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

28. Refer to Matthew, ix. verse 17. Of what material were the bottles made?
29. What is Yayin?
30. What is Tirosh?

"IS FATHER GOING?"

BY C. E. R. P.

"Is father going?" It was a sweet childish voice that asked the question. Little Willie stood at his mother's knee, looking earnestly in her face, as he waited her reply.

Willie had been in the street, and with his young companions had been reading some wonderful hand-bills of a troupe of play-actors who were to come to town next week.

The little boys had a great deal to say as they looked at the attractive advertisement. To their little minds it opened like visions of fairy-land, a paradise of wonder, which every one must be anxious to see.

"I shall go, Willie, shan't you?" said little Johnny, stuffing his fat hands in his pockets.

"Oh, yes, Willie," said another, "your father will go, and take you; he always goes to performances."

"I shall go, any way," said another. "I've got four shillings all my own to spend as I choose, and I shall choose to spend it going to the theatre."

"We shall all go of course," said a stout little man. "If father won't let me, I shall run away."

Willie pondered the matter in his mind on his way home, and after telling the wonderful story to his mother, he asked, "Is father going?"

Mother hardly knew how to answer the little fellow. Her husband was an easy, self-indulgent man, who hardly ever denied himself the pleasure of attending the play, or any other entertainment that came in his way.

"Mother will not go, dear, and she don't want her little boy to go," she said; "when you are a little older you will understand why. Don't you believe that mother knows best?"

"All the boys are going, mother, and they said they knew that father would take me, for he always goes."

Mother tried to divert her little son with a promise of a fine walk in the park, and the matter dropped for the time, and I never heard how it ended.

But as I recalled this little dialogue afterwards, the first words of the boy rang in my ears, "Is father going?" and I began to think how often fathers inadvertently take steps which make an unfavourable impression upon their children. They do not realize the responsibility of their example. "The mother will do what is right in these respects for her little ones," they say; "I can do and go as I please, it can do no harm, while they are so young."

"Is father going?" Yes, he has gone to the theatre with a company of friends. He laughs at the clown and applauds the actors, and comes back to his quiet home, and never thinks he has done anything wrong.

"Is father going?" Yes, he has just passed me, arm in arm with a gay young fellow. He has gone into that saloon, or to the hotel, just to take a drink, it can't hurt him.

"Is father going?" Yes, I saw him enter the billiard-room a while ago, just to pass a pleasant hour. They have good cigars there, and the bets are only for the game, and drinks all around.

Alas, the father does not realize that his children are daily asking this question to themselves, and reasoning over and over in their own minds, "Can it be wrong if father is going?"

Oh, if fathers would always, by example as well as by word, do all they can for the moral training of their children, there would be fewer miserable-looking boys around the streets. Mother may do all she can to train the children in the right way, but the culpable heedlessness, and weak self-indulgence of a father will counteract a great deal of good, and the question asked over and over again by the little ones, "Is father going?" will be a constant stumbling-block in the way of their right advancement.

USEFUL ADVICE.

BY ROGER ASCHAM.

BORN 1515—DIED 1568.

If men would go about matters which they are fitted for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfitted for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better care than they be. This ignorance in men causeth some to wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; some to desire to be in the Court, which be born and are fitted rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule others, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to wrangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests which were fitter to be clerks.

A STORY FOR OUR NED.

BY E. A. B.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear; but wait just a minute.
Come here close beside me, Ned,
I've a little story to tell you;
But what is the matter—your head
Hanging down, your hands in your pockets?
Why, one scarcely would know you, so.
There, that's better. Now are you ready?
You always liked stories, you know.
There was once on a time a great giant,
Whose home was close by a wood,
In which lived a nice honest couple
As snugly as ever they could.
They had built themselves a neat cottage,
So cozy and dainty and small
That, with the three wee ones within it,
There was just enough room for all.
Day by day toiled the father and mother,
As surely as there was need,
Grubbing and gleaning and picking,
The three little mouths to feed;
Training meanwhile their darlings
In the way in which they should go,
Yet gaily singing while toiling
And waiting for them to grow.
"Fee-faw-fum!" said one day the giant,
As he loitered near the spot,
"I've a great mind to steal those babies;
I could do it as well as not.
I shan't eat them, of course, I'm no ogre;
But then it would be such fun—
Such a scare to the father and mother!"
And so the foul deed was done.

For this wicked, hard-hearted giant,
So strong he was and so tall,
Picked up and put in his pockets
The house, the children, and all,
Then sneaked away. But the parents,
When at last they came back—oh, dear!
Such shrieking and moaning and wailing,
'Twas a woeful thing to hear.

Just think of it, Ned; only fancy
How your father and mother would feel
If away from their arms some robber
Their little boy should steal,
And treat him unkindly or kill him!
Oh! what would they say or do?
How sad you look, Ned! One surely
Would think the giant was you.

What! again your hands in your pockets?
Let me see, dear; hold up your head.
As sure as I live, a bird's-nest,
And three little birdies—dead!
Good-night, Ned; I see you are sorry.
When you pray, put in these words:
"Our Father in Heaven, forgive me
For killing your dear little birds!"

MRS. LOFTY:

OR,

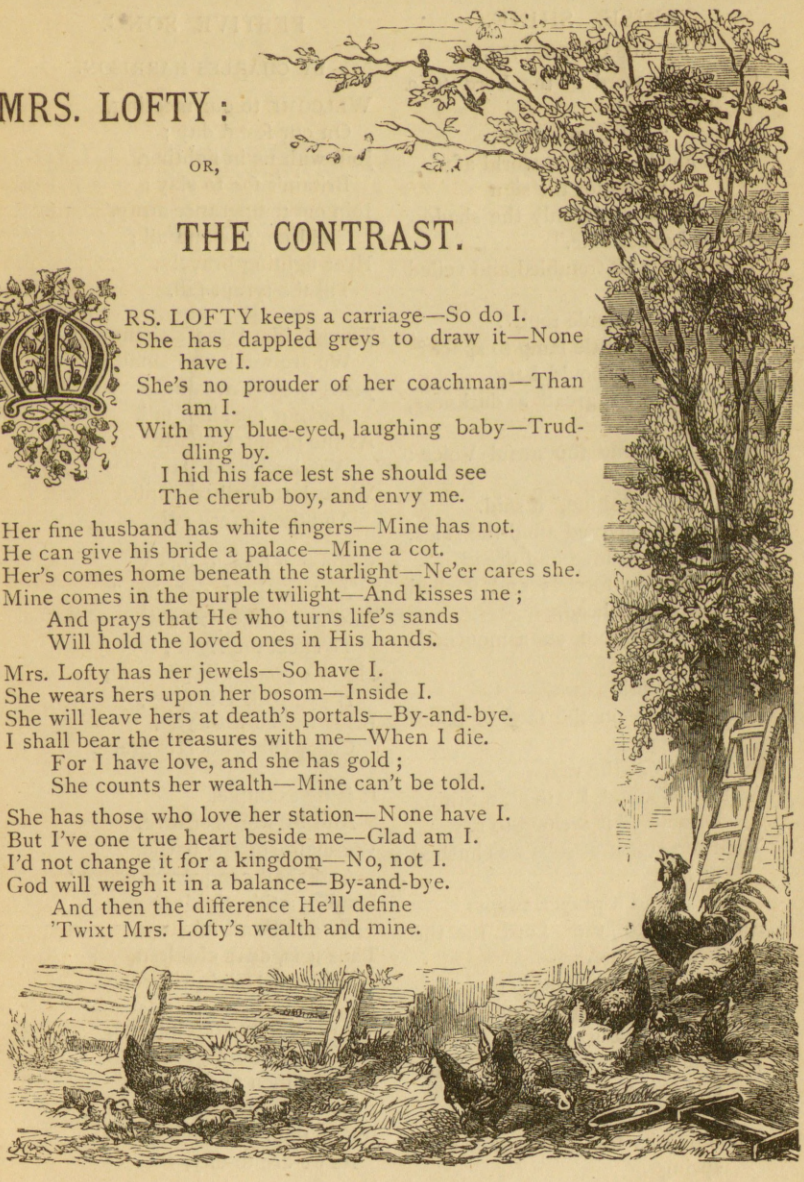
THE CONTRAST.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage—So do I.
She has dappled greys to draw it—None have I.
She's no prouder of her coachman—Than am I.
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby—Trudding by.
I hid his face lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers—Mine has not.
He can give his bride a palace—Mine a cot.
Her's comes home beneath the starlight—Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes in the purple twilight—And kisses me;
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold the loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels—So have I.
She wears hers upon her bosom—Inside I.
She will leave hers at death's portals—By-and-bye.
I shall bear the treasures with me—When I die.
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth—Mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station—None have I.
But I've one true heart beside me—Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom—No, not I.
God will weigh it in a balance—By-and-bye.
And then the difference He'll define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.



ARISE, SHINE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CAME the word of the Lord to a little star:
"Arise and shine,
For a lonely soul in a world afar
Waits for the sign
That darkness is only the shadow of Love divine."
Then the star it trembled and veiled its face,
And made reply:
"What is my little lamp to space?
How should I try
To lighten so great a darkness, only I?"
But again came the awful Voice: "Arise
And shine," it said.
The star it quivered amid the skies,
With love and dread,
It lit its tiny torches and flashed them over head.
The beam smote on a mourner's sight,
Worlds away—
Like a smile on the face of black midnight
Was the ray,
And "Courage! the morning cometh!" it seemed to say.
Then the storm of sobs was hushed at last,
And a prayer swept
And rose to the Lord in the heavens vast.
He heard and kept,
And His Angel of Sleep came down, and the mourner slept.
The star knew not it had wrought this thing;
It burned its best,
Quenched its torch in the fair day-spring
And went to rest,
But the Lord's smile followed its going, and it was blest.

FESTIVE SONG.

BY CHARLES HARRISON.

WELCOME to our meeting,
On our festal day;
Join with us in fighting,
Britain's foe to slay;
Join our temperance army,
Children, one and all;
Ever fighting bravely,
Till the tyrant fall.

Though like Israel's champion,
We are weak and small;
Jesus is our Captain,
And our foe shall fall.
As the proud Goliath
Was by David slain,
We at last shall triumph,
And the victory gain.

Say not, "I am feeble,
And too weak to fight;"
God can make you able
To effect the right;
He His grace will give you,
If you seek His face;
Jesus will be with you,
Cheer you with His grace.

It is by example,
And by words of love,
We shall win the battle,
And shall conquerors prove;
Leading other children
To our Band of Hope;
Thus it is, dear children,
We with Drink will cope.

We, who now are children,
In a few more years,
Shall be men and women,
Bearing all life's cares;
But, if then abstainers,
As we are to-day,
Free from many dangers,
We *shall tread* life's way.

STRONG POINTS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

A GR EAT deal of time and strength have been wasted by some of our teetotalers in bootless controversies over a few doubtful texts of Scripture. The "six water-pots" of Cana would not hold half of the ink that has been squandered in the contest about the nature of the wine that filled those much balaboured jars. Abstainers themselves differ in the interpretation of this passage. Some have contended that we have no proof that there was any more wine manufactured than the simple draught offered to the "governor of the feast." Even scholars differ over this miracle; for it is idle to deny that Moses Stuart, Albert Barnes, and Dr. Frederic Lees were scholarly expositors.

But why wrangle over a few difficult texts? It is quite sufficient for all practical purposes that God's Word pronounces "wine a mocker" and strong drink a deceiver. It is quite sufficient that it closes the "Kingdom of God" against the drunkard. It is sufficient that it proclaims that beautiful law of self-denial: "It is good not to drink wine, whereby our brother stumbleth." One of these passages teaches the danger of tampering with that which at the last biteth like an adder. The second one pronounces the doom of drunkenness. The third one unfolds a noble Christian principle, on which all who love others as they love themselves should be willing to stand in solid phalanx. These three principles are enough to base our moral reform upon; and it is a noteworthy fact that not one of these three principles is contradicted or even rendered doubtful by any other portion of Holy Writ.

Starting out with these impregnable principles, we find constant accessions of arguments for the prudence and wisdom of entire abstinence. The first one of these is found in the treacherous nature, the *serpent* quality of alcoholic drinks. They deceive the very elect. They make a man a bond-slave before he dreams of it. He may set out with ever so clear a purpose to drink only "in moderation"; but his glass deepens and enlarges before he is aware. The stealthy appetite entrenches itself in every fibre of him. He is as one falling "asleep at the top of the mast," and only awakes to his awful peril when he finds himself hurled off into the devouring deep of drunkenness. Many years ago an eloquent clergyman at P—— began to use wine before entering his pulpit. He said that he "could preach better for it." Some of his discourses on the love of the dying Redeemer were masterpieces of pathetic oratory. But they were delivered under the stimulation of the wine-cup. At length he reeled as he entered the pulpit. When his disgrace became public and he was cited for discipline, he confessed, with bitterness of anguish, that

nobody was so astonished to find him an inebriate as he was himself. How preposterous to say that that good but self-deceived minister of Christ deserved to be locked up in the penitentiary like a common thief! He should have had the voice whispered in his ear: "*Let it alone.* It is a mocker; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." After his reformation this eminent minister never touched a drop. The grace of God always helps those who try to help themselves; but I don't believe that God ever promises His restraining grace to those who wantonly tamper with a treacherous temptation. And this insidious nature of alcoholic beverages is one of the most powerful arguments in favour of total abstinence. The risk is too fearful. There is such a risk even in handling this subtle tempter that it has been demonstrated from careful statistics in Great Britain that the average life of liquor-sellers is three-and-a-half years less than that of other men.

This deceptive quality of intoxicants is one argument for the prudence of entire abstinence. Another one is found in the prodigious difficulty in reforming the hard drinker. Not over one-tenth are ever saved. A majority of those who have been temporarily reformed in the inebriate asylums afterward go back to their wallowing in the mire. My friend Gough assures me that, after thirty years of Christian living, he cannot trust himself near a bottle. There are men and women who *cannot* reform. Many have confessed to me, with anguish of spirit: "This is incurable: I *cannot stop!*" The few inebriates who are saved are saved as by fire.

Two days ago I administered the total abstinence pledge to a business man, and then prayed with him that he might be kept by Almighty power from the demon of drink. Last night he came home to his heartsick family the "worse for liquor." He stated to me that while he was engaged in his business during the day an insatiate appetite would suddenly grasp him like a fiend, and under its clutch he became but a helpless child. He also admitted to me that his first fatal mistake was in taking the first glass. Total abstinence would have been *sure*; "moderation" proved to be a delusion; reformation is desperately difficult, perhaps may prove impossible. With such cases constantly before us, I am utterly astounded to hear worthy ministers of Christ talking about "safety in moderation" and about "drinking the right kinds of liquor, at the right time, and in the right way." I know of but one right way to deal with a serpent, and that is to smash its head.

The fact is that wherever there is alcohol there is fascination; where there is fascination there is danger; after the danger comes *Death.*

Here are three or four simple arguments for the expediency, wisdom, and safety of total abstinence from all intoxicants. Science does not contradict one of them. God's Word does not contradict one of them. Without touching a single disputed question in physiology, philology, or theology, I press these strong, stubborn reasons for letting every intoxicant alone. He who never drinks is *safe.* He who *ever* drinks is in danger.

SUBDUED TO BEASTS.

C. JOHNSON.

WHEN we swallow down
Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation.
Naked we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquished—
Subdued to beasts.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

O God ! our way through darkness leads,
But Thine is living light ;
Teach us to feel that Day succeeds
To each slow-wearing Night ;
Make us to know, though Pain and Woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That Ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

Too long the oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed ;
Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast ;
Yet in our soul the seed shall lie
Till Thou shalt bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Light survive.

We walk in shadow ! Thickest walls
Do man from man divide.
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls—
Our holiest aims deride ;
Yet though fell Craft, with fiendish thought,
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's textures shrink to nought,
And only Truth survives.

Wrath clouds our sky ; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain ;
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train ;
Yet still we trust in God, the Just—
Still keep our faith alive,
That 'neath Thine eye, all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

No man believes another so little as a liar.

Truth, light, and reason are the nurses of liberty.

Thinking is the least exercised privilege of cultivated humanity.

Men are often glad to find in their opinion some excuse for their practices.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

Daily moderate drinking shortens life by many years, and the respectable use of alcoholic poison kills more men than drunkenness does.—*Dr. Kirk.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by,
Let us call thee Devil!—*Shakspeare.*

A little boy caught his foot in some worsted with which his sister was working the sentence "God is Love' in perforated card-board, and got a crack on the ear that will lay him up for a fortnight, if it doesn't injure him for life.

"Ɯe find," tellingly remarks an Indianapolis editor, "tyAt ɯə caN Gət oxt owr pepor withant thn aid of af ony of thasə besky Oniun combosutoɹs." There is nothing better in this world than self-reliance.

Some one says "the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after its death."

A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.

There is a time when men will not suffer bad things, because some of their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.

Humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—*Johnson.*

In all the great concerns of life, reform has usually been the work of reason slowly awakening from the lethargy of ignorance, gradually acquiring confidence in her own strength, and ultimately triumphing over the dominion of prejudice and custom.

Brother abstainers! the seeds of temperance truth you sow are indeed grains of gold. Scatter them widely; you may be misrepresented or misunderstood, but in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, and many shall rejoice at thy work, and be saved from the curse of the destroyer.

Should ten young men begin at twenty-one years of age to use but one glass of two ounces a day, and never increase the quantity, nine out of the ten would shorten life more than ten years.—*Dr. Chyne.*

"SAVE THE BOYS."

MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

A HARD drinker of many years said, as he signed the pledge, "'Twon't do any good. I can't reform, it's too late; but *for God's sake save the boys!*"

Mothers, fathers, Christians, philanthropists, oh! heed the solemn adjuration as it comes thus, burdened with a despairing, soul-touching earnestness, fraught with an intense and fearful significance that should call forth a responsive thrill from every heart.

How shall we save the boys—the bright, brave, manly boys, who as yet know not the ways of evil—the coming statesmen and men of science, the future rulers of our country, the hope of our nation?

The bases of all endeavours must be prayerful home-influence and Christian fireside teaching, instilling into the youthful minds an intelligent comprehension of the direful effects of alcoholic drinks in every form, an undying hatred for the traffic, and an uncompromising opposition to its advocates. Let every Sabbath-school have its Band of Hope; let every school in our land keep the Bible and the pledge side by side; and thus hedging the boys about with elevating and restraining influences, we shall keep them pure and true.

But the wayward, erring ones—those who, from lack of this early teaching, from evil associations, or from that most fearful of all causes, inherited appetite for strong-drink, are already drifting out on the treacherous tide—how shall we save *these* ere yet their life-barks are engulfed in the seething maelström of destruction, ere the despairing cry of anguish comes wailing to us across the dark waters: "I can't reform; it is too late! too late"?

Oh! how can we save them while the tempter's beacon-lights are flaming on the right and the left, fascinating and dazzling their senses, blinding and bewildering their moral vision, till they cannot see the whirling, foaming torrent in the dark abyss beyond?

The answer comes pealing back to us from every quarter of our land: "These baleful beacons of wreck and ruin *must* be extinguished, and their lurid glare covered with the blackness of utter darkness, to be relighted nevermore."

Fellow-labourers, who are striving for this grand consummation, let us faint not, falter not, though the way seem long, the night dark, and the haven afar off. Work on, pray on, be courageous and faithful; for the hour is nearer than ye dream of or hope for when a victorious day will gloriously burst upon us, and the boys will be saved—thank God! the boys will be saved!

FIRE PICTURES.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

VIII.—WATER AND WINE.

"I HAVE found out something, Auntie!" said Bertie one night.

"Well, what is it?" said Auntie.

"Why, all your stories have to do with Temperance. I keep feeling more and more glad I am a teetotaler, now I know a little of the harm drink does."

"Ah, Bertie," said Aunt Nellie, "it is indeed only a little that I have told you. No one can tell, and no words picture, the misery, sin, and sorrow, brought about by drinking. Only yesterday I heard how a poor woman was refused a loaf of bread, being deeply in debt; at her miserable home were seven little hungry children, and one of them at the time lay dying. How was this, do you think? there is charity for the widow and fatherless. Alas! the husband and father was a drunkard, and while they were without money or food, he was intoxicated!

"If I were to tell you one half of the things which have come under my own notice, we should not want pictures about which to tell stories for a long time to come. Then as you begin to read and learn you will find the same thing. Many like poor John Clare, highly gifted and clever, but sensitive to a fault, have had reason disturbed or entirely overthrown by dissipation. Others, after living wasted useless lives, have died, frequently by their own hand, and filled a drunkard's hopeless, dishonoured grave. No station in life, no advantage of education or natural ability, can turn back the steps of those who once begin to tread that downward path. They have no safeguard but in total abstinence.

"Well, now for our picture: Florrie's turn, I believe. We shall not have many more, you know, for if mamma returns next week, as we hope and expect she will, Aunt Nellie must think about home."

"I can see soldiers, Auntie," says Florence,—"ugly old fellows, taking some poor people along to make them slaves, I guess."

"Years and years ago," said Aunt Nellie, "some soldiers were led by a

great king to fight in another country. The people there were very much beloved by God, but instead of trying to please Him they had behaved very wickedly, so He let them be punished. Part of their punishment was the coming of these strange warriors. God did not help His people as He had used to, so it came about that these foreigners went back victorious to their own land; and beside many precious things taken from the house of the Lord, they carried away a number of the children of Israel as prisoners.

"Some of these, besides being very fair to look upon, were wise and skilful; these were chosen to dwell in the palace by special command of the king. He also desired one of his chief servants, a kind of steward, to give them a daily provision of meat and of wine.

"Four of the Jewish captives were lads or young men—I do not know their age,—and they made known to the steward that they drank no wine, and ate nothing but plain, simple food. He was rather alarmed, and told them the king would be angry, for if they did not take what was provided, they would look so much worse than others of those in the palace. 'Why should he see your faces worse liking?' said this great officer of the king. Then they asked him to prove them a certain time, for ten days—to let them have 'pulse,' that is, corn-food, to eat, and water to drink. If at the end of the time of trial they looked worse than those which ate and drank the king's portion, he should do with them as he pleased.

"Now as long as you live I want you to remember the result of this trial between water and wine. You will have people talk to you who will say that being teetotalers makes children grow up thin and weak, makes them pale and sallow. Let me tell you that, after the ten days had passed, the water-drinkers were found to be fatter in form and fairer in face than all those who had taken the portion of meat and wine appointed by the king."

"That was capital," said Bertie; "but, Auntie, do you really think that it is true?"

"Yes, Bertie, *quite* true, because we read it in the Bible," said Aunt Nellie. "One of these noble teetotalers was the great and good Prophet Daniel, the other three were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; no doubt you can tell me something about them all."

"Daniel in the lion's den," said Florrie.

"The other three were brave again to refuse to do as the king told them, because they knew it was wrong," said Margaret. "So when they would not bow down to the great golden image old Nebuchadnezzar had set up, he made them be thrown into a burning, fiery furnace; but Jesus Christ came to them in the fire, and they came out without being burnt one bit."

(To be concluded.)

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SIN OF INTENTION.

DESOLATE as was the attitude in which Mrs. Bruce and Agnes found Mr. Pencoran, they were both shocked at the expression of his face as he raised it and looked at them. Pale as a corpse, remorse gazed out of the cavernous depths of his hollow eyes.

"You are come to accuse me! Yes! I know you are," he said faintly.

"I am come to do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Bruce soothingly, adding, "You mustn't talk. You must keep quiet and get well." She shook up his pillow as she spoke, and tried to make him lie down, being evidently too much startled at his wasted looks to think of pursuing any conversation.

Suddenly a dreadful tremor ran through every limb of the sick man, and the very couch shook under him. He tried to throw himself on to the floor, and they had to call for the help of Herbert to hold him. The young man came from that inside room where Mr. Pencoran had been placed in bed, and as he came forward quickly, he left the door open.

"Shut the door!" shrieked the invalid. "Shut out that child! Why is the thing always there? Why not over the cliff? Keep it away, I say,—keep it away." He clasped his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some horrible object, and fell back exhausted.

Mrs. Bruce seemed bewildered; it was a case so much worse than she had supposed; but she said to her son as soon as the paroxysm had exhausted itself,—"That man Denby must not escape. He has no doubt stolen the letters I have sent. I wished to keep matters private for the sake of the old name, but as Mr. Pencoran now is, it seems impossible."

"Farmer Tresize is after Denby," said Herbert, "and if anyone can find him, he will. We thought he had left by boat, but he has been traced to Falmouth; he may have embarked from there.

Slowly passed the rest of the day. At Herbert's entreaty a woman had come from Carn Brae, and already the house looked the better for her help.

The night wore away in restless mutterings and occasional wild cries, which grew fainter as day dawned.

When the doctor came, he saw such a change that, knowing some business had brought Mrs. Bruce, he said—"If you have anything to settle, you had better do so without delay."

With this permission, after she had bathed the burning head, and tried to cool the parched lips, she watched for a lucid interval, and then said—

"Do you remember Emily Truscot? Emily, who was once engaged to your son Alfred?"

Mr. Pencoran made no immediate reply, but gazing long at her, at length said, with a groan—

"Alf did not deserve her. He was a drunkard! And what am I? What is a drunkard? Listen. He's a murderer! He murders peace, he murders love, he murders his own soul. Oh, yes! It's murder you've come to tell of, as that man did who spoke in the barn."

He had spoken gaspingly, but his voice sunk now to a murmur, and she said, "I want to put what I have to say in a few words. I am Emily. You know—for I have written often—that after I was obliged to give up poor Alfred, I went into the north, and there I married. At last I ceased to write, for you never answered, and I heard only by rumour of the changes in the family here by death, and that Alfred's early habits grew worse, and that his love of yachting ended in his taking to a seafaring life. I was told you and he had quarrelled, and parted for ever. A rumour also reached me that Alfred had offended you by forming some low connexion in a neighbouring village. But when I heard this I was a happy wife and mother, and I gave up all thoughts of ever meeting my Cornish kinsfolk again—for though very distant relations, we are related, you know."

Mr. Pencoran turned his head aside wearily as she spoke, as if careless of any kindred claim, until he was soon after roused by her saying—

"And I should never have written, certainly never come, but for two circumstances: my son was on a sketching tour here; and also, strangely enough, I was at your son Alfred's deathbed, and he gave me a message for you."

"I said you came to accuse me," gasped Mr. Pencoran, great drops of

There was a wild cry from the bed, as the sufferer raved out, "Of murder, you mean!"—*Page 207.*

agony starting on his brow. "He cursed me, I know he did. I have it in writing; his last letter before he left England was a curse."

"He sent you, by me, his forgiveness. He died penitent, Mr. Pencoran. Listen! After I was left a widow, the only consolation I had was in my son, and in trying to do some small amount of good. I visited the Sailor's Home of our northern port for some years, and found my own sorrows were comforted by giving as I could some help to others.

"In this 'HOME' a man last winter recognized me, whom I should never have known—your lost son Alfred. He was wretchedly ill, and went from the Home to the Hospital, where I still visited him. I offered to write to you, but he forbade. He said nothing had prospered with him. And the reason was clear. I pass over all he said of his early training and then of your turning him out of doors, and becoming his enemy. It was long before I could get him to think more of his sins, and less of his injuries. At length a better frame of mind came, and—"

"His injuries!" said Mr. Pencoran, "why he disgraced himself—"

"Not quite as you thought. He was married to the young woman Ellen Gear. Here is the certificate," and she took a paper out of a little case. "He said that when he heard of her death and her infant's, through cold and want—I am bound to repeat what he alleged—he wrote that bitter letter you name."

"My son's wife!" gasped the sick man. "Never, never. It was false!"

"She was married in Wales to him, and he exacted a promise of secrecy, and kept the certificate. When he left her it was with a promise of returning after one voyage,—a promise he meant to keep. But on his return he fell into habits only too common to seafaring men, and was robbed of all his money. Ashamed to come back, he wrote, telling his wife to go and lodge with Jane Dale, who was servant in this family, and whom I recollect well when I was young."

"Jane Dale! that was my mother," said Agnes, involuntarily breaking the silence in which she had sat during this conversation.

"So Miss Slater told me, though I never remember to have heard that Jane had a child, but I have been so long away. However, Jane Dale has nothing to do with my narrative, except that she, it seems, took Alfred's wife, who was ill, into her house, but Dale her husband was lost at sea, and then she could not keep the sick woman. I do not know particulars, but a terrible letter came to Alfred, that told him a sad story of destitution and death——"

There was a wild cry from the bed, as the sufferer raved out, "Of murder, you mean!"

"No, no, Mr. Pencoran; no, no! You did not mean it. Your son made me write down his forgiveness. But you cannot wonder he kept away from home and country and roamed the world afterwards—with no one, poor fellow, as his friend, and himself for his worst enemy."

"I tell you, woman, I'm a murderer!" said Mr. Pencoran, with awful

distinctness. In a sudden access of strength he raised himself in the bed, and Agnes ran to put a glass of water to his lips, while Mrs. Bruce tried to pacify him.

"Listen," he said, "I'm not mad, and not drunk—now. I have been both often. There was a winter night when a girl came here. I forbade her crossing the threshold. She was like a ghost—aye, and she has been a ghost to me ever since. She went back to Jane Dale's, and died. But Jane thought to bring her child here. They dared not do it openly—they put it—in my way—in that room—" (his voice shook till it was almost choked), "and they say—Davy told me how I did it—they say I murdered it!" He fell back, and Mrs. Bruce and Agnes, and Herbert, who was in a remote corner, suddenly shrank away, as if they would all have fled on that dreadful confession; but just then the door he had pointed to, which it seemed had not been closed, opened wide, and looking more withered and tremulous than ever, Mrs. Denby came creeping forward, and falling on her knees at the bedside, said—

"I've kep' it secret many a year, and it have nigh burnt my heart out. But 'fend or please, I tells it noo. Davy and me we'm ruined. Humphrey hav' made off with our box, and Davy be up to Falmouth Hospital, and I'm coom to clare my conscience. Master, the young body, Mr. Alfred's wife, was weakly when she coom with her little one to Sister Dale's, and she died a sad death, but nat'ral—leastways, as deserted wives of drunkards do die; they'm killed, but tain't called murder. And Jane and me thought to soften master; and we put the baby in its little wicker cot, and brought it into that room, and put it, cot and all, on the squire's sofa. He was at dinner, and drank deep. Before he coom from table, the child cried, and we didn't want him to hear it before he saw it, and so I took it out of the cot to my room to hush it a bit. Davy somehow let out to the master as there was a baby, and that it was in the house. I thought the squire was madder than I ever had yeard him. He rushed in, saw the cot, and snatching the heavy spirit lamp off the table he flung it with all his force—and the devil's—at the child, as he thought. There was a terrible flame burst up, but he dashed at it like a madman, flung his boat cloak over the mass of blaze, rushed out of the door on to the cliff, and threw it over, and would have dashed himself after it, but Davy hung on to him and never left him though he raved for hours."

"Then the child was safe!" exclaimed the three auditors, while the eyes of the sick man rolled from one to the other.

"Yes, sister Dale and I had the child. We heard the terrible noise and dared not go a-nigh,—and it's some excuse for Davy" (here she faltered) "in what he did after that, for it was hours before he knew the child was safe."

"Safe! And he brought the burnt, torn bed-clothes from the rocks—and often told me—Oh the torment!" gasped Mr. Pencoran,—"how I killed it."

"Safe!" said Herbert. "And what became of it?"

"Why, there she stands afore your eyes!" said the woman, pointing to Agnes, eagerly adding, "I don't deny as Davy was led away to make a bit of money out of Mr. Pencoran's believing as he had murdered the child; but there, we saved her after all."

With a strange confusion of feelings, Agnes laid her head on Mrs. Bruce's shoulder, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks, as looking at the bed, she saw that the shadow grew darker on the wasted face, the features were settling into greater composure. He evidently understood what had been said, and made a sign for the young girl to draw near. She bent down. His voice was no longer audible, but she caught one word, "Pray;" and falling on her knees—Mrs. Bruce bending her head—the young voice tried to sob out some words, but none really came, until Mrs. Bruce thought of that loud forlorn cry of the blind men as the Saviour passed by—

"Jesus, Lord, have mercy on us!"

The sick man's face fell, and turned marble-cold. He breathed some hours, but never spoke again.

If he was able to think in that last conflict, he was much too acute a man to consider himself innocent of murder because the victim had escaped. He had felt the guilt of murder on his soul, and nothing earthly could remove that guilt. He had been the slave of strong drink, and it had debased his mind until he was the dupe of the lowest cunning, —bound in the fetters he himself had forged.

Nor, as the poor weak creature, Mrs. Denby, said, had her miserable husband escaped. He had sunk into a wretched cumberer of the ground, lived a miserable life, plotted to no purpose, for none of his ill-gotten gains prospered; and when, fearing that Agnes might be brought back, he had at intervals sent a trifle of money for her use, that proved a reason for Miss Slater sending her to them, as relatives able to provide for her. And how had his career ended? Humphrey had absconded, robbed him of the box in which, with ignorant greed, having lost by mining ventures, he had stored the money he contrived to get out of Mr. Pencoran's fears and drunken imbecility. At the moment the death scene we have recorded was passing at the Manor House, Davy was lying in the anguish of rheumatic fever in the county infirmary, and had yielded to his wife's entreaties to let her go and confess, in the superstitious hope that it might allay his pangs.

"It'll bring you ease," his wife had said; and so, Mr. Tresize having found him and heard the outline of the statement, the old woman was sent off to make it at the Manor House, and came in time to overhear Mrs. Bruce's account.

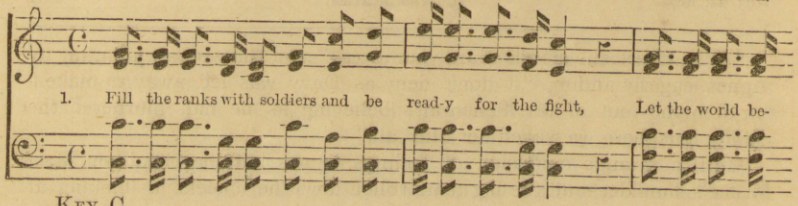
"Am I only to find relations just when death claims them?" said Agnes with tears to Mrs. Bruce.

"My dear, be thankful you have found friends," answered that lady with a motherly kiss.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

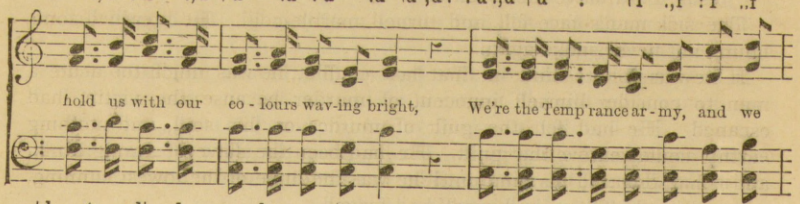
FILL THE RANKS.

Tune "John Brown."

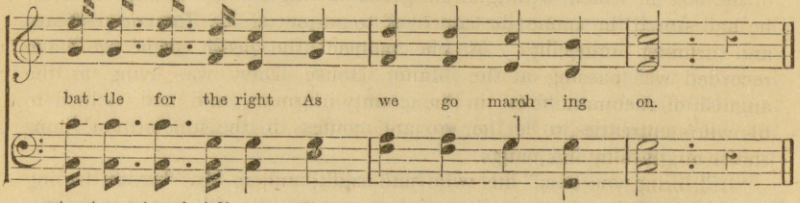


KEY C.

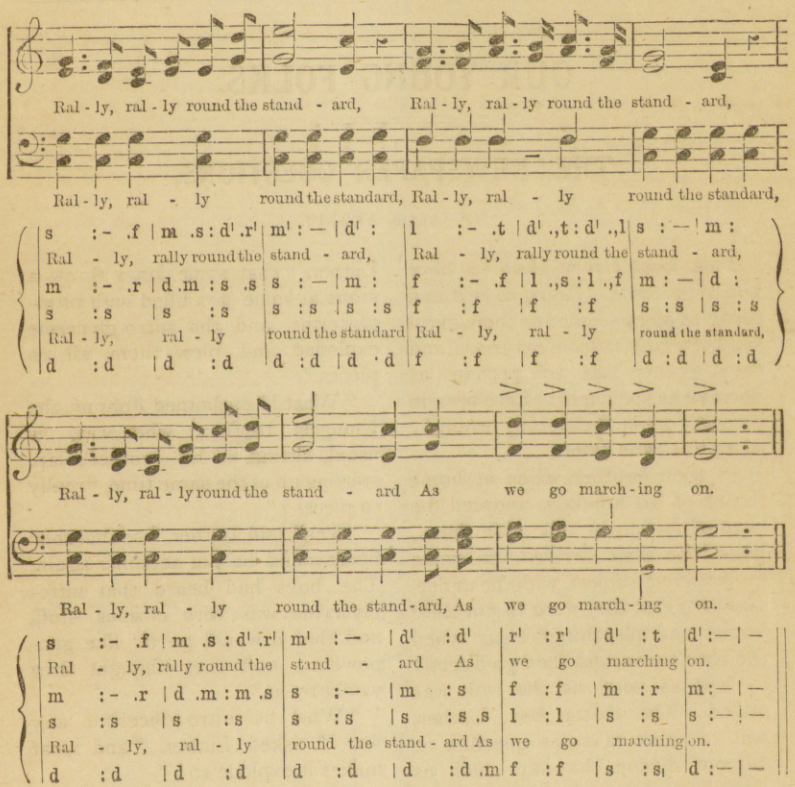
s .,s : s .,f | m .s : d' .r'	m',m'.-: m'.,r' | d' :	l .,l : l .,l	
2. See the prince of darkness with his	tempter's smile so bland,	Dealing forth de-	
m .,m : m .,r | d .m : m .s	s ,s .-: s .,f | m :	f .,f : f .,f	
3. Fill the ranks with soldiers, let us	never be a - fraid;	First in ev'ry	
d' .,d' : d' .,s | s .d' : l .t	d',d'.-: d' .,s | s :	d' .,d' : d' .,d'	
4. Wat er, crys - tal wat - er, from the	lofty mountain rill;	Cool and sparkling	
d .,d : d .,d | d .d : d .d	d ,d .-: d .,d | d :	f .,f : f .,f	



l .,t : d' .,l	s .,l : s .m | s :	s .,s : s .,f | m .s : d' .r'
struction with the	wine-cup in his hand.	Oh, the countless numbers that are
f .,f : l .,f	m .,f : m .d | m :	m .,m : m .,r | d .m : m .s
conflict where the	tempter would invade,	Bringing back the sunlight o'er the
d' .,r' : d' .,d'	d' .,d' : d' .s | d' :	d' .,d' : d' .,s | s .d' : l .t
wat - er, let it	be our chorus still.	Merry, laughing water, let it
f .,f : f .,f	d .,d : d .d | d :	d .,d : d .,d | d .d : d .d



m',m'.-: m' .,r' | d' : d'	r' : r' | d' : t	d' : — | — :	
starving in our land, As	he goes march - ing	on.	
s ,s .-: s .,f | m : s	f : f | m : r	m : — | — :	
ruin he has made! Oh,	we'll go march - ing	on.	
d' ,d' .-: d' .,s | s : s	l : l | s : s	s : — | — :	
be our chorus still, As	we go march - ing	on.	
d ,d .-: d .,d | d : m	f : f | s : s	d : — | — :	



OLD AND STRONG.

SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquor in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE NEWSPAPER QUESTIONS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE boys never liked to have bed-time come. Going to bed and going to sleep seemed to them like a kind of termination of existence, and their mother was not perhaps as decided as she ought to have been in insisting upon their going promptly when the time came.

So their brother, when at home in one of his holidays, adopted the plan of having a talk with them, when the time arrived, on some entertaining subject, with the understanding that they were to put their books and playthings away when the time came, and then go directly to bed as soon as the talk was ended. The oldest boy, Luther, was to think of some question or subject during the day—such as something that he had heard about or had read about in a newspaper—and that was to be the subject of the conversation in the evening; and, as Luther was a very intelligent boy, and was much interested in learning everything that was curious or new, and as he most frequently found something which he needed to have explained to him in the newspaper, the questions which were asked came to be called the newspaper questions.

One night recently the question was about nitro-glycerine explosions.

"I read in a paper to-day," said Luther, "that some boys threw a stone at some jars filled with nitro-glycerine, and the nitro-glycerine exploded and blew them all to pieces."

"What!" exclaimed Johnny, the youngest brother, who was, as usual, sitting in his brother's lap, starting up at the same time, "really to pieces?"

"Yes," said Luther, "so that they never could be put together again. The boys had heard that nitro-glycerine was very curious stuff, and that it would go off like gunpowder; and they thought they would try it."

"What is nitro-glycerine, any way?" asked Luther, "and what makes it explode so?"

"There is a great deal of mystery about it," said Ernest—for that was the elder brother's name; "but there is something that everybody can understand.

"An explosion," said Ernest, "is generally nothing more or less than a very rapid burning—a burning so extremely rapid that all the heat is developed instantaneously, as it were, and the air around is suddenly and enormously expanded. The way, therefore, to make any combustible explosive is to make it all burn at once."

"How can you do it?" asked Johnny.

"You can make anything burn faster," said Ernest, "by dividing it up into small portions and mixing the air with the portions. A boy in kindling a fire, if he has a large stick, cuts and splits it with his knife into slivers and splinters and shavings, so that the air can get at each portion of the substance of the wood on every side, and thus it burns a great deal faster."

"But it does not explode," said Luther.

"No," rejoined Ernest, "it does not explode, because it is not divided so finely as to allow it to burn actually *all at once*."

"Then we must cut it up finer?" said Johnny.

"Yes," said Ernest, "if you could *rasp* the wood, so as to turn it all into a kind of sawdust, and then if the sawdust could be made to lie very loosely in a heap, without the particles touching each other, but with a layer of air around each one, it would burn very quickly, indeed — almost like a flash of gunpowder."

"I mean to try it," said Luther.

"You can't make the grains lie up loosely enough to have air around each one," replied Ernest. "The only way to try it is to sprinkle some dry sawdust into the flame of a lamp or candle, and see how the particles will flash.

"But now," continued Ernest, "if air, or the substance of air, could be obtained in the form of a solid, like salt, for example, and could be ground up fine, and then mixed with the sawdust, and then the sawdust could be laid in a heap, with this pulverized air all around it, it would flash up and burn almost like gunpowder. This is, indeed, substantially what is done in making gunpowder. Air itself, it is true, cannot be obtained in a solid form; but saltpetre, which contains the most important constituent of air, the only one which is concerned in combustion, is a solid, and can be ground up fine, and charcoal, which is wood partially burned, can be ground up too. With these elements, and a little sulphur added to make the fire kindle more easily, gunpowder is formed. So you see gunpowder is only a combustible very finely pulverized and mingled with a substance which contains the burning principle of air, which is very finely pulverized, too, so that every particle to be burned may have something to burn it close at hand. Thus the burning of the whole mass is almost instantaneous, and the heat that is produced is all produced at once, and the air in and around it is instantaneously heated and expanded with great force. And this is what forms the explosion. You see it all depends upon the charcoal being ground up so very fine and being so completely intermingled with the air—or, rather with the substance which contains the vital principle of air in a solid form—that every particle capable of being burnt has something to burn it close at hand.

"And it is just so substantially with gun-cotton," continued Ernest, "only the combustible substance is there made much finer by Nature than man can make the charcoal with all their grinding. The cotton, you know, consists of fibres, and every visible fibre—that is,

every one that you can see—consists of a bundle of other fibres, with pores and interstices between them, too minute, I suppose, to be seen by any microscope; and they soak the cotton in acids that contain the vital principle of air in a liquid form. This liquid insinuates itself into all the pores and interstices, so that every combustible particle, inconceivably minute, has something to make it burn all around it. Thus the whole mass burns a great deal quicker than even gunpowder, and makes a still more sudden and violent explosion."

"That's curious," said Ernest's sister, who had been listening attentively to this explanation; "And is it the same with nitro-glycerine?"

"Substantially the same," said Ernest. "Glycerine is a combustible—or, rather, it is composed of combustibles; and to convert it into nitro-glycerine it is impregnated with a substance which contains a large quantity of that element of the air by which combustion is carried on."

"Oh! dear me," said Johnny, with a sigh. "I don't understand that very well."

"Why, it is mixed with something which does as well as air to make it burn," said Ernest. "Being a liquid, I suppose that the molecules can be mixed together finer."

"Molecules!" repeated Johnny. "What are molecules?"

"Little particles," said Ernest. "In a liquid the particles roll about over each other like so many marbles in a big basket, or bullets, only they are a great deal smaller."

"As small as shot?" asked Johnny.

"Oh! yes; a great deal smaller," said Ernest—"infinitely smaller. So small that you could not see them with the best microscope in the world."

"Then how do they know there are any?" asked Johnny.

Ernest laughed. Indeed, he was somewhat puzzled by this question, which illustrated well the old proverb, that a child can ask a question which the greatest philosopher cannot answer. All he could say was that people supposed there were these small particles, and that they were supposed to be so small and to move so freely among each other that the fire-sustaining particles in the substances that are mixed in can be much more intimately intermingled with them and can come into much more close contact with them than even in the case of the fibres of cotton; and that thus the combustion or burning will go on more rapidly, and the violence of the effect produced will be much increased.

"So you see," continued Ernest, "when the boys threw a stone at the cans of nitro-glycerine, the heat of the blow set a little of it on fire, and the whole burnt in an instant—that is to say exploded—and the boys were killed."

"And did their father have to pay for the stuff?" asked Johnny.

Ernest smiled, and said he did not know about that; and then told the boys it was time for them to go to bed.

LIVING AND DEAD.

By Ella Wheeler.

MOTHER sits by the glowing hearth,
And she dreams of the days that will come no more,
When the cottage echoed with youthful mirth
And the patter of feet on the kitchen floor ;
When three little jackets in a row
With three little hats hung on the wall,
And three soft voices whispered low
The prayer the mother had taught to all.

But the ruddy rays of the firelight
Checker a floor that is silent now,
And the mother's hand in vain to-night
Reaches in search of an upturned brow ;
And the three little pegs stand brown and bare,
And the mother cries, "Oh ! but to see
The three little jackets hanging there,
And the three fair boys who knelt by me !"

But one lies under the ocean wave,
Down with the nameless dead ;
And one lies in a soldier's grave—
God alone knows the soldier's bed.
But the day will come when the trumpet's sound
Shall waken the dead to life again
From the ocean wave, from the battle-ground,
The mother knows, and it soothes her pain.

And what of the youth with the eye of light,
The last who clung to the mother's breast ?
Better by far did he lie to-night,
Dead with the twain in their peaceful rest.
Better to die in his youthful grace,
With never a blot on his fair young name,
Than live with the curse of a bloated face,
And a soul that is steeped in the dregs of shame.

And never that mother wept, I ween,
Such bitter tears for the boy who lies
Somewhere under the grasses green,
Or he who sleeps where the sea-gull flies,
As she weeps for the one death left to her—
Her baby boy, who walketh now
In the ranks of the great destroyer
With the seal of the drunkard on his brow.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

31. Give the names of seven eminent water drinkers mentioned in the Bible.
32. Give the names of seven mighty men who erred through strong drink, with chapter and verse.
33. Where is abstinence from strong drink commanded to kings and princes?

LITTLE FEET.

BY IDA GLENWOOD.

LIKE a mother, watching, watching,
For her little ones away;
With her warm heart, throbbing, throbbing;
Grieving at their lengthened stay;
Sitting at the window, watching,
Looking far, far down the street,
Through the shadows slowly gathering,
Listening for the little feet.

So the dear Lord's watching, watching,
For His little ones below,
With His great heart throbbing, throbbing,
Grieving that they come so slow;
At the portal fondly lingering,
Waiting with His welcome sweet,
Till He hears upon the threshold,
Music of the little feet.

Yes, the dear Lord's ever watching
For the children of His love,
From the mansions brightly gleaming
In the light of heaven above;
And He's fondly calling, calling,
Promising a welcome sweet,
And the words so gently falling
Hasten on the little feet.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot or more in length. If the water was clean the icicle remained clear, and sparkled in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy the icicle looked foul. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and bright, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

A WISE MOTHER.

THE Hon. T. Benton was for many years a United States senator. When making a speech in New York, he thus spoke about his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that day to this. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled. When I was seven years old, she asked me not to drink. I made a resolution of total abstinence; that resolution I have never broken, and now, whatever service I may have been able to render to my country, or whatever honours I may have gained, I owe it to my mother."

FAME.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AFTER browsing among the stately ruins of Rome, of Baiæ, of Pompeii, and after glancing down the long marble ranks of battered and nameless imperial heads that stretch down the corridors of the Vatican, one thing strikes me with a force it never had before—the unsubstantial, unlasting character of fame. Men lived long lives in the olden time, toiling like slaves in oratory, in generalship, or in literature, and then laid them down and died, happy in the possession of an enduring history and a deathless name. Well, twenty little centuries flutter away, and what is left of these things? A crazy inscription on a block of stone, which snuffy antiquaries bother over and tangle up and make nothing out of but a bare name (which they spell wrong) —no history, no tradition, no poetry —nothing that can give it even a passing interest.

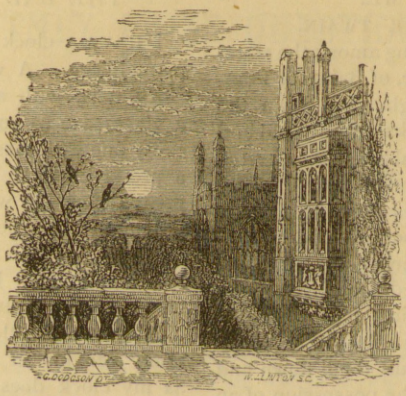
BE PUNCTUAL!

WHEN Hamilton was Washington's military secretary, he was ordered to meet the Commander-in-Chief one morning at sunrise. Washington was first at the spot, and waited five minutes before Hamilton appeared. The secretary apologised by saying that "something must be the matter with his watch." Another appointment was made for the next morning, which was similarly broken. Hamilton again covered his negligence with a complaint against his watch, to which the soldier replied, "Then, sir, you must either get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary."

THE BAD CLOCK.

I HAVE a clock on my parlour mantelpiece. A very pretty little clock it is, with a gilt frame and a glass case to cover it. Almost every one who sees it says, "What a pretty clock!" But it has one great defect—it will not go; and therefore, as a clock, it is perfectly useless. Though it is very pretty, it is a bad clock, because it never tells what time it is.

Now, my bad clock is like a great many persons in the world. Just as my clock does not answer the purpose for which it was made—that is, to keep time—so many persons do not answer the purpose for which they were made. What did God make us for? "Why," you will say, "He made us that we might love Him and serve Him." Well, then, if we do *not* love God and serve Him, we do not answer the purpose for which He made us: we may be, like the clock, very pretty, and be very kind and very obliging; but if we do not answer the purpose for which God made us, we are just like the clock—bad. Those of my readers who live in the country, and have seen an apple-tree in full blossom, know what a beautiful sight it is. But suppose it only bore blossoms, and did not produce fruit, you would say it was a bad apple-tree. And so it is. Everything is bad, and every person is bad, and every boy and girl is bad, *if they do not answer the purpose for which God made them.* God did not make us only to play and amuse ourselves, but also that we might do His will. Let each try so to do.



THE WORLD FOR SALE.

THE world for sale! Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine
And set me from earth's bondage free?
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away:
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it brings;
The world's at auction here to-day.

It is a glorious thing to see;
Ah! it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! it shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er, and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going!—I must sell!
Who bids?—Who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's wealth in glittering heaps of gold;
Who bids? But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold:—
Who'll buy this heavy heap of care?
And here spread out, of proud domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;
Who'll buy himself a burial-place?

And friendship, rarest gem of earth,
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his ?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship—as it is ?
'Tis going—going ! Hear the call ;
Once, twice, and thrice ! 'Tis very low !
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all ;
But now the broken staff must go.

Fame ! hold the brilliant meteor high ;
How dazzling every gilded name !
Ye millions, now's the time to buy ;
How much for Fame ? how much for Fame ?
Hear how it thunders ! Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned ?
Now purchase, and a world command,
And be with a world's curses crowned !

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,
I part from all for ever now ;
Grief in an overwhelming tide
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart ! distracted, ah, so long,
And still its aching throb to bear ;
How broken, that was once so strong !
How heavy, once so free from care !

No more for me life's fitful dream ;
Bright vision, vanishing away !
My bark requires a deeper stream,
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death—stern Sheriff !—all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod ;
The best of all I still have left,
My Faith, my Bible, and my God !

TEMPTS ONLY TO DESTROY

COWPER.

IS man then only for his torment placed
In th' centre of delights he may not taste ?
No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense !
The precept that enjoins his abstinence
Forbids him none but the licentious joy
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A YANKEE thus winds up a notice to correspondents : — "In konclusion, fustly, we would sa tu moste writers : Write often and publish seldum. Secundly, to sum writers : Write seldum and publish seldumer."

A YOUNG man went arm-in-arm with John Wesley into a room that was well provided with all luxuries for the table. He whispered to the preacher, "There is not much self-denial here, Mr. Wesley." "No," said that keen wit, "but there is a fine field for its exercise."

A STUPID author went one morning to the house of Rulhieres, in order to read two tales of his own composition. After having heard the first, and before the author could take the second sheet out of his pocket, Rulhieres said to him, "I like the other best."

"IT is the part of a good man to reprove though his reproof be not taken in good part. It is better to lose the smiles of men than to lose the souls of men."—*Dyer.*

"WE cannot be too thankful even for small mercies, but we may be too troubled about small miseries. The godly sow in tears and reap in joy. The seedtime is commonly watery and lowering. I will be content with a wet spring, so I may be sure of a clear and joyful harvest."—*Bishop Hall.*

"WOULDST thou multiply thy riches? Diminish them wisely. Or wouldst thou make thy estate entire? Divide it charitably. Seeds that are scattered increase; but hoarded up they perish."—*Quarles.*

THE noblest motive is the public good.—*Virgil.*

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

WHAT action was ever so good or so completely done as to be well taken of all hands? It concerns every wise man to settle his heart in a resolved confidence of his just grounds, and then to go on in a constant course of his well-warranted judgment and practice, with a careless disregard of the fool-bolts which will be sure to be shot at him which way soever he goes.—*Milton.*

A WOMAN at Wigan, during the Crimean campaign, being told that candles had been raised twopence per pound on account of the war, said, "Eh, dear! are they got to fightin' by candle-light?"

"I SEE the villain in your face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner. "May't please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a *personal reflection*, sure."

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman had a deacon who insisted upon leading the singing at the prayer-meetings. He was a great blunderer, and he sang all the sad and melancholy tunes he could think of. The hymn was given out,

"I love to steal a while away."

The deacon began, "I love to steal," to *Mear*, where he broke down. He started with *Dundee*—"I love to steal." The third time he commenced and broke down, when the pastor arose and gravely said: "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

FIRE PICTURES.

By Lizzie Chamberlain.

CONCLUSION.

"WE must go to bed early to-night," said Bertie to his sisters; "then to-morrow will sooner be here."

Mrs. Warren was expected next day, and that made her son anxious for the night to pass quickly. While the little party waited for Aunt Nellie, they were talking over some things which had happened during the absence of their mamma. A sound of wheels on the gravel outside caused Margaret to exclaim, "Papa at last; how late he is!" Then, as there seemed several voices talking, she was listening rather curiously, when the door sprang suddenly open, and Mary appeared, her round good-humoured face all beaming with happiness.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, your ma and some more folks has just come." She scarcely finished the sentence as Mrs. Warren came hastily in, and almost instantly was kissing and being kissed by all three children at once. Florrie stroked her mother's face, and said gravely, "I like my teetotal mamma better than the poorly one who went away."

Mrs. Warren looked at Aunt Nellie with a smile, as she said, "Walter is an abstainer now."

"Maggie and Bertie are Band of Hope boys, mamma," said Florrie. "I shall be one as well when I am a bigger girl."

"Aunt Nellie's work again," said Mrs. Warren. "Well, has she been a good mother to my children?"

"Splendid!" was Bertie's reply. "But, best of all, she tells us 'Fire Pictures.'"

"What are they?" Mrs. Warren said, looking puzzled, while the fire, as though it understood, leaped up higher and brighter than ever, throwing flickering shadows into every corner, and lighting up the happy faces around most beautifully. Before Bertie could explain, Mr. Warren entered, followed by a rather tall stranger, who remarked, in a particularly pleasant voice,—

"This is one of the prettiest pictures I ever saw."

"Aunt Nellie turned suddenly, and he caught both her hands in his, saying, "Helen, do you know me?"

"Frank! oh, Frank! why did you go away?"

What happened next I must tell you in Bertie's own words. "The strange gentleman took hold of Auntie so fast, and kissed her like anything, and she didn't seem to care one bit."

Of course there was an explanation, and when Margaret and Bertie understood how it was, they both danced round the room. You remember the story of "Ethel Grey:" How her brother, thinking himself the cause of her death, had gone away, and his friends had never again heard of him. Well, this was Frank Grey. He had wandered about all these years a stranger in strange lands, his mind filled with bitter, most remorseful thoughts, and never from that eventful night had a single drop of strong-drink passed his lips. At that little French watering-place he accidentally became acquainted with Mrs. Warren and her friends. Without at first making himself known, he gathered all about Aunt Nellie, and learned how she still lived a quiet, old maid's life, for the sake of her lost love. Then, after Mrs. Warren had been told the whole story, he accepted her cordial invitation to come over to England with them, that he might see Miss Warren for himself, and afterwards decide his future course. As you know, no other had taken his place in her heart, and the welcome he received satisfied even him. I need scarcely add that he was the gentleman who had made a teetotaler of Mrs. Warren.

Shall we leave them here, a happy, united group, around the schoolroom fire, and let that be the last of our pictures? Perhaps it might be best; and yet I would like to tell you about a day not long after, a day of great bustle and excitement at the "Ivies," when gentle Aunt Nellie, looking sweeter and fairer than ever in her bridal robe of softest, pearly satin, went through that ceremony which gave her to Frank Grey, "to have and to hold," never more to part till death should part them. Margaret was full of dignity and importance as one of the bridesmaids. Very lovely she looked—at least 'Siah Darcy thought so, and he acted as escort—her white dress looped with sprays of ivy, and a wreath of the same glossy green leaves twined in her bright curls. Soon—too soon, the children thought—all was over, and Aunt Nellie, now Mrs. Frank Grey, with her husband, drove off amidst a perfect shower of blessings and old shoes.

The little Warrens did not see their beloved auntie again until Christmas, when Mr. and Mrs. Grey visited the "Ivies." Of course there had been many changes during the interval—some painful, but pleasant for the most part. Mr. Warren had become a most earnest temperance worker, and chiefly through his endeavours Barnwell could boast a Templar Lodge and Juvenile Temple as well as the Band of Hope of former days, which had also increased in numbers.

Bertie still continued to attend the school I told you about, and at home a governess was engaged for Margaret and Florence. Although Mrs. Warren's health seemed quite restored, yet the advent of a little sunny haired baby-boy had given her sufficient employment, and saved Floss from being entirely spoiled.

At Bertie's earnest request they gathered once more in the schoolroom. Sitting in the fire-light, with the heavy, crimson curtains drawn, pleasant merry chat went round, the joyful pealing of Christmas bells filling every

pause. Aunt Nellie was very quiet : looking into the loving face of her husband, and feeling the firm warm clasp of his strong hand, she felt, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage." And then the thought came that it was while simply and earnestly striving to do her duty, that the greatest blessing and happiness of her life had come.

Boys and girls remember that though

> "Not once or twice in this old world's story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

Yet in your life and in mine it will lead to the Plain of Contentment ; and if this be the only lesson you learn, I shall not have written in vain the story of Aunt Nellie and her "Fire Pictures."

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

CHAPTER XII.

STRAY THREADS TWINED IN A TRUE LOVER'S KNOT.

"I NEVER believed as that maiden, with her open bright face, belonged to Davy. No, no, I never took that in," said Farmer Tresize. "But to think of her being the squire's grand-daughter poses me. But, you see, Alfred Pencoran was such a wild slip—here to-day and gone to-morrow—no decent person ever took account of him."

"Well," replied Herbert, "all is clear about Agnes. The women hid her up. But how a low cunning knave could hold in thraldom such a man as Mr. Pencoran, by my mother's account, once was, is a humiliating thought.

"Thraldom ! The drink was the thraldom that held him, and made him a mere dupe. Why in the papers last year I read a lawsuit by a noble family to recover from a lawyer, property that a drunken peer put out of his own control, and actually kept his maiden sisters in penury, and died himself in utter want, under an assumed name, in the belief that he was ruined ; while the lawyer made himself rich on the drunkard's indolence and sin. Ah ! Drink has many slaves, and is always a hard master."

This conversation was held as the farmer and Herbert returned from the funeral of Mr. Pencoran. He died without a will, and when his affairs were investigated, they were found so neglected and intricate that only a mere wreck from the ruined estate would come to anyone. In England an orphan to whom property falls, left without a guardian, is under the care of the law ; and so when Mrs. Bruce's lawyer had looked into affairs, Agnes became a ward in Chancery, and, at her own request,

united to that of Mrs. Bruce; (as there was the plea of a very distant relationship,) the Court assigned her to the care of this a real friend.

During the time that the funeral, and then the legal business, was in course of transaction, Agnes, whose spirits had been sorely tried, kept herself retired from observation in Mrs. Bruce's society. A reserve of manner rather than familiarity sprang up between her and Herbert. Was it her fault or his that they became rather distant? Agnes remembered how the hope of seeing him had cheered many a lonely hour, and how in making any escape from the dreariness of the house, he somehow had always come into her thoughts. Now a short time seemed to have made a difference. She questioned herself, whether she had not, in her distress, isolation, and girlish innocence, allowed him to see her interest in him. On his side too there was, on the confirmation of Mrs. Denby's confession, a thought that Agnes now was richer, and that the feelings which had grown up for her when he thought her desolate and oppressed, might be considered mercenary, now that name and station would be hers.

Young people—young lovers especially—have a talent for inventing troubles if they have none, and the poet's words that

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

though confirmed by experience, shew that the obstacles are often wholly made by the lovers themselves.

And so it came to pass that Herbert one day announced at the breakfast-table that, as they (his mother and Agnes) would not be ready to leave the Manor House and go north for a week or two, he should make a sketching excursion to the Lizard.

His mother looked up at him surprised, and rather reproachfully, and then at Agnes, as if she expected her to make some remark. But the young girl, though she first turned red and then pale, was silent, and soon after went out on the moor. She wandered to the edge of the cliff, —the scene of Mr. Pencoran's supposed crime, and of the mad struggle with Denby, and all that had followed to herself. Her being taken by Davy's sister, and then rescued from a wretched bringing up by her benefactress, Mrs. Deane, all passed in swift succession through her mind. The little Wesleyan hymnbook was in her pocket, and as she turned over the leaves and read again the inscription, she dropt a tear to the memory of the poor woman who had, she was told by all, sunk into a melancholy and carried her perplexities and penitence to her grave—for a letter of hers to Davy was found, imploring him to do the child justice. From the past she was led to think of the future, with the wholesome resolution that she would try to live usefully, and that she must live actively, for she knew she was far from rich. She was leaning on a great boulder near the edge of the cliff, and the softness of the fresh clear summer's day, with the monotonous, yet musical roll of the waves on the rocks beneath, all deepened her reverie, when a voice startled her, and turning round she saw Herbert.

"Am I to go," he cried, in a hurried voice, "without a word of farewell? How have I offended you?"

She could not at once answer, and he continued—

"Was it what I said?"

"Said!" cried Agnes, recovering herself. "You never said anything that offended me."

"I said, when the lawyer told my mother the inheritance of this place was hardly worth having, that I was glad of it, and I thought you looked distressed or angry."

"Then you wronged me," she answered. "If I was disappointed it was not for myself. I wanted to show my gratitude to—to others—to Miss Slater—to your mother—even that poor creature, Mrs. Denby; I would like to keep her out of the workhouse. But why should I be offended with you, Herb—Mr. Bruce, I mean?"

"Oh, call me Herbert," he said.

"*You* called me Miss Pencoran last night; that was indeed strange, and did—did—a little—just a little—pain me."

Somehow, as she spoke, her hand fell into his open palm, and her eyes sunk under his gaze, but not until they had caught a glance from him that told that old, old story—which is so old, yet ever new, whose

"Echoes roll from soul to soul,"

girdling the earth with the one harmony of heaven that is comprised in the simple word—LOVE.

We will not intrude on the first pure interchange of affection between these young spirits on that wild moor beneath the summer sky. A great peace was on all around them, and their first misgivings over,—which like a morning mist had a little obscured the sunshine of their spirits,—a sweet calm was theirs. Before they returned homeward, they walked together towards the old barn, and spoke of that temperance meeting; and from thence they made a circuit to the ruins of a cottage where Jane had lived, and where Mrs. Deane, when lodging, had first been won by the pretty and, as she thought, rather neglected, little Agnes. Though the talk of lovers is usually too much of themselves and their feelings to interest others, yet it may be asserted of these young people that they had too clearly seen the crimes and misery which intemperance brings, to leave out of their considerations of the future, a firm resolve that they would, whenever they formed a home, have it free from that which is at once the idol and the curse of Britain.

"Beer and the Bible" might be the profane cry of fools, knaves, and dupes, but they knew, as I trust all young readers of this simple story know—that strong-drink is the antagonist of purity and truth, and must be, therefore, the foe of the Bible and the friend of Satan!

When, after a long—really a very long walk—they returned home, and Mrs. Bruce met them with a look of inquiry in her eyes, Agnes ran up and kissed her, and Herbert said—"Don't be angry if we have kept you waiting, mother; at all events, don't scold—your daughter."

She understood him at once, and though a firm woman, not given to tears, yet her eyes overflowed as she said, "Ah, Herbert, it is not always, nor often, easy all at once for a mother to share her only son's love with anyone, but I can take this dear girl to my heart, and love her as my own child. God bless you both with wisdom and grace."

Before that evening ended it was arranged that as Herbert was but just twenty-one, and Agnes four years younger, they should be content to test their love by waiting.

"'Test,' indeed!" said Herbert, testily, "Don't put it in that way, mother. We wait, because we must, and not for a test. I mean to work hard and live hard, and by God's blessing on toil, win success. I mean to try what a sober, steady hand and brain can win at pictures. And surely I've an example of an abstainer's triumphs, when an artist is living, long I trust to live, who has worked on with undiminished genius and power to near his eightieth year."

In a fortnight from that time, Mrs. Bruce and Agnes, having visited and relieved Mrs. Denby,—her wretched husband still, and for long after, a confirmed invalid,—were on their way to the north. Herbert remained to pursue his professional studies in London; and Agnes had the comfort of once more seeing Miss Slater, who, however, was not, as Agnes had feared, hurt at her being domesticated with Mrs. Bruce. She seemed to prefer living with her brother, and having no other care than his health and comfort.

* * * * * * * *

Four years have passed. A new landscape painter has won renown at the Exhibition, and he is making an autumn trip into Cornwall with his bride. It is Herbert and his Agnes. They are once more together on the moor. The old Manor House has been pulled down. There is a neat row of houses, much needed for the miners in the district, built over its site.

Farmer Tresize has a new farmhouse, and a widow sister of his has come with her two children to make a cheerful home for him. Where the barn stood there is a Temperance Hall, open every night—a sober public house for the working men.

The "Five Alls" was shut up, by the teetotalers making it not worth while to keep it open, and its large room where the miners once wasted the children's bread and the home comforts, became a school, in which the little ones, it is to be hoped, will learn the full meaning of the motto, "Be sober, be vigilant."

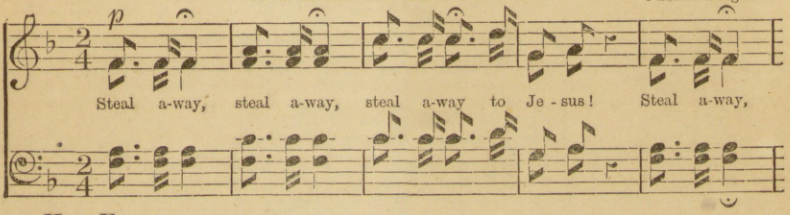
"What an England we might have, if all were sober," said Agnes, with a sigh.

"What an England we yet will have," said Herbert, "when the rule of King Alcohol and his prime minister, the Beer Barrel, shall be overthrown."

THE END.

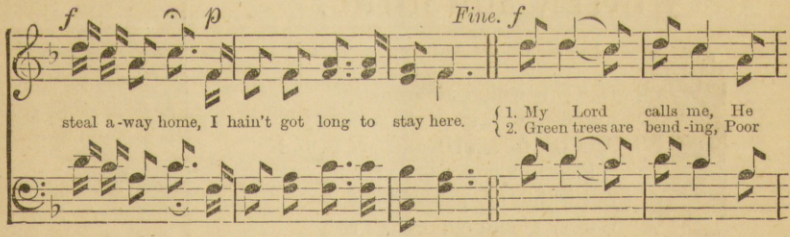
STEAL AWAY.

Jubilee Singers.



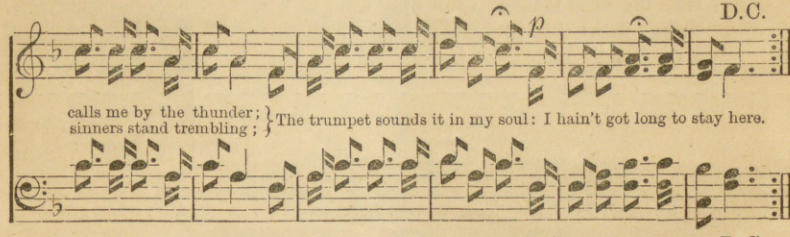
KEY F.

d .,d : d	m .,m : m	s .,s : s .,l	r .m :	d .,d : d
d .,d : d	d .,d : d	s .,s : s .,l	r .m :	d .,d : d
Steal a - way,	steal a - way,	steal a - way to	Jesus,	Steal a - way,
m .,m : m	s .,s : s	s .,s : s .,l	r .m :	m .,m : m
d .,d : d	d .,d : d	s .,s : s .,l	r .m :	d .,d : d



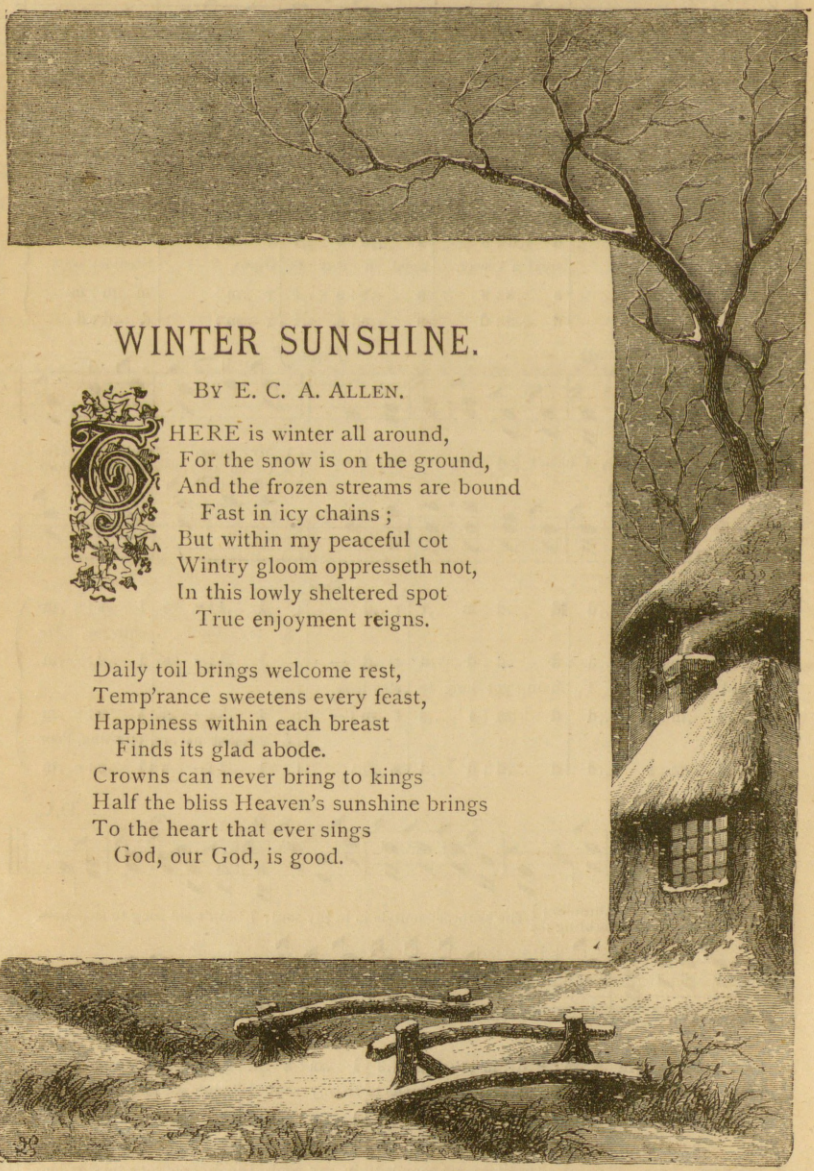
fine.

l ,s .m : s .,d	d .d : m .,r	r .d : —	l .l : - .s	l .s : - .m	
			3. My Lord	calls me, He	
l ,s .m : s .,d	d .d : d .,d	t$_l$ .d : —	l .l : - .s	l .s : - .m	
steal away home, I	hain't got long to	stay here.			
l ,s .m : s .,d	d .m : s .,s	f .m : —	l .l : - .s	l .s : - .m	
			4. Tombstones are	bursting, Poor	
l ,s .m : s .,d	d .d : d .,d	s$_l$ .d :	l .l : - .s	l .s : - .m	



D.C.

s .,s : s .,m	s .m : - .d	m ,s .- : s .,s	l .m : s .,d	d .d : m .,m	r .d : —	
calls me by the	lightning, The	trumpet sounds it	in my soul, I	hain't got long to	stay here.	
s .,s : s .,m	s .m : - .d	m ,s .- : s .,s	l .m : s .,d	d .d : d .,d	t$_l$ .d : —	
s .,s : s .,m	s .m : - .d	m ,s .- : s .,s	l .m : s .,d	d .m : s .,s	f .m : —	
sinners are	trembling, The	trumpet sounds it	in my soul, I	hain't got long to	stay here.	
s .,s : s .,m	s .m : - .d	m ,s .- : s .,s	l .m : s .,d	d .d : d .,d	s$_l$ .d : —	



WINTER SUNSHINE.

By E. C. A. Allen.

THERE is winter all around,
For the snow is on the ground,
And the frozen streams are bound
Fast in icy chains;
But within my peaceful cot
Wintry gloom oppresseth not,
In this lowly sheltered spot
True enjoyment reigns.

Daily toil brings welcome rest,
Temp'rance sweetens every feast,
Happiness within each breast
Finds its glad abode.
Crowns can never bring to kings
Half the bliss Heaven's sunshine brings
To the heart that ever sings
God, our God, is good.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE PEBBLE.

BY JESSIE YOUNG.

(From the German.)

A YOUNG waggoner had become, unfortunately, much addicted to drinking, and his intemperate habits had brought upon him a serious illness. The doctor whom he consulted said to him, "Unless you determine to give up the brandy-bottle, I cannot answer for your ever recovering,—brandy is poison for young men."

The sick man replied, "I can't give up the drink altogether. I have been too long used to it to do without it. I must, at least, drink this little flask every day."

"Very well," said the doctor, "then I must think of some other plan."

On the following morning he brought with him what looked like a very large pill-box, filled with pebbles, and said, "If every day you throw one of these little stones into your brandy-flask, in time the liquor will do you no harm."

The sick man imagined that there must be some special virtue or magic in the pebbles themselves, to make the brandy less injurious, and accordingly he put every day a fresh one into his bottle. In that way he drank, without being aware of it, a few drops less every day, and when the flask had become so full of pebbles that it would hold no brandy, he had become altogether and for life broken of the deadly habit of indulging in strong drink.

A slight improvement every day,
Will wear at last the fault away.

"CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF."

A YOUNG man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favour."

"And what is that?" asked the other eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I only wish to go on a short errand."

That proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and in a short time the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

THE RESULT OF TWO GLASSES A DAY LESS.

BY JESSIE YOUNG.

(From the French.)

TWO pilots went out in stormy weather, to lend their services to ships starting on their voyages. The boat in which the pilots put out was a frail one, and the two men perished, leaving their wives widows and their children orphans. A subscription for the benefit of these sufferers was immediately raised in the seaport town where the pilots had lived.

"I am delighted to give *my* contribution," said a merchant to the pilots, who had assembled to get up this subscription for the widows and orphans of their two brother-pilots, "but permit me to suggest that the families of such among you as perish at sea would be much more efficaciously aided by a common fund, into which you put every week some trifling sum."

"But how are we to afford any sum, however small, out of our earnings?" replied the pilots.

"You need not take them out of your *earnings*, but out of your *expenses*."

"Our *expenses!* they are all necessary ones."

"Tell me frankly, my good friends, how many glasses of brandy a day do you generally drink?"

"That depends, sir. Sometimes one drinks a little more, sometimes a little less. It is just as it happens."

"No doubt it is; but how many wine-glassfuls of brandy do you generally drink on average days; when you neither take an extra glass, nor drink less than usual?—I suppose I should not be very far from the mark if I said five or six."

"Yes, about that, sir."

"Well, if you were to drink two glasses less you would be quite as well in health; you would not sleep any the worse, I can promise you; and if you were to put the value of those two little glasses of brandy, which you didn't drink, into the fund for mutual help, you would find, at the end of some years, that you had accumulated a little capital, by means of which you might be able to furnish to the widows and orphans of such among your number as perished at sea, an assistance far more effectual than a chance subscription would be. In order to encourage you in forming such a scheme, I would willingly undertake to pay the same subscription myself, and very probably I should get some other friends to add their mite. What do you think of my idea?"

"We'll think over it, and talk it over with our mates."

On the following day our friend the merchant again attended a meeting of the pilots, talked over with them the suggestion he had made to them the day before, pointed out to them its advantages, and made an appeal to the generous feelings of their hearts. Then, seeing they were persuaded and convinced, he drew from his pocket a paper he had drawn up, read it to them, and got them all to sign it.

It was the rules for the 'Society of Mutual Help of the Pilots of Havre.'

This society, founded between forty and fifty years ago, by some five-and-twenty or thirty pilots, possesses now a capital of some six hundred thousand francs.* By the aid of this capital a nice little pension is furnished to each pilot's widow, and to every orphan child of a pilot till old enough to maintain itself. And this is the result of the two glasses of brandy gone without by each pilot.

* A thousand francs are about forty pounds in our money.

MONTHLY PRIZE QUESTIONS.

34. What is Malt, and of what is it made?
35. What are Hops?
36. What is Porter?

A WHITE WORLD.

By Lucy Larcom.

I NEVER knew the world in white
So beautiful could be
As I have seen it here to-day,
Beside the wintry sea;
A new earth, bride of a new Heaven,
Has been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud
In one broad flood of gold,
But touched with rose the world's white robes
In every curve and fold;
While the blue air did over all
Its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half-awake
Beneath her Sculptor's hand;
How the Great Master bends with love
Above the work He planned,
Easy it is, on such a day,
To feel and understand.

The virgin birth of Bethlehem,
That snow pure infancy,
Warm with the rose-bloom of the skies,
Life's holiest mystery,
God's utter tenderness to man,
Seems writ on all I see.

For earth, this vast humanity,
The Lord's own body is;
This life of ours He entereth in,
Shares all its destinies,
And we shall put His whiteness on
When we are wholly His.

And so the day dies like a dream,
A prophecy divine;
Dear Master, through us perfectly
Shape thou Thy white design,
Nor let one life be left a blot
On this fair world of Thine!

TRUE HAPPINESS.

By E. C. A. Allen.

THE snows descend on the cottage roof
As well as the palace dome;
And the fireside light is as cheery and bright
In the cot as the monarch's home.

With the favour of God, and with peace of mind,
And with sweet Contentment blest,
The low-thatched roof covers wealth enough
To satisfy every breast.

When the Christmas joy-bells fling around
Glad thoughts of the Saviour's birth,
Their melody floats in as cheering notes
To the poor as the rich of earth.

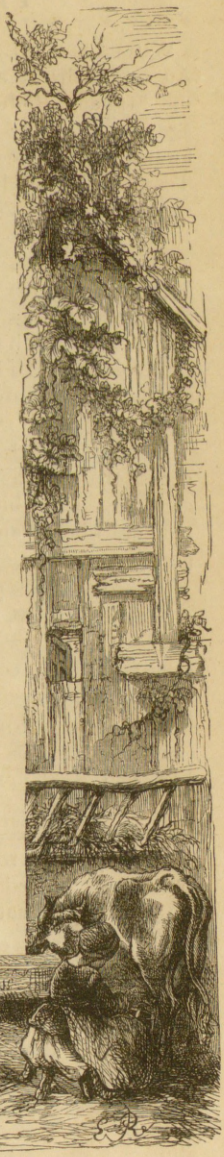
True bliss can never be bought with gold,
Nor be found in the haunts of sin;
But where God is feared and His Word revered
It abideth that home within.

MATERNAL LOVE.

JUDGING by the following anecdote, the spider rises above humanity in resisting the influence of alcohol. An eminent naturalist was in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around to, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp and became dead! The effect this exhibition had upon him is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

LUCY GRAY.

By William Hoyle.



O HAVE you heard of Lucy Gray,
Down by the village green,
Where the chestnuts and the elm trees grow,
And the river runs between?

Her father is the village squire,
Young Lucy is his pride;
He loves her more than lands or gold—
He has no child beside.

He loves her for the love she bears
To others in distress;
As tho' she were an angel sent
From heav'n to cheer and bless.

Along she trips with willing feet
To the cottage of the poor;
And leaves a smile, a loving word,
And a portion from her store.

Then back to her dear home she goes,
Where the roses cluster round:
The squire feels proud to see her come
With light and cheerful bound.

And he hears her tell what she has done,
In her simple, winning way,
And he prays for blessings on his child,—
His comfort and his stay.

From her he nought can e'er withhold,
When Lucy gently pleads;
For he knows his gifts but minister
To noble, loving deeds.

He loves her for her mother's sake,
Who died last Christmas-tide;
And the snow spread a mantle o'er her grave,
Like the fair robes of a bride.

O, dark were the days when her mother died,
And deep the hearts' dismay;
But Lucy seemed like an angel sent
To minister and pray.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHERE ARE THE SPIRIT VAULTS? An engine-driver and a stoker on the Midland Railway, a few days ago called at the shop of a well-known temperance man and Good Templar in Wirksworth, Derbyshire, and asked him to show them where Messrs. ——'s spirit-vaults were situate. "Yes," replied our friend, "Come this way," and taking them through his shop and house, the back of which faces the parish churchyard, he said, pointing to the graves, "There are the vaults, but the spirits are all gone."

A MAN found drunk, gave as an excuse that he was celebrating the eighty-seventh birthday of his mother, who is an inmate of the poor-house.

A PROVIDENCE policeman asked a drunken Ethiop, whom he could scarcely see in the dim light of a cell, "Are you coloured?" "Coloured! no, dis yere chile born so.'

A YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" said a carpenter to his new apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly. "I couldn't quite get all the gaps out of that!"

—"I HAVE acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My individual opinion is that the most severe labours or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants."—*Dr. Livingstone.*

PHILOSOPHY, religious solitude
And labour wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded: they instruct the mind's
And body's action.—*Nabb.*

THE joy which wine can give, like smoky fire,
Obscures their sight whose fancy it inspires.—*A. Hill.*

A CLERGYMAN being annoyed by some of his audience leaving the church while he was speaking, took for his text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After a few sentences, he said: "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

WHEN Dante was at the court of Signore della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day, "I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you are should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied, "Your excellency would wonder less, if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

"HOW often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness."—*Crabbe.*

Contents of Vol. IX.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

OFFICES: BARLOW'S COURT, 43, MARKET STREET, Manchester.

"ONWARD,"

A HIGH-CLASS BAND OF HOPE MAGAZINE,

Beautifully ILLUSTRATED. MUSIC in both Notations.

MONTHLY, ONE PENNY.

1875.

Commencing with the January No., a new and deeply-interesting Tale, specially written for this Magazine, by Mrs. CLARA L. BALFOUR, (Authoress of "The Manor House Mystery," "Morning Dewdrops," &c.), entitled:

"LYNDON THE OUTCAST,"

The staff of Contributors for the coming year has been largely increased, and will include the following well-known and popular writers:

Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, (Authoress of "Morning Dewdrops," &c., &c.)
S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., (Author of the "Trial of Sir Jasper.")
Dr. Frederic R. Lees, F.S.A., (Author of "Doctors, Drugs, and Drink.")
Rev. John Jones, (Author of "Slain by Drink.")
J. W. Kirton, Esq., (Author of "Buy your own Cherries.")
Wm. Hoyle, Esq., (Author of "Our National Resources.")
Henry Monroe, Esq., M.D., (Author of "The Physiological Action of Alcohol.")
Mrs. S. C. Hall, (Authoress of "The Buccaneer.")
Lizzie Chamberlain, (Authoress of "Fire Pictures.")
Mrs. E. C. A. Allen, (Authoress of "Echoes of Heart Whispers.")
T. H. Barker, Esq., Harriet A. Glazebrook, Jessie Young, Rev. G. M. Murphy, W. P. W. Buxton, J. C. Reid, M.D., William Hoyle, (Editor of "Hymns and Songs,") **Joseph Darrah, Annie Clegg, Rev. Thomas Jarratt, Rev. Frederic Wagstaff, Chas. J. Hall, Rev. Charles Garrett, Joseph Livesey, R. S. Chrystal,** (Author of "How to live a Hundred Years,") **E. Lamplough, Rev. W. Antliff, D.D., R. Bailey Walker, F.S.S.,** &c., &c., &c.

With the JANUARY NUMBER will be presented gratis,

A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED ENGRAVING,

ENTITLED:

"FIRESIDE JOYS,"

With descriptive Poem by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour.

ONWARD VOLUMES.

1865-6 With Illuminated Frontispiece. Gilt 3s.
1866-7 With portrait of Rev. Wm. Caine, M.A., and a serial tale by Miss M. A. Paull, entitled, "Little Ben." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.
1867-8 With portrait of Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus. Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.
1868-9 With portrait of Mr. W. Hoyle, author of "Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope," &c., &c., containing 18 numbers. Cloth 2s. 6d., gilt 3s. 6d.
1870 With portrait of Mr. Jas. H. Raper, and an original story by Miss M. A. Paull, entitled: "Coo-eé, a Tale of Queensland." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.
1871 With portrait of Rev. Charles Garrett, and an original tale by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, entitled "Sidney Holt's Purpose, and what came of it." Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.
1872 With portrait of Mr. Charles Darrah, Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and a serial tale by the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., entitled "Nearly Lost, but Dearly Won." Illustrated. Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.
1873 With portrait of Mr. Thos. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and an original tale by Miss M. A. Paull, entitled "The Bird Angel." Illustrated. Gilt 3s.
1874 Containing a serial tale by Mrs. Clara L. Balfour, entitled "The Manor House Mystery." Illustrated. Cloth 2s., gilt 3s.

BAND OF HOPE MELODIES

FOR FESTIVE GATHERINGS.

CONTAINING MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH NUMBER.

No. 1 contains—Sing, speak, work, and pray; Scatter smiles; Out of the mire; The mountain rill; The cooling spring; Work, for the night is coming.

No. 2 contains—Marching home; No one cares for me; Who will go for father now? (solo and chorus); Truth shall be victorious; Let us sing in praise of water.

No. 3 contains—Nottingham; Love at home; Let it pass; Right over wrong; The bubbling spring; The bluebird's temperance song.

No. 4 contains—Pledged in a noble cause; The children are gathering; See our ranks; Sunday-school volunteer song; Have they brought our Nelly back? (solo and chorus.)

No. 5 contains—Drink water; Sound the battle cry; The young abstainer; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus); The father reclaimed; The evening bell.

No. 6 contains—The conquering band; Glorious news; The temperance rallying song; The sister's appeal; The mill by the rivulet; National anthem.

No. 7 contains—The beacon light; Temperance boys and girls; The true teetotalers (words by Rev. Charles Garrett); My native land; Yield not to temptation.

No. 8 contains—Warrington, L.M.; Sign to-night; Pic-nic glee; Sweetly come those strains; Temperance battle song; Arouse ye patriot band.

No. 9 contains—Houghton, 11's; O come! and join our army; Sleighing song; Work and win; Laughing chorus; All alone.

No. 10 contains—A song for little girls; The footsteps on the stairs; I wonder why he comes not home (solo and chorus); Look not upon the wine; Love shall be the conqueror (solo and chorus); The crystal fountain.

No. 11 contains—Anniversary hymn; The social glass; Learn to say no; Merrily o'er the waves; Here in the dawn of youth.

No. 12 contains—No; Your mission; Ye noble hearts of England; Dare to be true; Onward onward; John Alcohol.

No. 13 contains—Leoni, P.M.; Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (anthem); The temperance ship is sailing on; Mabel (solo and chorus); Stand to your arms; They say there is an echo here.

No. 14 contains—Vote it out; Work and pray; King Alcohol (tune, "Dame Durden"); Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus); Water pure for me; Wilton, L.M.

No. 15 contains—Welcome brothers, 7's; The revellers' chorus; A glorious day is breaking: Rock me to sleep, mother; Go child and beg a bit of bread (solo and chorus); We the undersigned.

No. 16 contains—March of the temperance army; The farmer's song; The battle cry of temperance; I want to do right; Simeon, L.M.

No. 17 contains—Exercise bone and muscle; O hasten from the busy town; Fill the ranks; The three millions; Hold the fort.

No. 18 contains—Steal away to Jesus; Call John; The Bells.

VOL. I.—Containing Numbers 1 to 12, or

SIXTY-EIGHT PIECES, in
OLD AND NEW NOTATIONS, with Words,
CHOICEST AND NEWEST MUSIC,
SOLOS, PART SONGS,
CHORUSES AND ANTHEMS.

Bound in cloth boards, gilt lettered.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, POST-FREE.

Part I.—Containing Nos. 1 to 6, in coloured paper cover.
Part II. „ 7 to 12 „
Part III. „ 13 to 18 „

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH; POST-FREE SEVENPENCE.

N.B.—Other numbers and parts will be published at short intervals.

THE BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE CARD.

(New edition.) An excellent design; in six colours; very effective; durable and cheap. Price 6s. per 100; post-free, 6s. 9d. Sample by post for 1½d. Societies can have name of Band of Hope printed in for 1s. 6d. per 100 extra.

THE INTERNATIONAL

GOOD TEMPLAR'S PLEDGE & CERTIFICATE.

(Greatly improved.) Size 24in. by 18in.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; post-free, 1s. 2d.; or 9s. per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post-free, 9s. 7d.

ONWARD PLEDGE CARD.

(Greatly improved). Suitable for Families or Single Persons.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Size 24in. by 18in. Post-free, 1s. 2d.; or 9s. per dozen for orders of not less than 12 copies, post-free, 9s. 7d.

THE ONWARD PLEDGE BOOK.

A neat Emblematical Design, containing 30 Pledges and Counterfoil, 6d., post-free 7d.; 50 Pledges, 9d.; 70 Pledges, 1s.; 150 Pledges, 2s., post-free.

HOYLE'S MUSIC BOOK.

Containing four-part Music for "Hymns and Songs." Enlarged edition. Old notation. Cloth, 2s. 6d., or in two parts, paper cover, Tenpence each. All post free. Tonic Sol-fa cloth, 1s. 6 l. post free; or in two parts, paper cover, Sevenpence each; post-free, Eightpence.

HOYLE'S HYMNS & SONGS.

For Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies. Enlarged edition. Contains 186 pieces, price Threehalfpence or 9s. per 100. Specimen copy by post, Twopence; in cloth, Threepence, or 18s. per 100.

HOYLE'S BAND OF HOPE MELODIST.

New and revised edition. One Penny, or 6s. per 100. Specimen copy by post, Threehalfpence. In cloth, Twopence, or 12s. per 100.

Published by the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH WITH ORDER. Carriage or postage *not paid* except when stated. Postage stamps not taken in payment for amounts over 5s. All communications to be addressed to "The Hon. Secretaries," Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, Barlow's Court, 43, Market Street, Manchester. *Post-office orders to be made payable to* W. BRUNSKILL, *Treasurer. It must be distinctly understood that no order can in any case be attended to unless accompanied by remittance.*

Agents for the Union's Publications:

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row.

MANCHESTER: JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.